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THE

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DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, and Religion.

JAMES FLOY, EDITOR.

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1858.

NOURAJAH SHAH.

JUST at this time the gentleman with whose portrait we commence the twelfth volume of the NATIONAL, is of very great consequence in the eye of the whole world. It is Nourajah Shah, the King of Delhi. For the fidelity of the likeness we do not hold ourselves responsible; the picture is copied from a late

number of the *Illustrated London News*, which is generally accurate in its illustrations and well-informed upon all subjects that come within the range of its editorial supervision.

Nourajah Shah is about forty-five years of age. He is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Aurungzebe, and has thus far continued in the possession and enjoyment of barbaric pomp and splendor, unequaled by those of any other earthly potentate. He is, in his personal habits, luxurious, licentious, and effeminate. As a master, he has been arbitrary and despotic; not more so, however, than his predecessors; and on the whole, perhaps, for a Mogul, his character and conduct will compare favorably with those of his predecessors.

From an account of an interview vouchsafed by the magnificent Nourajah to a British officer of high rank, we obtain some idea of the etiquette of the court at Delhi, and the humiliation to which those who approach his majesty's august presence are obliged to submit. In approaching the royal presence the whole cortege, mounted on elephants, three abreast, passed through a long corridor. This covered and carpeted passage was about a quarter of a mile in length. On passing this distance, the Europeans were obliged to dismount, and to proceed on foot toward the magnificent throne. The throne was profusely adorned with jewels and precious stones, among which were diamonds of the largest size and of the first water. Gold, pearls, rubies, and amethysts abounded; and the canopy over the throne resembled an immense umbrella of crimson velvet, fringed with pearls, and bedizened with diamonds. After the party had dismounted, and were reverently approaching the august presence of the Mogul, a crier proclaimed that an embassy had come from the land of the Franks to do homage to "the king of the world." The chief personages in the embassy were then provided with suitable dresses wherewith to appear in the presence of Nourajah Shah. The curtain was drawn aside, and on bended knee the commander-in-chief, a veritable John Bull, be it remembered, made his offering to the magnificent Mogul. It consisted, on this occasion, of a hundred golden mohurs, each equivalent to fifteen rupees, equal in value, reckoning the rupee at twenty-nine shillings sterling, to about ten thousand dollars.

In return for this present, the King of Delhi bestowed upon the English general a green-painted stick as an emblem of authority, and allowed him thenceforth to beat a drum! How ridiculously absurd, says the reader. Yes, but not more absurd in the eyes of the Mogul's ministers, than to the loyal Briton, the presentation of a black or white wand and the investiture of the garter by the fair hands of Victoria.

The King of Delhi has twelve sons and thirty daughters. His life, in the past, in spite of all his tinsel pomp, and the mock pageantry which surrounds him, has been one of ennui and weariness. What it is to be in the future, or how and when it will come to a close, who shall say? The probability, at present, seems to be, that all his glory will fade away, and that he will be the last of the Mogul dynasty.

THE SILENT MAIDEN.

THERE hangs upon my study wall
A sweet and sad, though thoughtful face,
And, as the olden legend says,
"She was the last of all her race."

Upon her bosom white and fair
Her tender hands are meekly cross'd;
And though rare beauty lingers there,
Her very name and age are lost.

These dim eyes oft look into mine,
As though she wish'd her fate to tell;
But those ripe lips, securely seal'd,
Can never, never break the spell.

If she could speak, perchance the tale
Would be (too oft sad woman's fate!)
The history of a trusting heart,
Bow'd down and crush'd by ruthless hate.

And cold disdain, and stern neglect,
A sad return for woman's trust,
And pure affection thrown away,
And trodden even with the dust.

A life that open'd like the rose,
Too soon of all its freshness shorn,
Burst prematurely to its close,
The blossom fades and leaves the thorn.

Or, her life may have been a dream
Of beauty, happiness, delight,
As swift she glided down the stream,
Which ended in a silent night.

But in the solemn midnight hour,
As o'er some volume old I pore,
I feel the influence and the power
Of that pale face behind the door.

And oft I dream of that fair face,
Which hangs upon my study wall;
Young, saintly, tender, full of grace,
On which the gathering shadows fall.

THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropp'd he.

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropp'd the breeze, the sails dropp'd down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We struck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung."

"There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried,) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

"And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! thought I, (and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

"We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip;
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE powerful dramatic writer, the graceful and witty lyrist, and the sweet and gentle woman, who for so many years, in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, let the world flow past her as if she had nothing to do with it, nor cared to be mentioned by it, was born in one of the most lovely and historical districts of Scotland. She was born in a Scottish manse, in the upper dale of the Clyde, which has, for its mild character and lavish production of fruit, been termed "Fruitland." As you pass along the streets of Scotch towns, you see on fruit-stalls in the summer, piles of plums, pears, and other fruits, labeled "Clydesdale Fruit." One of the finest specimens of the fruit of this luxuriant and genial dale, is Joanna Baillie, a name never pronounced but with the veneration due to the truest genius, and the affection which is the birthright of the truest specimens of womanhood. The sister of the late amiable and excellent Dr. Baillie, the friend of Walter Scott, the woman whose masculine muse every great poet has for nearly half a century delighted to honor, Joanna Baillie, wrote because she could not help pouring out the fullness of her heart and mind, and the natural consequence was fame; otherwise, whoever sees that quiet, amiable, and unassuming lady, easy and cheerful as when she played beneath the fruit-laden boughs of her native garden, sees that, though not scorning the fair réputation of well-exercised intellect, she is at home in the bosom of home, and lets no restless desire for mere fame disturb the pure happiness of a serene life, and the honor and love of those nearest and dearest to her. Had the lambent flame of genius not burned in the breast of Joanna Baillie, that of a pure piety and a spirit made to estimate the blessings of life, and to enjoy all the other blessings of peace and social good which it brings, would have still burned brightly in her bosom, and made her just as happy, though not as great.

The birthplace of Joanna Baillie is the pretty manse of Bothwell, in the immediate neighborhood of Bothwell Brig; and, therefore, as will at once be seen, in the center of ground where stirring deeds have been done, and where the author of Waverley has added the vivid coloring of romance to those deeds. Bothwell manse, from its elevated site, looks directly down upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell Brig; upon the park of Hamilton, where the Covenanters were encamped; and upon Bothwellhaugh, the seat of Hamilton, who shot the regent Murray. This is no mean spot in a historical point of view, and it is richly endowed by nature. Near it also, a little further down the river, stands Bothwell Castle, on *Bothwell bank*, on which the charm of poetry has been conferred with an almost needless prodigality, for it is so delightful in its own natural beauty.

The country, as you proceed to Bothwell from Glasgow, from which it is distant about ten miles, though from the first rich and well cultivated, is not so agreeable, from the quantity of coal that is found along the roads into Glasgow, and which seems to have given a blackness to everything. As you advance, however, it grows continually more elevated, open, airy, and pleasant. About a mile before you reach Bothwell, the tall, square church steeple of which, seen far before you, serves you for a guide, a pair of lodge gates on your right hand marks the entrance to the grounds of Bothwell Castle. By writing your name and address in a book kept by the gate-keeper, you are admitted, and can then pursue your way alone to the castle, and make your own survey without the nuisance of a guide. The castle lies about half a mile from the high-road. You first arrive at very beautifully kept pleasure grounds, in which stands a good

J. Baillie

modern mansion, the seat of the proprietor, Lord Douglas. Passing through these grounds, and close to the right of the house, you soon behold the ruins of the old castle. It is of a very red sandstone, extensive in its remains, and bearing evidence of having been much more extensive. Its tall red walls stand up amid fine trees and masses of ivy, and seem as if created by Time to beautify the modern scene with which they blend so well. The part remaining consists of a great oblong square, with two lofty and massy towers overlooking the river, which lies to your left. There are also remains of an ample chapel. From the openings in the ruins, the river below, and its magnificent valley or glen, burst with startling effect upon you. The bank from the foot of the castle descends with considerable steepness to the river far below, but soft and green as possible; and beyond the dark and hurrying river rise banks equally high, and as finely wooded and varied. Advancing beyond the castle you come again to the river, which sweeps round the ruins in a fine curve. Here every charm of scenery, the great river in its channel, its lofty and well wooded banks, the picturesque views of Blantyre Priory opposite, the slopes and swells of most luxurious green, and splendid lime-trees hanging their verdurous boughs to the ground, mingle the noble and the beautiful into an enchanting whole. A gravel walk leads you down past the front of the castle, and presents you with a new and still more impressive view of it. Here it stands aloft on the precipice above you, a most stately remnant of the old times; and nature has not stinted her labors in arraying it in tree, bush, and hanging-plant, so as to give it the grace of life in its slow decay, making it in perfect harmony with herself. Few scenes are more fascinating than this. Above you the towers of the castle, which once received as its victorious guest Edward I. of England; which again sheltered the English chiefs fleeing from the disastrous field of Bannockburn; which was the

stronghold of Archibald the Grim, and the proud hall of the notorious Earl Bothwell. Below, slopes down in softest beauty the verdant bank, and the stately Clyde, dark and deep, flows on amid woods and rocks worthy of all their fame. The taste of the proprietor has seized on every circumstance to give a finish to a scene so lovely; and it is impossible not to exclaim, in the words of the celebrated old ballad,

"O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair."

The village of Bothwell is, as I have said, a mile further on the way toward Hamilton. The church and manse lie to the left hand as you enter it, and the latter is buried, as it were, in a perfect sea of fruit trees. You may pass through the church-yard to it, and then along a foot-path between two high hedges, which leads you to the carriage-road from the village to its front. The house in which Miss Baillie was born, and where she lived till her fourth year, seems to stand on a sort of mount, on one side overlooking the valley of the Clyde, and on the other the church-yard and part of the village. The situation is at once airy and secluded. Between the manse and the church-yard lies the garden, full of fruit trees; and other gardens, or rather orchards, between that and the village, add to the mass of foliage, in which it is immersed. Between the church-yard and the manse garden commences a glen, which runs down, widening and deepening as it goes, on the side of the manse most distant from the village, to the great Clyde valley. This gives the house a picturesqueness of situation peculiarly attractive. It has its own little secluded glen, its sloping crofts, finely shaded with trees, and beyond again other masses of trees shrouding cottages and farms.

The church has been rebuilt within these few years, of the same red stone as Bothwell Castle; but the old chancel of the church still remains standing, in a state of ruin. The church-yard is extensive, scattered with old-fashioned tombs, and forming a famous playground for the children of the neighboring village school, who were out leaping in the deep damp soil, and galloping among its rank hemlocks and mallows to their hearts' content.

Though Miss Baillie only spent the first four years of her life at this sweet and secluded parsonage, it is the place which she has said she liked best to think of, of any in her native country. And this we may well imagine; it is just the place for a child's paradise, embosomed amid blossoming trees, with its garden lying like a little hidden yet sunny fairy land in the midst of them, with its flowers and its humming bees, that old church and half-wild churchyard alongside of it, and its hanging crofts, and little umbrageous valley.

To Bothwell Brig you descend the excellent highway toward Hamilton, and coming at it in something less than a mile, are surprised to find what a rich and inviting scene it is. The brig, which you suppose, from being described as a narrow, steep, old-fashioned concern in the days of the Covenanters, to be something gray and quaint, reminding you of Claverhouse and the sturdy Gospelers, is really a very respectable, modern-looking affair. The gateway which used to stand in the center of it has been removed, the breadth has been increased, an additional arch or arches have been added at each end, and the whole looks as much like a decent, every-day, well-to-do, and toll-taking bridge as bridge well can do. There is a modern toll-bar at the Bothwell end of it. There is a good house or two, with their gardens descending to the river. The river flows on full and clear, between banks well cultivated and well covered with plantations. Beyond the bridge and river the country again ascends with an easy slope toward Hamilton, with extensive plantations, and park walls belonging to the domain of the Duke of Hamilton. You have scarcely ascended a quarter of a mile, when, on your left hand, a handsome gateway, bearing the ducal escutcheons, and with goodly lodges, opens a new carriage-way into the park. Everything has an air of the present time, of wealth, peace, and intellectual government, that make the days of the battle of Bothwell Brig seem like a piece of the romance work of Scott, and not of real history.

Scott himself tells us, in his "Border Minstrelsy," in his notes to the old ballad of "Bothwell Brig," that "the whole appearance of the ground as given in the picture of the battle at Hamilton Palace, even including a few old houses, is the same as the scene now presents. The removal of the porch, or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference." There must have been much change here

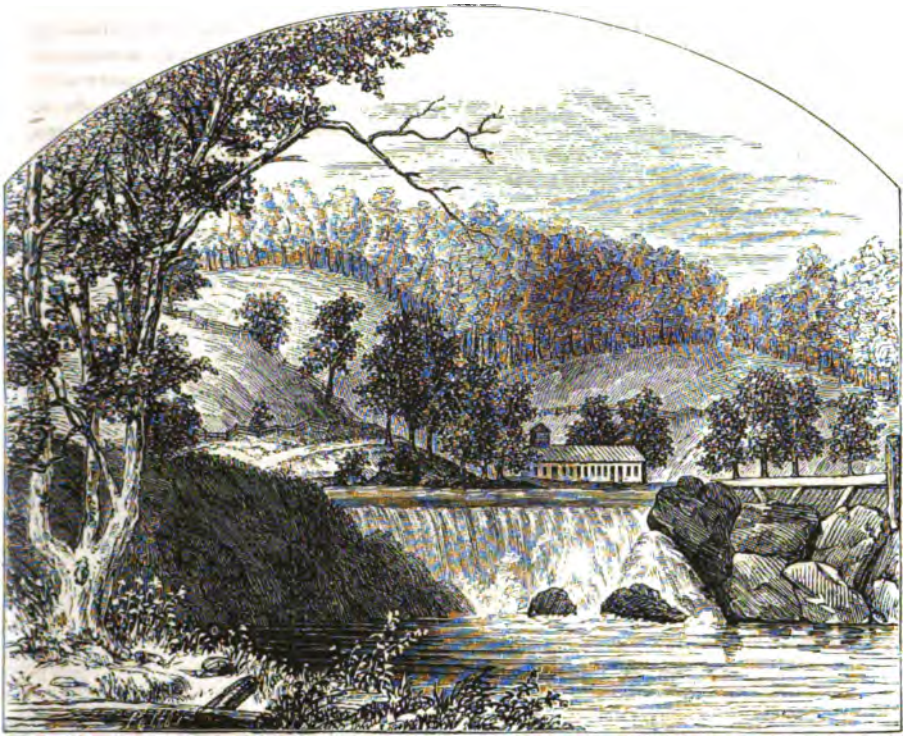
since Scott visited it. The old houses have given way to new houses. The old bridge is metamorphosed into something that might pass for a newish bridge. The banks of the river, and the lands of the park beneath, are so planted and wooded, that the pioneers would have much to do before a battle could be fought. All trace of moorland has vanished, and modern inclosure and cultivation have taken possession of the scene. When we bring back by force of imagination the old view of the place, it is a far different one.

When we picture to ourselves the Duke of Monmouth ordering his brave footguards, under command of Lord Livingstone, to force the bridge, which was defended by Hackstone of Rathillet, and Claverhouse sitting on his white horse on the hillside near Bothwell, watching the progress of the fray, and ready to rush down with his cavalry and fall on the infatuated Covenanters who were quarreling among themselves on Hamilton haughs, we see a wild and correspondent landscape, rough as the Cameronian insurgents, and rude as their notions. The Bothwell Brig of the present day has all the old aspect modernized out of it, and smiling fields and woods speak of long peaceful times, and snug modern homes.

To the left, looking over the haughs or meadows of Hamilton, from Bothwell Brig, you discern the top of the present house of Bothwellhaugh over a mass of wood. Here another strange historical event connects itself with this scene. Here lived that Hamilton who shot, in the streets of Linlithgow, the Regent Murray, the half-brother of the Queen of Scots. The outrage had been instigated by another, which was calculated, especially in an age like that when men took the redress of their wrongs into their own hands without much ceremony, to excite to madness a man of honor and strong feeling. The regent had given to one of his favorites Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who proceeded to take possession with such brutality that he turned Hamilton's wife out naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where before morning she became furiously mad. The spirit of vengeance took deep hold of Hamilton's mind, and was fanned to flame by his indignant kinsmen. He followed the regent from place to place, seeking an opportunity to kill him. This at length occurred by his having to pass through Linlithgow on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. Hamilton placed himself in a wooden gallery, which had a window toward the street, and as the regent slowly, on account of the pressure of the crowd, rode past, he shot him dead.

Add to these scenes and histories that Hamilton Palace, in its beautiful park, lies within a mile of the Bothwell Brig, and it must be admitted that no poetess could desire to be born in a more beautiful or classical region. Joanna Baillie's father was at the time of her birth minister of Bothwell. When she was four years old he quitted it, and was removed to different parishes, and finally, only three years before his death, was presented to the chair of divinity at Glasgow. After his death Miss Baillie spent with her family six or more years in the bare muirlands of Kilbride, a scenery not likely to have much attraction for a poetical mind, but made agreeable by the kindness and intelligence of two neighboring families. She never saw Edinburgh till on her way to England when about twenty-two years of age. Before that period she had never been above ten or twelve miles from home, and, with the exception of Bothwell, never formed much attachment to places.

For many years Joanna Baillie was a resident of Hempstead, where she was visited by nearly all the great writers of the age. Scott, as may be seen in his letters to Joanna Baillie, delighted to make himself her guest, and on her visit to Scotland, in 1806, she spent some weeks in his house at Edinburgh. From this time they were most intimate friends; she was one of the persons to whom his letters were most frequently addressed, and he planted, in testimony of his friendship for her, a bower of pinasters, the seeds of which she had furnished, at Abbotsford, and called it Joanna's bower. In 1810 her drama, "The Family Legend," was through his means brought out at Edinburgh. It was the first new play brought out by Mr. Henry Siddons, and was very well received, a fortune which has rarely attended her able tragedies, which are imagined to be more suitable for the closet than the stage. There they will continue to charm while vigor of conception, a clear and masterly style, and healthy nobility of sentiment retain their hold on the human mind.



FALLS OF THE NAUGATUCK AT SEYMOUR.

THE VALLEY OF THE NAUGATUCK.

THE scenery of the Naugatuck Valley between Seymour and Naugatuck presents some of its boldest and most characteristic features. This portion I shall designate as "the Highlands of the Naugatuck." The illustrations which appear in this article exhibit some of its most striking and characteristic features.

The above illustration represents the Falls of the Naugatuck at Seymour. It was in the vicinity of these falls that the Naugatuck Indians fixed their abode, and where the remnants of the tribe lingered until a comparatively recent period.

The view looking up the valley from Seymour is peculiarly characteristic of the scenery of this region. It was sketched from a hill on the east side of the river, known as "The Promised Land." On the left of the engraving appears the railroad, on the right the old turnpike. So circuitous is the stream and its accompanying railroad, as seen from this point, that it would seem an impossibility for them to penetrate through hills which appear so completely to shut in the view in the back ground.

The singular and nearly cone-shaped mountain known as Rock Rimmon, presents a bold, grand outline, as seen from various points of view. It is the abrupt termination of the line of hills known as "the Beacon Hills," from the most considerable elevation of which Long Island Sound is distinctly visible at a distance of about fifteen miles. Tradition says that in Revolutionary times the beacon fire was kindled on these hills to give warning of approaching danger.

The small cluster of houses and the large manufacturing establishment known upon this road as the Beacon Falls Station are most picturesquely situated in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of this portion of Connecticut. The extensive manufactory which appears in the cut is devoted to the production of the vulcan-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Carlton & Porter, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

ite or hard India-rubber goods. A great variety of articles are manufactured here, of a portion of which I append a list, possessing a degree of interest, as exhibiting the variety of uses to which this material is applied in the present advanced stages of its manufacture. Here are made syringes of all descriptions; telegraph insulators; telegraph wire; various parts used on telegraphic machines, viz., magnet heads, switch handles, etc., the material being an entire non-conductor of electricity; chemical and photographic apparatuses, not subject to corrosion from any acid; a variety of surgical implements, tumblers, dice cups, tunnels, caster rolls, caustic holders, thimbles, shaving-brush handles, powder-flasks, martingale rings, whip-sockets, inkstands, bottles for travelers, pomatum jars, napkin rings, corkscrews, whip handles, etc., etc. There are in this establishment about one hundred and fifty hands employed, who are mostly Germans, and who have been engaged at home in the turning of ivory and horn.

VIEW NEAR BEACON FALLS.

The rubber is put into molds when in a soft state, and then subjected to a high degree of heat. This process renders the substance sufficiently hard to be worked in the same manner as ivory. It is turned upon lathes, after which it is susceptible to the highest polish.

The water power here was first brought out by William De Forest, Esq., and others, in 1836. In 1850 it was purchased by a new company. The present buildings were not completed until 1853.

Immediately above Beacon Falls the scenery assumes its most frowning and savage mood. Bold and jagged heights appear, shattered granite rocks are piled one upon another. The dark hemlocks are scattered over the mountain sides without the soil, as it would seem, necessary to sustain them; indeed, appearing to spring out of the solid rock. The narrowest portion of the gorge through which

ROCK RIMMON.

the railroad passes is here approached. On the one side is the river, and above dark, stern, and frowning heights arise.

The illustration which I present of a view near Beacon Falls, is of a point about one mile above that station, near the house known as the Sherman Place. At the distance of about half a mile from this place, in a wild gorge of the mountains, approached by a delightful walk following a small tributary of the Naugatuck, is Jones's Gap.

This singularly beautiful spot is comparatively little known, but to the lovers of the picturesque it is well worth a visit. From Seymour to Naugatuck, a distance of about seven miles, every step of the way develops some charming point of view. The traveler by the train is so hurried through this singularly wild and picturesque scenery that he can form at best but an imperfect impression of its characteristic features. Indeed, there are few portions of Switzerland or Norway where the pedestrian is better repaid for a ramble through them. Like our American scenery in general, this lacks the Alpine features so peculiar to those countries, but in the picturesque and wild it is scarcely excelled in either.

The view of Naugatuck which I present was sketched from a hill near the cemetery, upon the Waterbury turnpike. It can scarcely be said to be a general view, as the town is much scattered and built upon both sides of the river. It, however, gives a good impression of the central part of the village, Naugatuck was formerly a society of Waterbury known as Salem Bridge. In 1844 it was incorporated as a town under the name of Naugatuck. On the right of the cut appears the Congregational Church, a structure highly creditable to the place, which was completed in 1855. On the left is St. Michael's Church, (Episcopal,) and near these the High School. Naugatuck is a thriving place, with numerous manufacturing establishments, among which "Goodyear's Metallic Rubber Shoe Company" is the most prominent.

Mr. Charles Goodyear, the well-known inventor and patentee of various articles manufactured from India-rubber, although

not a native of Naugatuck, passed the earlier portion of his life at this place, with which his name is intimately associated. It was at Naugatuck that he developed many of his plans. Mr. Goodyear was born at New Haven in 1799, soon after which his father removed with his family to Naugatuck, where he resided up to the time of his decease. In 1834 Mr. Charles Goodyear engaged in the manufacture of gum elastic in the city of New York. To the *American Phrenological Journal* of December, 1856, I am indebted for most of the following facts, which are given in a biographical notice of this gentleman.

Enthusiasm is pre-eminently an American characteristic. It was an enthusiastic love of liberty, and freedom to worship God without control or restraint, that led the Pilgrims and the Huguenots to abandon the luxuries of the Old World, to meet the privations of the howling wilderness, and to overcome the obstacles which threatened to make them martyrs. This spirit was seen in the Revolution, is evinced in the pioneer spirit which settles new territories and plants cities of wealth and enterprise on the far-off shores of the Pacific, making the solitary wilderness of the West vocal with the hum of industry, and "the desert to bud and blossom as the rose." This spirit inspired Audubon to bury himself in the trackless forests for years, to add to the science of ornithology the rich treasures of his discoveries, and thus to gather a plume for his brow from every wing that cuts the air, and to write his name with the quill of that imperial bird which his country had chosen as the symbol of her liberty. It was enthusiasm that warmed the blood of Kane and his companions, amid the eternal monuments of Polar winter; it was this same exultant energy which nerved the gallant Fremont to scale the frosty crags of the Rocky Mountains, to open to the world the golden gate of California.

In every branch of industry this spirit is cropping out, indicating boldness, perseverance, and a self-sacrificing heroism that scorns hardships and mocks opposition.

Fulton suffered poverty, privation, and ridicule, as he toiled earnestly to perfect

BEACON FALLS.

the steamboat, while his enthusiasm was warmed by the prophetic visions which now float over the waters of the wide world like fairy palaces. Morse, too, penniless, and almost friendless, secluded in a garret, with seedy garments and scanty fare, studied and labored to harness the fiery agent which the enthusiastic Franklin, three quarters of a century before, had coaxed from the angry heavens. The poor artist has become a millionaire, or has earned the right to be one, and that which was once called "arrant folly" is now regarded as sound philosophy. The world calls its pioneers fools, or crazy; but when they give material form and

SKETCH IN JONES'S GAP.

action to their great thoughts, then they became wise and sound instantly. But tardy justice is better than none.

Charles Goodyear, imbued with the same spirit, would listen to no persuasion from his friends to abandon what, to them, appeared a hopeless project; and though he had expended his means, and exhausted his credit with cool business-men, and been denied further aid from ardent capitalists, and he saw nothing before him but penury and the poor-house, still he did not give up his darling thought. His hope, undimmed, burned with unabated fervor in the darkest hour, and thus sustained him until his conquest was completed.

NAUGATUCK.

We saw him, haggard and worn, and weary, in the darkest hours of his struggle, and though he was pointed out to strangers as the man who was crazy on the subject of India-rubber, we saw in the pale and care-worn man the faith and hope that, though cast down, are not destroyed, and a gleaming fire in his eye that bespoke perfect confidence in himself and in his great idea.

It requires but a moment's reflection to perceive that few inventions have done more to increase human comfort than that by which caoutchouc, or India-rubber, is made available, as it now is, for so many uses.

We remember when India-rubber was used only to erase pencil-marks from paper. The rude shoes first made over lasts of clay, so stiff and hard when exposed to a temperature below the freezing point, that human power could produce scarcely any effect upon them, were thought a great achievement. Its quality of resisting water, and its freedom from a tendency to rot like other fabrics, made it very desirable for articles of clothing for the human body. It was therefore at once seen, that if India-rubber could only be made perfectly, or even partially pliable, like cloth or soft leather, a great desideratum would be gained, and human comfort greatly increased. Chemistry was invoked for aid, and human ingenuity was taxed to the ut most. As it was a new article, the scholars in chemistry could give but little light on the subject. It was left for such men as Goodyear to exhaust everything but ingenuity, backed by an enthusiastic hope which stayed up his heart and strengthened his hands, until success crowned his efforts.

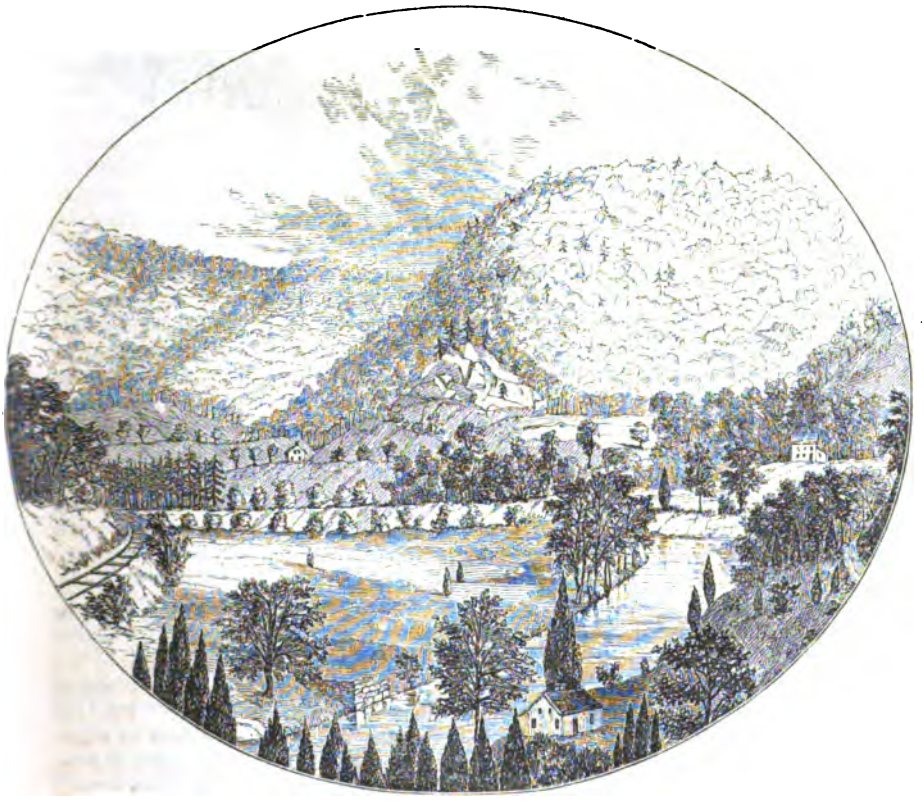
In 1834 Mr. Goodyear engaged in the business of manufacturing gum elastic in the city of New York. His experiments were continued and various; but failure and disappointment were his only reward. Though money, time, and health were wasted, yet, as Goodyear's

enthusiasm had inspired his faith, he felt attracted by a truth he could not see, and his stout heart fainted not. Disappointment in one experiment, instead of damping his ardor, merely convinced him that the truth he sought, and which he felt sure must exist somewhere, lay in another direction; and since every futile experiment proved where it was not, he believed he was drawing nearer to it; hence every failure was to him but the removing of so much rubbish which hid from his view the object of his research, and thus stimulated him to a further trial. His money and credit were gone; and lawsuits, duns, executions, sheriffs, and sharp pinchings of poverty, soon followed. Destitute of means, yet hunted from place to place, sometimes imprisoned for debt, he still continued to apply himself with invincible pertinacity to the master thought of his life.

In January, 1839, he realized his expectations, and was repaid for all his toil, expense, and sufferings, by the discovery of the process so long his untiring object by day, and his dreams by night.

In 1844 he obtained his great patent, while residing at Springfield. . . . Mr. Goodyear about this time returned to Naugatuck, and started a large establishment for the manufacture of those beautiful articles now so necessary to every one's wardrobe, and especially serviceable to those exposed to storms. Experience has awakened and directed the ingenuity of the manufacturer to such an extent, that thousands of articles of luxury, ornament, and convenience, are now made from that material which we but recently saw only in a clumsy India-rubber shoe, nearly half an inch thick.

From this time Mr. Goodyear had prosperity; but infringements upon his patents caused him much harassing litigation, but he was everywhere honored and respected, and poverty no longer howled, gaunt and hungry, around his hearthstone. In view of his extreme poverty and suffering, Mr. Webster, in his great argument in behalf



VIEW LOOKING UP THE VALLEY FROM SEYMOUR.

CHARLES GOODYEAR.

of Mr. Goodyear's patent, and the last time this prince of advocates ever appeared at the bar, said: "It would be painful to speak of his extreme want; the destitution of his family; half-clad, he picking up with his own hands little billets of wood from the wayside, to warm the household; suffering reproach—not harsh reproach, for no one could bestow that upon him—and receiving indignation and ridicule from his friends."

For several years past Mr. Goodyear has resided alternately in England and in France. All the varieties of rubber goods manufactured from his patents are eagerly sought in different parts of Europe. In England and France several large establishments have been built for the production of rubber goods, working under his patents. The shoe establishment at Montarges, in France, produces eight thousand pairs of shoes per day. At the establishment in Paris for the manufacture of rubber clothing, nine hundred garments are turned out daily. Both of these are carried on by the firm of Hutchinson, Henderson, & Co. Among the numerous marks of honor conferred upon Mr. Goodyear in Europe, he has received a brevet of knighthood from the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

A story is related at Naugatuck, of the result of a night's courting adventure to a youth of that place, in the Revolutionary times. As every little local incident which throws any light upon the history and exigencies of that period possesses a degree of interest, I will give it.

While the British were in possession of Long Island, they were in the habit of sending their agents on marauding expeditions to this vicinity, who acted in concert with the tories and "cow-boys." Many a farmer's cow-yard, granary, hen-

roost, and sheep-fold told the story. These parties used to cross the Sound, sometimes landing near the mouth of the Housatonic, at others coming up in their boats as far as Derby, and occasionally honoring the people of the lower portion of the Naugatuck Valley with a call, and with considerable drafts discounted at sight upon their eatables.

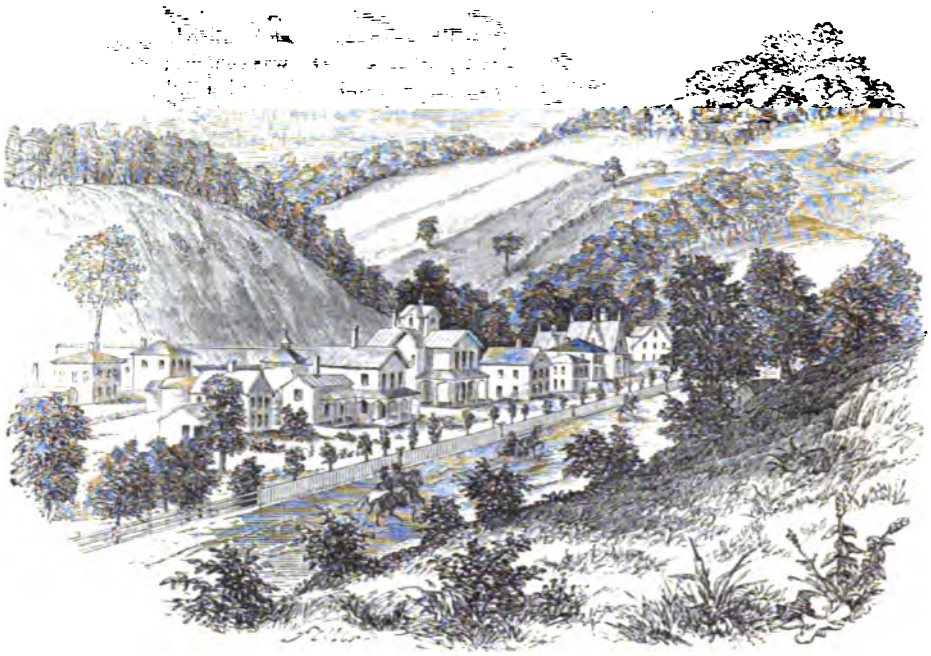
At this period there lived at Naugatuck, among many patriotic families, one of the name of Judd. A small settlement in Naugatuck, known as Guntown, was a stronghold of the tories. But these political differences seem not to have cooled the ardor of some of the Naugatuck youths, or to prevent occasional expeditions to Guntown, which, if partaking somewhat of a marauding character, were doubtless looked upon with a certain degree of complacence by the marriageable fair ones in the tory neighborhood.

It was upon one of these expeditions to Guntown that a young man named Chauncey Judd, a son of the person before referred to, started one evening. The night doubtless passed cheerily on, and, in accordance with the custom of those times, it was daylight when our hero left his lady-love. The night's "sparking" ended, the young "rebel" set out on his return home, whistling cheerfully along, and doubtless spinning cobweb fancies for the future. He suddenly discovered a detachment of armed men upon the road a short distance in advance of him, whom he took for Americans, but being somewhat shy, and on one of his first courting expeditions, he wished to avoid their railery, and turned off from the road to cross the lots. He was mistaken, however, in the party, as they proved to be British and "cow-boys," and as soon as they discovered that he sought to avoid them, the leader of the party sent one of his number, who was acquainted with the neighborhood, to examine him, as they were suspicious that he might give information of their whereabouts, and that it would result in their being pursued, as they had been for several days plundering the neighborhood. Cady, the man sent to examine the youth, reported him as belonging to a stanch Whig family in the vicinity. After a consultation they determined to retain him as a prisoner. He was accordingly taken to one of the houses of the tories at Guntown, where he was confined in a cellar. After three or four days his father, accompanied by several friends, having traced him to this neighborhood, entered the house where he was confined. The young man heard distinctly his father's voice in the room above inquiring for him, but he was threatened that if he spoke or made the least noise to acquaint the party of his place of concealment, that he should be instantly killed. There was a well in the cellar into which they had before threatened to throw him. Our hero heard, as may be imagined, with no very pleasant forebodings for the future, the retreating footsteps of his friends. Perhaps he in the meantime repented his night's sparking in the tory neighborhood, but this I will not pretend to say. He might have thought with "the captive knight,"

> "They have gone, they have all pass'd by,
> They that I loved with a brother's heart,
> And have left me here to die."

After the party in search of the young man had left the house, the occupants began to feel serious apprehensions for the future. The question then arose, how they might best dispose of their prisoner. The leader of the party insisted upon the necessity of killing him. This consultation, as well as the decision, was heard distinctly by the prisoner. The wife, however, of the owner of the domicil, declared that she would have no such deed of blood committed in her house, and no ghost of the murdered man hereafter to haunt her. They therefore decided to take him down to a brook near by, and dispatch him there. He soon heard the cellar door open and the sound of footsteps on the stairs; death now seemed inevitably to stare him in the face. He was taken from the house to the spot proposed for the dark deed, and here Cady, the man first sent to examine the youth before his arrest, interfered, and saved his life.

The party soon after started with their prisoner down the river in the greatest haste. They arrived at the mouth of the Housatonic during the night. The weather was cold and stormy. Here they took their boat to cross the Sound. One of the thole-pins was missing, and the young man was compelled, notwithstanding the extreme cold, to hold a bayonet for one of the men to row against. They arrived safely on the opposite shore,



UNION CITY.

and were landed on Long Island. The prisoner was here taken to a house which they made their head-quarters, with no very enviable hopes for the future, as he now felt that he was removed at such a distance from his friends that he might be dispatched with impunity. This was a trying hour for a youth of eighteen. But his friends were in pursuit; they traced the party to the mouth of the river, where they found a person who knew the rendezvous of these men on Long Island. They soon manned a whale-boat and pushed across the sound. They attacked the house, and made the whole party, with the exception of one, prisoners; among them was an English lieutenant. They also succeeded in escaping with the whole number, and in bringing them across to Stratford. Our hero was taken from his hiding-place; he had heard the tumult in the house, not knowing into whose hands he might now fall, and was so frightened and confused that he shouted lustily, "God save the king."

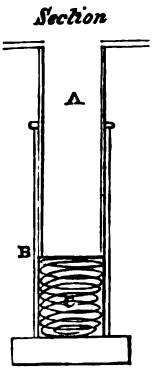
The parties connected with this affair at Guntown were tried; one was sentenced to be executed, another had his property confiscated.

The writer has learned this story from one who heard it from our hero. To add to the romance of the matter, it is certainly unfortunate that the young man's tory mistress was not the means of effecting his escape; I should furthermore be happy to state that the two were afterward united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as all true lovers should be. But, so far as I know, these things have not transpired.

The settlement known as Union City is in the town of Naugatuck, about one mile north of the center. In its immediate neighborhood are several prosperous manufacturing establishments. The view which I present was sketched a short distance south of the place, upon a hill near the Naugatuck Road. The house appearing in the distance is known as the "old Goodyear place," and was for many years the home of Charles Goodyear.

THE age of crusades was the youth of modern Europe. It was the time of unsophisticated feelings and ungovernable passions; the era of love, war, enthusiasm, and adventure.—*Schlegel.*

SELF-ACTING INDICATOR BEE-STAND.



NUMEROUS as are the contrivances for facilitating the study of the honey-bee, we have not one which enables the bee-keeper to note the daily progress of a colony in the accumulation of a store. To know the weight of a hive, we must bring out a tripod and steelyard, and move the hive from its site; and even then we cannot judge accurately as to daily or weekly progress; in fact, we only learn the gross weight when we weigh it, and compare one weighing with another. In order to judge of what has been accomplished in the interim, I have lately thought of a plan by which the daily, even hourly progress of a hive may be known, by a self-acting apparatus of most simple construction; and as this is the time to determine whether a new appliance shall be tried or not, I venture to submit my plan to your apiarian readers. If I wait until I have put it into practice, the communication may appear too late to be of use to others during the present season.

Construct a pedestal for a hive on the plan represented in the diagram. Let it be formed telescope fashion; a turned pillar, A, working in the manner of a piston inside a brass or copper cylinder B. Inside B, and beneath the pillar A, is a spiral spring of brass or steel; and on this spring the pillar A presses, more or less, according to the weight superincumbent upon it. In the front of the cylinder B are two open slits, and between them an index, marked in accordance with the strength of the spring. The right-hand slit is simply a groove, in which a finger, *c*, works freely up and down, when moved by the hand, and a screw fixes it wherever it may be required to remain. The finger *d* is attached to the base of the pillar A, and the slit in which it works is quite open; so that as A presses down the spiral spring the finger *d* marks the gross weight of hive, hive-board, sufers, bees, and honey. At *e*, a thumbscrew passes through the rim of the cylinder B, to press against the pillar A, and retain it in its position. This is to prevent any jerking upward of the hive on the removal of a cap or sufer.

The use of the contrivance can need but little explaining. The hive, with its swarm and floor-board, is placed on the pillar, and its gross weight is immediately marked by the finger *d*. Suppose the gross weight on the afternoon of the swarm being hived to be 10 lbs., fix the finger *c* at 10 lbs., and the finger *d* will the next evening show the actual amount of work accomplished in the formation of comb, etc. If a sufer is put on, let the additional weight noted by *d* be added to the former weight of the hive, as indicated by *c*; so that whenever you desire to know the total weight of the contents, you have but to deduct the weight registered by *c* from that indicated by *d*, and the product is the answer required.

By such a plan we might compare hives, swarms, and localities with each other, the index showing the daily, even hourly progress of each. The effect of a few fine days in May would be pleasingly evident; and it is likely enough that, with the help afforded by the thermometer, the time for putting on sufers, or opening the partitions in collateral boxes, would be very definitely noted. But such, and other uses that may arise, I leave to the consideration of those who may care to adopt my invention.

The above contrivance would doubtless prove interesting and valuable to the apiarian. It is not at all necessary that the hive itself should be of the particular form indicated by the engraving, though we should prefer one somewhat ornamental.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

IT has been objected to a recent publication that the author, in delineating the various phases of the character of "the True Woman," omitted, and, to use an Americanism that is becoming popular, *ignored* that large and respectable class denominated *Old Maids*. Whether this omission was intentionally disrespectful, intending to imply that every true woman of marriageable age must, of necessity, be linked to one of the other sex, it is not my purpose to inquire. I do know, that there have been many true women who have chosen to live in single blessedness; and in every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there is some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, inclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness personified, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was set down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that I was "such a quiet, prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old brocaded-satin bag filled with ends of worsted and silk; these she bade me sort out into packets according to color; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armor, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlor never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats, and gray; and they did spit sometimes! The straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was forever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed in battle. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she was a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air; I should say she was proud;

and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely old lady was as follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, and broke the strings of the old piano.

One long wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sack of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sack, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass, you might have thought her a court beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meanwhile the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sack, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clew for it; till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life, and love, and hope, that we were loth to put it away among the things of the past; almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters in all among the Cumberland Fells; and the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"O, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you and your true love live yet in a green old age together."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May, 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those

were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"O, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together; "who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "O, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and O, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sack. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came among us, and looked over Minta's shoulder as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie, penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young, gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story; how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"O, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

List to the song of the mountain stream,
From its old rocky chamber springing;
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,
With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!
"O, 'tis a glorious thing to bound
Through a world of such wondrous beauty;
The flowers are breathing sweet odors around,
And hark! the old woods with gay music resound:
Pleasure is glancing,
Sunbeams are dancing,
Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!"

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As its murmurs are gently swelling,
Bounding along with its noontide theme,
Of the glory of labor telling.
"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,
And set the young grass blades growing;
I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.
Lambs shall come skipping,
Birds shall stoop sipping;
All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing."

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As it rolls with its heaving motion,
Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,
Ere it loses itself in the ocean:
"No more through the beautiful vale I'll wend;
I have finish'd life's changeful story;
Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,
Where with the main, my small tribute shall blend,
Mingling—not dying,
Smiling—not sighing,
Singing forever *His* greatness and glory."

INSANITY, AND TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

THIRD PAPER.

THE Insane Institutions of Germany are very numerous, and of course of every degree of merit. In many cases they occupy the old monastery buildings, and are endowed with the funds which on their suppression accrued to the government. In others, where the Roman Catholic religion is still the religion of the state, they are under the control of some of the religious fraternities, and the Sisters of Charity are the attendants upon the patients. Under both circumstances, although much has been done to alter and modify the buildings for their present use, there is necessarily a want of those more recent improvements, of warmth, ventilation, and comfort which are to be found in the more recently constructed edifices for the care of the insane. In a few instances new and convenient buildings have been erected, replete with all those arrangements which can conduce to the health, comfort, and rapid recovery of the patients. It should be remarked that in all the continental institutions physical labor is regarded as one of the best curative measures in the treatment of the insane. The hands are kept busy where it is profitable, and, so far as may be, the mind also.

Among the best conducted of the German institutions are that at Berlin, under the care of Dr. Ideler; at Siegburg, under Dr. M. Jacobi; at Sachsenberg, under Dr. Flemming; at Halle, under Dr. Damerow; at Sonnenstein, in Saxony, under Dr. Lessing; at Leubus, under Dr. Martini; the Asylum for Incurables at Zurefalten, under the care of Dr. Schaeffer; at Hildesheim, an immense establishment, under Dr. Bergmann; Illenau, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, under Dr. Roller; Eichberg, in the Duchy of Nassau, under Dr. Snell; Frankfort-on-the-Main, under Dr. Hoffman; and the private institutions of Dr. Jessen, at Hornheim, near Kiel, and Dr. F. Engelken, at Obervenland, near Bremen.

Some of these are deserving of special notice; the Insane Hospital at Seigburg has been, perhaps, better known abroad than any other in Germany, Dr. Jacobi having been at its head since its foundation in 1825, and having contributed as much as any man in that country to the promotion of correct views on the management of the insane. The buildings were originally erected and occupied as a Benedictine monastery as early as A.D. 1051. Though many alterations and improvements have been made in them, they are still not well adapted to the present purpose, but the genius and skill of Dr. Jacobi have triumphed over all obstacles, and the hospital is one of the best conducted in Germany. The patients mostly labor, and tobacco and snuff are given them as a recompense for their work. Dr. Jacobi has also provided for recreation both out of doors and within the hospital. Shooting with the crossbow at a mark, cultivating flowers, etc., form the principal out-door amusements, while within there is a library, theatrical exhibitions, the occasional presentation of gifts, musical entertainments, and instruction in music, drawing, and literature. The scenery in the vicinity of the hospital is exceedingly picturesque.

The Institution for the Insane at Halle, under the care of Professor Damerow, the accomplished editor of the Journal of Psychiatry, was erected under his supervision and opened in 1843. It has two departments, one for curable and the other for incurable patients, and is intended to furnish accommodations for four hundred. Dr. Earle, who visited it in 1849, commends its arrangements and the ability with which it is conducted.

The asylum for incurables at Zurefalten is said to be the best establishment of its kind in Germany. It has apartments for one hundred and fifty patients. It was organized in 1839.

The Illenau Hospital, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, was opened in 1842. No pains or expense was spared in the construction of the buildings, which form a vast pile resembling, at a little distance, a village compactly built. Dr. Roller, the present director, superintended its construction. The arrangements for the comfort of the patients are very perfect. Labor is practiced, but considered only as a curative means, not an end. There is more variety of labor than in most of the other German institutions; in addition to agricultural pursuits, there are workshops for tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, bookbinders, turners, joiners, wagon-makers, coopers, locksmiths, blacksmiths, and mattress makers. Schools have also been established, and are under the charge of

the chaplains and one of the female supervisors. In these the elementary branches are taught. Botany is also taught to such patients as desire it, by one of the assistant physicians, and music, both on the piano and organ, by a special music teacher hired for the purpose. Concerts and festive parties are frequently given. The corridors and rooms are hung with pictures. A gymnasium and bowling alleys are among the provisions for the recreation of the patients. The Christmas holiday is as fully observed at Illenau as anywhere in Germany.

The institution at Leubus, near the confines of Poland, is one of great interest to the traveler, from the extent of its buildings, originally erected for a monastery by Casimir the First, the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded, and the genial and attractive manners of the accomplished superintendent, Dr. Moritz Martini. The household economy of this institution is represented by Dr. Earle as admirable. Its general system of treatment and its arrangements for labor and recreation do not differ materially from those of the other institutions already described.

We might go into particulars in respect to several of the other insane hospitals enumerated above, but there is so much of general similarity in their arrangements that it would hardly be interesting to the reader. The palm for neatness is due to the charity hospital at Berlin, under the care of Dr. Ideler. The directors of insane hospitals throughout Germany seem to have engaged in a laudable rivalry in the study of the phenomena of mental disease; and the discussion of many of the topics connected with it in the *Journal of Psychiatry*, give evidence of profound research and marked ability. There are in the whole of Germany, including Austria and Prussia, ninety-three public and about twenty-five private institutions for the insane.

The asylums and hospitals for the insane in France next claim our attention. These are of three classes, viz.: first, insane asylums forming departments of general hospitals, such as those of the Bicetre and Salpetriere; second, insane asylums under the care and government of religious fraternities or sisterhoods, like that of Bon Sauveur at Caen and many others; third, insane hospitals on an independent basis, like those of Charenton, Stephansfeld, etc.

The great hospital La Salpetriere contains a population of five thousand three hundred and fifty, all of whom, except the physicians and internés, are females. Of these, sixteen hundred are insane, epileptic, or idiotic. The Bicetre is a similar institution for male patients, but its total number of inmates is somewhat less, and of this number about twelve hundred are insane, epileptic, idiotic, or paralytic. Both are intended in all these departments exclusively for paupers. A very large proportion of the insane rank as incurables.

Where a number so very large are assembled together, we cannot reasonably expect that the treatment will be as skillful or the success as great as in smaller institutions. There is, too, a general feeling in the Parisian hospitals that the *canaille* are fit subjects on which to make those experiments which, however hazardous they may prove to life and limb, are so congenial to the tastes of French physicians and savans. The present physicians of both of these great hospitals are men of eminent attainments, both in the general literature and science of the profession, and in the special walk (insanity) to which they have devoted themselves. Dr. Baillarger in particular has devoted to the investigation of mental disease all the powers of a very superior intellect and the extraordinary facilities which attach to his position. There are also many eminent psychologists in Paris who have charge of private institutions for the insane. M. Brierre de Boismont is perhaps the best known of these, from his able work on suicide, as well as from his other valuable communications to the *Annales Medico-Psychologiques*.

The *Hospice de Bon Sauveur*, at Caen, has accommodations for deaf mutes and the infirm as well as the insane. It has twelve hundred and forty-three resident inmates, of whom two hundred and thirty-seven are the choir and lay sisters of the order; five are priests; twenty-six free boarders; one hundred and fifty-five deaf mutes; one hundred and twenty-eight resident domestics, and six hundred and ninety-two lunatics, of whom three hundred and two are men and three hundred and ninety women. There are also attached to the establishment, but non-resident, two physicians and eighty workpeople. It is largely endowed. The celebrated Beau Brummell, the companion

of George IV., and so long the Napoleon of the realms of fashion, passed the last year of his life here, and died in one of the apartments which is pointed out to the visitor. The institution is in no respect up to the demands of the time as a hospital for the insane. The *Sœurs Religieuses*, though deserving of admiration for their earnest zeal in the care of the sick and insane, and the courage with which they control the violent and wayward, are somewhat too conservative for the adoption of those improvements which would elevate the condition of their establishment. The order have two other similar institutions of a similar character with this at Caen, one of them (in the south of France) fully as large as the one we have described.

The Nantes asylum, like *Bon Sauveur*, is only a department of a general hospital, intended for the reception of infirm paupers, deaf mutes, orphans, and lunatics. The whole number of persons connected with the establishment is eleven hundred and ninety-six, of whom three hundred and ninety-one are insane. The buildings were constructed expressly for lunatics, and are very conveniently arranged, and every department of the institution is well conducted. The patients are quiet, contented, and generally very well behaved. The milder forms of restraint are in quite general use in most of the French insane hospitals.

Charenton has always maintained a high reputation for the skill and tenderness with which the insane have been treated within its walls; and under its present accomplished, able physicians, Drs. Calmeil and Foville, it seems likely to lose nothing of its past high character. It is intended only for pay patients, and is well adapted to facilitate their recovery.

But the model insane institution of France, and, indeed, of the continent, is that of Stephansfeld, near Strasbourg. In the construction of its buildings, adapting them to their designed purpose, giving an air of cheerfulness even to those intended for the most violent; in the management of its household economy, combining a plentiful supply with careful economy and strict accountability for everything in use in the establishment; in its system of labor, in which almost all of the mechanic arts and agricultural pursuits are followed, and the ambition, industry, and energy of the patient encouraged by the incentive of a small reward; in its well-considered system of recreation, as adapted to call into action the dormant powers of the intellect, and to call off attention from the delusions and hallucinations to which they are subject; and especially in its schools for the instruction of such of the insane as are disposed to study, schools which were the first in the world to demonstrate the possibility and advantage of the instruction of the insane; in all these respects we must pronounce the Insane Hospital at Stephansfeld as equal to any on the continent. Dr. Rœderer, its able director, has been at the head of the institution since 1842, and it is owing almost entirely to his skill and tact that it has attained its present high position.

We have only given examples of the three classes of insane hospitals in France, as any extended account of them would far transcend the limits we have proposed to ourselves. By a decree of government every department, of which there are eighty-six in France, is required to provide at least one establishment for the treatment of the insane, and as in addition to this there are a very considerable number supported by religious orders, and also many private *maisons de santè*, as these hospitals are called, the whole number of asylums in France must considerably exceed one hundred.

The hospitals for the insane in the United States, though not as numerous in proportion to the population as those of Great Britain, are of more uniform capacity, and are not so generally filled with incurable patients. The pauper class is much less numerous and formidable here than there, and the great mass of incurable patients, if quiet and harmless, are received by their friends, and do not cumber the wards of the hospital. There is, besides, less dread of the reputation of insanity in families here than there, and consequently not the necessity for mystery and concealment which is supposed to exist there.

There are in the United States between fifty and sixty insane hospitals, including several private establishments, averaging, as nearly as can be estimated, two hundred patients each; thus furnishing provision for between ten thousand and eleven thousand of the insane. Besides these, there are county or other receptacles in the nature of alms-houses, which provide

separate though inadequate and very objectionable accommodations for perhaps three thousand more. The total number of the insane in the United States, according to the most recent and reliable data, is not less than twenty-seven or twenty-eight thousand. The provision as yet made is of course entirely inadequate for the accommodation of those deprived of reason. Public attention has, however, been so thoroughly aroused to the necessity of making provision for this class, both in the hope of their restoration and for the protection of community, that there is little reason to doubt that hereafter the proportion of hospital accommodations to the whole number of the insane will be greatly increased.

The first chartered institution for the treatment of the insane in this country was the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia. It was opened in 1752, and though intended as a general hospital, yet special provision was made in its charter for the reception of insane patients. In the ninety years previous to 1841, when the insane patients were removed to the new hospital for the insane, which had been erected for their special accommodation, it had received four thousand three hundred and sixty-six patients, of whom thirty-four per cent. had been discharged cured. The new hospital completed in 1841 is replete with every convenience for the comfort and successful treatment of the insane, and in the perfection of its arrangements is not surpassed by any institution of this country or Europe. The grounds belonging to the hospital comprise one hundred and ten acres, and on a portion of them at some distance from the present buildings the corporation are now erecting another hospital, of equal capacity with the present, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the completion of which it is intended to devote one edifice to male and the other to female patients. The two establishments will furnish accommodations for about five hundred patients.

A portion of the ample grounds is laid out as a lawn, and the grapery, greenhouse, and gardens of the hospital not only add much to the beauty of the premises, and conduce to its healthfulness and comfort, but also add materially to its revenues; the sums thus received, however, being, for the most part, expended in procuring books for the ward libraries, apparatus for illustrating the lectures, materials for games of recreation, etc.

Dr. Kirkbride, the accomplished superintendent of this hospital, combines in an extraordinary degree the qualifications required for a post so important and arduous. An accomplished scholar, a thoroughly educated physician, endowed with a genial and sympathizing spirit, he possesses also great tact and executive ability, and a remarkable capacity for details as well as for the general management of the establishment. His able treatise on the "Construction and Organization of Hospitals for the Insane," as well as his numerous valuable contributions to the *Journal of Insanity*, give evidence of his zeal in the cause to which he has devoted his life as well as his abilities as a writer.

The New York State Lunatic Asylum, recently the scene of a disastrous conflagration, was planned and constructed at a period when erroneous views prevailed relative to the extent of such institutions. It is too large to be properly and efficiently superintended by a single physician. The very able and eminent physicians who have preceded the present incumbent have proved by their own experience the evil of placing so heavy a burden of care and responsibility on the shoulders of one man.

Dr. Brigham fell a victim to his overexertion. Dr. Benedict was compelled by nervous prostration to seek a milder climate and relaxation from the severity of his professional duties, which he soon found must be permanent instead of temporary. We can only hope that the present superintendent may long be spared their painful experience. The asylum was intended to accommodate from four hundred and fifty to five hundred patients, and is always full. The central portion of the building having recently been destroyed by fire, it is presumable that in its rebuilding every improvement which experience has sanctioned will be introduced. The state is suffering from the want of two or three more insane hospitals, and the preliminary steps have already been taken for deciding upon suitable localities for two at least. The Insane Hospital at Blackwell's Island and the Bloomingdale Asylum, a branch of the New York Hospital, are both well conducted, but offer no special characteristics deserving of notice.

The reputation of their superintendents, Dr. Brown and Dr. Ranney, is deservedly high. The Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island is much too large, having on the first of January, 1856, five hundred and seventy-three patients. The State Lunatic Hospital at Taunton, Massachusetts, is one of the most recent of the large insane hospitals, having been opened in April, 1854. It received at once two hundred and eleven patients from the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, then inordinately crowded. Having commenced with so large a body of old cases, its report of recoveries was necessarily meager; but, considering its disadvantages, the success which has attended its treatment has been highly gratifying. The new insane hospital now erecting at Northampton gives promise of being a model institution.

The Butler Hospital for the Insane at Providence, Rhode Island, the noble result of the munificence of Nicholas Brown, Josiah Butler, and other large-hearted and liberal-minded citizens of Providence, is, though less extensive than some others in its accommodations, one of the best constructed and most perfect institutions of its kind in the United States. In January last the number of patients was one hundred and forty-three. The hospital occupies a beautiful and commanding site in the eastern part of the city, and its tasteful buildings and elegant grounds render it an object of much attraction to visitors. Here, as in Philadelphia, the method of steam warming and ventilation has recently been adopted, and with very gratifying success. The plan of this building was designed by Dr. Luther V. Bell, late superintendent of the M'Lean Asylum at Somerville, Massachusetts, who was sent by the trustees of the Butler Hospital to Europe to visit the insane hospitals there for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements had been made in their construction in Great Britain. It was the result of his tour, and embodied whatever he regarded as of value in foreign institutions.

Dr. Ray, the present superintendent of the Butler Hospital, is widely and well known, not only for his ability as a superintendent, but for his valuable contributions to the jurisprudence of insanity, and his many able articles in the *Journal of Insanity* on important psychological questions. His profound attainments in medical jurisprudence, and especially in this department of it, have often led to his being summoned to testify as an expert in those perplexing cases of crime in which the plea of insanity is set up, and no man's opinion carries more weight on such a question.

The New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton was opened in 1848, but has since been greatly enlarged by the addition of extensive wings. It is intended for the accommodation of two hundred and fifty patients. It is heated by steam, and thoroughly ventilated upward and downward by means of return flues opening into the smoke-stack. The arrangements for the comfort and improvement of the insane there congregated seems to be judicious and successful. The form of the buildings is somewhat peculiar, being a modification of the lineal form usually adopted. The building consists of a main edifice with three lateral wings on each side, the second range of wings falling back from the first, and the third from the second. In 1854 a separate museum and reading room were erected for the accommodation of the patients, and also a calistheneum or building for an exercise room for the female patients. By the statutes of New Jersey the asylum is required to receive insane criminals, an objectionable measure, as it must prove revolting to the other patients, and unless extraordinary precautions are resorted to, must endanger the safety of the other patients and the community. It is to be hoped that provision will be made either by several states together or by the states individually, when the number of this class is considerable, for their safe keeping in an isolated position, where, while all the necessary appliances for their restoration to reason are provided, they may still be kept so securely as not to endanger the lives of others. Dr. Buttolph, the superintendent of the New Jersey Asylum, has a high reputation as a careful, able, and efficient officer.

Perhaps the most complete and admirably constructed insane hospital in the United States is the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo, now nearly completed. It is intended for two hundred and eighty-eight patients. The grounds comprise one hundred and sixty-eight acres of diversified surface, capable

of producing the finest effects under the care of a good landscape gardener. The ground plans were furnished by Dr. John P. Gray, the superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, and were carefully arranged to comprise every improvement which modern science and architectural skill have been able to devise. The architectural designs were made by Messrs. O. and A. H. Jordan, and the construction of the building has been superintended by Mr. A. H. Jordan. The style adopted is the Italian. The material is brick covered with Roman cement and sand, and finished to represent free stone; the window caps, sills, brackets, belt courses, and capitals are of Athens white limestone. The warming by means of hot air chambers heated by steam pipes. The ventilation is forced by means of a fan driven by steam, and is both upward and downward. The drainage and sewerage is perfect; the buildings will be lighted by gas manufactured on the premises. They are abundantly supplied with water, and are as nearly as possible fire-proof. Dr. E. H. Van Deusen, the first assistant physician at the New York State Lunatic Asylum, has been elected superintendent.

Our space does not permit us to go into an extended description of the numerous institutions which now exist in the Union; they are all well conducted, and many of them are under the superintendence of men whose talents and attainments are such as to command for them a world-wide reputation. One of the number, Dr. Luther V. Bell, after twenty years of professional labor, has recently resigned his connection with the M'Lean Asylum at Somerville, Massachusetts, purposing to devote the remainder of life to pursuits less arduous and harassing. Dr. Bell is a man of decided genius, and his professional career has been a brilliant one. Among his contributions to the pathology of insanity has been one on a peculiar form of mania thus far uniformly fatal, and which the profession generally have recognized as Dr. Bell's mania. He has also contributed a valuable essay on the ventilation of insane hospitals, and an interesting narration of his observations on the phenomena of the so-called spiritual manifestations.

Dr. Pliny Earle, now visiting physician of the New York City Hospital for the Insane, has also attained a high reputation, both for his skill in the treatment of mental disease and his fine powers of observation. Some years since he made an extensive tour in Europe, and on his return published an account of most of the European asylums on the continent, replete with the results of a calm, careful, and philosophical observation.

Dr. Galt, the superintendent of the Eastern Virginia Asylum for the Insane, has also distinguished himself by his contributions to the literature of his profession, to which he has brought the results of wide and genial culture.

We should do injustice, not only to our own feelings, but to the cause of the insane, did we fail, in this connection, to name also the accomplished physician of the Insane Retreat at Hartford, Dr. John S. Butler, and to do homage to his skill and tact as a superintendent. Dr. B. is now one of the seniors in his department of the profession, having devoted eighteen years to the care of the insane. We have already, in another article, described at some length the institution over which he so ably presides, a hospital which, though from faults in its early construction, not so perfect a model of what the hospital for the insane should be as some more modern structures, still manages, from the skill of its physician and the careful and intelligent coöperation of its numerous attendants, to restore full as large a proportion of its unfortunate inmates to reason and life as any institution in the country. Dr. Butler is an enthusiast in his profession. His motives to action are three-fold, and all act upon him with great intensity: sympathy for the suffering, love to man, and love to God. Under the influence of this intense enthusiasm no exertion is too great, no toil too arduous, which may bring the wandering intellect back to its throne; no sacrifice of health or comfort too severe on his own part which may benefit the unfortunate beings to whose interests he has devoted his life.

He possesses a vigorous intellect, highly cultivated and polished by foreign travel, and could easily have distinguished himself in the walks of literature; but the offering of this upon the altar of professional duty is but one of the many sacrifices to which he has felt called. He is not alone, however, in this enthusiasm and

devotion to duty. Among the fifty or more superintendents of insane hospitals in the United States there are many to whom He who, while here on earth, restored reason to the insane and peace and quiet to the maniac, will say, when their labors on earth are finished, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Of the New England asylums the M'Lean, at Somerville, is the oldest, and, next to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the small asylum at Frankford, Pennsylvania, it is the oldest in the United States, having completed its thirty-ninth year. The Retreat at Hartford is next in seniority, the report for 1857 being the thirty-third. The Worcester State Hospital and the Bloomingdale Asylum are next in age, and besides these there is not an insane hospital in the Union which has existed above twenty years.

The Canadas have two very efficient and well-conducted lunatic asylums, one at Quebec, the other at Toronto. There is also one at St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick.

Among the gifted of all the past there have been not a few whose lives have demonstrated the truth of the adage, that "great wit to madness is allied."

The scrofulous temperament, which, from its rapid and often premature development, its vivid perceptive faculties, and its intense sensibility, is more often than any other the *habitat* of genius, has generally a strong predisposition to insanity. Among those whose brilliant intellect has illumined the literature and science of the world for the last two thousand years, there are comparatively few who have not at some period of their lives given evidence of insanity, or at least of hallucination. In some it has assumed the form of melancholy, embittering all their existence, making life a burden, and causing them to depreciate their own powers, and imagine themselves despised or contemned by the world. It was owing to this mood that Virgil stipulated in his will that his great poem, the Æneid, should be burned; it was the tempting dream of his own melancholy that prevented Socrates from offering any defense when arrayed for his life; and the bitterness of spirit which melancholic gloom had induced caused the almost inspired Tasso to entreat his literary executor to burn all his poems, and especially his *Gierusalemma Liberata.*

The accomplished author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," whose vast learning had gathered from all the treasures of the past whatever might illustrate his subject, found his researches of so little use that the midnight gloom which it had been the object of his studies to dispel settled with a still deeper darkness on his spirit, and finally shrouded one of the greatest of intellects in the abyss of fatuity.

Collins, whose picture of the passions evinces his profound acquaintance with the human heart, was a prey to the direst melancholy, and his most brilliant poems are but the efforts of a powerful intellect struggling almost in the death throes of a contest with incipient insanity.

Jean Jaques Rousseau, partly from disease self-induced, and partly from the misanthropy of a taint of insanity, poured forth the bitterness of a jaundiced heart in those powerful volumes which more, perhaps, than any other single cause, contributed to the bloody tragedies of the French Revolution.

Pope, deformed from birth, and suffering from childhood the evils of a scrofulous taint in his system, was gloomy and misanthropic, except when under the influence of excitement sufficiently powerful to change his melancholy to the mirth of madness. His bitter, stinging satires, more keenly barbed, perhaps, than those of any other poet of ancient or modern times, were but the expression of a misanthropy which fell little short of insanity. Johnson, the great lexicographer, for years lived in the constant dread of insanity, and his friends, the Thrales, relate that some years before his death they found him on his knees with a parson, praying that he might not go mad.

The gentle and amiable Cowper was, as is well known, subject to attacks of insanity, always of the form of melancholy, and with a suicidal tendency; and several of his poems were written while not fully recovered from these fits of depression. Keats, too, was one of these melancholy children of genius. Though consumption had doubtless marked him for its own ere the scathing review of the *Edinburgh*, so wounded his sensitive spirit, yet the gloom and depression with which that unjust and cruel criticism invested all his future prospects unquestionably hastened the

fatal termination, and plucked from the literary firmament one of its brightest stars.

But saddest of all these instances of melancholy is that of the gifted Byron. Endued with hereditary tendencies to epilepsy, and annoyed by a painful consciousness of deformity, he hovered ever on the verge of insanity, now writing with fearful energy the "Bride of Abydos" to "keep him from going mad by eating his own heart;" or pouring forth, in strains that remind one of an Eolian harp smitten by the breath of the tempest, such misanthropic compositions as his "Manfred" and "Childe Harold;" and anon plunging into dissipation with a savage fury, as if he hoped by the madness of the revel to drown the reproaches of conscience and the threatenings of insanity; his life was like a sky black with clouds, from which occasionally leaped out the lurid lightnings, all the more vivid for the darkness which they illumined.

The tendency of Burns to insanity of a somewhat different character was hardly less marked; and while to its occasional flash we owe the most brilliant of his poems, we can hardly decide whether the world would have been the loser or the gainer had his life been more regular, and the insane tendency not been nurtured by his excesses.

But the melancholy mood is not the only one in which insanity has visited men of genius. That form of mental exaltation known to psychologists as *cheromania*, has often exhibited itself in their conduct, and sometimes in their writings. Jacob Bœhmen, "the inspired shoemaker," as he was called by his cotemporaries, imagined that his essays were always dictated to him by an angel, and that during their transcription he was surrounded with a Divine light. This form of delusion, which lasted during his entire life, did not impair in any way the gentleness, purity, and consistency of his character, and he passed from life listening, as he had often done in his visions, to celestial music.

Emanuel Swedenborg, one of the profoundest scholars of modern times, was for years a cheromaniac, the mental disorder in his case being more aggravated than in that of Bœhmen. No one familiar with the phenomena of insanity can read his "Arcana Celestia," or his "Heaven and Hell," without coming to the conclusion that both were written during a state of mental exaltation (habitual, undoubtedly, to the writer in his later years) in which the perceptive faculties were in a state of intense excitement, and the ideal left as vivid an impression upon the mind as the real. Brilliant as are some of these visions, their lurid light compares to little advantage with the pure rays of Scriptural revelation. Amid the gorgeousness of their illumination we constantly see evidence that the mind that evolved them was still a habitant of a tenement of clay; for, brilliant as they are, they are yet of the earth earthy; *ignes fatui*, leading to destruction, not stars which will guide us homeward.

Benevenuto Cellini was a cheromaniac. He believed that his head was always surrounded by a halo of glory, and insisted that he could see it, and that it illumined his steps. It was in his estimation the testimony of Heaven to the greatness of his genius. Petrarch was visited, not in dreams only, but in his waking hours, by bright visions of his beloved Laura. But we will not protract the list, which we might do indefinitely by recounting in detail the delusions of Lord Herbert, of Malebranche, of Descartes, of Shelley, and others.

In other cases the delusion, though temporary, was of a less pleasing character; as, for instance, the satanic visitant of whose troublesome intuition Luther complains, and at whom he once hurled his inkstand; the illusion of Spirello, the painter, whose study for his picture of the fallen angels was so intense that the horrible shadow of the arch-demon was ever present to his vision; and most distressing of all, the case of Jurieu, whose intense investigation of the apocalyptic visions induced the delusion that the beast of blasphemy, with its seven heads and ten horns, was pent up in his body, and was preying upon his vitals. We might go on with these illustrations of the delusions of the gifted, almost *ad infinitum*, but we refrain, lest our readers should suspect us of the delusion that their patience is inexhaustible. In conclusion, we would only say, that it behooves all whose intellects are undisturbed, to thank God for their reason; for, precious as it is, there are few whom a slight change of circumstances might not throw into insanity.

ABOUT EELS.

NO inhabitant of the deep has attracted more notice, from its natural character and habits, than the eel. It is associated in our minds with our earliest attempts to gain a knowledge of the "gentle art;" and there are few persons who have not some lively recollections of their fishing exploits in securing this slippery and troublesome customer. It is not at all improbable that the serpentine form of the eel may have added to the singular interest which has attached to it, particularly since the commencement of the Christian era. Its resemblance to the serpent tribe has, no doubt, tended to deepen the dramatic power and interest of many legends about this fish, which are current both on the continent and in this country.

Respecting the generation of the eel, there have been the wildest and most ridiculous notions. One ancient author supposed that eels were born of the mud; another, that they were produced from particles scraped from the bodies of large eels when they rubbed themselves against stones; that they grew out of the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown into the water; from the dews which cover the earth in spring and summer; from water, and so forth. Among modern writers, we have the same confusion of theories. There is a popular notion in many districts of the north of England, that eels are generated from horse-hairs deposited in springs and rivulets. A recent German author mentions that they owe their origin to electrical phenomena; but he is sadly at a loss about substantiating his theory by facts. The great naturalist, Buffon, is said to have remarked, in the latter part of the last century, at a meeting of French *savans*, that he considered the question as to the generation of eels to be one of the most puzzling in natural history. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Kay, read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject. He noticed some small eels in the thatch of a cottage; and he endeavored to establish the proposition that the spawn of the fish had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays.

The gastronomical qualities of the eel have been extolled from the earliest times. It was prohibited, however, as an article of food among the Jews; and the ancient Egyptians, while rejecting it as such, gave it a place among their deities. The Greeks were passionately fond of the fish, and cooked it in every possible fashion, as we find recorded in Athenæus and other classical writers. Archestratus, in his work on gastronomy, says of the eel:

I praise all kinds of eels; but for the best
Is that which fishermen do take in the sea
Opposite the Strait of Rhegium,
Where you, Messenius, who daily put
This food within your mouth, surpass all mortals
In real pleasure. Though none can deny
That great the virtue and the glory is
Of the Strymonian and Copaic eels,
For they are large and wonderfully fat;
And I do think, in short, that of all fish
The best in flavor is the noble eel.

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of imparting immortality to those who partook of it; and Macrobius informs us that it was a common saying among the Grecians, that the dead would return to life if it were possible for them to taste a morsel of this delicious fish. Another writer tells us that near Sicyon, a city of the Peloponnesus, there were conger-eels caught of such dimensions as to require a wagon drawn by oxen to carry one of them. Even the head and intestines were eaten, and esteemed delicacies.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon tribes were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. Four thousand of them were a yearly present from the monks of Ramsay to those of Peterborough. In one charter, twenty fishermen are stated to have furnished sixty thousand eels to the monastery. Eel-dikes are often mentioned in the boundaries of lands belonging to religious establishments. The Gauls were great consumers of eels; and among their descendants there are many tenures of land in France stipulating for the payment of rent, and the discharge of stipulated public taxes, in eels. In one of the capitularies of Charlemagne we find allusions made to the same subject.

There are several places in England which derive their names from the quantity of eels they formerly produced. *Elmore*, on the river Severn, and *Ellesmere*, on the Mersey, were once famous for the production of this fish. The town of *Ely*, too, is singularized in this way. Fuller, in his *Worthies of Cambridgeshire*, has

the following remark: "When the priests of this part of the country would still retain their wives in spite of whatever the pope and the monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned into eels; whence it had the name of Ely. I consider this a lie." Eude, the celebrated cook to Louis XVI., was known all over Europe for his mode of serving up this fish. He says in his book *On Cookery:* "Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. *Note.*—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burned eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin." In this country they are not in very great demand as an article of diet. In the New York markets the lower classes of the colored people are the most frequent purchasers; but the consumption of eels, as articles of food, throughout Europe, is prodigious. In London, the number imported, chiefly from Holland, amounts to about ten millions annually; and the fish is met with on the most sumptuous as well as on the most frugal tables—food alike for the London alderman and the gamin in the streets.

The ancient and modern physicians have dabbled with the eel, as with most other fish, to a great extent. Hippocrates denounces him to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary consumption. Galen says he is indigestible to weakly people. Rhases and Magninus maintain that his food is deleterious to persons recovering from fever: and Franciscus Bonsuetus, when speaking of rheumatic ailments, forbids the eel, for the general reason:

All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent,
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.

Another of the olden medical writers says that he found the oil of the eel highly useful when used as a mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves when suffering under "hot rheumatism." The gall of the fish he employed as a liniment for sore eyes; and the bones of the head were ground to powder, and found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. It is a common practice in the north of England at this hour for young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin round their ankles, to keep away cramps, etc. There is an old ditty, which reads thus:

Around the shin
Tie the skin
Of full-grown river-eel;
And every sprain,
And cramp and pain,
Will fly unto the deil.

The eel has been a subject of augury in dreams. If a young woman dreams of eels, she may expect to have slippery lovers. To dream of fish generally, is a sign of sorrow; but if you catch eels, and can retain them, it is a sign of your possessing a kind and fast friend. A writer on dreams, in the middle ages, affirms that to dream of eels, portends a large family of children; and if you dream of cooking them, your children will give you a great deal of trouble. The following is stated in a work called the *True Interpretation of Dreams*, (Bologna, 1614:) One of the kings of Spain dreamed three successive nights that an eel came out of his mouth, and made a desperate struggle to regain a small river which flowed hard by. The king took his sword and endeavored to prevent it entering the water; but it escaped, got into the water, and mounted up on the opposite bank. It then went into a cliff in a rock. This was in a locality which the monarch knew very well. He called together some of his domestics, told them the dreams he had had; and they all went to visit the chink in the rock, where they discovered a very valuable treasure of gold and precious stones.

The voracity of the eel has been a fertile topic of discussion and romance among naturalists and anglers It is doubtless great. We have ourselves witnessed this fish devouring each other greedily. There is scarcely anything too delicate, and few things too nasty, for his ravenous appetite. He has often been found with a half-decayed water-rat in his mouth; and it has been recently stated in the newspapers,

that at Wimpson, in Hampshire, the ducks on the farm were denuded of their feet by some large eels that were found in a pond which this species of poultry were in the habit of frequenting. But we find the most remarkable statements about the voracity of the creature in a work called *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1780. About the middle of last century, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay. This could not be accounted for. A reward was offered for the supposed culprits; upon which several soldiers, then quartered at Yeovil, kept watch, and to their great surprise found, in the dead of the night, a monstrous eel making its way out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily on the hay! It was destroyed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body filled several casks and tubs! This work was designed by the writer as a "useful and valuable production for young people!"

The eel has been a fruitful topic for legendary lore in most European countries. The subject, however, is so voluminous, that we can do little more than merely dip into it. The legend of the "Lambton Eel" is well known, and fully recorded in the various histories of the county of Durham. The substance of the story is as follows: The heir of the Lambtons, in the early part of the middle ages, fell into a profane habit of angling on a Sunday. On one of these hallowed days he caught in the River Wear a small eel, little thicker than a common thread, which he threw into a well. In process of time, this young heir of the Lambton family was called to the wars against the Moslems in the First Crusade, organized by Peter the Hermit, where the ambitious young soldier distinguished himself by many feats of daring and valor. On returning to his own country he learned, with great surprise, that the small eel he had thrown carelessly into the well had grown to a fearful magnitude, and manifested the most cruel and ravenous propensities. He was solicited to rid the vicinity of the monster. It frequently coiled itself nine times round a large tower; daily levied a contribution of nine cows' milk on the inhabitants; and when this was not immediately granted, it devoured both man and beast. Before, however, the valiant knight undertook a personal conflict with this enormous eel, he consulted a noted witch in the neighborhood. She advised him to put on a coat-of-mail, furnished on the outside with numerous razor-blades. Thus equipped, he sallied out and encountered the huge fish near a high rock on the banks of the Wear. It immediately coiled itself round him. His coat of razor-blades, however, proved more than a match for the gigantic eel, which was soon cut in pieces by the sheer exercise of its own strength. There is a sequel to the legend: the witch promised the Count of Lambton her aid only upon one condition, that he should slay the first living thing he met after the conquest. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, he directed his father that as soon as he heard three blasts from his bugle in token of victory, he should release his favorite greyhound, which he would immediately sacrifice. When the bugle was heard, the old father was so overcome with joy that he entirely forgot the injunction his son had put upon him, and ran out himself, and threw himself in the victor's arms. Instead of committing parricide, the heir repaired again to the old sorceress, who evinced considerable wrath at the neglect of her commands. By way of punishment, she foretold that no heir of the Lambton family should die in his bed for seven—some accounts say nine—generations; a prediction which some local historians affirm came literally to pass.

There was a very ancient custom among the clergy of Notre Dame, in Paris, called the *Rogations*, which consisted of carrying a figure resembling an eel through a certain locality on the River Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its mouth. It was made of wicker-work, and was considered a representative of a great eel which emerged out of this river, and threatened destruction to the entire city. It was vanquished by some valiant sons of the Church. This procession was observed till the year 1730; after which the chief personage in the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

But the superstitions connected with eels, and the mythical and legendary stories in which they figure, are innumerable; and to avoid being carried beyond our limits, we had better let the subject slip through our fingers at once.

SKETCHES OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

CHAMPLAIN'S ATTACKS UPON THE IROQUOIS INDIANS.

THE violent expulsion of the missionaries and the French from Onondaga, excited much inquiry as to the cause. It was imputed by some to a previously concerted plan by the Onondagas, "to destroy the French, the Hurons, the Algonquins, and their allies." To effect this, it was assumed that they had resorted to the stratagem of getting into their power as many as they could of the French, the missionaries, and their old enemies, the Hurons and Algonquins, by professions of friendship and good-will toward them; and then to commence the work of destruction by cutting them off at a stroke.

Father Ragueneau, either from a sincere belief that the Indians were honest in their professions of friendship, or from a mortified pride at being duped and ensnared by them, was unwilling to admit this solution of the matter. He says in one of his notices of the affair:

> "They urged, for many years, with incredible persistence, with evidences of special affection, and even with threats of rupture and war, if their friendship were despised and their demand rejected; they insisted, I say, and solicited that a goodly number of French should accompany them into their country; the one to instruct, the others to protect them against their enemies, as a token of peace and alliance with them."

He would not admit that the savages possessed so much intelligence and tact as to practice such hypocrisy, and successfully decoy the more enlightened Europeans into the snare they had laid for them. It is quite evident that the zealous Jesuit did not accurately appreciate the intelligence and sagacity of these sons of the forest, nor take into the account their probable estimate of the conduct and motives of the French and the missionaries, who manifested so much zeal to secure their submission to the government of the French and the control of the Jesuits. The truth seems to be, that the Onondagas were vacillating, sometimes inclined to favor the French and close with their proffers of friendly alliance, and at others, jealous and reserved in their intercourse and negotiations with them. The Mohawks, Senecas, and Cayugas, with whom they were confederated, were more uniformly firm in opposing all overtures of friendly alliance with the French; and particularly the Mohawks exerted an influence, whenever an occasion to do so occurred, to check any tendency on the part of the Onondagas toward encouraging the French to reside among them, or granting them any privileges that might be employed to their disadvantage. It was this influence, no doubt, on the part of the Mohawks, which determined the policy of the Iroquois Indians toward the French; a policy which was prominent in all the wars and conflicts between them and the French, as long as the latter continued in possession of Canada.

This policy of the Iroquois Indians toward the French grew out of the policy of the latter, early adopted and steadily pursued toward these powerful and much-dreaded neighbors. It was inaugurated by Champlain, the founder of Quebec, under the auspices of the French government and the proprietors and patrons of the colonial settlements; and it so clearly discovered the intention and motives of the colonists, that the savages could not fail to understand it in its bearings upon them and their cherished interests. The practical tendency of this policy had fallen first and most heavily upon the Mohawks, and afterward upon the Senecas and Cayugas. In the course adopted by the adventurous Champlain and his French associates toward the Indians, both in the colony of New France and that of New York, there was enough to admonish the sagacious Iroquois to receive with suspicion and distrust any proposals for peace and amity, in whatever way they might come, from the agents and emissaries of the French at Quebec. Though it takes us back of the sketches heretofore published, that portion of colonial history which embraces the adventures and government of Samuel de Champlain in New France is so much in point, as setting forth the policy which ever after controlled the conduct of these neighboring powers with respect to each other, and accounts for the expulsion of the French and missionaries from Onondaga, that I propose in this paper to give it in detail.

It must be premised, that anterior to the year 1600, though the country had been discovered by Cabot more than a century before, no expedition had effected a permanent settlement in it. Cartier, in 1534, under a commission from the French king,

"landed at several places on the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign." The following year he ascended the St. Lawrence up to the island where Montreal now stands. In 1603, Champlain, in the employ of a company of merchants, who were chartered under a commission from the king "for prosecuting discoveries and establishing settlements on the river of Canada," made a voyage, in company with M. Pontgrave, to the colony; and he ascended up the St. Lawrence as far as the Rapids of Lachine. He explored much of the country on the banks of the river, and made many inquiries of the natives respecting it. The principal Indian nations inhabiting the territory at that time were the Algonquins and Hurons, the inveterate enemies of the Iroquois, from whom they had suffered everything but utter extinction by the harassing wars in which they were almost perpetually engaged with them. These weak and exposed people would naturally accept, on any terms, a proposition from so powerful an ally, to aid them in subduing their formidable enemies. Accordingly, when he returned to that section in 1608, and laid the foundation of Quebec as the principal trading post of the company, in less than a year afterward we find him, with some of his men, engaged in an expedition with the Huron and Alongquin Indians against the Iroquois, in the neighboring colony of New York. His own account of this expedition sufficiently shows the motives and spirit by which he was actuated, and the little reason the savages against whom it was directed had to repose confidence in any professions of friendship and good-will which he, or others in sympathy with the government of which he was the ostensible representative, might ever make to them.

Led by the Indians, he proceeded to make an attack on the Mohawks. On the 2d of July, 1609, they passed the Chambly rapids. After passing the rapids, all the Indians who had gone by land re-embarked in their canoes. They reviewed all their force, and found twenty-four canoes with sixty men. The next day they came to the lake, which Champlain having thus discovered, was ever after called by his name. Continuing their route along the west bank of the lake, he saw in the distance the mountain ranges in Vermont and New Hampshire, made many inquiries of the Indians respecting the tribes that inhabited those regions, and obtained much valuable information of the country and its inhabitants. On approaching the enemy's country they traveled only by night and rested during the day. As they advanced, softly and noiselessly, they encountered a war party of Iroquois about ten o'clock at night. This was twenty-seven days after their leaving Chambly. Both parties raised a shout, and seized their arms to prepare for battle. Little did the Iroquois know, who had been accustomed to encounter only the arrow and the tomahawk, with what weapons they were to be assailed; while their enemies, who had so often been vanquished by them, felt an unwonted confidence that they should now be able to chastise them for their former assaults and annoyances, by the arms of their new and valorous ally. The remainder of the account we give in the language of Champlain himself. He says:

"When they were armed and in order, they sent two canoes from the fleet to know if their enemies wished to fight; who answered they desired nothing else, but that just then there was not much light, and that we must wait for day to distinguish each other, and that they would give us battle at sunrise. This was agreed to by our party. Meanwhile the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, as well on one side as on the other, mingled with an infinitude of insults and other taunts; such as the little courage they had, how powerless their resistance against their arms, and that when the day would break they would experience this to their ruin. Ours likewise did not fail in repartee; telling them they should witness the effect of arms they had never seen before; and a multitude of other speeches, as is usual at the siege of a town. After the one and the other had sung, danced, and parliamented enough, day broke. My companions and I were always concealed, for fear the enemy should see us, preparing our arms the best we could. . . .

"After being equipped with light armor, we took each an arquebus and went ashore. I saw the enemy leave their barricade; they were about two hundred men, of strong and robust appearance, who were coming slowly toward us, with a gravity and assurance which greatly pleased me, led by three chiefs. Ours were marching in similar order, and told me that those who bore three lofty plumes were the chiefs, and that there were but those three, and they were to be recognized by those plumes, which were considerably larger than those of their companions, and that I must do all I could to kill them.

"I promised them to do what I could, and that I was very sorry they could not understand me, so as to give them the order and plan of attacking their enemies, as we should

undoubtedly defeat them all; but there was no help for that; that I was very glad to encourage them, and to manifest to them my goodwill when we should be engaged.

"The moment we landed they began to run about two hundred paces toward their enemies, who stood firm, and had not yet perceived my companions, who went both into the bush with some savages. Ours commenced calling me with a loud voice, and making way for me, opened in two, and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance, until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus, and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound, of which he died afterward. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Ours, on witnessing a shot so favorable for them, set up such tremendous shouts, that thunder could not have been heard; and yet, there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor, woven of cotton thread and wool; this frightened them very much. While I was re-loading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot, which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, that they lost courage, took to flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them, I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of ours were wounded by arrows; they were promptly cured.

"After having gained the victory, they amused themselves by plundering Indian corn and meal from the enemy; also their arms, which they had thrown away in order to run the better. And having feasted, danced, and sung, we returned three hours afterward with the prisoners. The place where this battle was fought is forty-three degrees some minutes north latitude; I named it Lake Champlain."*—*Voyages de la Nouv. Francc, par le Sr. de Champlain: Paris*, 1632.

This narrative possesses much interest, as an account of the first battle of the Canadian Indians with the Iroquois in which white men took part, the beginning of those bloody wars between the French and Indians, which continued to the mutual annoyance and injury of both for a full century; of the first knowledge the Iroquois had of fire-arms, and their terrible power in the destruction of human life; and of the warlike spirit, tact, and energy of the French, who had commenced building up a colony in their vicinity. But to the Iroquois Indians, scattered all along the southern border of New France, from Lake Erie to the Champlain, this sudden and unprovoked attack upon them by the founder of Quebec and ostensible governor and representative of the new colony, was a significant prelude to what they had to expect from that growing power, united as they were with their common enemies, the Algonquins and Hurons. Their natural sagacity would lead them to contemplate all this with serious forebodings. And with their instinct of malice and revenge, it is not to be supposed that they would soon forget or forgive so wanton an assault upon them by strangers and foreigners whom they had never provoked or injured. But these feelings of animosity against the French, engendered by their unadvised alliance with the Canadian Indians, and stealthy attack upon the Iroquois, was in no wise allayed by the subsequent conduct of Champlain toward them.

"Six years after the occurrence above noted," says the record, "Champlain proceeded to the upper waters of the Ottawa River; thence crossed over to Lake Nipissing, and having discovered the Huron Lake, which he called *La Mer Douce*, or the Fresh Water Sea, he joined some Hurons in an expedition against one of the Five Nations, south of Lake Ontario." Goodrich, in his late work, says: "He explored the Ottawa, and many other parts of the country, before he returned to France." But this appears to be an error. Champlain was in France in 1612, and, under the patronage of the Prince of Condé, who assumed the title of Viceroy of New France, succeeded in forming a new association at Rouen. Thence he returned, bringing with him four Recollet friars, for the purpose of converting the savages. Thus provided with new civil and ecclesiastical appliances for his work of molding and establishing the colony, he proceeded, in 1615, on his tour of exploration up the Ottawa. The fame of his encounter with the Iroquois at the east had reached the distant tribes of the west. They, being at enmity with the Iroquois, were elated with the intelligence of having, in the French chieftain, so invincible and willing an ally to aid them in subduing their common foe. Among these savages, somewhere in the wilderness between Lake Simco and the Georgian bay of Lake Hu-

* Between Lake George and Crown Point, probably in the town of Ticonderoga.

ron, Champlain made his appearance on the 7th day of August, 1615, where he was received, as he says, "with great joy and gratitude by all the Indians of the country." Here he tarried a short time to wait for the warriors to come in from the adjacent villages. His own account of the matter shows that he had identified himself with these Indians in their hostility and warfare against the Iroquois. They had intelligence, he says, that a distant nation of their allies, with whom the Iroquois were at war, "wished to assist in this expedition with five hundred good men, and enter into amity and alliance with us, [the French,] having a great desire to see us, and that we should wage war all together." During the interval of their remaining, "it was a continued series," he adds, in his report, "of feasting and dancing, through joy for seeing us so determined to assist them in their war, and as a guarantee already of victory."

On the 1st day of September, they assembled the major part of their forces, and set out from the village. They received new recruits of followers as they proceeded in their march toward the enemy's country. And after having dispatched a number of their bravest men to inform the five hundred men who wished to join them, of their departure, and to make arrangements to have them meet their forces before the enemy's fort, they advanced, by land and water, to Lake Ontario, and thence across the lake into the enemy's territory, where they hid their canoes on the shore in the vicinity of Sodus Bay. On the 9th of October, eleven Iroquois Indians were discovered by a scouting party, and taken prisoners. This was probably the first intimation these poor savages had that the enemy was in their midst. And even then they did not know that they had to encounter the white man's terrible arquebus, before which the chiefs of their Mohawk brethren had fallen, and their war-braves were scattered and slain.

The day following the enemy's fort was reached, imbosomed in the forest near to where the beautiful and wealthy village of Canandaigua now stands. Champlain did not design to discover himself and his associates until the next day, when he might surprise and terrify the enemy by bringing his fire-arms into requisition at an opportune moment, and finishing the contest at a blow. But the impetuosity of his savages would not brook this. Some of them entered into skirmishes with the enemy at once, and got into difficulty. Others were impatient to see the effect the arquebus of their invincible ally and leader would have upon their enemies, and also to relieve their friends whose rashness had gotten them into difficulty; and Champlain was induced to show himself at once. "I advanced," he says, "and presented myself, but with the few men I had; nevertheless, I showed them what they had never seen nor heard before. For as soon as they saw us, and heard the reports of the arquebus, and the balls whistling about their ears, they retired promptly within their fort, carrying off their wounded and dead; and we retreated in like manner to our main body, with five or six of our wounded, one of whom died."

Finding the fortification of their enemies much stronger and more difficult to subdue than they had supposed, Champlain directed the construction of a movable tower, from which, by the use of their fire-arms, they could harass and discomfit their enemies within it. With this novel provision for an assault, an attack was made. They were valiantly repulsed; though "the multitude of arquebus shots" drove the enemy from their position, to shelter themselves in less exposed portions of the fort. The savages, who had so fiercely rushed to the contest at the commencement of the action, now broke loose from all restraint, and, with an Indian yell, which drowned the voice of their commander, commenced shooting arrows within the fort, which did very little execution. In the midst of their confusion and disorder, one undertook to set fire to the fort, which, being on the wrong side, was soon extinguished by those within it. Champlain found it impossible to restore order; and after three hours' hard fighting, during which two chiefs and fifteen other individuals were wounded, and he himself partially disabled by the arrows of the enemy, he was forced to yield, and retire from the contest. With this result he was greatly dissatisfied; and he urged the Indians to renew the attack, and to set fire to the enemy's fort when the wind was fair to cause its destruction; but it was to no purpose. They were intent upon a retreat; and, providing to carry their wounded, departed for their own

country, having gained nothing but the increased ill-will of their enemies they went to subdue.

By means of these two attacks upon the Iroquois by the ostensible representative of the French in the colony of New France, the policy of the colonists was too evidently indicated to be misunderstood. And the Iroquois Indians had sufficient discernment and sagacity to comprehend it, in all its length and breadth, with integrity and courage to withstand it in whatever form it might assail them.

This policy embraced three interests; the monopoly of the fur trade by the company established at Quebec, the extension of their colonial possessions in America by the French government, and the establishment of the Catholic religion among the savages in the New World by the Church and state combined. Champlain was in the employ of the company, whose principal object was the acquisition of wealth by their traffic with the Indians. And in all his intercourse with them, his principal endeavor was to secure their trade with the French, by attaching them to the colony in friendly alliance, or forcing them into it by conquest and subjugation. The Iroquois could see nothing but the latter for themselves in all his treatment toward them. But while the company and their traders at Quebec confined their views and measures to the advancement of the commercial interests of the colony by an extension of their traffic with the natives, Champlain's enterprising spirit led him, beyond this, to contemplate the establishing of a civil government on an extended scale, over the vast territory occupied by the Indians. This object seems to have actuated the French government, more than anything else, for some time after the first discovery of the country. Hence, when Jaques Cartier, in 1534, "sailed under a commission of the French king, he landed at several places on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign." And in 1540 "Francois de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, received a patent from Francis I., declaring him Seigneur de Norembegue, (the name by which nearly all North America was then designated,) with all the power and authority possessed by the king in that quarter." But from various causes this object seems to have been lost sight of for a time; and the colony sustained and controlled by those who resorted to it for purposes of trade merely, was little more than a respectable mercantile establishment. With Champlain's superintendence of its affairs, however, the ambition to extend its limits, and bring the whole country, with its inhabitants, under the civil jurisdiction of the French, was revived, and constituted a part of the policy by which he was governed. He had succeeded in securing a submission of the principal tribes within the colony to the King of France as his subjects. And then, with them, under pretense of acting as an ally, to aid them in humbling their enemies, made war upon the Iroquois beyond the limits of the colony, for the purpose of subduing them, and appending the territory they occupied to the colony under the dominion of the King of France. All this was plain to the understanding of the independent and war-like Five Nations. And the entire course of this intrepid and artful Frenchman, who controlled the affair of the colony at that period, tended but to excite a spirit of hatred in these savages against the French and all that were affiliated with them, and to prepare them the more vigorously to resist every attempt that might be made to subjugate them under the dominion of France, or any of its dependencies. Accordingly, though the five years succeeding his unsuccessful assault upon the Senecas, near Canandaigua, were spent by Champlain in conflicts and wars with the Iroquois Indians, no advantage was gained over them; but they constantly became more formidable and troublesome to the colony and its ambitious governor.

It may be proper to add, in this connection, that the religious element which was employed to aid in carrying into effect the policy of the French in Canada, did not tend, under the circumstances, to conciliate the feelings of the wary chiefs and braves of the Five Nation, but rather to increase their distrust of and animosity against their new antagonists. After his first attack upon the Iroquois, in which he betrayed the worst passions of a bad heart, in deliberately shooting down two brave chiefs, and others, with his death-dealing arquebus, and suffering a wanton plunder of the scanty provisions of their survivors, Champlain brought with him from France four Recollet friars, as the representa-

tives and teachers of the religion he professed, for the declared purpose of converting the savages to the faith and fellowship of that religion; and soon after he settled with his family in the colony, in 1620. While continuing in the government of it, "the Duke de Ventadour, having entered into holy orders, took charge, as viceroy, of the affairs of New France, solely for the purpose of converting the savages, and for this purpose sent some Jesuits to Canada." The unsophisticated Iroquois could not contemplate the character and services of these religious teachers apart from the political movements of their patrons and employers. It was natural that they should look upon them with suspicion and distrust, with whatever professions of concern for the religious welfare of the natives they might appear among them.

It was soon after the arrival of these Jesuits, in 1627, that Cardinal Richelieu, in his zeal to propagate the Catholic religion and promote the glory of the French nation, of which he was prime minister, granted to the company of New France the celebrated charter under which, with Champlain to control its workings, the progress of its affairs received a new impulse. The prominent features of this charter were the special provisions it contained for giving efficacy and expansion to the religious element in the policy prescribed for the government of the colony. Goodrich says:

"The company engaged to have six thousand French inhabitants settled in the countries included in their charter, before the year 1643, and to establish *three priests in each settlement*, whom they were bound to provide with every article necessary for their personal comfort, as well as the expenses attending their ministerial labors, for fifteen years, after which cleared lands were to be granted by the company to the clergy, for maintaining the Catholic Church in New France. The prerogatives which the king reserved to himself were, the supremacy in matters of faith; homage, as sovereign of New France, with the acknowledgment of a crown of gold weighing eight marks, on each accession to the throne of France; the nomination of all commanders and officers of forts; and the appointment of the officers of justice when it became necessary to establish courts of law.

"The royal charter then granted to the company of New France, and their successors forever, in consideration of their engagements to the crown, the fort and settlement of Quebec, all the territory of New France, including Florida, with all the country along the great river of Canada, and all the rivers which discharge themselves therein, or which, throughout those vast regions, empty themselves into the sea, both on the eastern and western coasts of the continent, with all the harbors, islands, mines and rights of fishery."

The administration under a viceroy being omitted, the company continued Mr. Champlain as Governor of Canada. With enlarged powers, and his plan of extending the dominions of the King of France, and bringing the scattered tribes under the jurisdiction of his sovereign and of the Catholic Church, recognized and sanctioned by the home government, Champlain proceeded with new zeal to carry forward his cherished scheme of conquering the hostile savages, and establishing a vast colony which would vie in power and grandeur with any other in the new world. As the sequel of Champlain's administration, and its influence upon the destiny of the colony, would occupy too much space for the present paper, we shall reserve them for another.

GREAT STREAMS FROM LITTLE FOUNTAINS.

LET a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and the whole world is at war. Give it to Fenelon, and he will so manage it with his tongue, that there shall be universal peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion, or that subsides the ruffled waves of human passions into a perfect calm.

Small things in the hands of Providence terminate human being in the present life. Pope Adrian lost his life by a *gnat*. A distinguished Roman counselor lost his life by a *hair*. Anacreon, the famous Greek poet, lost his life by the *seed* of a *grape*. The Emperor Charles the Sixth was deprived of his life by a *mushroom*. These cases might be multiplied to a great extent.

Our own great historian, Bancroft, says:

"Who will venture to measure the consequences of actions by the apparent humility of their origin? The mysterious influence of that Power which enchains the destinies of states, overruling the decisions of sovereigns, and the forethought of statesmen, often deduces the greatest events from the least commanding causes. A Genoese adventurer, discovering America, changed the commerce of the world. An obscure German, inventing the printing-press, rendered possible the universal diffusion of in-

creased intelligence. An Augustine monk, denouncing indulgences, produced a schism in religion, and changed the foundations of European politics. A young French refugee, skilled alike in theology and civil law, in the duties of magistrates and the dialectics of religious controversy, entered the republic of Geneva, and, conforming its ecclesiastical discipline to the principles of republican simplicity, established a party, of which Englishmen became members, and New England the asylum. The enfranchisement of the mind from religious despotism led directly to inquiries into the nature of civil government; and the doctrines of popular liberty, which sheltered their infancy in the wilderness of the newly-discovered continent, within the short space of two centuries have infused themselves into the life-blood of every rising state, from Labrador to Chili; have erected outposts in Oregon and in Liberia; and in making a proselyte of enlightened France, have disturbed all the ancient governments of Europe, by awakening the public mind to resistless action, from the shores of Portugal to the palaces of the czars."

The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events, and the changes of empires, are founded in causes which, very generally, would be pronounced trifles by the world. Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clew to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of the tea-kettle, gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things—not to speak of the press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead, in the mysteries of the universe, and the purposes of God. To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

In a lecture given a few years ago, on the use of tobacco, the speaker said: "I saw a man standing on the border of a four-acre wood-lot burned as black as your hat. 'Sir,' said I, 'how came this a smoldering ruin?' 'Sabbath-breakers,' was the reply. 'Sabbath-breakers were here yesterday, amid these dry leaves, with cigars and pipes! That tells the story, sir.' 'Prosecute them,' I remarked. With an air of derision he exclaimed, 'Prosecute the whirlwind! Smokers are tall characters. They do as they choose, burn barns, burn stables, blocks of buildings, and, should they burn up the globe, we must be mum, or charge it to some escape-gallows.'"

A church in Chicago, which cost some thirty thousand dollars, was laid in ashes by the same cause. A carpenter went upon the roof with his pipe, and in an hour after he came down the upper portion of the noble edifice was wrapped in flames beyond control.

Who has not heard of the "Great fire in London?" The commencement of this memorable conflagration was not of a character to excite alarm, even in timid minds. About ten o'clock in the evening of September 2, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's shop, near to the spot on which the Monument of London now stands. The beginning was by no means alarming. All who deigned to take the least notice of it, soon expected to see it extinguished. But those tame predictions were soon shown to be false, and ere long just cause for serious alarm was most frightfully manifest. The lurid flame spread to and speedily entwined its destructive embrace around contiguous buildings. An eye-witness, John Evelyn, gives the following graphic description of what he beheld:

"All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. God grant that my eyes may never behold the like; now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise, and the cracking, and the thunder of impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurry of people; the falling of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. Thus I left it, on that afternoon, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, several hospitals, schools, and public libraries; a very great number of stately edifices; thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, and upward of four hundred streets. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'"

The inundation of a portion of Holland is another well-known calamitous event. But the first cause was apparently insignificant, too trivial to be deemed worthy of the least attention, or the adoption of any precautionary or preservative measures. Tourists in Holland all make mention of the large embankments or dikes, built to protect the low lands from being submerged by the sea. Many years ago, it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water had begun to ooze through, although in small

quantities. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood was called to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon anything, because the matter was considered so insignificant. No serious consequences need be apprehended from so slight a discharge of water, and some future time would do well enough to remedy the defect. Not many weeks after this meeting, on a beautiful Sabbath evening, when a more than usual calm serenity rested upon everything, without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by the apparently trivial evil, destroyed many large towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and a vast number of inhabitants. A small beginning this, but a terrible ending.

We close this paper with two cases of a more pleasing character than those already given. The Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the well-known missionary, while recently in England, visited the grave of "The Dairyman's Daughter," in the Isle of Wight. Writing to the *Puritan Recorder*, he thus speaks of the influence of Legh Richmond's admirable memorial of that humble saint of God:

"The Dairyman's Daughter was translated into the Turkish by the Rev. Dr. Goodell many years since, and a copy presented by him to the Armenian Church of Nicomedia was the means of the conversion of the two priests, Der Horootiane and Der Vartones; both of them still are faithful helpers, bringing forth fruit in old age. From that beginning came the Church in Nicomedia, and then Abadazar and Boghchejok. Here, in this secluded spot in the Isle of Wight, sixty years ago, commenced a spiritual conflict in the heart of a poor and humble servant, the results of which are now spreading over the mountains and valleys of Bithynia. Here dwelt, and prayed, and preached that man of God whose tongue is silent in death, and yet in how many languages does it now publish salvation!"

The writer traces this chain of causes and consequences one link farther back.

"In 1796, a vessel about to go to sea was detained by a change of wind, and came to anchor near this place. The Rev. Mr. Crabb, a Wesleyan chaplain, with characteristic zeal goes on shore, gets up a meeting, and preaches from the text, 'Be ye clothed with humility.' It was the message of God unto salvation to Elizabeth Walbridge, the 'Dairyman's Daughter.' The wind fills the sails again, bears the chaplain away to India, and for many years he knows not but he has labored in vain."

The same writer continues:

"How wonderful and beautiful is the providence of God in the works of redeeming grace! What a fine illustration is this history of the true unity of the Church, of the true evangelical alliance which God uses among the people in accomplishing his purposes! A Wesleyan, an Episcopalian, and a Congregationalist are equally co-workers in it, and God blesses them all alike."

Perhaps the cases here given make this article sufficiently long. Other cases in illustration of the same topic may be given in another paper.

THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER; OR, THE OLDEN TIME IN SCOTLAND.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, Scotland was steadily, though still slowly, settling down into tranquillity and order, after the fierce and long-continued struggles, religious and civil, which had so long convulsed the whole country. The feudal system, or rather, we should say, the old feudal manners and habits of thought, with much of its pretension, if not with all its tyranny, still prevailed to a certain extent; and, as is usually the case, in proportion as the privileged class saw their privileges threatened, and their power to retain them weakened, in what was the never doubtful, though certainly rather protracted, suit of Law *versus* Laird, they became only the more tenacious of their ancient rights, or rather, we should say, of their antiquated claims.

As was natural, too, the more of these privileges they lost, the more they became, not only, as has just been said, tenacious of those that were left them by their common enemy the law, but morbidly jealous every one of another in regard to their respective, and often rival pretensions. Jealousies of this kind, to an extent scarcely credible now, frequently existed between neighboring proprietors: each contesting, as if the titles to their broad lands depended upon such things, a pre-eminence in the veriest trifles by which rank could be distinguished or even imagined. Their disputes were endless; the slightest encroachment of any kind on each other's fancied rights was bitterly felt and resented; where equality between them was supposed to exist, any suspected recognition of the superiority of one among them, which a neutral party might testify to the disparagement of the favored individual's

peers, was considered to be a mortal affront offered by that party to all the rest.

If this much has been said by way of preface, it has been because the tragedy about to be related flowed from a supposed affront of so trifling a kind, that if we did not keep in view the manners and feeling of the time, it would appear almost impossible that it should have led to the sad results it did. A bow of respect offered by a clergyman to one family before another, brought upon him, without any other exciting cause whatever, the vengeance of a lady belonging to the latter, and cost the worthy man his life.

Lady Betty Fleming lived on her pleasant lands of Toskerton, feared, but not loved. Descended from a long line of ancestors, she treasured the memory of the days gone by, and even among her own order was conspicuous for pluming herself upon and asserting the ancient privileges which belonged to it. Her tall and still handsome figure, the cold, severe stateliness of her manner, and the fastidious care she bestowed upon her dress, invariably attracted, if they could not always retain, that admiration and preference which she so ardently coveted.

She derided and scouted all modern innovations, and jealously guarded, in the minutest matters, the rights of her only son. Her whole desire was to revive in him the spirit of what she thought the good old times, and to preserve in him and for him the dignity and honors of his family. Many a mother can suffer for her child; we have to speak of one who could sin for hers, and sin in no ordinary degree.

It was formerly the custom in many parts of Scotland—and if, indeed, it be altogether extinct in the present day, it has become so not very long ago—for the officiating clergyman, at the close of the service, and before the dismissal of the congregation, to bow formally, and from the pulpit, toward the leading families of the district. On either side of the pulpit in the church of S—— were the pews of the two principal proprietors, and in these, at the time when the event of this but too true tale took place, were wont to appear the respective households of Sir Andrew Kennedy of Killaster, and of the widowed Lady Betty Fleming, of Toskerton. The patronage of the parish was vested in the Killaster and Toskerton families, the right of presentation being exercised by the one and the other alternately. It had been by the former that, a few months before the catastrophe about to be related took place, a Mr. Crawfurd had been appointed to the parish, and the choice of the patron could not have fallen on a more guileless and worthy man. Now, as was very natural, the simple-minded minister invariably turned in the first instance toward the quarter from which he had obtained his presentation, and tendered to Sir Andrew his first salute. The previous incumbent, on the contrary, having owed his appointment to the Toskerton family, had as naturally made it his practice that to them his first salute should be offered. Very natural, however, as this was in either case, it did not seem so to Lady Betty. The change appeared to her an affront; and though Mr. Crawfurd had probably never thought of the matter, nor even known what the custom of his predecessor had been, she firmly persuaded herself that the affront was an intentional one, and that it was designed to make her house appear of secondary importance in the eyes of the congregation. And so it was that, in the house of God, where all men are equal, or, at least, where distinction is discernible only by Him who searcheth the heart and who resisteth the proud, the salutation of the minister of the Gospel of peace struck from out the hard and flinty heart of one worshiper the fatal spark which was to kindle a destroying fire.

That her son should have felt as she did upon the point, seemed to her a matter of course. To her great mortification, however, she found that he was indifferent on the subject, and even laughed, in his hearty and good-humored, but by no means unfilial way, at her angry exclamations against Mr. Crawfurd. It was in vain that she endeavored to impress upon him that their family position was, as she said, forfeited; that theirs was, and ought to be the leading family in the district; and that the minister who recognized another as such from the pulpit, was guilty of a direct and audacious insult to them. In vain did she represent to him the dignity of his own house, and remind him that the Kennedys were comparatively upstarts—not two generations old in the county—scarcely recognized as cousins by the true old Kennedy stock.

The indifference of her son only increased Lady Betty's irritation; and, as

was natural to her revengeful disposition, she "nursed her wrath to keep it warm." Still, it would doubtless have cooled under the influence of time, had it not been that her excitement was artfully kept up by a young woman, a member of her household, who acted in the family at once as housekeeper and as companion to the lady. She was a great favorite with her mistress, who placed unlimited confidence in her, and consulted her on all occasions, not only in the strictly domestic, but also in the family concerns of Toskerton. She, however, had some stronger hold on Lady Betty than could well flow merely from the favor of a mistress for a dependent; and many were the surmises on the subject, both at that time and since. The secret of her ascendency over the haughty woman has, however, never been satisfactorily explained, further than that she had rendered her some great service once, as, indeed, Lady Betty had been heard herself to acknowledge. The lady had been traveling on the Continent some two or three years before the time of this story, and Adèle had returned with her. More of the latter's previous history than this has ever remained mere conjecture. One thing, however, was certain; some mysterious sympathy united these two women, so separated as they otherwise were by rank and circumstances.

Adèle, whatever was her native country, certainly possessed the strong passions generally characteristic of the more southern climes. The single name of Adèle, I may here remark, is the only one by which she is known in tradition. She was impetuous and daring, and her vanity and self-importance, extravagant as they naturally were, had been fostered, though unintentionally, by Lady Betty's treatment of her, till they grew to a development which that lady little expected. Little, indeed, did she suspect the height of her protégé's aspirations; little did she think that Adèle had presumed to regard with affection the heir of Toskerton. Pure and unselfish love such a being as Adèle was incapable of feeling; but such affection as she did possess she had bestowed on the young, frank, and generous laird, Walter Fleming.

But Walter had seen and shown some little attention to Lucy, the fair daughter of Kennedy of Killaster, and Adèle had hinted, in a playful manner, at his polite attentions to his fair neighbor, adding, as she saw the angry frown rise on Lady Betty's brow, that, of course, it was no more than the usual politeness which such a gentleman as Mr. Walter would show to any young lady he might meet. On this, being sternly told to say plainly what she meant, she disclosed to her irritated listener not a few circumstances calculated to rouse the suspicions of the latter. And, what entered into her more nefarious design, she insinuated that Mr. Crawfurd, the minister, was aware how matters stood; connived at clandestine meetings between the young people; nay, even allowed them to meet clandestinely at his own house; all of which was as false as it was atrociously malicious.

Lady Betty sent for her son, covered him with the bitterest reproaches, and ended by saying, when she could no longer storm, that sooner should the last drop of Fleming blood be shed, than that her son, now the last of his name, should be the first to disgrace it. Here and there, in her fury, she interrupted herself to utter maledictions on the heads of those who had abetted his conduct; it was observed, however, that she did not name any one. The scene ended in a way for which the submissiveness her son had hitherto shown had not prepared her. Accustomed though he was to her violence, the naturally high-spirited lad was thoroughly roused by her language on this occasion, and, stung to the quick by the coarse words applied to the innocent object of his affections, he unreservedly and boldly avowed his love for Lucy Kennedy.

From that moment the house of Toskerton was divided against itself. Mother and son alike felt that they were no longer as they had been to each other. Yet, amid all the blackness which was fast enveloping the soul of Lady Betty, one ray of light shone pure and clear. She certainly loved fondly and devotedly her only child. Whatever she was brought to do proceeded from intense motherly love, as well as pride, as regarded Walter. But she derived no real happiness even from maternal affection; she could not do so, fearfully misjudging and misguiding as that affection was. The best affections become really the most dangerous, when they absorb all others, and make themselves paramount to principle.

Lady Betty, after this scene with her

son, appears to have become, in spite of her naturally stern and unyielding spirit, almost a passive tool in the hands of Adèle. The artful woman played her part so well, that she, on the contrary, appeared the tool of an imperious mistress. But there seems to be little doubt as to who was the real author and instigator of what followed.

Walter Fleming was on the point of attaining his majority, and his twenty-first birth-day was to be celebrated at Toskerton with the rejoicings usual on such occasions. Everybody, high and low, for miles round was invited, with the marked exception of the Killaster family. Among them was, of course, Mr. Crawfurd, the minister. Lady Betty went in person to invite him, for he was a man of retired habits, and would, perhaps, have excused himself if he possibly could. As it was, he at first tried to do so, but the lady would take no denial, and at last he promised to take part in the festivities of Toskerton. Little did he imagine that he was going thither to meet his death.

The fated day came. It was passed at Toskerton in amusements and games of all kinds, the happy-minded minister looking on with kindly interest. It was, indeed, afterward noticed that he looked more than usually gay and cheerful. Dinner was served in the house for the more distinguished guests; Mr. Crawfurd was placed beside his perfidious hostess, who treated him with a degree of kind respect, which, afterward at least, was said to have been over-acted. In particular, toward the end of the banquet, she called for a curious cup, an heirloom in the family, which was brought to her ready-filled by Adèle, and which, after slightly tasting it herself, she handed to him, and desired him to empty to the health of her son. He did so, it was re-filled, and passed to the other guests in succession. Very shortly after, with an apology to Lady Betty for leaving before the dance began, he returned home.

Scarcely, however, was he under his own roof, when he was seized with violent sickness and spasms. His wife, greatly alarmed, sent for medical aid. Some hours elapsed before it could be obtained—hours of mortal agony and terror. The surgeon, however, on his arrival, found the unfortunate man calm and self-possessed in the midst of his sufferings, clinging, as it were, by his looks, to his wife and their little ones as they stood round his bed, but yet resigned to a fate which he expressed his belief was inevitable. He felt, he said, that for him the sands of life were all but run down, and that nothing could save him. It was, indeed, but too true. The violent paroxysms of pain from which he had been suffering left him, however, for a short time just before his death in comparative peace. He took advantage of this relief, and in solemn language committed his family to the care of the God of the widow and fatherless.

"And promise me, Agnes, my love," these were his last words, "promise me that you will never inquire into the cause of my sudden removal. Leave it to God. He will do all things well." After that he seemed to be praying a while, for his lips moved, and he shut his eyes, and then he said, "Father, I come. O God—forgive—" So he died praying for his enemy, but his prayer was finished in another world; the servant of God had entered into his rest.

The death of Mr. Crawfurd, of course, made a great sensation in the neighborhood, but no judicial inquiry was made into the circumstances of it. That the authorities of the time did not think proper to make any, will doubtless appear strange at the present day. As will be seen, however, they did not know then all that was subsequently known. But though the authors of the dark deed were never brought to human justice, they did not go unpunished.

Adèle, it would appear, was soon made to feel that her horrid scheme was a vain one; the crime was bootless to her. What passed between her and the young laird was known only to themselves, but she soon found that, even if his mother had been willing, he never would have thought of making her his wife. The consequence was what might have been expected from her passionate temper; her love and ambition being disappointed, a thirst for vengeance took possession of her. Inordinate must have been this thirst, for to satisfy it she seems to have cared little how far she endangered herself.

Nevertheless, it was not without a mixture of her natural craftiness that she began to put into execution the new plan she had formed. She made a desperate attempt to secure her own safety while denouncing her mistress. For her vengeance

amounted to nothing less than disclosing the murder.

How she prevailed on Lady Betty to write the letter, a copy of which I am about to give, it is not easy to say. Lady Betty was probably a prey to remorse, and made a coward by her conscience. Perhaps Adèle may have pretended that she felt remorse, and may have brought her accomplice to fear that she might betray her. It may have been with a view of alleviating that supposed remorse by removing the fears which alone, it seemed probable enough, had caused it, that Lady Betty wrote the letter: certain it is that she did write it; though probably not without repenting of it almost immediately. The letter was as follows—how its contents became known will be afterward explained. Passing over the first part of it, which was to the effect that she, Lady Betty, being ill and troubled in her mind, was anxious to thank her kind and faithful Adèle for her care and devotedness while in her service, it went on:

"Ah, Adèle! if I had taken your advice, I should not now suffer as I do. But I would not listen to you, when you sought humbly but firmly to set things before me in their proper light. I allowed trifles to provoke me to actions which I now hate to think of. The cries of that poor widow and her children are ever ringing in my ears. O, Adèle, pity your unhappy mistress. . . . I beg of you to accept this purse as a remembrance of one who always felt a warm interest in you."

It has just been said that Lady Betty probably soon repented of having written thus. And that she did so immediately, is in all likelihood what must have followed her reading in the face of her attendant the look of malignant triumph and expectant vengeance that doubtless could not be suppressed on it, when Adèle found herself thus in possession of a document which put her mistress completely in her power. New terrors would have seized on the unhappy woman, and it would have been but too evident to her guilty mind that concealment of her former crime was only to be purchased by the commission of another.

A short time after this letter must have been written, Adèle asked leave of her mistress to go to the neighboring town of S——, about six miles distant. Permission was granted, but not for the next day, as Adèle had requested. She must delay going till the day after, Lady Betty said.

Accordingly Adèle left Toskerton the next day but one, never, as she thought, and as it turned out, to return; but also, never to reach the town as she intended. She must have taken with her several articles of value—several afterward were missed at least—and she had in her pocket the well-filled purse given her by Lady Betty. In that purse she carried the important letter.

Half-way to S—— from Toskerton, a small stream crosses the road; much rain having fallen for several days, it was then greatly swollen. There was no bridge across it at that time; it had to be passed by stepping-stones. The flood had made these slippery and dangerous; but Adèle was not easily daunted, and attempted to cross. She missed her footing, and, as was then supposed, was washed away by the current, and drowned.

When twenty-four hours had gone by without her re-appearing at Toskerton, much alarm was expressed by Lady Betty, and by her orders a search was instituted for the missing woman. It had scarcely been set on foot when two men, notorious as smugglers, made their appearance at Toskerton, and declared, in presence of the assembled family, that early that morning, when about to cross the stream, about a mile below the stepping-stones just mentioned, they had found the dead body of Lady Betty's foreign attendant. They had conveyed it, they said, to a neighboring cottage, but life was quite extinct. And they produced one or two trifling articles which they had found upon her and secured. But they did not produce the greater part of the booty; and while the purse, with a few pieces of money in it, were among the articles exhibited, it did not contain the letter.

The body of Adèle was buried, but not with it were buried Lady Betty's fears. The letter, to recover which she had incurred the guilt of another crime, had not been recovered; it was, moreover, in the possession of a man who knew well how to make use of it. This was a man of the name of Smith, commonly called "Black Jack," and one of the two smugglers who gave out that they had found the body of Adèle. There is little doubt that they had murdered her; and it is now almost equally probable that they did so at the instigation of Lady Betty, who, it was afterward remembered, was seen speaking to one of them, on a little-frequented path

that led through the woods of Toskerton, on the day preceding Adèle's departure; a strange thing, indeed, for such a person as Lady Betty. It has been said that Black Jack and his companion were notorious as smugglers. Black Jack, so called, probably, on account of his swarthy complexion, was a man of gigantic proportions, and possessed unusual strength; he caused his name to be long remembered in the locality by his surpassing audacity and fearlessness.

Black Jack, immediately after the death of Adèle, was observed to be in unusually prosperous circumstances. He, indeed, admitted that he was, and gave out that this arose from his having made some *runs* of late which had been more than commonly lucrative. Among the Toskerton people, however, it was rumored that his sudden prosperity was to be attributed to the plunder of the unhappy woman. But neither his own admissions nor the surmises of others touched upon the real fact. Some articles he and his associate certainly had pillaged from the dead body, but of those the intrinsic value was small compared with the importance of the letter from Lady Betty, which he had secured. Ever and anon he made his appearance at Toskerton, or had elsewhere private interviews with the miserable woman, and on each occasion the continuance of his secrecy had to be purchased by a new and higher bribe.

It would seem probable, also, that he disclosed the secret to the young laird, with a view, of course, toward bringing him, too, under the influence of his intimidation. This, at least, is the easiest way of accounting for the fact that one day, after an interview with the ruffian, Walter rushed precipitately into his mother's room, bade her farewell in a few incoherent words, and, without trusting himself to say even so much to Lucy Kennedy at Killaster, rode away from the scenes of his youth, never more to revisit them. Lucy, indeed, received letters from him, dated in a foreign country, urging her to unite her fate to his, but the dutiful and loving girl refused to leave her aged father, and firmly rejected every entreaty of her lover.

To Lady Betty the hour of retribution came at length. The son for whom the unhappy woman had periled her own soul, died. This was the last stroke. She had dared to commit more than one terrible crime for him; she had borne up against his abandonment of her, and the feeling that she had become an object of horror to him—all this she had done and endured, in the single hope of knowing that he was to succeed to the proud inheritance of his fathers, and now this hope was forever quenched. Thus was she broken. For some time after her son's death, she went about her usual occupations, as if sternly resolved to brave it out to the last; but one by one these were abandoned, and for some months before her decease she never left her room, and scarcely even spoke. The proximate cause of her death seems to have been a stormy interview she had with her relentless persecutor, Black Jack, the smuggler. Almost by force he had gained admission to her presence, and had loaded her with reproaches and scarcely disguised threats. When at last he was removed by the servants, the wretched woman burst into a flood of tears, but her desolate heart apparently found no relief from them. She was then, by her own orders, left alone for a considerable time, and when, at the sound of her bell, one of her attendants returned to her, she had become speechless. The look of haughty defiance had passed away, and a gentler expression was visible on the stricken features. On a table beside her lay an open miniature: it was the portrait of her son when a child. The servant, terrified at the death-like appearance of her mistress, took her hand, but it was icy cold, and fell on the lady's knee, when, in her fright, the woman shrunk from it. Lady Betty once more endeavored to speak, but again failing, she sighed deeply three or four times, and then her soul was called before its Judge.

I have little to add. The fair and goodly lands of Toskerton are now possessed, under another name, (for even the old name has been changed,) by a family in no way related to the ancient race of Fleming, of whom, indeed, scarcely any memorial remains, except a single field, still called "Lady Betty's Field," and regarded in the country with somewhat of a superstitious feeling. This, too, not merely by the common people; for the proprietors, even to the present day, have constantly refused to allow it to be plowed, for which no precise reason has been assigned.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

"TIME was," says a recent writer, "when it would have gone hard with any one who showed pictures of men and scenes that neither pencil, brush, nor hand had touched; and if, in defense, it had been asserted that the sun itself had traced them, the tortures of the rack would have been had in requisition to force the inventor to confess himself a wizard, and to tell his terms of compact with the devil; and even in our own time, though we have passed from the demonism," there is still something mysterious and awful associated with the term science in the minds of many. It is regarded as something which can be successfully prosecuted only by those who spend a kind of monkish life among books and instruments, in the cloistered halls of a university. Many men regard it as that which, because of its wondrous revelations, they are bound to respect and admire, but which they need never hope to understand; since none but those who have enjoyed the most finished education, who are possessed of a scientific taste, and who are placed in peculiarly favorable circumstances, can prosecute it successfully.

This opinion, though common, is erroneous; for while it is true that men in the circumstances imagined have been ornaments of science, and by their researches into the arcana of nature have immensely increased the stores of human knowledge, and conferred incalculable benefits on their race, it is equally true that there have been men who possessed none of these advantages, but who, while contending with the privations and hardships incident to a life of poverty and toil, have successfully prosecuted the study of science, and risen to the highest eminence as philosophers. Dollond was a weaver, and the elder Herschell was once a blacksmith. What is science? It is knowledge—knowledge reduced to a system; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied. Now science thus defined is patent to all men; to the workman at his forge or his loom as well as to the prince in his palace. The humble artisan may be influenced with a thirst for its acquisition, as well as the most dignified and noble, and may, from the sources which are around him, acquire a knowledge of its wonders. Being possessed of fewer facilities, he may not acquire it so rapidly; but if possessed of a reflecting and inquiring mind, he may, from the opportunities enjoyed by the very humblest in our country, rise, like many before him, to no mean eminence as a scholar and philosopher, and may by his discoveries become a benefactor of the human race. Although the fundamental lessons of science may to many, at first sight, wear a forbidding aspect, because to understand them requires an effort of the mind, somewhat, though certainly not much, greater than is requisite for understanding more ordinary matters; yet it is pleasing to reflect that, in consequence of the increasing enlightenment of the age, and the now general teaching of the elements of science in our schools, its study is regarded as less formidable. The false impressions in regard to it are fast dying away, and a taste for scientific investigation is being diffused among all classes of the community. Thousands in all ranks of life have tasted the gratification which her investigations can impart; and feeling not only that the possession of knowledge gives power, but that the acquisition of it confers an exquisite and elevating pleasure, are studying eagerly her wondrous revelations, and adding by their discoveries to her already multitudinous treasures.

The stereoscope, the subject of this paper, more than any other scientific instrument, is calculated to foster this growing love of science in the public mind, since its wondrous illusions, its life-like creations, are calculated to confer pleasure on men of every class and character. Its invention, and the discussions which have arisen in regard to it, have done more to extend our knowledge of the manner in which external objects are perceived by the mind, than any other discovery in modern times. Its practical applications have not only been perceived by theoretical writers, but have been seized upon by earnest and practical men, and are now carried out on a stupendous scale.

Photographers are now employed, says Brewster, in every part of the globe in producing pictures for the instrument; among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum; on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland; among the public monu-

ments in the Old and New World; amid the shipping of our commercial harbors; in the museums of ancient and modern life; in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle; and among those scenes of the picturesque and the sublime which are so affectionately associated with the recollection of our early days, and amid which, even at the close of life, we renew, with loftier sentiments and nobler aspirations, the youth of our being, which, in the worlds of the future, is to be the commencement of a longer and happier existence.

The stereoscope is the invention of Professor Wheatstone, and was first described by him in "A Memoir on some remarkable and hitherto unobserved Phenomena of Binocular Vision."

But as his stereoscope could not be used conveniently, was far from portable, and required considerable nicety of adjustment, Sir David Brewster was led, in 1848, to construct one on an essentially different principle; namely, by refraction. It is extremely simple in principle, and satisfactory in its performance. It has been called by its distinguished inventor the lenticular stereoscope, from its being composed of a convex lens of five or six inches focus, such as the lens of a pair of spectacles, which is cut through the middle and mounted in a box, with the thick edges outermost, and two and a half inches apart. The operation of the instrument, and the manner in which the pictures are displaced, may be easily illustrated by a simple experiment. If such semi-lenses as we have described be held by the finger and thumb of each hand, and we look through them with both eyes at two wafers laid upon a piece of white paper about two and a half inches apart, two images of the wafers will be seen; by turning either of the semi-lenses, we will perceive that we have the power of making the two images advance to, or retire from each other; and can, when the lenses are in a certain position, make *the one image exactly lie upon and cover the image of the other*. When this result is accomplished it will be found that the two diameters of bisection are outermost, which is consequently the position of the lenses of the stereoscope. A stereoscope, it is manifest, therefore, is nothing more than an instrument which enables us to squint without effort or inconvenience, as is proved by the fact that many by a little practice can witness the stereoscopic effect from binocular pictures, simply by uniting them with their eyes, or, in other words, by squinting.

The form which has been given to the lenticular stereoscope by its distinguished inventor, is exceedingly simple and elegant. It consists of a pyramidal box, blackened inside, and having a lid or door in one of its sides for the admission of light when required. The lenses are mounted in short tubes, which are fastened in the top of the box, and can be slightly separated from each other to suit the eyes of different observers. The tubes can also be drawn out, or pushed in, for the adjustment of focus. At the bottom of the box there is a groove, into which the slides containing the binocular pictures are placed.

As we have already stated, the eyes themselves form a stereoscope to those who have the power of converging their axes to points nearer than the objects they contemplate, or, in other words, of squinting. It is obvious that by applying short telescopes to the eyes, and converging their axes to a point nearer than the objects surveyed, a stereoscope is produced. This form has also been suggested by Sir David Brewster. The telescopes may be made either with convex or concave eye-lenses, and need not exceed a couple of inches in length.

Several other forms of the stereoscope have been recommended, which are not in any way particularly worthy of notice, as they are all modifications of the instrument of Sir David Brewster, and possess no advantage, either in form or arrangement, over that which he at first produced. None of them has ever come into general use, while the original instrument has found its way into every corner of the globe, and in its simple elegance of form is already stereotyped on the human mind.

Before proceeding to point out the educational and artistic applications of the stereoscope, we shall give a very brief and popular description of the principle of its operation. To do so it is necessary to understand the general structure of the eye, and the laws of vision by which we see objects in the position which they occupy. The human eye is an organ by which a small but perfect picture of an external object is formed upon its inner posterior surface, which picture is per-

ceived by the mind in a way that never has been, and probably never will be explained. All visible objects radiate, or throw out in all directions particles or rays of light, by means of which we see them directly, by the images of them formed in the eye. Now it has been proved by accurate experiments, that in whatever direction a ray falls upon the retina, it gives us the vision of the point from which it proceeded, in a direction perpendicular to the retina at the point on which it falls. This is called the law of visible direction.

Another important fact connected with the theory of vision is, that when we look at an object we can only see one point of it distinctly at any instant, namely, when the focus of the eye is adjusted for the vision of that point, and its image is formed on the point of distinct vision on the retina. But although we can only see one point distinctly at any given instant, we can, with the greatest rapidity, obtain the most correct knowledge of the form and color of an object. This is done by the eye, with almost infinite rapidity, running over the different points which compose the object, and conveying a clear and definite impression of each to the mind. There is no finer proof of the admirable mechanism of the human eye than this fact which we have stated. So admirably is it adjusted, so rapid are its motions, that it runs over many thousand points of of an object, such as the surface of a shilling; has a distinct motion on its axis, and movement of its lens for each point, forms many thousand pictures of the successive points for the contemplation of the mind, and all in a space of time so short that it seems instantaneous. But although we see with one eye the direction in which any object or point of an object is situated, we do not see its position, or the distance from the eye at which it is placed. In monocular vision we learn from experience to estimate all distances, but particularly great ones, by various means, called the criteria of distances; such as the interposition of different objects, the variation in the apparent magnitude of known objects, the intensity of color, the distinctness of outline, etc. It is only with both eyes that we can estimate, with accuracy, the distance of objects not far from us. This fact may be proved by any one attempting, with one eye shut, to snuff a candle, when the odds might be taken as ten to one against his doing it. If a small point of light be introduced into a dark room by another person, we have no correct conception of its distance from us. This fact of the inability of one eye to judge correctly of distance, enables us to understand why a painting, or a photograph, or any representation on a flat surface, is best seen with one eye. In the painting, different parts are intended to represent objects at different distances; now as the one eye cannot judge correctly of distance, the geometrical perspective, the chiaroscuro, etc., give a beautiful illusion, and a certain amount of apparent solidity, making the different parts seem at different distances.

These facts connected with the physiology of vision prepare us for understanding how the beautiful and startling effects of the stereoscope are produced. We have, in treating of the history of the stereoscope, stated, what every one must feel to be true, that in the binocular vision of objects each eye sees a different picture of the same object. How is it, then, that we do not see objects double? Simply in consequence of the law of visible direction. The axis of each eye is directed to the same point, and consequently the image formed by one eye exactly lies upon and covers the image formed by the other, and hence a single impression is obtained. The following illustration will make plain this important optical law. If a person, seated in a dark room, direct his eyes to a small hole in the window-shutter, an image of the small luminous aperture will be formed in each eye, but only one hole will be seen, because the axes of both eyes are directed to the same point, namely, the hole, at which the lines of visible direction cross each other, and at which the image formed by one exactly covers the image formed by the other, giving a single impression. If the axis of one eye be altered by pressing the eye-ball with the finger, immediately two images will be seen. If a man had a thousand eyes instead of two, in consequence of this law, although a thousand images were formed, only one object could be seen. Now when with both eyes we look at any object, say a shilling, the axes of both eyes are directed to a point on its surface, which point is seen singly, in consequence of the law of visible direction. The mind having examined it, the eyes

are directed to another and another point, with the utmost rapidity, till the most correct impression in regard to the whole surface is obtained. The most important advantage which we derive from the use of both eyes is to enable us, if we may so speak, to see distance, or a third dimension in space. This power of forming the most correct ideas of distance is not, as in the case of vision with one eye, the result of experience, or by means of the criteria referred to, but is unquestionably in consequence of the successive convergence of the optic axes to points at different distances from us. If, therefore, two plane pictures of a solid object are prepared, one as seen by the right eye and the other by the left, and their images are united or made to coalesce by squinting, or by the stereoscope, it is obvious that when we look at them with both eyes, the mind surveys the successive points in precisely the same way as it would have done if with both eyes we had looked at the solid itself, and consequently the most perfect idea of relief is obtained.

Every one who has looked at proper dissimilar pictures through a good stereoscope, must have been struck with the perfection of the illusion. The idea of a flat surface only being before us is utterly annihilated; every object is felt to be before us in all the roundness and solidity of nature and of truth. It is of the highest importance that the pictures to be combined in the stereoscope should be perfect in their delineation and properly dissimilar; but for the invention of photography these desiderata could not have been obtained, and the stereoscope could never have been of great practical value, since no artist could have produced pictures sufficiently perfect to produce the wondrous effect. The simultaneous invention of photography and the stereoscope must therefore be regarded as a circumstance in the highest degree fortunate. Photography having now reached a very high degree of perfection, pictures possessed of the greatest beauty can be readily produced by the exquisite pencil of nature herself. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the only method by which absolutely perfect stereoscopic pictures can be produced has not been generally adopted. Photographic artists have sacrificed everything like truthfulness and accuracy to rapidity of execution. It is obvious that a lens of large aperture and short focus will imprint a picture in a much shorter time than a lens of equal focus but of small aperture. Now artists have clung pertinaciously to the employment of large lenses, simply on account of their rapidity, and the clearness of the pictures they produce, although it has been demonstrated again and again, that large apertures cannot possibly give accurate representations of "the human face divine" or of anything else. Sir David Brewster has shown that a lens of three inches aperture gives no fewer than one hundred and thirty dissimilar pictures of a sitter, which are all huddled and jumbled together in the monstrosity which it produces. When lenses of nine, twelve, and thirteen inches aperture are employed in photography, can we wonder that people are disappointed with the hideous representations which are handed them, or be surprised at the numbers of photographic failures we daily witness? Nature points out to us the simple rule which, in this department of art, ought to be followed. From infancy we have seen every object through an aperture of one quarter of an inch, the diameter of the pupil of the eye; such ought, therefore, to be the aperture of the lens employed in taking all photographic pictures; for this plain and palpable reason, that if we employ a larger aperture it produces, not such a picture as we have been accustomed to see, but such a picture as we would have seen if possessed of a monstrous eye of the dimensions of the lens employed:

"Photography," says Sir David Brewster, "cannot, therefore, even approximate to perfection till the artist works with a camera furnished with a single quarter of an inch lens of rock crystal, or, what experience may find better, with an achromatic lens of the same aperture. And we may state with equal confidence, that the photographer who has the sagacity to perceive the defects of his instrument, the honesty to avow it, and the skill to remedy them by the applications of modern science, will take a place as high in photographic portraiture as a Reynolds or a Lawrence in the sister art."

We now come to consider the applications of the stereoscope.

There are few philosophical instruments which are calculated to be of greater practical value than the stereoscope, or which can afford a purer or more rational pleasure to the mind. The telescope and microscope open up to us worlds of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the one

showing us the boundlessness of the universe, and the other unfolding to our view the infinite richness and variety of the works of the Creator. But these wonderful instruments, from their nature, as well as from the difficulty and expense of their construction, can afford pleasure and instruction to but a comparative few. It is only the enthusiast in astronomy who has patience to watch night after night in our treacherous climate, and who has, besides, a first-rate instrument at his command, who can hope to be rewarded with an occasional glimpse of the wondrous celestial phenomena. And it is only the man whose wealth enables him to indulge in the luxury of an expensive compound microscope, or who can afford to purchase diamond or sapphire lenses, who can successfully prosecute researches into the domains of the microscope. The stereoscope, however, is an instrument which any person of moderate mechanical skill can construct for himself in a few hours, or which can be purchased for a few shillings, and which in its rudest and simplest form will perform almost as well as the most beautiful and finished instrument which art can produce or luxury demand. From this circumstance it is an instrument calculated to afford instruction and delight to all classes. The peasant in his humble cottage, who has heard of the wondrous monuments of antiquity, and whose mind soars above his condition, but who by stern necessity is chained to the soil on which he was born, can, by the savings of a few days, through the wonderful power of this little instrument, cause the monuments of Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, as well as the labors of the most eminent sculptors from Praxiteles to Canova, to stand before him, and can drink into his soul the feeling and the beauty which they so eminently express. Though his life may have been spent in a dreary morass, or on the side of a lonely hill, the richest combinations of wood, and water, and mountain, and sky, scenes of surpassing beauty in his own or in other lands, which he can never hope to see, can be made to pass before him, instilling into his mind the most glowing conceptions of the beneficence and power of the Creator of all things. The poor student, born with a feeling for art, but who, like many before him, had to endure the greatest privations and struggle with the greatest difficulties ere he could command the means to study the works of the great masters, the study of which he felt to be indispensable to his success, can, at the outset of his career, by the creations of the stereoscope, have his taste corrected, his feeling for art refined, and can hope by diligence and study to arrive far more speedily at success in his profession. The classical student, too, who has devoted himself to the study of the literature of Greece or Rome, but whose circumstances utterly preclude the idea of his ever visiting the scenes amid which the men whose works he studies thought and spake, can gaze in his study on the Forum or the Acropolis; he can raise up as if by a magician's power the very localities in which Demosthenes thundered and Plato taught. Their language will consequently acquire fresh force, and their metaphors greater beauty. His philological difficulties will diminish, critical perplexities will become fewer, and fresh interest and zest in his studies will be acquired.

But the greatest advantage of the stereoscope to the student of art is the property it possesses of presenting for his study a more perfect image in all its roundness, and solidity, and detail, than he could witness, though the original object were before him. This property of the instrument is one of its greatest excellences, and can be taken advantage of for the minute and careful study of objects which, from their nature or position, are inaccessible. It is calculated to bring to light beauties which, though they exist, have never been seen. Statues, ornamented friezes, with many kinds of architectural ornaments, elevated to an immense height from the ground, and which could only be studied by the erection of scaffolding, are brought in all their perfection before the eye of the artist. This wonderful effect is owing to the fact that, instead of seeing the object itself, we see a miniature model of it brought close to the eyes; a model not only perfect in every detail, but every part of which is brought within the distance influenced by the angle of the eyes; so that the image surveyed actually surpasses the reality. Hitherto colossal works of art could only be represented, first, at such a distance as enabled the eye to embrace the whole object, and discover its proportions; and then by studying the

component parts at such a distance as that they could be distinctly observed. If the artist desired to study the great Egyptian Temple at Denderah, or the Parthenon, or the winged-bulls from Nineveh, he had to retire to such a distance as enabled him to see the great outline—the proportions of the whole—a distance which rendered the minuter parts of the edifice, or of the statue, invisible. After making his drawings afar off, he had to approach to such a distance as rendered visible the larger ornaments, and make his drawings at this point also. He required to approach still nearer that the inscription or figures, with the delicate carvings, might be seen and represented. After these frequent drawings, he had to content himself with one or two examples of the multifarious details. Such drawings, even although taken by the most accomplished artists, and even although we could suppose them perfect, (which they are not,) do not contain all that is required for the perfect study of such works; for they do not show the relation that subsists between the ornamental parts and the whole. They are merely pictures at different distances, at no one of which a perfect view of the object can be obtained; whereas, by the coalescence of the images from properly-taken stereoscopic pictures, a more perfect image is formed for the mind to contemplate than can be witnessed by the eye at any given point. It is from this circumstance that the representation of an object in the stereoscope must always be superior to the most exquisite calotype picture which can be obtained. The calotype is a picture of the object as seen by one eye from the point where it is taken; whereas the stereoscopic picture is as if it had been seen by two eyes considerably separated from each other. It must, therefore, exhibit a greater number of parts of the object, be possessed of superior brightness, and show the proportions with greater beauty and fidelity.

To the physical sciences the stereoscope has already made many valuable contributions. By it the architect can superintend the progress of an edifice, seated in his office, and give directions to his workmen though hundreds of miles from them. The geologist can obtain the most perfect idea of the position of the strata, and other circumstances, in which any interesting relic of a former world has been found. The botanist can obtain the most correct conceptions of some rare or curious plant found in some distant country. And the geographer, without the danger and fatigues of travel, can scan the beauties and wonders of the globe, not in the fantastic or deceitful images of a hurried pencil, but in the very picture which would have been formed on his own retina were he magically transported to the scene. The gigantic outline of the Himalayas and the Andes will stand self-depicted before him; the Niagara will pour out before him in panoramic grandeur her mighty cataract of waters; while the flaming volcano will toss into the air before him her clouds of dust and her blazing fragments.

A GHOST STORY.

THERE are many incidents on record which resemble the following plain narrative, and in the books of wise men may be found attempts, more or less plausible, to account for similar facts without having recourse to anything supernatural. The reader will draw his own inferences. It is for me simply to relate the whole history, from the beginning to the end, only premising that it is true in every particular.

Some years ago my father sent me to Woodford House, a young ladies' school, of which a Mrs. Wheeler was the principal. The school had fallen off, before I went, from fifty pupils to thirty; yet the establishment was in many respects a superior one, and the teachers were very efficient.

Mrs. Wheeler and a parlor-boarder, with the two teachers, Madame Dubois and Miss Winter, and we thirty girls, composed the household. Miss Winter, the English teacher, slept in a small room adjoining ours, walked out with us, and never left us. She was about twenty-seven years of age, and had soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description. They were of a greenish brown, and, with the least emotion, seemed to fill, as it were, with light, like the flashing brilliancy of moonshine upon water. At half past six in the morning it was her duty to call us, and about seven we came down stairs. We practiced our scales, and looked over the lessons we had prepared the evening before, till half past eight

o'clock, when Mrs. Wheeler and Madame Dubois made their appearance; then prayers were read, and after that we had breakfast of coffee, and solid squares of bread and butter, which was very good the first part of the week. Breakfast over, Mrs. Wheeler took her seat at the head of the table, and the business commenced.

Mrs. Wheeler was a tall, stout person, with a loud voice, and a very authoritative manner. She paid assiduous attention to our deportment, and we were often assured that she was gradually falling a victim to the task of entreating us to hold up our heads.

Madame Dubois was a little old, shriveled woman, with a very irascible temper. She wore a turban on her head, and kept cotton in her ears, and mumbled her language all to mash. At one o'clock Mrs. Wheeler shut up her desk, and sailed out of the room, while we proceeded up-stairs to dress for our walk. The dinner was ready on our return at three. This was a plain meal, soon over; and after it Miss Winter took Mrs. Wheeler's place at the long table, and presided over our studies until tea at seven. I thought this interval the pleasantest part of the day, for Miss Winter was clever, and took great pains where she saw intelligence or a desire to learn. I was less with her, however, than many of the girls, because, as one of the elder pupils, I was expected by Mrs. Wheeler to practice on the piano for at least three hours daily. The study was a large, uncarpeted room, with a view of a spacious flower-garden. Some part of most fine spring and summer days was spent in this garden. I liked being there better than going for a walk, because we were not compelled to keep together. I used to take a book, and when the weather was not too cold I sat much near a fountain, under the shade of a laburnum-tree which hung over it. I wonder if the fountain and laburnum-tree are there still.

Woodford House was rather famous for mysterious inmates. There was Mrs. Sparkes, the parlor-boarder, who always took her breakfast in her room, and was rumored to have come by sea from a distant part of the earth, where she and the late Captain Sparkes (her husband) had rolled in gold. It was understood that, if she had her rights, she would be worth fifty thousand a-year. I am afraid she had them not, for I suspect her annual income amounted to little more than five hundred. She was very good-natured, and we all liked her; but our vague association of her with the sea, and storms, and coral reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as her history. Then there was a fair pale girl, with bright curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out, was the daughter of a father who did not like her. She was a very suggestive topic; so was a young Italian, who had in her possession a real dagger, which many of us believed she always carried about her. But I think all these were outshone, on the whole, by Miss Winter, who never talked about her relations, called at the post-office for her letters, in order that they might not be brought to the school; and, further, had a small oak wardrobe in her room, the key of which she wore around her neck. What a life she had with some of the girls! and how lonely she was, too! for she belonged neither to Mrs. Wheeler nor to us; and it was impossible to be on very friendly terms with Madame Dubois.

Poor Miss Winter! I never troubled her with impertinent questions; and perhaps she felt grateful to me for my forbearance; for my companions, one and all, declared that she "favored Ruth Irvine." I was not popular among them, because I studied on half-holidays, and in the hour before bed-time, when we were left to our own devices. They tried to laugh me out of this; but they couldn't; so they hated me as school-girls only can hate, and revenged themselves by saying that "my father was poor, and I was, for this reason, anxious to make the most of my time while at Woodford House." This taunt was intended to inflict severe mortification, as a profound respect for wealth pervaded the school, which was, of course, derived from its head.

I suspect I over-studied at this period, for I became a martyr to excruciating headache, which prevented me from sleeping at night; and I had, besides, all kinds of awkward habits and nervous affections. O! Mrs. Wheeler's earnest endeavors to make me graceful; her despair of my elbows; her hopelessness in my shoulders, and her glare of indignation at my manner of entering a room!

I spent the summer vacation this year

at Woodford House, for my father was abroad, and I had no relation kind enough to take pity on my homeless state. I was very dispirited; and my depression so much increased the low, nervous fever which was hanging about me, that I was compelled for some days to keep my bed. Miss Winter nursed me of her own accord, and was like a sister to me. Now that the other girls were gone she was quite communicative. I learned that she was an orphan, and had a brother and three sisters, all younger than herself, who were used to consult her on every occasion of importance. I liked to hear about them much; I believed them to be wonders of talent and kindness. The brother was a clerk in some mercantile house in the city; the sisters were being educated at a private school. The affection which united her to this brother and these sisters seemed to me to be stronger than either death or life.

The teachers' holidays never began until long after ours; but in the long vacation they were allowed to take pedestrian excursions; and Miss Winter would return from these to my sick chamber, laden with mosses and wild flowers. I used to feel it a great consolation, amid the neglect and contempt of others, that she was attached to me. When the day for her departure came she gave me Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner;" and I was to keep it always, and never to forget her if I never saw her again. I do not think she spoke thus because she felt any foreboding of ill, for she was very happy in her quiet way; but she never allowed herself to look forward with much hope to the future. I got a letter from her to say that she had arrived safely at her brother's in the city, and begging me not to fret for her sake. I tried to be cheerful, but time passed wearily without her. Every morning, at breakfast, I heard for the twentieth time of Miss Nash, who so appreciated the advantage of spending the vacation with such a person as Mrs. Wheeler that she could scarcely be induced to leave Woodford House. *She* never complained that the piano in the back parlor had several dumb notes, or that Rollin's "Ancient History" was not the most cheerful specimen of polite literature. It was uncharitable; but I couldn't help it; I hated Miss Nash. The latter part of the day was more agreeable; I was usually invited to tea and supper by Mrs. Sparkes, and was regaled in the front parlor with seed-cake and rolls, likewise with currant wine. I should have enjoyed these entertainments exceedingly, but I had written a poem in four cantos, in which the late Captain Sparkes figured as a pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities; and this secret lay like a load of lead on my mind, and prevented me from feeling at my ease with Mrs. Sparkes. It was after an evening spent with this lady, and in the absence of Mrs. Wheeler, who had gone to the city to arrange about receiving a new pupil, that —*that it first happened.*

It was a still, sultry night; the moon very bright. I was lying in my narrow, white bed, with my hair disordered all over the pillow; not just falling asleep, by any means, but most persistently and obstinately broad awake, and with every sense so sharpened that I could distinctly hear the flow of the fountain without, and the ticking of the clock in the hall far down below. I had left the door of my chamber open, on account of the heat. Suddenly, at midnight, when the house was profoundly silent, a draught of cold air seemed to blow right into the room; and almost immediately after I heard the sound of a footfall upon the stairs. Sleep seemed many thousand miles farther off than ever, or I should have thought I was dreaming; for I could have declared the step was Miss Winter's; and yet I knew that she was not expected back for at least a fortnight. What could it mean? While I listened and wondered the footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and then suddenly halted. I looked around, and beheld at the foot of the bed the form of my friend! She was attired in the plain dark dress she usually wore; and I could see on the third finger of her left hand the sparkle of a ring, which was also familiar to me. Her face was very pale, and had, I thought, a strange, wistful expression. I noticed, too, that the bands of hair which shaded her forehead looked dark and dank, as if they had been immersed in water. I started up in my bed, extending my arms, and exclaiming, "You here! When did you come? What has brought you back so soon?" But there was no answer, and she was gone the next moment. I was startled, almost terrified, by what I have

described. I felt an indefinite fear that something was wrong with my friend. I arose, and passing through her chamber, which was unoccupied, went above and below, looking for her, and softly calling her by name; but every room I entered was empty and silent; and I presently returned to bed, bewildered and disappointed.

Toward morning I grew drowsy, and a little before my usual hour for rising I fell asleep. When I awoke the bright sunlight was shining in through the window. I heard the servants at their work below, and I was sure that it was very late. I was dressing hurriedly, when the door was softly opened. It was Mrs. Sparkes.

"I would not have you disturbed," she said; "for I heard you walking about last night. I thought, as it was holiday-time, that you should sleep when you could."

"O, thank you," I replied, scarcely able to restrain my impatience. "Where is Miss Winter, Mrs. Sparkes?" She looked surprised at the question, but answered, without hesitation,

"With her friends, no doubt. We need not expect her for this fortnight yet, you know."

"You are jesting," I said, half offended. "I know that she is returned. I saw her last night."

"You saw Miss Winter last night!"

"Yes," I answered; "she came into my bed-room."

"Impossible!" and Mrs. Sparkes burst out laughing, "unless she have the power of being in two places at once. You have been dreaming."

"I could not dream," I said; "for I was broad awake. I am sure I saw Miss Winter. She stood at the foot of my bed, and looked at me; but she would not tell me when she came, or what had brought her back so soon."

Mrs. Sparkes still laughed. I said no more on the subject, for I thought there was some mystery, and she was trying to deceive me.

That day passed. I was little inclined to sleep, though I was very tired when night came. I kept thinking about Miss Winter, and wondered if she would come again. After I had been in bed a few hours I became terribly nervous; the slightest sound made my heart leap. Then the thought came into my head that I would get up and go down stairs. I slipped on a few things, and softly left my room. The house was so silent, and everything looked so dusky that I felt frightened, and went on trembling more than before. There was a long passage in a line with the school-room, and there was a glass door at one end of it, which opened upon the garden. I stood at this door for several minutes, dreamily watching the silvery light which the moon threw upon the dark trees and the sleeping flowers without. While thus engaged I grew contented and serene. I had turned, to creep back to bed, when I heard, as I thought, some person trying the handle of the door behind me. The sound soon ceased; yet I almost believed the door was opened, for a rift of wind blew through the passage which made me shudder. I stopped, and looked hurriedly back. The door was closely shut, and the bolt still fast; but standing in the moonlight, where I had lately stood, was the slight figure of Miss Winter! She was as white, and still, and speechless as she had been on the preceding night; it almost seemed as if some dreadful misfortune had struck her dumb. I wished to speak to her, but there was something in her face which daunted me; and besides the fever of anxiety I was in began to dry up my lips, as if they would never be able to shape any words again. But I moved quickly toward her, and bent forward to kiss her. To my surprise and terror her form vanished. A cry escaped me, which must have alarmed Mrs. Sparkes, for she came running down stairs in her night-dress, looking pale and frightened. I told her what had happened, and very much in the same way that I have just been telling it now. There was an expression of uneasiness on her face as she listened. She said kindly, "Ruth, you are not well to-night; you are very feverish and excited. Go back to bed, and before to-morrow morning you will forget all about it."

I returned to bed; but I did not next morning forget what I had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, I was more positive than before. Mrs. Sparkes was disposed to think that I had seen Miss Winter in a dream on the first night, and that on the second, when broad awake, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea previously entertained. However, at my earnest and often repeated request, she

promised she would pass the coming night with me in the girl's sleeping-room. All that day she was most kind and attentive. She could not have been more so if I had been seriously unwell. She put all exciting books out of my way, and asked me from time to time if my head ached. In the evening, after supper, she showed me some engravings which had belonged to her husband. I was very fond of pictures. We remained looking at them till a late hour, and then we went to bed. Tired as I was, I could not sleep. Mrs. Sparkes said she should stay awake also; but she soon became silent, and I knew by her breathing that she was sound asleep. She did not rest long. At midnight the room, which had been oppressively warm, grew suddenly cold and draughty; and again I heard Miss Winter's known step on the stairs. I laid hold of Mrs. Sparkes's arm, and shook her gently. She was sleeping heavily, and awoke slowly, as it seemed to me; but she sat up in bed, and listened to the approaching steps. I shall never forget her face at that moment. She seemed to be beside herself with terror, which she tried to hide, and uncertain what it would be the best for her to do; she caught my hand at last, and held it so tightly that she quite hurt me. The steps drew nigh, and halted, as they had done before. Mrs. Sparkes's gaze followed mine to the foot of the bed. The form of my friend was there. I can scarcely expect to be credited. I can only state on my honor what followed.

A night-lamp was burning in the room, for Mrs. Sparkes never slept in the dark. Its light showed me the pale still face of Miss Winter more clearly than I had seen it on the previous nights. The features were like those of a corpse. The eyes fixed direct on me, the long-familiar, grave, shining eyes. I see them now; I shall see them till I die! O how sad and earnest they looked! A full minute, or it seemed so, did she gaze in silence; then she said, in a low, urgent tone, still looking through me with her eyes, "Ruth, the oak wardrobe in the room which was mine, contains papers of importance, papers which will be wanted. Will you remember this?"

"I promise that I will," I replied. My voice was steady, though the cold drops stood on my brow. The restless, wistful look in her eyes changed, as I spoke, to a peaceful and happy expression. So, with a smile upon her face, she passed away. No sooner had Miss Winter's form disappeared than Mrs. Sparkes, who had been silent only because she was paralyzed with terror, began to scream aloud. She did more: she sprang out of bed, and rushed round the foot of it, out on the landing. When she could make the servants attend her she told them that somebody was in the house; and all the women, a cook and two housemaids, went armed with pokers and shovels, and examined every room from cellar to attic. They found nothing, neither in the chimneys nor under the beds, nor in any closet or cupboard. And as the servants went back to bed I heard them agree what a tiresome and wearying thing it was when ladies took fancies. Mrs. Sparkes wanted to leave the house the next day; but the thought of the ridicule to which she should expose herself, if the matter oozed out, induced her to summon up her courage, and remain where she was.

The morning after Mrs. Wheeler returned. She and Mrs. Sparkes were talking together in the study for a long while. I could not help wondering what they were talking about, and so anxious did I feel that I could not settle to anything. At last the door opened, and Mrs. Sparkes came out. I heard her say distinctly: "It is the most shocking thing I have ever heard. She was a painstaking young person, and you will miss her sadly." At the sound of the opening door, with a sudden determination, I had rushed down-stairs, and was within a few steps of the study as Mrs. Sparkes came out.

Mrs. Wheeler was sitting at the table, with an open newspaper before her. She looked grave and shocked. After making some inquiries about my health, she said, "You will be sorry to hear Miss Winter will not return—an able teacher, and I believe you were much attached to her." She was going on; but I interrupted her with a wild cry—"Miss Winter is dead!" said I, and I swooned away.

It was noon when I awoke, and saw Mrs. Sparkes bending over me, as I lay on my bed, and trying to restore me. I begged her to tell me everything, and she did so. My dear friend was indeed no more. The story of her death was, like all the sad stories I have ever heard told in real life, very—very short. She had left

the house where her sisters were lodging, late one evening; that was the last time they saw her alive. She had been found dead, lying along the rocks under the cliff. This was all that there really was to tell. There was nobody near her when she was found, and no evidence to show how she came there.

I cannot remember what happened for some days afterward, for I was seriously ill, and kept my bed; and often in the long nights I would lie awake, thinking about my friend, and fancying she would appear again. But she came no more.

Time passed on, and brought the last day of the vacation. I was sitting by myself in the study, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Sparkes having both gone out, when a servant ushered in a strange gentleman, who, when I told him that Mrs. Wheeler was from home, immediately asked for Miss Irvine. On hearing that I was the person inquired for, he requested five minutes' conversation with me. I showed him into the back parlor, and waited, rather surprised and nervous, to hear what he had to say. He was a young man, not more than twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and had a very grave manner; and though I was certain that he was a stranger, yet there was something in his face which seemed not altogether unfamiliar to me. He began by saying: "You were very fond of a teacher who was here, of the name of Winter. In her name and for her sake, I thank you for the love and kindness you showed her."

"You knew Miss Winter, sir?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"I am her brother," he replied.

There was silence between us, for the tears had sprung to my eyes at the mention of my dear lost friend's name; and, I believe, at heart he was crying too. At last he mastered his feelings, and by an effort resumed his former calm manner. "I have been for this last week seeking for some papers which my poor sister must have left behind her, and always seeking them in vain," he said. "If you could give me any clew to where they may be, you would do a great kindness to my remaining sisters and myself."

He still spoke calmly; but there was a look in his eyes which showed me that he was suffering terrible anxiety. I hastened to relieve it by saying: "I have reason to think that you will find the papers you are in want of in a small oak wardrobe which belonged to dear Miss Winter. If you please, I will show you where it stands."

How his face lighted as he rose to follow me! his lips moving evidently with voiceless but thankful words on them.

We went up-stairs to the room that had been his sister's, where I pointed out the piece of furniture to which she had referred me on that dreadful night. And after using some considerable force, the lock yielded to his determined hand; and there, concealed under a false bottom, in one of the drawers, were the papers he sought for. When he had taken them from the secret ledge, he turned to me, and said, "How much do you think these papers are worth to me?"

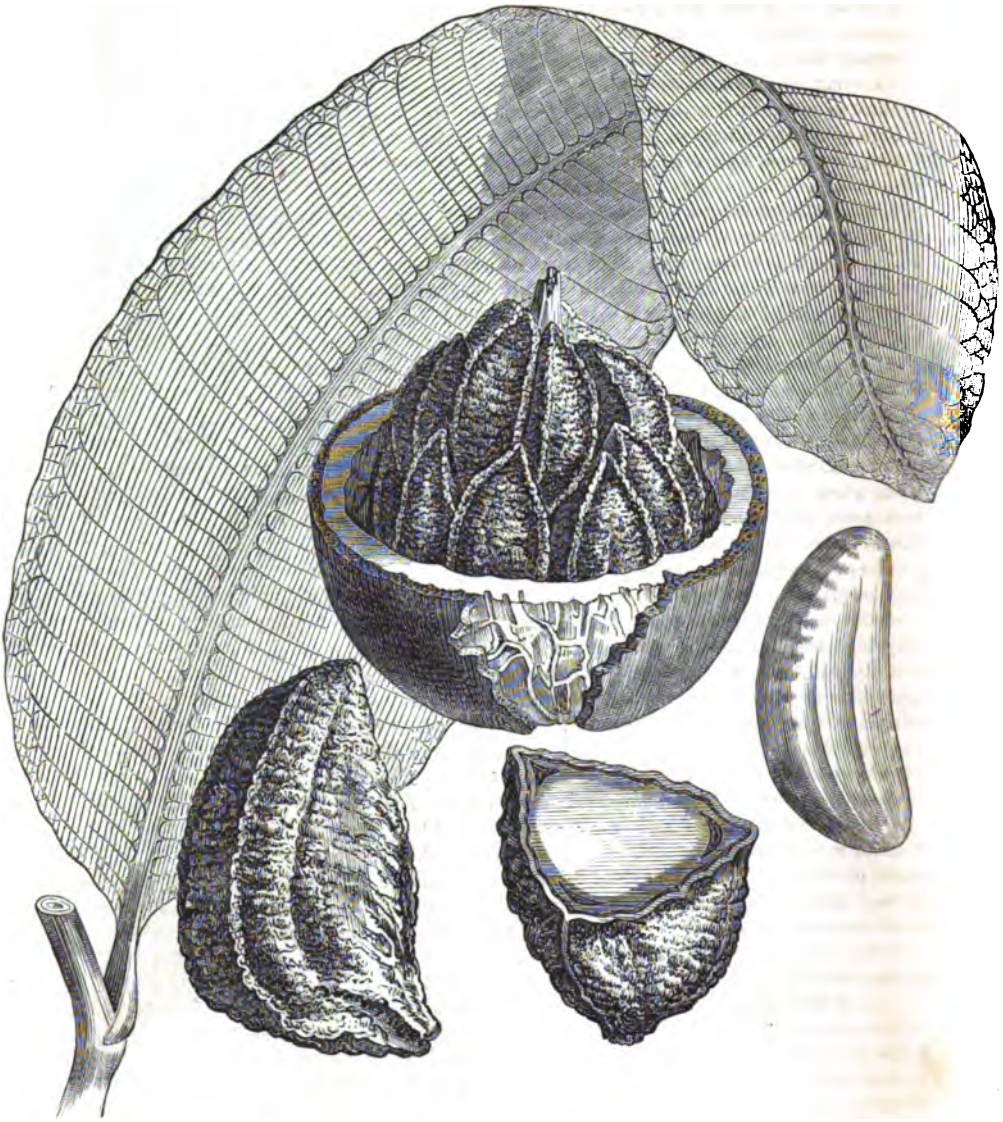
"Indeed, I can't tell," I replied; "but thank God you came hither to seek them, for I am so glad they are found."

"I thank you," he said; "I thank you, with all my heart."

We went down-stairs again into the parlor; and then he told me how a kinsman of theirs, who was very rich, but nevertheless a great miser, had borrowed a large sum of money from their dead father, which he now refused to repay, and was even wicked enough to deny he had ever received; how they had gone to law about the matter; and how, if the papers he had just found could not have been produced, he and his sisters would have been penniless; but as it was, they would recover the sum to which they were justly entitled, with interest for five years.

After this he begged my acceptance of a locket containing some of my dear Miss Winter's hair, and with her Christian name and the date of her death inscribed upon it; and bade me remember, if I should ever be friendless or in distress, (which he prayed God I might never be,) that he felt toward me as a brother. I was quite overcome, and hid my face on the table. When I looked up again he was gone.

A fresh surprise awaited me. The next day I met Mrs. Wheeler as she was coming to bid me go into the parlor; and her manner was so gracious that I obeyed her without fear. My dear father was there. He was so shocked at my ill looks that he resolved to remove me home without loss of time. I sought out my poor friend's grave, and made it as beautiful as I could with grass and flowers. There was no tombstone there then, but there is one now.



THE BRAZIL NUT.

TROPICAL PRODUCTIONS.

NO one familiar with the Brazil nut (Bertholletia excelsa) can fail to recognize it in the engraving we here present, although the leaf and the inclosing shell of the nuts are not so familiar to our eye. As the name implies, the nut is found in Brazil, where the natives call it *juvia* and the Portuguese inhabitants *capucaya*. In Portugal it is denominated Castañas de Marañon, and the French call it châtaigne d'Amérique and noix du Brésil. But the English term, "Brazil nut," is the least objectionable of all the foreign appellations.

The Brazil-nut tree has been till quite recently unknown to the botanical world, although its fruit has for a long time been a staple article of food in the countries where it is produced. We owe the first description given of it to the celebrated

travelers Humboldt and Bonpland. These two savants established its genus and species, and dedicated it to the illustrious Berthollet.

The dimensions of the tree are sometimes quite colossal. It has been found over one hundred feet in height. The trunk is straight, and cylindrical, with a diameter of about three feet; the bark is grayish and of a firm texture. At a distance this tree strongly resembles the chestnut. Its branches are alternate, spreading very long, covered with leaves, and drooping at their extremities. The leaves are also alternate, petiolate, oblong, and semi-coriaceous, about two and a half inches broad by fifteen in length, of a fine green, distinctly marked above with longitudinal veins, and a deep furrow corresponding with the principal nerve. Below, the veins are still more distinctly marked in relief. The petiole is over half an inch in length, fleshy, deeply sulcate within, and convex without.

The flowers are of a light yellow, with white stamens, and form a kind of cluster; they are very fragrant. The calyx is tubular and six parted; corolla six petaled.

The fruit appears in a spherical mass of the size of an infant's head, and often larger. This mass is divided interiorly into four cells, each one of which contains several nuts; the whole is inclosed in a green shell, or shuck, firm and glossy. The woody internal and principal envelope is rough, and strongly marked with furrows ramifying on its exterior, and is about one fourth of an inch thick. Its membraneous partitions, by which it is divided into the four above-mentioned cells, become nearly or quite obliterated as the fruit ap-

SMOOTH-LEAVED VANILLA.

proaches maturity, although traces of them still remain. Each of these cells contains six or eight nuts, making the whole number either twenty-four or thirty-two. They are fixed to a central columella by their inferior extremity. They are from one and a fourth to two inches in length, and of an irregular triangular form, tubercular, and of a pale crimson color. The kernel is oblong, obtusely triangular, and composed of a white substance of the same nature as the almond. It is excellent eating when fresh, but soon becomes rancid on account of the large proportion of oil which it contains.

The Bertholletia is one of the most interesting plants on this continent, and should be cultivated in all the warm countries of America with as much care as walnuts and almonds are cultivated in Europe. The tree bears a large number of fruits, and each of these contains, as we have seen, from twenty-four to thirty-two large nuts which are valuable food; besides this, the oil which they furnish unites such qualities as have made them much sought for some time in Central America, and on account of which they constitute a very valuable item of Brazilian exports. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland say:

"We were delighted to find these nuts during our voyage upon the Orinoco. For three months we had lived on poor chocolate and rice boiled in water without butter, and sometimes without salt, when we procured a large quantity of the fresh fruits of the Bertholletia. It was in the month of June, and the Indians were just returning from harvesting it."

At the time of the journey of Humboldt and Bonpland to America, which was about the first of the present century, the Portuguese of Para were carrying on a trade of long standing in these nuts. They shipped cargoes of them to French Guiana, to Lisbon, to England, and to the United States.

There is a species of the Bertholletia, commonly called the Paradise nut, found far in the interior of the country. It is less triangular in shape than the common Brazil nut, and of a brownish color; the meat is less oily, more tender, and better flavored. The natives make periodical visits to the interior, and bring the Paradise nut with them on their return; hence it is only seen here about once in four or five years.

THE VANILLA.

We recognize in the Vanilla another valuable article of commerce from the tropical regions of America. It is more widely diffused than the Bertholletia, being found not only in Brazil, but also in Mexico and Columbia, and even in some of the countries of tropical Asia, although it appears to have been introduced into these latter regions by the British. The vanilla grows in humid, shady places, among springs, or more generally in places subject to inundations in the neighborhood of salt or brackish waters. It flowers in May, and its fruit comes to maturity about the last of September.

Several distinct species of the same genus have for a long time been confounded with the aromatic vanilla. The best known of the species is found widely disseminated in Mexico. It is distinguished by botanists as the Smooth-leaved Vanilla. The vanilla of commerce is nothing less than the prepared fruit of the latter species. This fruit, as we receive it, is not more than three fourths of its natural size; it is deeply wrinkled, its surface oily, its color a brownish black, its pulp soft and brown, shedding a powerful, yet savory odor; its flavor warm, piquant, and agreeable.

The principal varieties of the vanilla are known in commerce as the *Pompona* or *Bova*, so named by the Spaniards, which has a coarse taste and strong smell. The variety *Batarde* has less taste and smell, but the true vanilla has a delicate flavor and a delicious odor. Its color, when of a good quality, is of a rich reddish brown, and it should be neither too moist nor too dry. When one of the well-conditioned pods is opened it is found filled with a black, oily, balsamic liquor, in which float an infinity of little black, almost imperceptible seeds, and it has an odor so lively and penetrating that if breathed for a long time it would induce drowsiness or cause a kind of intoxication.

In Central America it would be easy to give the vanilla a systematic cultivation. Plantations of it could doubtless be made in a short time, and the abundant harvests would find ready market, both in Europe and America, but the indolent inhabitants content themselves with gathering that which grows spontaneously. The vanilla has for a long time been cultivated in Guiana and Cayenne, and an effort has

recently been made to introduce it into Europe with the promise of abundant success. Vanillas have been obtained which, in quality, fully equal those imported from Mexico.

The vanillas undergo much preparation ere they are fit for commerce. A certain number of pods being strung, they are just dipped into boiling water, which blanches them on the instant; they are then exposed to the open air and sunlight. After a day's exposure they are gently rubbed with oil, and then dried slowly. Each one is tied with a fine thread of cotton to prevent the separation of the valves, and the superfluous viscous liquor is drawn off at the end. Having thus lost their viscidity, they rapidly acquire the various properties which we have already mentioned.

The vanilla was formerly employed in medicine as a tonic and stimulant, but at the present time its use in therapeutics is wholly abandoned. It might always be used advantageously mingled with some dishes to facilitate digestion in dyspeptic subjects; but it is as a perfume that the vanilla is mostly sought; it is used to flavor creams, sherbets, and especially chocolate, to which it communicates a most agreeable taste and odor. It forms a large item of our importations, and as the duty is quite heavy, it is estimated that we pay out several millions of dollars annually for this condiment and perfume.

It now only remains to point out the botanical characteristics of vanilla. It belongs to the numerous and brilliant family of the orchids, and has for its generic traits an irregular corolla, a single terminal anther, the pollen in two small granular masses, etc. The stem is green, cylindrical, and mostly of the thickness of one's finger, which does not sensibly vary in the whole length; from time to time it throws out simple tendrils, by the aid of which it fixes itself in the fissures of rocks, or climbs trees, gaining often a considerable elevation. The root is also creeping, very long, tender, succulent, and of a pale red. The family of orchids embraces many grotesque but splendid genera and species, which are among the most interesting objects of our hot-houses.

The fruit is a sort of silique, indehiscent, cylindric, slightly curved, of the thickness of one's finger, and six or seven inches in length, its walls and divisions thick and fleshy, and the cavity filled with a pulp, in which are scattered the numerous little black globular seeds. It is this pulp which constitutes the aroma known under the name of vanilla.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

IN the year that Columbus died Francis Xavier was born. His birth-place was the castle of Xavier, in Navarre. He was illimitably illustrious by descent: of gentle, noble, royal race. He was the youngest of a large family: brought up at home for a while with no strict discipline, but yet in a somewhat instructive way: though free, not lawless; wandering at will amid the wild pine-forests and dark, precipitous rocks of his Pyrenean home. And so, amid the silent majesty of surrounding nature, and under the impressive influences of a religious household, he grows up an enthusiastic and somewhat superstitious boy; contemplative, complying, gentle, but withal of a robust, manly cast; studious at times, but also fond of athletic sports, fondest of all excitement, whether of danger or of pleasure; fitfully idle and ambitious; an uncommon compound. All his brothers chose to be soldiers; he would be a scholar, that he might thus add to his family distinctions that only ornament they wanted, learning. So he goes up to the University of Paris at eighteen: a fine youth full of life and buoyancy; well favored every way; above the middle size, well formed, with blue eyes and dark auburn hair: of pleasing rather than of remarkable bearing. He lives at college (the college of St. Barbara) much as other youths of his time, only more successfully uniting study with pleasure than most. He takes his degree of Master of Arts at twenty, and is appointed to teach philosophy at Beauvais College soon after, though he still keeps his rooms in St. Barbe. He does this with applause; and when he has been thus engaged for a year and a half, or more, a strange man—lame and mean looking, and much older than men usually go up to college, perhaps fifteen years older than himself—who has just entered as a pensioner of the college, comes into rooms near his. You could not have made much out of this man's appearance as to who and what he was; nor would the stories you would have heard in col-

lege, though true enough, have helped you much. They say that he is a nobleman's son, of Biscay; that he has been an officer, brave and chivalrous, and that he made a noble defense at Pampeluna in the late war. And they have got a story about his lameness; how he was wounded at that siege, and how he was such a vanity-loving man at that time that, after his leg had been set and got well, he had it broken again and re-set merely because he thought it not quite so well shaped as it might have been made. However, as I have said, this would not have taught you much as to what kind of a man he now is. Be sure this man is more than he looks; how self-possessed he is, and yet not forbidding, and what measured musical speech is his: such qualities are not vulgar ones. Xavier begins to be a good deal with him. There is a certain chiseled statuary symmetry about the man, attractive but not satisfying: Xavier admires him, but does not very much like him either; he is so spiritual, so unworldly; caring so little for pleasure, and talking so much about the soul. He is not austere, indeed, at least toward others, though exceedingly so toward himself; but he is so unexcitable; if not an iron, yet a marble man. And, besides, he is so uncouth in his dress, so dirty, so slovenly; altogether so singular. Xavier ventures to rally him, to ridicule him; but not very harshly, the stranger is so solemn and so meek. The lame man likes Xavier, though he does not like his way of living, for Xavier is becoming very gay. He takes many opportunities, both when Xavier is busy and when he is alone, to ask him, what it will profit him if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul. As they walk together after lectures, and Xavier eagerly urges some scheme of amusement, he is only answered by the words, Francis, what shall a man receive in exchange for his soul? These words, so often, so calmly, so solemnly said, troubled Xavier; and the more so as he is getting into difficulties otherwise by his worldly pleasure-hunting life. The lame man is quite as kind as he is solemn, and as able to help him out of his difficulties as he is willing. Xavier learns by degrees how his monitor was once as he is now; how he was brought up at court and as a soldier; and how he lived in pleasure for thirty years of his life, and how he now counts himself to have been dead while he so lived; and how a great change came over his spirit on his recovery from an illness, and then reading the "Life of Christ" and the "Lives of the Saints," so that from that time old things began to pass away and all things became new to him; and how, mindful of sick-bed vows, he went to the abbey of the Benedictines at Mountserrat, and hung up his sword there, and set forth with a staff and a wallet, and all lame as he was, walked bareheaded and barefooted straightway to Jerusalem. Xavier finds that though he is a tutor and his friend but a pupil, his proper place is at his scholar's feet. And so there he sits; and when he learns that this man's anxiety to become a scholar, and at the same time to discipline himself in humility, was so great that at the age of thirty-three, noble as he was by birth, and having served so conspicuously in the wars, he goes to a common day school at Barcelona, and begins at the beginning of his grammar just as any other of the scholars, and bears all manner of jests from the boys with the greatest good humor; when, I say, Xavier learns all this, and sees how strict he is in all observances of the Church, how self-denying and how pure, he begins to believe he has been ridiculing a saint unawares. He begins to listen to him in quite another spirit, and thus listening he learns, and learning he loves. He associates with him oftener; they become to be seldom apart. The peculiar penetrating speech of the stranger distils itself upon Xavier's heart as dew, and freshens it in its feverishness; he grows to like nothing so well; nay, now he cannot do without it. For a change has come over Xavier's soul; new powers are awakening within him; his eyes are being enlightened; the visible is growing dim, the invisible is coming out into the day. He struggles hard with his new thoughts, but ultimately vainly; for after five years' daily intercourse Xavier yields himself as heartily as tardily to the solemn influence of that strange, mean-looking, lame pensioner of St. Barbara—Ignatius Loyola.

In company with five others these men at length band together, and on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, they repair to the subterranean chapel of Montmartre, and there, amid the darkness, at dead of night, dedicate themselves by

solemn vows to become missionaries of the Church, and to preach the Gospel till they die to every man they meet. Full of enthusiasm are they, overflowing; but such is their self-control and clear insight that they repress all for a while, that they may more duly prepare themselves for so great a work by extraordinary spiritual exercises. Not until 1536 do they propose a missionary crusade, and then only into Palestine; and this mainly for self-education. When, however, they find that the war which is waging between the Venetians and the Turks prevents all thought of this, they offer themselves to the pope, without remuneration and without reservation, to be sent on any evangelical mission to any part of the world he may please. Their offer is tardily accepted; and it is seven long years before their plans are effectively completed. These seven years of Xavier's life I pass over, only observing that they were spent in all kinds of mortification and self-sacrifice; in most diligent performance of all priestly duties, and in the education of himself in medicine, and such other arts and sciences as he deemed would be most profitable amid uncivilized peoples. He lived in Italy the while; at Venice and Vicenza, at Bologna and at Rome; in hovels and in hospitals; reducing himself almost to death by his voluntary sufferings; incessantly tending the sick, and preaching to the people wherever they would listen to him, in market-places and at crosses, in the corners of the streets and in churches; exhibiting to us throughout as striking an instance as we can meet with anywhere of an ecclesiastical zealot and a Christian ascetic.

Xavier's lot has fallen to the East; we will now, then, turn to him as he is stepping on board the ship which is to carry him to India. It is his thirty-fifth birthday; and there you see him, a plain priest, with no followers of any kind, no baggage, no purse nor scrip; with his Bible and his Breviary, a small vessel of silver, and that crucifix which hangs from his neck, his sole instruments of warfare: a tall, sinewy, fresh-colored man; of most gentle looks, and long hair hanging down over his friar's frock. A thousand companions in that noble ship has he, and he only of the thousand is calm, he only smiles. But for him the vision of the future is more sweet than the memory of what he is leaving is bitter. So disciplined in self-denial has he become that, though passing within sight of his paternal halls on his way to the ship, and feeling that his widowed mother's blessing would have been a joy indeed, and the sight of his saintly sister, the noble Abbess of St. Clare, yet he has denied himself this conference with flesh and blood lest he should be turned aside by it from yielding to the high calling of a Christian missionary; and now that he is on the very eve of being borne a myriad of miles from the land of his fathers, and thus removed finally from all temptation of drawing back, and irrevocably destined to this great sacrifice and labor of love, he is joyous rather than sad, as knowing that God is able to keep that which he has committed unto him unto that day when he shall receive mother, and sister, and brothers, and what is worth a hundred times as much, in the new paradise of God. And so they sail; and five months are they in doing that which is now done in as many weeks, getting to the Cape of Good Hope; but Xavier, considering the ship as his parish, finds work of charity for every hour of the day, and the employment of prayer for half the hours of the night. When on land for the last seven years, since he had been a disciple of Loyola's, he had lodged mostly in hospitals and lived mostly on alms; and so now, here in this ship, he gives up his own cabin to the sick, and divides his allowance from the admiral's table among those worse off than himself. He catechises and converses, visits and preaches, as often as he may; he prays with the whole crew every Sunday, and there is no day in which he does not pray for them. An apostolic primitive spirit there seems to be in him from the first; and when they put in at Mozambique, on the eastern coast of Africa, to winter there, his labors are increased, and only terminated by his own serious illness. He has a local fever; is near to dying; but recovers sufficiently to set sail again in March. Slowly they sail, touching here and there every now and then, not at all in modern fashion, until they land at Goa, which was the place of his present destination. This Goa was the Portuguese capital in India. A bishop of it had been appointed by the pope a few years before, and there was a college of two years' standing. It was a sad place spiritually. Along the coast

and a little inland there were indeed forty villages of Nestorian Christians, (who, Luther said, hold a creed differing but a shade from the orthodox,) and these did not disgrace their name so much as the Catholic Christians of Goa. But still on the whole Christianity was but poorly exemplified in this region; so poorly that Xavier's spirit was instantly moved within him to reformation. So he sets about first the reformation of his own countrymen at Goa, before he attempts to convert the surrounding heathen. And the first thing he does for this end is, that he takes a bell and goes through all the streets, as a common crier, and summons all the masters and heads of families for the love of God to send their children and slaves to be catechised in church. Like Jonah in Nineveh seems he to the sinners of Goa; thrown upon them from the ocean to preach to them of coming wrath and instant repentance. A strange and perchance a crazy man they think this new priest; a troublesome man at least, intruding upon them the world to come, and anxieties about their souls. But the children and the poor soon learn to love him, and they crowd about him, and in a few months he seldom can go to church without being followed by disciples more than he can teach. For a year he continues catechising, and preaching, and visiting the sick; turning many to righteousness as much by the singular simplicity and sanctity of his life as by the fervid eloquence of his speech. The improvement, too, of the children improves the character of the parents; and Xavier strengthens this effect by the boldest and wiliest methods of personal influence and intercourse. Strange is it to read of the devices he adopts, and how he becomes as different persons to different men, in order to save some from sin; and how successful he is. All men honor him, though some also fear him; and though there is a large mass of hardened wickedness in the place, which he cannot influence, yet in scarcely more than a year Goa assumes the appearance of a European city.

But the ministry of a town was not the vocation of Xavier. He must out into the wilds; for if ever there was a missionary in spirit it is he. Repose formed no element of his character, and none seemed to welcome hardship so heartily as he. News is brought him that six hundred miles off there are some baptised natives, ignorant exceedingly, and yet longing to be instructed. They were the poor creatures engaged in the pearl fishery, Paravas, a people peculiar for their wretchedness. All about them he finds utterly miserable: themselves, their country, their dwellings, their mode of living; no one comfort or visible blessing. Xavier's language, however, writing from among them to Ignatius, breathes only of thankfulness and joy, and deep delight in the work he was engaged in. He lives just as they do, on rice and water; associates with them as one of themselves; learns their rude utterances; teaches them little arts; becomes in every way their friend. He gradually preaches to them of God, and even of Christ, symbolically chiefly; he teaches them letters; and then to read simple words which he writes; he gets them to build little chapels, and interprets the creed and crucifix to them; and within a year finds such a change among them for the better as refreshes and inspires his own soul. After fifteen months he leaves them and returns to Goa for assistance.

After having re-organized the college for the education of the natives there, (of whom there were then sixty students,) and having so arranged as that the college is henceforth given up to his society, (by the name of the College of St. Paul,) he goes back to the Paravas, taking with him several missionary assistants. He finds them in a most melancholy condition in consequence of having been attacked and plundered by a neighboring tribe: many have been driven from their homes, and multitudes are dying of starvation. Xavier, whose faith works very much by love, gets from the nearest Portuguese station twenty boat-loads of provisions, and distributes them among the blessings of the people. As soon as the first pressure of misery is relieved he betakes himself again to spiritual duties. And a remarkable life is that which he seems ever to lead here, personally and pastorally. All but three hours and a half of the twenty-four he wakes and works. Except these hours for sleep, the night is given to the improvement of his own soul through meditation, and prayer, and discipline; as soon as dawn lights up the waters Xavier calls his people to worship; all day he teaches the children and the

new converts; visits the sick; goes inland to other villages; and at twilight again summons all to worship and vesper benediction. So he lives a while, staying with them until he sees them re-settled; stations some of his followers among them, and then goes on with others into the kingdom of Travancore, where (his own letters tell us) he once baptized ten thousand (read one thousand) persons in one month. He gets thirty chapels built. The people destroy their idols and their temples. The Brahmins hate him and threaten his life. He is shot at; they burn down the houses about him; he has sometimes to sleep in the woods, and at others we find him surrounded by a guard of converts both by day and by night. He does service (as Schwartz after him) to the king of the country by going out to use his influence and that of his followers with a tribe of plundering invaders, and thus obtained (as Schwartz too) the friendship of the king, and the name of the Great Father. The king, however, does not come over to the faith, though he grants permission to the missionaries to preach it where they will. Xavier avails himself of this opportunity zealously. He travels about to this place and to that, night and day, preaching and catechising, baptizing and celebrating the eucharist; a more unweariable man you shall not find under the sun. Little acquainted with the language of the people as he is, (and Xavier never was a good linguist,) he has a marvelous faculty of making an impression upon the minds of rude men; he exercises, if any one ever could or can, a kind of spiritual magnetism over men; he infuses his earnest thought into others with little help of articulate utterance, and makes his own feelings, as it were, infectious. I know of no one of whom are recorded such instances of communicative energy as of Xavier; no one who seems to have had so much influence over uncivilized people as he; none who by this alone has so thoroughly entitled himself to the appellation he was known by among his own, the Thaumaturgus (Wonder-worker) of the later ages of the Church.

At length in September, 1545, he goes to Malacca, which was then, as it is now, the central mart of India, China, and Japan. This he makes his center, while he goes on a missionary tour which lasted a year and a half. It would be useless to enter into details with regard to the places he visited and the work he appears to have done at each, for their very names are strange to us. It must suffice to say that I have never read of so much labor endured in the cause of Christianity by any one man, out of the apostolic records, as by Francis Xavier. We have glimpses, too, of his interior life during this period, through passages in his letters to Loyola, which have been carefully preserved; and if one may take these as faithful exhibitions of Xavier's mind, and interpret them as one would similar words used by one of ourselves, we may assuredly say that this man is no inconsiderable Christian; that he is a saintly man; a man of prayer and of self-denial beyond all example of succeeding times. But even with great allowance for the great difference of language which there generally is between men of different countries and temperaments, and having reduced as much as may be a southern scale of expression to a northern one, one cannot but say that Xavier herein displays a zeal and a piety, a daring and a charity, which all his lamentable errors of belief and his sad superstitious infirmities cannot justly reduce to the standard of ordinary Christians.

He returns to Malacca in 1548. Here for a while he is stationary, but not idle; for here, as before at Goa, he assiduously attempts the reformation of the nominal Christians; and here, again, you might see him, bell in hand, going through the streets and crying loudly, Repent. But he is not here long enough to make a great impression now. His stay, however, is not altogether vain; for while here exercising his accustomed office of priest and spiritual overseer of all the baptized, a Japanese, of the name of Angeroo, addresses himself to Xavier as a penitent. He had come more than a thousand miles on purpose to see him. He was a person of consideration in his own country, of noble birth and rich, but obliged to live an exile in consequence of having killed a man in quarrel. Remorse of conscience brought him to Xavier, whose fame had spread even further than his home, and he found in Xavier's words the hope of forgiveness by a greater tribunal than that of his country. Xavier holds the most fervent, though the most gentle talk with him; and tests the sincerity of his new resolutions by directing him to go as a student

to the college of Goa, and await his arrival, which shall be shortly. Angeroo sets out for Goa, Xavier for Ceylon; thence he visits his old and first converts of the pearl fishery; and then travels along the coast to Goa. He represents this journey as a most successful one, and one that fills him with thankfulness and joy. As soon as he arrives at his old quarters at the Hospital he sets himself earnestly to the instruction of his Japanese convert. This man believes, and is baptized, (by the name of Paul,) and henceforth becomes to Xavier almost what Timothy was to the greatest of the apostles. Rapidly, indeed, does the scholar, who is of a noble nature, ripen under such warmth and light; and as he feels more of the influence of the faith in his own soul he feels increased longings to have it imparted to his countrymen. He pleads for them to Xavier. Xavier's heart was not such as could long hold out against the cry, "Come over and help us," even though it should be wafted as now over a dreary distance of three thousand miles. To Japan he will go; but not instantly; Goa needs his presence; his own spirit, too, wants the refreshment to be obtained by participation in full Christian ordinances, by converse with fellow-Christians, by tranquil contemplation. To these he gives himself up a while, more especially as he would wish to wait for some assistants from Europe shortly to arrive. And such of his letters and memoranda as have been preserved, relating to this period, would seem to intimate that here in the college gardens of Goa he enjoyed revelations, not of truths, but of feelings, apparently as unsuitable to be uttered in words as those which were granted to the apostle to whose honor this institution was dedicated. But he was not even now only a visionary; he was also what he was always, a laborer; accessible at all times to spiritual applicants; even amid his devotions, to children; and content to be interrupted at any time by the necessity of even only catechetical instruction; and spending half of all his waking hours in the hospitals and huts of the town. But in a few months five other members of the society arrive; and having stationed these, he feels himself at liberty to set out on his cherished mission to Japan. He takes with him Angeroo, or rather Paul, and after a short stay at his old quarters in Malacca, arrives in Japan in August, 1549.

We know little, indeed, of the details of Xavier's labors here; but had he done nothing else but what he did in Japan, he would have been the most wonderful of all missionaries. It is, indeed, by this mission that he is best known in Europe. All this country had only been known to the Portuguese seven years, and there was nothing of Christianity in it when Xavier arrived. The Japanese were then, and are now, a loquacious, sharp-witted, luxurious, busy people; social, mercurial; Athenian, superstitious extremely. Indeed, never could a country be more wholly given up to idolatry with all fervor of worship than was Japan when Xavier entered it. It contained innumerable temples of innumerable deities. No time is to be lost. Having learned by unwearied application on the voyage, a little Japanese from his noble convert, (at whose house he now is lodged,) Xavier translates the Apostle's Creed and an exposition of it, and distributes copies; in time he preaches short sermons. His convert procures him an audience of the king, who permits him to teach. But he soon withdraws his patronage, and Xavier goes to Firando in 1550, leaving Paul with the converts, and a translation of the life of our Saviour taken entirely from the Gospels. His way of traveling would have struck you as strange; he traveled on foot, and barefoot; carrying all that belonged to him in the world on his back. A strange sight truly was this toiling, travel-worn man; no carriage of any kind nor servant; no state, no pomp, no comfort even; literally of apostolic guise. All he had on earth was a mat to sleep on and a wallet; a few papers and a cruciform staff, and the sacred symbols and their vessels. And had you seen him pacing wearily and footsore, solitary yet singing, across the dreary and dangerous wastes of Japan, you could not but have called to mind, in spite of some strange differences, the noble prototype of all missionaries, minding himself to go afoot from Troas unto Assos. He had long been accustomed to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross. Forty hours had he once been drifting on a plank; rivers he had forded, and unbroken forests he had forced his way through; he had been nigh unto death through sickness and the sword;

but nowhere had he suffered so much as here: from perils and privations, from cold and nakedness, from hunger and from homelessness. But though his sufferings were great he loved the service; nay, I believe I may say he loved the suffering; for he seems never to have thanked God more heartily than when he was called upon to undergo all hardship for the name of Christ. He bears all not only as a man, but as a Christian; and not only as a Christian, but as a saint. He goes on preaching from town to town, just as we read of the first apostles, taking with him two of the society as helpers, and two Japanese Christians. When persecuted in one city they flee unto another; and despite all opposition Xavier keeps preaching; and baptisms follow his preachings wherever they halt a while, and catechisings, and public disputations, and conversions. Influence of some kind—we hope it is virtue—goes out of him wherever he goes. He translates portions of the litany, organizes societies, erects chapels, worships publicly; becomes all things to all men that he may gain some; ordains elders in almost every city; and writes letters to his converts and fellow-laborers at a distance, of which some portions are almost apostolic. His sanctity does as much as his sermons; and his companions are helps meet for him, displaying the peculiar virtues of the Christian in the midst of danger and reproach of all kinds; and when he leaves the mission in their hands, as he does shortly, he does so with the confidence that the unparalleled efforts and successes of the past are but as the first fruits of the future. Xavier sails for India the 20th of November, 1551.

On his return to Malacca we find him full of another missionary enterprise; grander than any that either he or any one else had yet conceived: the carrying of the cross into China. Such a thing in Xavier's time was unthought of, or, if considered, practically pronounced utterly hopeless; and every imaginable argument and influence is now tried to dissuade him from it. But Xavier was not a man whom mere difficulty would deter. A scruple of casuistry might have kept him from a permitted pleasure, but no armed legion would have kept him from an acknowledged duty. Think you that there was much that could deter a man who, on the occasion of his friends trying to dissuade him from going to the Cannibal Islands of Del Moro, writes thus: "You tell me that they will certainly kill me; well, I trust if they do, it will be gain for me to die. But whatever torments or death they may prepare for me, I am ready to suffer a thousand times as much for the salvation of one soul. I remember the words of Jesus Christ, Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it; I believe them, and am content on these terms to hazard my life for the name of the Lord Jesus. They urge other ills, Cannibalism; he says: Though the evils you speak of are great, the evil of being afraid of them is greater. I leave it to Him who has put it into my heart to preach his Gospel to preserve me from them, or not, as he will; the only thing I fear is not to dare enough for him who has endured so much for me. They tell him that to preach the Gospel to cannibals is hopeless; he replies: Whatever they are, are they not God's creatures? Did not Christ die for them? Who, then, shall dare to limit the power of our God who is almighty? or the love of our Redeemer who is all-merciful? Are there in the world, think you, any hearts hard enough to resist God's Spirit, if it shall please him to try to soften and to change them? Can they successfully oppose that gentle yet commanding influence which can make even dry bones live? Shall He who has provided for subjecting the whole world to the cross, shall he exempt this petty corner of the earth that it shall receive no benefit from his atonement? Verily, no; and if these islands abounded in spices and in gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither; no danger would deter them; they are now cowardly because there are only souls to gain. O, while I can do anything to prove the contrary, it never shall be said that charity is less daring than avarice, or that the love of Christ is not as constraining as the love of gold. Verily such a man as this it is not easy for the worldly to deal with. He and they have no common measure of motive, of principle, or of end.

In this present instance of the Chinese mission, Xavier is as invincible and as invulnerable as of old. But himself believing, though full of ulterior schemes, that it may probably be a mission unto death, he determines to visit once more some of

the churches which he has planted, and especially to set his college in order. So he returns to Goa. Here he finds all relating to the missions prospering beyond hope. He now devotes himself to a considerable re-organization of all ecclesiastical and collegiate matters there. He gives himself up entirely for a while to the care of the surrounding churches, which have become multiplied considerably by the labors of the missionaries which he has sent out. He also lectures occasionally at the college to the missionary students and the clergy of Goa, and when the time of his departure is at hand, takes most affectionate leave of them all, and leaves them a legacy of counsel which contains passages of exceeding wisdom and very singular beauty.

Xavier sets sail for Malacca in the spring of 1552. On landing he finds it visited with a plague. Here that knowledge of medicine you remember he was acquiring before he left Europe is of signal service. He ministers to the sick as laboriously as a slave, as affectionately as a brother; and is preserved from all harm himself, by his courage, perhaps, as much as by his skill. As soon as the sickness abates he is engaged in a scheme of a commercial embassy, which it is arranged he shall accompany. After tedious waiting this scheme fails; but not so the zeal of Xavier. He will trust no more to diplomacy; he will go on in his old way. So he sets sail for the island of Sancian, which lies over against Macao, where the Portuguese are allowed to trade with China. Here he seeks for some means of passage to the Chinese shore; but all think the danger of so doing so great to himself, and, what is of more consequence, to their trade, that he cannot get any one to allow him to go over in their ship. At length, after many fruitless efforts, he engages at an exorbitant price a ship with a small crew; to do what, do you think? to land him on some desolate part of the Chinese coast, and there leave him, taking themselves back again. The Portuguese of Sancian hear of it, and thwart even this. His interpreter, too, deserts him; and now he is utterly helpless. He falls sick. On his recovery he hears that the King of Siam is going to send an embassy to China; he attempts to accompany the embassador, as one of his suit; but the whole thing fails. His fever returns; he has a premonition of death. He goes on board the ship used as the hospital of the town, that he may die as the meanest of his brethren; but finding his devotions hindered more here than elsewhere, he begs to be set on shore again. And there on the sands he now lies dying in the open eye of heaven, uncared for by those whom his own hands had fed, untended by those whom he had ministered to as a slave. A sailor takes him to a shed which he makes with poles and tarpauling. And so in that crazy hut, on the shores of the Chinese waters, amid the howling winds of December, and in communion only with his Maker, with imperfect utterance of the lips, but most eloquent expression of the eye, might you have heard the last words of Francis Xavier: In thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let not me be confounded forever. And there lay his corpse for months—in Chinese fashion buried—in a large chest of unslacked lime, sweetly smiling as in life; a memento to the thoughtless, a mystery to the thoughtful; until it was carried with pomp and loud weeping to receive the solemn rites of Christian burial in the church and college of that city which owed all its spiritual life to his Christian sanctity and zeal.

But Xavier was a Romanist and a Jesuit. He was; but I believe that the love of God and of his neighbor constrained him to do what he did, and that in taking up his cross daily he meant to follow Christ; and I also believe that being and doing thus—thus loving God and following Christ, thus blessing his brethren and disciplining himself—his heavenly Master is able to raise him up and make him stand, albeit he be Romanist or more. And believing as I do believe all this, I feel no hesitation in regarding him as a man who, despite all his lamentable errors of belief and all his distressing infirmities of superstition, is one whom we should ever speak of with reverence, and find fault with only when obliged. Let the man who has Xavier's sanctity and self-devotion, let him, if he will, fling stones at his statue. But let him who has neither, who cares little for his own soul and less for his neighbor's, let that man hold his peace. Let him, too, who is willing to subscribe with his hand to a purer creed, and is not willing to confess with his life the same holy cause; who is ready with

any homage of the lips, but with no service of the spirit, let him hold his peace. Ay, let every one of us be dumb who live in ceiled houses comfortably while Xavier wandered about houseless and homeless to preach Christ to the heathen; we who deny ourselves but little at most, and have no real hardships to bear arising from our profession of Christ's faith, while Xavier hazarded his life daily for the name of the Lord Jesus; we who live in the midst of all we love, and have friends and relatives on this side and on that, while Xavier, noble by birth, and educated a scholar, gives up all that was dear to him in the world to go to the very ends of the earth, out of love to his Invisible Benefactor and zeal for the salvation of his brethren. It is not for us, or such as us, to speak slightingly of Xavier. They only who have Xavier's zeal for the Gospel are qualified to judge him for his want of knowledge of it; all others should only the rather be admonished by Xavier's story to take heed to themselves, lest it should be found hereafter that he is less beloved by his Master who knows his will adequately and does it tardily, than he who knows it less perfectly and does it readily; he who slumbers or stands idle in the sunshine than he who works in a twilight in which no other man would work.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

JOB: CONCLUSION OF HIS HISTORY.

OUR course with reference to the history of Job has been, thus far, plain and easy. We left him in the ash-heap; victorious there, with the language of rejoicing upon his lips. In poverty, bereft of his children, friendless, diseased, we heard his calm reply to the unfeeling language of his wife, and that reply completely baffled the Tempter's malice. One blow after another fell upon his unsheltered head. He bore it

"Like an unmoved rock,
Not shaken, but made firmer by the shock."

In all this did not Job sin with his lips. But our present task is more difficult. Before entering upon it let me make two or three remarks that may remove what is a stumbling-block in the way of many. I mean the obscurity of some parts of the sacred record. Peter's assertion relative to the writings of the apostle Paul, "in which," says he, "are some things hard to be understood," is eminently true of the book of Job.

The difficulty arises from various causes; among which may be mentioned the fact that it was written in a language which has long since ceased to be a vehicle of thought among the nations of the earth. Hence the very great difficulty of translating it with accuracy. In all translations, too, as is well known, much of the spirit of the original necessarily evaporates. It is impossible to bend the idiom of one language in the precise direction of another. From its great antiquity, too, it is not strange that we here meet with allusions to customs and opinions the memory of which has long since perished. These allusions, we may suppose, were once perfectly plain; although now they are enigmatic and obscure. Added to this, the mental process, the trains of thought of those, for whose benefit the book was first written, were very different from our own; to such an extent that it is impossible even for the imagination to lift the vail, the dark vail of thirty centuries, and place ourselves in the midst of these Idumean Arabs, and think, and talk, and feel as they thought, and felt, and spoke. The light in the midst of which we live—a light which has been steadily rising in the moral firmament, and increasing in brightness, serves but to render the twilight of that age the more palpable and obscure.

Then, again, in answer to an objection sometimes urged, I remark it was never the intention of the Almighty to make the entire record of his revealed will so perfectly plain as to require from man no thought—no study. While there are parts of the Bible level to the lowest capacity, and the most ignorant may gather thence instruction enough to sanctify the soul; there is room for the patient investigation of the most profound intellect. As in the book of nature spread open before us, there are incomprehensible mysteries, so may we expect to meet them in the book of revelation proceeding from the same God. It is HIS direction to us all—the high and the low, the ignorant and the educated—"*Search* the Scriptures."

I proceed with the history. Since the close of our last essay, which left the

afflicted one triumphantly trusting in God, a week has elapsed; three of his friends, by mutual agreement, have paid him a visit. They are affected to tears at the sight of his sufferings. They lift up their voice and weep. For seven days and nights they sat down by him upon the ground, and no word was uttered, for they saw that his grief was very great. At length Job himself opened his mouth; but very different is his language from what it was a week ago. The man seems to be totally changed. He is now querulous, bitter, harsh. He curses the day of his birth; he is severely sarcastic upon those who came to condole with him; he prides himself upon his integrity, his righteousness, and boasts of it. Let the day perish when I was born: let that day be darkness; neither let the light shine upon it, because it hid not sorrow from mine eyes. Or why, he continues in the same bitter strain, why did I not die in infancy? For now should I have lain still, and been quiet in the grave. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master. He seems to reproach his Maker for continuing his existence. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul who long for death, but it cometh not. He entreats the Almighty to cut short the thread of his existence: O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! even that it would please God to destroy me, that he would loose his hand and cut me off. The harsh language of his professed friends he retorts with increasing bitterness. In reply to their exhortations, founded as they were upon the erroneous supposition that Job was now receiving punishment for his sins, he exclaims in the severest irony: No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with *you*; that is, all wisdom is concentrated in you; and when ye die, wisdom shall utterly perish from the earth. Alluding to the wise proverbs they had adduced, bearing upon God's general government of the world, he says: I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are ye all. I also could speak as ye do; if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you, and shake *mine head* at *you*, that is, if *ye* were the afflicted, and I had health and prosperity as you have, it would be easy to quote against *you* these truisms, to torture you with charges of hypocrisy, and to shake mine head; to insinuate, even more than I dare utter in words. But ye are forgers of lies; ye are all physicians of no value; ye pervert the truth to sustain your arguments.

In accounting for this change of conduct on the part of Job, this style of language so different, so totally at variance with the humility and submissive resignation evinced by him in the first week of his trials, it is not enough to advert to the unfeeling course pursued by those who called themselves his friends. That they were wrong is unquestionable, but their wrong does not justify Job in his equally harsh retaliation; much less in the severe reflections in which he seems to question the justice of God, and to have forgotten his own noble sentiment: Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? The fact is, that not till now did the afflicted one enter into the deep waters of his trials. Hitherto the machinations of the enemy had been directed against his property, his family, and his health. He bore up manfully against all these privations; but now a horror of thick darkness falls upon his soul. Satan appears to have access to his mind, to fill it with doubt, and distrust, and fear. It is the spiritual conflict, the wrestling, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world. 'Tis a fearful conflict, showing in vivid colors the weakness of the strongest, and attesting to all men in all generations that in the assaults of the grand adversary upon the soul, unaided man at his best estate is altogether vanity. For a time, too, and for wise purposes, as we shall see, the light of God's countenance appears to have been withdrawn from his afflicted servant, and in this extremity he answers the description of the prophet: Who is among you that feareth the Lord; that obeyeth the voice of his servant; that walketh in darkness and hath no light? *He* feared the Lord and obeyed his commandments, and yet was permitted a while to walk in darkness and have no light. And was it not even so with the spotless Son of God? We hear *him* exclaim, This is your hour and the power of darkness; my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Let us listen to the wailing lamentations of Job, when he was, as the apostle has it, in heaviness through manifold temptations. O, says he, that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! for now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea; therefore my words are swallowed up. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me. What a tremendous figure—the arrows of the Almighty—poisoned arrows—they drink up my spirit. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me. Referring to his former state, and contrasting the darkness in which he was now groping with the light that once beamed upon his path, he exclaims, O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle, when the Almighty was yet with me. Here we have the secret of that surprising fortitude which Job evinced in the time of his calamity, an answer to the question how was he enabled to endure with such submissive patience the loss of property, of children, and of health. God's candle shone upon his head, the secret of the Lord was upon his tabernacle, the Almighty was with him. But now, says he, I cry unto thee, and thou dost not hear me; I stand up, and thou regardest me not. In what vivid colors, too, does he paint his anxious groping after that God who was once with him by his sustaining grace and cheering presence. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, but I cannot perceive him; that is, in whatever direction I turn, forward or backward, to the right or to the left, I cannot find my God. With all my efforts I bring not back the consolations of his grace. The most melancholy part of Job's lamentation, his darkest hour, seems to have been when, reflecting upon the insufficiency of his own righteousness, he feels the need of an intercessor between himself and a God of infinite purity. If I wash myself with snow water and make my hands never so clean; that is, if by my own efforts I purify myself, and aim to keep the law, and watch and pray, and fancy that now indeed I have gained my object and am clean—then shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, reveal unto me my innate vileness, and my own clothes shall abhor me. For, he continues, He is not a man as I am, that I should answer him, and that we should come together in judgment; neither is there any days-man betwixt us that might lay his hands upon us both.

No days-man betwixt us! O, then, vain indeed that thou hast been just and honorable and upright in thy dealings, that thou hast clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and caused the heart of the widow and the fatherless to dance with joy. Snow-water cannot cleanse thee; the leprosy lies deep within. But it is not true, Job! There *is* a days-man, a merciful high priest, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; *his* blood can make the foulest clean, his blood avails for thee. With one hand he lays hold upon the great I Am, with the other he can grasp thee there in thy wretchedness, and present thee before the throne spotless, thy robe washed in his own blood. How easily, with the light that we have, might the terrors of the afflicted one have been dissipated like dew before the morning sun! How easily, had the friends who came to condole with him but known the glorious truth, how easily might they have applied balm to his wounded spirit. Ah! could he have heard from their lips the declaration of the apostle: There is one God and one Mediator between God and men; or had some spirit from the realms of bliss whispered the question of Isaiah: Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? and bade Job listen to his answer: It is I, that speak in righteousness, mighty to save: then, indeed, had the light dawned upon his darkness, and the day-star arisen in his heart. But it was not so. His friends were more ignorant than himself. In his own language they were indeed physicians of no value. Job groped on a while longer in his darkness. O, says he, O that one might plead for a man with God as a man pleadeth with his neighbor. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one. And if a man die, shall he live again? Questions, these, and intimations, dark and

distressing in that day; in ours, so irradiated with light that we can scarcely put ourselves in the position of the afflicted one who asks them. We know, but, alas! we too generally make little use of our knowledge, that one may plead with God even as a man pleadeth with his neighbor, that he invites us even thus to plead, to come boldly to his throne of grace. We know *who* can bring a clean thing out of an unclean, and the question, If a man die, shall he live again? has been gloriously answered by Him who hath brought life and immortality to light.

In the midst of these utterances of grief and sadness, bordering at times upon the very blackness of despair, there are occasional glimmerings of a better spirit, showing us a mind shattered, but not wrecked by the fury of the storm. He is in deep water, the billows are threatening to engulf him, but even now I hear from his lips language that has been uttered from the heart of many a tempest-tossed pilgrim —cast down, but not destroyed, perplexed, but not in despair. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him, and all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. Till his change comes! Where did Job get that word? He spake but now of death as of an endless sleep, he seemed to doubt if man shall live again, and now he speaks the language of Christ's own blessed gospel as uttered by the very chief of the apostles in the meridian light of the Spirit's illumination—the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be *changed*. Till my change come!

A little while after he gives utterance to a sentiment that has thrilled the souls of myriads who lived and died ere the fullness of time had come, that has been a talisman to the afflicted believer in every age, his watchword in the darkest hour. Job introduces it with great solemnity. O, says he, O that my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. And what is the sentiment he would have thus perpetuated? Ye have heard it a thousand times: I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

I am not ignorant of the attempts that have been made to destroy the force and the spirituality of this language, to refer it all to Job's bodily afflictions and to an expectation of worldly prosperity. But this is trifling with the sacred record. In this case, as in many similar ones, the plain meaning of the words, the interpretation that would be put upon them by a simple-hearted, unlearned reader, is doubtless the true one. And Job's request was granted. His words have been written in a book. Aye, they have been graven with an iron pen upon the everlasting rock. Resting upon the simple assurance, I know that my Redeemer liveth, the shouts of victory have risen above the groans of agony called forth by the rack, the gibbet, and the funeral pile.

But how was it, that even after this glorious declaration Job seems still to be in heaviness—to be disposed to murmur and complain. I answer, even yet he has a lesson to learn. That lesson was the necessity of utter and entire dependence, notwithstanding all that he had done or could do, upon the infinite merits of that Redeemer whose existence was now revealed to him. Job had been upright in his dealings; he prided himself upon his integrity. He had been charitable to the poor; he gloried in his benevolence. He had endeavored to obey the commandments of God; he wrapped himself in self-righteousness. Appealing to his Maker, he had ventured to say, Thou knowest that I am not wicked. Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. O! he exclaims, that one would hear me; behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me. Even yet he hopes to merit something at the hand of God; to throw into the scale his good works, and though he knew that his Redeemer lives, he seems not yet to know that *he* only appropriates to himself the merits of that Redeemer who casts away at once and forever every other hope, who gives up

> "Every plea beside,
> Lord, I have sinn'd, but thou hast died."

Then God answered Job out of a whirlwind and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man, and answer thou me. God is then represented, in a speech of surpassing majesty, as convincing Job of his ignorance and weakness. He reminds

him also of his omnipotent power, of his glory as seen in the creation, and asks, Who hath prevented me that I should repay him? whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine, that is, Who hath laid me, or can lay me, under any obligation? Do I need my creatures? How hast thou profited the infinite and all-sufficient God by aught that thou hast done. Now comes the hour of Job's triumph. He listens, appalled, abashed, overwhelmed. I have heard of thee, he exclaims, by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, that is, I had some faint conceptions of thy character, of thy majesty and power, but now the eye of my mind clearly perceives thee, and the same light that reveals the purity and all-sufficiency of thy nature discloses to me mine own vileness and utter helplessness. Wherefore, he continues, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. But why should Job repent? and why this loathing and self-abhorrence? In the presence of a God of infinite purity and of unsullied holiness, a God who cannot look on sin, who chargeth his angels with folly, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, the dust is the only fitting place even for him who has aimed to keep God's perfect law and to walk uprightly before him. He that has any other feelings, that depends for a moment upon anything he has done or can do, knows little of himself, and little of his God. The perfect and upright Job exclaims, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. And this, I say, is the hour of Job's triumph. The days of his mourning are ended; the clouds are scattered; his captivity is turned, and the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning.

Two or three general remarks will close the subject. And first, God's dealings with the children of men are frequently unfathomably mysterious. They were so to Job, still more so to his friends, and to all who, in his own day, were made acquainted with his history. Even to us, who are permitted to look down upon the man of Uz from the eminence on which we dwell, to read his history by the light of successive revelations, there is much that is dark and unfathomable. That the enemy should be allowed so severely to harass and afflict so good a man; that he should be left so long to grope in darkness; these things, and others that might be mentioned, are full of mystery. Equally clear is the lesson taught by Job's history, that God's ways, though mysterious, are right. Purposes of his infinite wisdom were subserved by the afflictions of his servant. Job himself was taught more of God and more of himself than he could have learned in any other way. The knowledge he obtained, though purchased in the furnace of affliction, was cheaply purchased—was worth more than it cost. So *he* reckoned, when he came forth like gold—when his afflictions were ended, and the remembrance thereof was like a dream when one awaketh. Rejoicing in the clear light of a noon-day sun, what matters it that at early dawn it was enveloped in clouds! Or, the haven gained, the port entered, does not even the remembrance of the raging wind and the roaring sea enhance the happiness of home, and call for louder pæans of exulting gratitude? But not for himself alone did Job live, and suffer, and triumph. To his contemporaries in that early age, and to succeeding generations, as they read or heard his story, were revealed by it great and fundamental truths, of which, as we have seen, the wisest were previously profoundly ignorant. Job's history taught them that prosperity in this life is no certain evidence of the favor of God; that adversity and affliction here are no sign of his disapprobation. It showed them that man in his highest and holiest efforts merits nothing at the hand of God, and that all he is or hopes to be is by His sovereign grace. It afforded a practical demonstration of the evangelical truth that in this world God's children may expect tribulation, and taught them that the tempter's power is bounded by limits assigned by infinite wisdom and infinite love. It threw light, too, compared with what we have, indeed, mere twilight, but a sure precursor of the dawn and the noon-day, upon the grand central truth of all revelation, there is a days-man between worms of earth and the King of glory. And, finally, it taught them—and if it teach us, not in vain did Job suffer, nor in vain have we perused this outline of his history—that man's place is in the dust before God; that after all that we have done our only hope of deliverance and salvation is in utter self-abhorrence, in repentance as in dust and ashes.

LOVERS OF NATURE.

ONE evening last summer, happening to be present at a temperance meeting held in a meadow at some short distance from town, my attention was forcibly arrested by a wild-looking character who stood on the outer circle of the audience, and who was listening with much attention to what was going forward. A more perfect picture of destitution than this individual presented could not be readily imagined. He was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age. Though his sallow face was haggard and hunger-worn, there was an expression of intelligence in his large dark lustrous eyes, which strangely contrasted with his mendicant attire. He wore a very dingy and tattered round canvas frock, through the rents of which appeared his olive-colored skin; a pair of ragged trowsers, which hung in shreds about his legs, and a dilapidated hat, somewhat fancifully garnished with oak-leaves. Shoes and stockings he had none. At his back, attached to a leathern strap, hung a basket amply filled with a variety of herbs; and a long staff on which he rested with both hands, added much to his picturesque and striking aspect.

I had stood near him for some minutes, watching and much pleased by his evident appreciation of the eloquent address which was being delivered, before I became aware that he had a companion no less worthy of observation than himself. This was a large and beautifully spotted snake, which was coiled round his left arm, and which, darting forth its forked and agile tongue, as it moved its head restlessly to and fro, appeared as if soliciting the sympathy of the spectator on behalf of his patron. It was perfectly harmless, having no fangs; and, saving a little boy, who clung to his father's side, while his countenance was puckered up into an expression of unmitigated terror, no one present seemed to be apprehensive of its manifesting any feeling of hostility.

As soon as the meeting had broken up, I spoke to the "snake charmer," as some people called him, and made inquiries as to the habits of the reptile to which he seemed so fondly attached. He told me that he had had it for some months, and that it was quite "domesticated;" that it was of no pecuniary value, being merely a common wood-snake. He fed it on milk, of which it was very fond; and when I asked him where he got the milk from, he told me that he went round to farm-houses and begged it; for although he might easily get it by dishonest means if he chose, as there were plenty of cows in the meadows through which he passed in his country rambles, from whom he could obtain it without fear of discovery, yet he assured me, with an artless earnestness which forbade my doubting his sincerity, that he had never stolen anything in his life, and that sometimes, in the winter months, not a morsel of food passed his lips for two days together.

With respect to himself, he gave me the following curious particulars; but there was evidently a love of the marvelous in his manner, which prevented me from attaching entire credence to every word he uttered. At the same time, there was nothing in his statements which were inconsistent with his extraordinary habits and mode of life. He observed that he had never known either father or mother. The first thing he could remember was being carried about by an old man in a forest; but where that forest was situate, he had no idea whatever. The old man used to gather mushrooms, which he sold to the salesmen in the different markets. In dry weather he and the old man always slept in the forest; but when it happened to be wet they removed to some brick-fields, where they were allowed by the brick-makers to build themselves a kind of shelter with the straw mats used to cover the bricks when it rained. One night, on waking up, he found the old man was gone, and, looking about, discovered him lying dead on the rows of burning bricks, where he had apparently laid himself down for greater warmth, and fell into a slumber from which he never awoke. After the old man's death, he continued his employment of gathering mushrooms and plants of various kinds for the herbalists, and was getting a "decent" subsistence, when he was taken up for robbery, under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

A poor washerwoman, it appears, who was taking home a basket of clothes in a hand-barrow, was attacked by a party of ruffians, who ran off with the basket, having first seated and bound the poor woman in the barrow from which her property had been abstracted. One of the articles so stolen was dropped on the road, and he

(the snake-charmer) happening to pick it up, was suddenly seized by a constable, and the evidence of his guilt being considered conclusive, he was tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. This, the poor fellow said, with tears in his eyes, was the severest trial he ever had in his life. He had no friends to speak to his character; he was known to be an outcast, and was pronounced, almost as a matter of course, a thief. One advantage, however, which he derived from his confinement was, that he learned to read—a practice in which he took much pleasure, as a well-thumbed Testament and some tracts which he carried about with him, and which had been given him on his discharge from prison, satisfactorily testified.

No small portion of the poor outcast's knowledge, however, had been obtained by his attending camp-meetings, and listening to the itinerant lecturers whom he had met with in traveling from one place to another. This singular being had notions as strange as himself of natural phenomena; but there was a poetic coloring about his views, which distinguished them from the chimeras of a weak or vulgar intellect. He believed, he said, that the stars were inhabited, and he had sometimes laid awake all night in the forest watching them; and when he saw one fall from the sky, he fancied he could hear a sound like the distant wail of despair upon the wind, as if it were the empire of some lost spirit which had been conquered by a mightier power, and cast into darkness for evermore.

Though his pronunciation was bad, his diction was much superior to what might have been expected from one who had enjoyed such limited opportunities for book study. There was also an innocent pleasantry about him, which deepened the sympathy which his squalid habiliments alone were calculated to inspire. A person standing by asked him if he had ever caught a weasel, at which he smiled, and answered in the negative, assigning as a reason that they could only be caught *asleep*, and adding quaintly, that they always rose earlier than he did. His acquaintance with the habits of insects generally was very minute and instructive. He told me that he had been stung repeatedly by wasps, but that the wasp, when it had left its sting in the wound, invariably died within a short time afterward.

When I remonstrated with the snake-charmer on his wandering mode of life, and advised him to quit it for some more settled calling, he shook his head, and remarked that he had been in prison once, and that he never wished to lose his liberty again. I saw it was futile to argue longer with a mind so singularly constituted, and so I left him, having first given him a few tracts, for which he thanked me in terms of becoming civility.

Somewhat similar in point of genius, though widely different in all other respects, is the worthy man, who for a long period has been the chosen hair-dresser of myself and family. He has one of the finest aviaries of any person in his line of business that I am acquainted with. His shop is fitted up with cages containing a choice collection of canaries, linnets, bullfinches, starlings, and other vocal performers of that kind. These are the joy of his life. They wake him in the morning with their cheerful harmony; they solace him as he weaves intricate fronts or curls, and rebellious wigs; and they afford him inexhaustible matter for conversation with his inquisitive customers.

Last summer I met him down at Newport, whither he had gone for the strengthening of his nerves, which have always been somewhat infirm, for he is a most amiable and soft-hearted creature, and would not, I really believe, inadvertently brush down a cobweb without an apology and a pang of remorse. On asking him how he liked that fashionable watering-place, he shook his head and smiled faintly. He had been there only two days, and said that he missed the society of his birds; he could not sleep at night for fear of anything happening to them, or his apprentice forgetting to feed them during his absence. And then, when he awoke of a morning, instead of the house ringing with the carols of his little pets, there was nothing to be heard but the sullen surging of the sea; and if he looked out of his window, he only saw an expanse of ocean with a solitary sea-gull floating on it, or vast pieces of pasture land without a shrub large enough for the support of a titlark.

"Yet birds, sir," said he in reply to my comments on his favorite pursuit; "birds delight me because they seem so happy;

so comparatively exempt from sorrow and pain. All animals which tread upon the earth partake more or less of the misery which is inseparable from it; but the lark, which rises above us, seems also to rise above the infirmities which are the inheritance of our fallen nature."

"Yet birds mope," I replied; "a captive even in a golden cage pines for the freedom of its native woods."

"That is true," said the hair-dresser; "but then you see, sir, he suffers from the unkindness of those who deprive him of his freedom. In his natural state, I fancy the life of a song-bird is one of joy—pure joy."

"If those are your sentiments, my friend, I am surprised that you don't emancipate all your slaves at once."

"Well, sir," returned he, with a contracted brow and a sigh, "I have often thought it was cruel in me to keep them confined, but I couldn't part with them now; and, another thing, if they were to be turned loose in the world, every one of them, poor creatures! would be killed by their brethren, who don't know what civilization is."

"That is hardly consistent with the 'pure joy' which you fancy belongs to the feathered tribe in their wild state—eh?"

My worthy barber looked rather puzzled for a moment; but presently a smile lighted up his pallid countenance, and announced that the solution of the mystery was near at hand.

"It does at first sight," he observed, "appear rather at variance with their gentle natures, and yet, I have no doubt it is a merciful provision, if we only knew all: a bird that has been once thoroughly domesticated would never again be able to bear the hardships which those endure with ease who have always lived in forests; it would perish, as you or I would do, sir, if we were turned out of our comfortable dwellings, and were clothed and fed as scantily as the earliest inhabitants of this country were; so it may be a humane feeling which prompts wild birds to kill those who have been caged, and who would inevitably die a lingering and painful death if left to provide shelter and food for themselves."

My worthy friend has in his collection one or two birds of remarkable talent. There is a goldfinch who will at the word of command stand on the right leg, then on the left, then tuck his head under his wing as if playing at bo-peep, and then lay on the table as if completely exhausted or even dead. Another, a linnet, draws water from a well in a thimble, in a most workmanlike manner. Then there is a magpie, who, when at home, resides in a wicker cage, but who is much more frequently found hopping about the door-way and chattering for the amusement of little boys, without either rhyme or reason.

My friend, in addition to cutting hair and making bird-cages, is a kind of Hullah among his feathered songsters; he teaches them their notes, and gives to a canary the vocal accomplishments of a nightingale, by which its value is greatly enhanced. He has also written a little work on song-birds, and is often consulted by his lady customers, when their favorites are laboring under any temporary indisposition. He told me that he was called up one cold night in December to go and see the pet parrot of an old lady, supposed to be suffering from some mortal ailment, which had caused its kind owner much anxiety and alarm; and although he could do nothing but assure her that there was no ground for any serious apprehension, the old lady made him accept a fee for his professional attendance and opinion.

What he most dreads is a thunderstorm. I was in his shop one day, and was much surprised at the concern which he exhibited lest any of his birds should suffer from fear of the lightning. The operation of hair-cutting was entirely suspended; pocket-handkerchiefs were carefully put over the cages; and I really believe, if the storm had lasted much longer, that he would have put up his shutters and discontinued business for the day.

It is said, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In like manner, all lovers of nature, however high in social position, will recognize in the characters which I have described, that congeniality of taste and feeling, by virtue of which, however humble they may be, they are made worthy to associate with the most distinguished naturalists of their class. Such powers of appreciating the works of the great and good Creator as are thus often detected in persons occupying the humblest stations in society, should teach us never to despise those who seem to be beneath us.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

RAMBLING through the ever-accumulating beauties and sweets of literature we pluck flowers, and with them, now and then, fruit. They come, like the denizens of the conservatory, from various and widely-separated habitats; but most of them are hardy, and all may be acclimated in the reader's mind. We begin, as apropos to the thoughts suggested, and to the sources of our bouquet, with DE PORRE's description of

A LIBRARY ARMY.

All minds in the world's past history find their focal-point in a library. This is that pinnacle from which we might see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next the window. On this side of them is Athens and the empire of Rome. Never was such an army mustered as a library army. No general ever had such soldiers as I have. Let the military world call its roll, and I will call mine. The privates in my army would have made even the staff-officers of Alexander's army seem insignificant. Only think of a platoon of such good literary and philosophical yeomen as will answer my roll-call. "Plato!" "Here." A sturdy and noble soldier. "Aristotle!" "Here." A host in himself. Then I can call Demosthenes, Cicero, Horace, Cæsar, Tacitus, Pliny, and of the famous Alexandrian school, Porphyry, Iamblicus, Plotinus, and others, all worthy fellows every one of them, fully armed and equipped, and looking as fresh as if they had received the gift of youth and immortality. Modest men all; they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful men all; they never refuse the asker. I have my doubts whether, if they were alive, I could keep the peace of my domains. But now they dwell together in unity, and all of the train in one company, and work for the world's good, each in his special way, but all contribute. I have also in a corner the numerous band of Christian Fathers—Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, Augustine, St. Ambrose, and others, with their opponents, Fronto, the rhetorican, Crescens, the cynic philosopher, Celsus, Marcus Aurelius, and Julian the Apostate. They now lie peacefully together, without the shade of repugnance or anger. It is surprising how these men have changed. Not only are they here without quarreling or disputing, without ambition or selfishness, but how calmly do they sit, though you pluck their opinions by the beard! Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all the blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon. No such garden was Eden, in the past. It is the Eden to which the race is coming, that is to see the true Adam and the true Eve.

FLOWERS UPON THE TOMB.

THEY have a custom in Continental Europe of visiting, annually, the graves of departed loved ones, and laying upon them wreaths of flowers. The brave general, Pellisier, followed the remains of his coadjutor, Lord Raglan, to the grave, and many an English eye was dimmed as the gallant Frenchman placed, reverently, upon the bier a wreath of *immortelles*. In referring to this simple fact, and to the sneering remark that it is a popish custom, a traveler asks, pertinently:

Would it be very popish to see your little daughter rise on a shining summer's morning, and hear her say she will go to granma's grave that day, and lay a bright yellow *immortelle* upon it? It is only a few dried flowers bound together in a wreath, and bearing mottoes of "Hope," and "Love," and "Regret." O, you would be glad to see your child (ay, you *would*) follow the popish custom, and lay that child's wreath over the honored clay; and you would be yourself refined in seeing her.

SIMPLICITY AND SUBLIMITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

ALBERT BARNES, in a discourse "on the Influence of the Gospel on Imagination," describing the style of the sacred writers, gives utterance to thoughts which have occurred, perhaps, to almost every earnest searcher of the Scriptures:

While Christianity is based on facts, and while those facts are stated with the most accurate precision, and will bear the application of the severest laws of criticism, yet the *form* in which they are presented is just *as if* it were intended to make the most that is possible to be made of the imagination. Truth and holiness are the broad basis on which all is to rest; but there is obscurity, there is grandeur, there is vastness, there is infinitude on which the mind may range forever. Take the sufferings of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross. The narrative is simple and unaffected, as if written by a child. There is no mere rhetoric. There is not a word of astonishment; there is not an attempt to excite the passions or to picture the scene. The circumstances of the narrative are so accurate and so minute that it seems almost as if there were an effort to give a mere dry detail, and as if the writers meant to anticipate every objection, and to prevent the possibility of a suspicion that the account was forged, and yet the whole account seems just as if it were *designed* to have as much for the imagination to supply as possible. Fewer words could not have been used in the description. And how the Saviour looked; what was the aspect of the heavens; what was the effect on the minds of those who witnessed the scenes; who is there that has not been disposed to ask of some one who knew? The resurrection of Jesus—the most solemn and grand event that has occurred in the world—entering into all the hopes of man and shedding new light around the grave—how simple and short the account, and what a degree of obscurity rests upon it where the imagination may roam! The final resurrection of the just and the unjust; the bursting of the graves, and the sea giving up its dead; a world on fire, and all the dead mounting up to meet their final judge; how simple the details in the Scriptures; how almost tantalizing the statements; and yet what a field of glory! How sublime! How obscure!

WHAT IS FAITH?

AN exceedingly simple question, but one to which answers almost innumerable have been given. DR. JELF, in a recent sermon

before the University of Oxford, thus gives a practical summary of its results and effects. He asks:

What is faith? It may be somewhat understood by its results. It is no partial or transient feverish emotion with which the soul throbs now and then, but it is the regular pulse of our spiritual life. It is not an occasional recognition of the facts of our redemption, but a steady, lively remembrance of all that Christ has done for us. It is not merely the casting an occasional glance to Him, not an occasional dedication of ourselves to Him as His liege subjects, but it is a fixed and concentrated gaze, the total surrender of ourselves, our reason, and our wills. It is not an occasional *Lord, Lord*, but it is as if a man should say, "Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine; I am sick, do thou heal me; I am lame, do thou support me; I am blind, do thou lead me; I am lost, do thou save me;" combined with a ready mind, a firm step, a quick eye; a ready mind to do what He bids, to follow where He leads; a quick eye to see His bidding, catch His glance and meaning; a firm step to tread in His path.

THE EMPTY CUP.

Bogatzky has some pertinent and sensible remarks on worldly happiness, and the vanity of all attempts to educe soul-satisfying enjoyments from mere earthly gratifications:

If you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others, of finer understandings, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed, than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness; give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for, search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking, than rich dress and human applause, unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at a throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian, who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER FIRST-BORN.

Simply expressed, and truthful, as many witnesses, were it needful, might be called upon to prove, is this statement of a father relative to the death of his first-born:

We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us; and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe that every day of her life the mother thinks of the first-born that was with her for so short a while; and many and many a time has she taken her daughters to the grave, where he lies buried, and she wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still, some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting. I shall not try to describe her grief, for such things are sacred and secret; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read.

THE LAST WORDS OF GOETHE.

It is related of a little girl, who had given her young heart to the Saviour, that when, on her death bed, she was asked as to her feelings now that she was entering the dark valley, she faintly echoed back the question, "Dark? dark? It is not dark!" How different the last words of the learned philosopher and poet when his hour had come:

By a closed window in the city of Germany sat an old man, grave, and dignified, and serene. Books were scattered around him, and his pen was still in his fingers—that pen which for more than fifty years he had wielded with an almost superhuman power; but now the hand that held it moves nervously in the air, and seems to be writing vague and indistinct shadows, where no substance was. The eye that had flashed like a meteor or a sun is now darkened and obscured.

He had trod the steeps of learning, gathering many a laurel; and, treading the flowery paths of poetry, he plucked sweet flowers on heights where mortals seldom tread. His mind, gigantic in its grasp, and far-seeing in its penetrations, had piled up speculations high and majestic, and separated the atoms of thought, which to others were elements. He had captivated, enchained, charmed, dazzled, bewildered; but now he was treading the dark valley, and its gloomy shades began to thicken around him; no light streamed in from the eternal throne; and his mind, wandering amid the mazes of poetry and philosophy, could only cry out in anguish, "Open the shutters and let in more light!" And soon the "silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, and the keepers could no longer look out at the windows," and thus crying out for more light his soul departed.

What a picture of a gifted man, endowed with a genius far beyond the common order of even intellectual men; successful in every department of knowledge, even those so wide apart as poetry and optics; loaded with honors; living to see his own fame acknowledged in all lands; and dying only when the ordinary term of human life had long been passed; yet when death did come, unable to articulate any confident hope or a single consolatory word, amid the overshadowing gloom! Yet how could it be otherwise? The great man lived in sordid egotism. He was a god to himself. This feeling ran through all his course. When, therefore, he died, what was left

to him but to utter that mournful cry, *Open the shutters and let in more light!* The strong man wanted a helper when he began to go down into the dark valley.

THE RELIGION OF EPITAPHS.

THE Greyson Correspondence, noticed at some length in our pages last month, is pervaded by a keen and caustic vein of sarcasm. As a specimen, take the following, equally applicable to some graveyards in our own country as to those in England:

I spent some time in the church-yard, spelling out the names of some of the old inhabitants of our early days, and beholding, with pleased surprise, from the (as usual) truthful epitaphs, that many of them were garnished and decorated with virtues of which, while they lived, I had not had the smallest suspicion; so artfully had Christian humility concealed their excellences!

Superstition no longer deifies the dead, but affection angelizes them. For my part, I think if I were bedaubed and bedizoned with one of the tawdry epitaphs I have sometimes seen in a country church-yard, it would be enough to make me get up in the night and scratch it out. There was our old acquaintance, Farmer Veesey's fat wife, who resembled (as some one said of her like) "a fillet of veal upon castors," decked out in a suit of virtues which might not have misbecome a seraph. Several others of our old acquaintances I found were such wives, mothers, neighbors, friends; so charitable, gentle, forgiving! Surely the parson in our time must have had an easy time of it, an absolute sinecure, with such a flock.

It is really odd to see so much wickedness above ground, and so much goodness under it. Ah! if they could but change places, what a pleasant world it would be! Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, "Who can wonder that so much iniquity is left among the living, when such cart-loads of all the cardinal and other virtues are thus yearly shoveled into the earth by the undertaker?" Any way, however, it is a pleasant thing to find our old friends improved by keeping, and looking better in their winding-sheets than ever they did in silks or satins.

BORES.

WEBSTER gives, as one of his definitions of the word Bore—A person or thing that wearies by iteration. In that sense the word does not appear to have been known by Walker. The *thing*, however, has existed in all ages, and ROGER of LILLE, a theologian of the thirteenth century, thus describes it:

This class of men never die; they never have the common decency to die. They spin out existence to the latest moment, and usually enjoy good health and the unimpaired use of their tongue till the latest moment. In fact, they are never dumb till they are coffined. They travel extensively, and know all countries and persons, and everything in and about them. They stick closely to you, nor can any coldness of manner shake them off. If you get into a passion, they only smile at your simplicity. Bolt them out of the door, they will come in by the window to tell you something they had forgotten to mention. They read incessantly, and deal out again all they receive; and when they begin their labors, they always promise to be very brief. They never forget names or places; these are their guides and finger-posts to long harangues. They have a great talent of minute description, and treasure up every cast-off rag of other men's conversation. They are the great torments of a university man's life.

THE GEOLOGISTS.

CHARLES READE is down upon the stone-worshipers, and amuses himself with pleasant raps, not upon the rocks, but on the rock-chippers:

Politics, love, theology, art, are full of thorns; but when you see a man perched like a crow on a rock chipping it, you see a happy dog. You who are on the look-out for beauty, find irregular features or lack-luster dolls; you who love wit are brained with puns or ill-nature, the two forms of wit that exist out of books. But the hammerist can jump out of his gig at any turn of the road, and find that which his soul desires; the meanest stone a boy throws at a robin is millions of years older than the Farnese Hercules, and has a history as well as a sermon.

Stones are curious things. If a man is paid for breaking them he is wretched; but if he can bring his mind to do it gratis, he is at the summit of content! With these men life is a felicitous dream: they are not subject to low spirits like other men; they smile away their human day; and when they are to die they don't seem to mind it so very much. Can they take anything easy by giving it one of their hard names—is the grave to them a cretaceous, or argillaceous, or ferruginous bed, I beg their pardon—stratum?

NOTHING NEW.

THE wise man found nothing new under the sun. He alluded more especially to the discoveries of science and the revelations of philosophy. HUGH MILLER goes a step further, and finds nothing new even in the regions of the absurd and the ridiculous:

"No one need expect to be original simply by being absurd. There is a cycle in nonsense, which ever and anon brings back the delusions and errors of an earlier time. The follies of the present day are transcripts, unwittingly produced, and with, of course, a few variations, of follies which existed a century ago.

THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

HERE are a few stanzas (the author is not known to us) with which we may appropriately end our chapter for the present month:

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a vail of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest luster come;

Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who starr'd the uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He rear'd each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.—Perhaps never since the world began have been enacted scenes of greater horror than India has exhibited during the last few months of the year just ended. The barbarous cruelties of the natives, inflicted upon defenseless men, women, and children, arson, robbery, rape, murder, with the terrible retaliation of the British soldiery, have been spread before the public by pen and pencil until the soul sickens at the picture. And the end is not yet. True, Delhi has fallen, and the English papers predict the speedy annihilation of the rebellion, and the restoration of order and tranquillity. Either intentionally or from ignorance, the extent of the disaffection is vastly underrated. We have been told that it is confined almost exclusively to the Sepoys or native soldiers, and that, even of them, it embraces but a portion. Certainly nothing is to be gained by a suppression of the truth, or by giving it a false coloring. No man in India has had a better opportunity for ascertaining the facts in the case than the well-known missionary, the Rev. Alexander Duff, whose life has been devoted to the cause of Christ in India. He has given his views upon the subject in a letter written to a friend in Scotland. Although they are expressed in his own strong language and nervous style, his facts may be relied upon, and his opinions are entitled to consideration. As to the feelings of the great masses of the natives toward the British government Dr. Duff says:

"That there ever was *anything like affection* or *loyal attachment*, in any true sense of these terms, on the part of any considerable portion of the native population toward the British power, is what no one who really knows them can honestly aver. Individual natives have become attached to individual Britons. Of the truth of this statement even the recent sanguinary mutinies have furnished some conspicuous examples. But such isolated facts can prove nothing as to the feelings generally prevalent with respect to the British and their power. On the first subjugation or annexation of a province, the laboring classes, under a fresh sense of the manifold tyrannies, exactions, and disorders from which they are delivered, usually express satisfaction and delight. But as the first generation dies out, and another rises up knowing nothing but the even, steady, continuous demands of the British authorities, demands which they cannot evade, as they often might amid the weakness and turbulence of native rule, they are apt to settle down into a state of necessitated acquiescence, or sullen indifference, or latent disaffection and discontent, often secretly sighing for a change of rulers, that might give them some chance of helping or bettering themselves. Such I believe to be the general condition of the people of India as regards their feelings toward the British and their government. And such being their condition, any one might anticipate the evolution of conduct which they might be expected to exhibit in the midst of a rebellion, with what must appear to their minds its *doubtful issues*. The quieter and more thoughtful spirits, under dread of ultimate retribution, would hold back, or perhaps show favor or kindness to such Britons as came in their way. The bolder, more resolute, and more impetuous spirits, on the other hand, would at once be ready to sound a jubilee of triumph over the downfall of the British power, and equally ready to display the insolence of triumph over helpless and fugitive Britons. And this I believe to be a tolerably exact picture of the state of feeling and conduct among the native population in the Northwest and Central Indian territories toward the British and their rule.

"After escaping from the murderous hands of mutineers, British gentlemen and ladies have, in particular instances, experienced kindness at the hands of the common villagers; but in far the greater number of instances they have experienced quite the reverse. On this account they have been constantly compelled to shun the villages altogether, and betake themselves to jungles and beasts of prey, and to manifold privations, the narration of which makes one almost shudder. And among the murders ever and anon reported in our public journals, how often do we find this entry opposite a name, 'Killed by the villagers!' One of a volunteer expedition, which lately went out into the district of Meerut, writes that it was 'evident as they went along that the whole country was up,' adding, that on reaching Rerote, which city was considered friendly to us, they were at once received by a 'friendly salute of thirty matchlocks in their faces!' Authentic notifications of a somewhat similar kind have also reached us from other places. A medical gentleman who has recently published an elaborate account of the escape of himself, with other gentlemen, ladies, and children, amounting in all to twenty-seven in number, from Angur, in Central India, testifies that 'every villager was uncivil, and that the smile of respectful submission with which the European officer was wont to be greeted, was displaced by an angry scowl and haughty air toward the despicable Feringhee, whose raj (or reign) was at an end.' Throughout their twelve days' wanderings they continued to encounter the most terrible hardships and dangers from the hatred, incivility, and contempt of the villagers. This very day, in one of our public journals, a gentleman, long resident in the interior, thus writes: 'I have lost all my property, but my principal object is to impress upon my countrymen (to convince the government of this truth seems hopeless) the utter and most virulent hatred the natives have evinced throughout this outbreak, both to our government and Europeans generally. In every instance where troops have mutinied they have been joined by the inhabitants, not only of the bazaars, but of the towns and villages adjacent, who not only assisted the Sepoys in burning, looting, (plundering,) and destroying government property, and that of European settlers, and all Christians, and in killing any of them they could; but after the departure of the mutineers, continued the devastation, and completed it. I am a very long resident in this country, and having been in a position to hear the true sentiments of the natives (who neither feared me nor required anything from me) toward our government, and ourselves, I have been long aware of their hatred toward both, and that opportunity alone was wanted to display it as they now have done; and where it has not been shown, rest assured it is only from fear or interest, and when they did not recognize opportunity.'

"Now, in the face of these, and scores of other substantially similar statements from all parts of the Northwest and Central India, what becomes of the lullaby declarations of those who would fain persuade

the British public that nowhere among the general civic or rural population of India does there exist any feeling of ill will, or discontent, or disaffection, toward the British or their government? All such unqualified declarations I do most solemnly regard as a gigantic (I do not say willful) imposition on the British people; an imposition which, if not timeously exposed, is sure to prove as fatal to the reestablishment and perpetuity of British supremacy, as it is in itself gigantic. If the seeds of a deadly disease are lurking, though it may be but partially developed, in the very vitals of the constitution, and if the existence of these, in spite of obvious symptoms and warnings, be deliberately ignored, what can we expect, except that, one day or other, they will break forth into a raging virulence which all the art of the most skilful physician can neither mitigate nor arrest?

"It is but right, therefore, that the British people should be jealously on their guard against the fair-weather representations of men high in office, men who from personal intercourse know nothing of native sentiment beyond the glozing lies of a few fawning sycophants, men who, from motives of political partizanship and personal self-interest, are sorely tempted to mistake the apparent calm on the upper surface for peace, contentment, and loyalty. It is but right that the British people, to whom the God of providence has so mysteriously intrusted the sovereignty of this vast Indian empire, should know the real state of native feeling toward us and our power, that they may insist on a searching scrutiny into the causes which may have superinduced it, and, detecting the causes, may demand, as with a voice of thunder, some commensurate remedy. Their own character, their reputation for philanthropy and justice among the nations, and, above all, their own sense of stewardship and accountability to the great God for the amazing trust committed to them, all challenge them to a speedy and authoritative interposition in this terrific crisis of their paramount power in Asia. If they refrain, the certainty is, that though our gallant soldiers may, at the cost of torrents of human blood, effect and enforce an apparent pacification, there will not be introduced the elements of a permanent peace. Measures will be devised which, by their inadequacy and unadaptedness,

> "Can only skin and film the ulcerous part,
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."

The great question remains, What is to be done? How is peace to be restored, and the blessings of civilization and of Christianity to be diffused among the swarming myriads of India? Dr. Duff answers the question. But his answer, we fear, will not be received by those who have the control of matters; who, professing, indeed, the Christian name, have, by their servile truckling to the abominations of idolatry, and their inordinate covetousness of wealth and power, exhibited anything else rather than the spirit of Christianity. But the time will come when such admonitions must be heeded, and every friend of Christ and of humanity will echo the missionary's prayer that Great Britain may speedily avail herself of the means within her reach to perpetuate her own ascendency, and to bless that large portion of the pagan world which Divine providence has thrown into her hands.

"Railways, and telegraphs, and irrigating canals, and other material improvements *alone* will not do. Mere secular education, sharpening the intellect, and leaving the heart a prey to the foulest passions and most wayward impulses, will not do. Mere legislation, which, in humanely prohibiting cruel rites and barbarous usages, goes greatly ahead of the darkened intelligence of the people, will not do. New settlements of the revenue, and landed tenures, however equitable in themselves, will not do. Ameliorations in the present monstrous system of police and corrupting machinery of law courts, however advantageous, alone will not suffice. A radical organic change in the structure of government, such as would transfer it exclusively to the crown, would not, could not, of itself furnish an adequate cure for our deep-seated maladies.

"No, no! Perhaps the present earthquake-shock which has passed over Indian society, upheaving and tearing to shreds some of the noblest monuments of material civilization, as well as the most improved expedients of legislative and administrative wisdom, has been permitted to prove that all merely human plans and systems whatsoever that exclude the life-awakening, elevating, purifying doctrines of gospel grace and salvation, have impotence and failure stamped on their wrinkled brows. Let, then, the Christian people of the highly-favored British isles, in their heaven-conferred prerogatives, rise up, and, resistless as the ocean in its mighty swell, let them decree, in the name of Him that liveth forever and ever, that henceforward those commissioned by them to rule over and administer justice to the millions of this land shall not dare, in their public acts and proclamations, practically to ignore or scornfully repudiate the very name and faith of Jesus, while they foster and honor the degrading superstitions of Brahma and Mohammed. Let the British Churches, at the same time, arise and resolve, at whatever cost of self-denial, to grapple in right earnest, as they have never yet done, with the stupendous work of supplanting the three thousand years' consolidated empire of Satan in these vast realms, by the establishment of Messiah's reign. Then, instead of the fiendish howl, with its attendant rapine, and conflagration, and massacre, we shall have millennial songs of gratitude and praise from the hearts and lips of ransomed myriads. Who can tell but that He who 'rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,' may graciously overrule our present terrible calamities for the hastening on of this glorious consummation! 'Amen,' let us respond, 'Yea, and amen.'"

STATE OF SOCIETY IN TEXAS.—In a brief notice of "Olmsted's Journey through Texas," in THE NATIONAL for November, we gave an extract which has offended one of our subscribers in that region. He sends us a letter which he "sincerely hopes we will do Texas the justice to publish." It is written in an unexceptionable style, and we print the material portion. He says:

"I am a native of New England, but for fifteen years past have labored as a Methodist itinerant in Texas. I have preached in cities and on plantations, from the sea-board to the extreme frontier, have traveled as presiding elder, and agent of the American Bible Society, and have never witnessed anything to compare with the domestic scene which you have deemed worthy of a place in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

"The great mass of the people of Texas are intelligent and refined, and carefully observant of all the courtesies of life."

Thus much for the point in dispute between Mr. Olmsted and our correspondent. It proves that some men see what others do not, and that the standard of "refinement" varies, and that there is a difference of opinion as to what constitute "the courtesies of life." On the slave question our correspondent adduces the old argument, which we venture to say had far less weight with him "fifteen years" ago than it now has. Does he really think that the state of society here at the North would be improved if two thirds of our population should become the "property" of the other third? That, evidently, is the legitimate tendency of his logic. But hear our correspondent:

"You will perhaps hardly credit what I say about our colored population. There may occasionally be found a master who treats his servants unkindly, as there are cruel husbands and fathers, but as a class, I verily believe our slaves are the best fed, best clothed, best cared for, and happiest laborers in the world. While tens of thousands of your operatives are now thrown out of employment, to pine with hunger, and freeze this winter, ours know nothing of hard times. And if the cotton and sugar crops were to fail for years, the negro would still receive his full supply of food and clothing. He is his master's property, and interest, as well as humanity, demands that his physical wants should be well supplied.

"Nor are the religious interests of this class of population neglected. About six thousand slaves in Texas are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a much larger number receive catechetical and pulpit instruction. Our interest in the slave does not expend itself in a mawkish sensibility, shedding crocodile tears over imaginary wrongs, but it seeks them out, and announces to them the precious truths of the ever blessed Gospel. H. S. T."

MAKING UP A SALARY.—A correspondent of the New York *Examiner* gives the following instance of sharp practice in "obtaining goods under false pretenses," a resort to an expedient which can hardly be too severely condemned. A pastor of a neighboring church who occupied the pulpit on a Sabbath evening with a Baptist brother who there preached his farewell sermon, was requested by one of the deacons to announce, at the conclusion of the services, that the *congregation* wished to tender a collection, as a mark of their esteem for the man who had just pronounced his farewell. The congregation generously responded, and the boxes were passed, but when the retiring pastor spoke to one of the deacons of the matter at the close of the service, he was coolly informed that the collection was for the purpose of making up a deficiency in his salary!

THE DECLINE OF ROMANISM.—Many good people have great fears of the spread of Popery in these United States. Their fears, we think, are utterly groundless. The Romish Church, notwithstanding its boasted achievements in the way of consecrating priests and erecting cathedrals, is only able to keep a respectable standing as to numbers by enrolling emigrants from the old world. Its converts from our native population are few and far between. One of their own papers, *The Tablet*, admits the fact, and says:

"Few insurance companies, we venture to assert, would take a risk on the national life of a creed which puts five hundred daily into the grave for one it wins over to its communion. And yet this is what Catholicity is doing in these States while we write."

THE SOUTH NOT SO EASILY SUITED.—We find, in the *Texas Christian Advocate*, a spirited reproof of the time-serving policy of the American Tract Society, in first resolving to publish well-written essays on the Christian aspects of slave-holding, and then timorously declining to do so, and begging pardon for having made the proposal. Such unmanly double-dealing does not suit the high-minded Southerner. Speaking of the society's course, our Texas brother says:

"Finding that they were about to lose the whole South, they have sent out a circular entitled 'Recent Action of the American Tract Society,' in which they declare openly that they will not proceed according to the action of the last anniversary; that is, that they will not publish anything on the subject of slavery. We have received one at this office. It is exceedingly apologetic and deprecatory, and pleads mightily for pacification. We shall not publish it. We do not care a cent whether they publish on the subject or not. The *action* they have taken on the subject is the cause of offense, and until that is squarely and unequivocally taken back, we are against the Society totally, and will labor for its destruction with what might God has given us. And we ask the question: Are those Southern Churches which have heretofore affiliated with the American Tract Society, going to receive this pitiable apology for an unremoved cause of offense? We shall wait to see. Any Church that does act so unworthily, is not better than the Society itself, and should be denounced as in the same category."

How very different the position of the Methodist Tract Society upon this subject. The General Conference ordered Wesley's Thoughts on Slavery, and similar tracts to be published. They have been issued accordingly in large numbers, and many thousand pages have found their way among the people of the South.

SMOKING AND TIPPLING.—A letter-writer, in the *Christian Observer*, speaking of these two bad habits among ministers, says:

"At the last Wesleyan Conference, which was held in Liverpool, the tobacco question came up, in the case of the young preachers. Several candidates for holy orders were constrained to plead guilty to the charge of smoking, and they were required by John Wesley's law to abandon the habit. President West also said, in the course of the discussion, that great difficulty had been found in securing accommodation for smoking preachers, from the aversion of respectable householders to the practice, and dread lest their sons should be contaminated by bad example. 'No preacher,' says the Discipline, 'is to use tobacco for smoking, chewing, or snuff, unless it be prescribed by a physician; and all our people are desired not to provide pipes or tobacco for any of our preachers.'

"Some of our Temperance champions, whose vigilance lets no chance slip, have seized the occasion to remind the Wesleyan Conference that it is as much bound by rule to put down spirit-drinking as smoking. Yet it is notorious that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the itinerants regularly take the alcoholic stimulant, in the form of grog, wine, porter, or beer, without compunction and without shame; and total abstinence by them is regarded as a weakness, if not a shame. How sad, when drunkenness is so rampant in the land, and so many members of the Church are lost annually through the insidious ravages of 'strong drink,' that self-denial should be proscribed and ridiculed even by the very authorities of the leading Churches in Great Britain."

THE AMUSEMENTS of a great city are less affected by the pecuniary pressure than almost any other branch of business. To "drive away dull care," many people resort to theaters, the opera, and concert-room, and thus the "harder" the times the greater the demand for something, by such people, to restore cheerfulness. It is not unlike the resort to liquor when a man finds himself overwhelmed with trouble. Some city paper gives the details of the receipts of places of amusements nightly in New York. It is estimated that ten thousand dollars are expended every night at the fifteen principal places of amusement. The same paper says that probably two thirds of this money comes from strangers, at least twenty or thirty thousand of whom are always in this city. The sum put down as received nightly by the Academy of Music, is two thousand dollars.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO VISIT EUROPE?—This interesting question is thus satisfactorily answered by a correspondent of the *Boston Post*:

"This is a question that I am asked not unfrequently, and something may be said in answer that will be of advantage to the inexperienced traveler. Were I to state that I spent ten or forty thousand dollars during my first visit to Europe—and it was nearer the latter than the former—it would really be saying nothing definite, so I will tell what may be done. Stay-at-home people often have very singular ideas of the expenses of foreign travel. I am not writing for the information of beggars, robbers, or gamblers, but for those who take money enough to pay all their expenses, personal and otherwise. During my last visit to Europe I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, Northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I

have asked my questioner to 'guess' the amount. The sum named has been usually two thousand or two thousand five hundred dollars. It was about one fifth the latter sum—to wit: five hundred—and the very same scenes can be visited now for one half that sum, and travel respectably. Money being usually an important consideration, we wish, in travel, as in other investments, to get as much value as possible for our dollar. I believe travelers usually do not get more than one half what they might. If a man wishes to become well acquainted with the English people in their domestic and social relations, and their political condition, he must stay a while, making his home with them."

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TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.—The ocean holds dissolved two millions of tons of silver. To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analyzed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests for silver, and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated, and the salt they obtained they boiled with lead. This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is termed cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to a heat sufficient to melt lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and as it melts it is sucked up by the porous little saucer, or cupel; it grows smaller and smaller until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools the red-hot spark cools too, and you have a homœopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way every day at the mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. An English ore was so tested the other day, and, sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.

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SHAMS IN CHURCHES.—A writer in one of the Boston papers complains of the "elaborate disfigurement" produced by the alterations in a church at Roxbury. It has been "poorly painted in fresco, and a pulpit of most singular proportions substituted for the old one, which everybody thought was sufficiently ugly." Behind the pulpit is a falsehood, in a church, where everything should be as it pretends to be, an attempt at perspective; and the door strangely opens through this perspective of rows of columns; so that "when the preacher enters, the astonished spectator sees the base and part of the shaft of sundry majestic columns turn upon hinges, leaving the elegant capitals and the remainder of the shafts suspended until the door is closed and the pleasing illusion restored." It looked to the critic like a scene at the theater in the daytime; though there the doors are usually in correct position, and the theater more natural than the church. There is a growing tendency to sham decorations of a similar kind in churches recently built, or in the process of improvement. The thing is well enough in a theater, where people go expecting to be humbugged, but in the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the *truth*, everything like an attempt at deception ought to be avoided.

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AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Will you please propound, Mr. Editor, this question, which, simple as it may seem, puzzles me and my teacher. We cannot agree as to the answer. Perhaps some of your readers can set us right. A shoemaker had a pair of boots which cost him, all expenses included, just four dollars. He sold them for five dollars and a half, but the purchaser paid him a fifty dollar bill, which, being unable to change, he carried to a grocer on the corner who changed it, and the purchaser departed with the boots and forty-four dollars and a half. In an hour or two the grocer brings back the bill, which proved to be a counterfeit, and the shoemaker gave him, in return for it, fifty dollars in good money. The question is, how much did he lose by the transaction?

TYRO.

SMALL CHANGE.

The pressure in the money market has been severe, but it has called out a great deal of small change. Poets and punsters have been busy, and old stories have been revamped, to throw, if possible, a gleam of cheerful sunshine upon the darkness of the present, and the gloom that hangs over the business prospects of the future. The mothers of this generation are furnished with new versions of nursery rhymes wherewith to comfort their little responsibilities; e. g.:

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry.
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knock'd into pi;
When the Banks were open'd
The Cashiers tried to sing;
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King?

The *King* was up at Albany
Fighting off the brokers,
The Cashiers were in Wall-street,
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shinning
Up and down the street,
Out rush'd a *Brown* bear
And knock'd them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the Banks do bark,
The brokers have come to town,
Some with "bags" and some with "rags,"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jump'd into the Savings' Bank,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rush'd into another bank,
And concluded that, all things consider'd,
he might as well deposit it again.

Note shaver! Note shaver!
Fly away home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.—A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when times were good. He called at the counting-house some time since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—very sick," replied monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*Detimes*—what disease is that?"

"De malaide what break all de merchants, ver much."

"Ah! the times, eh? well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope."

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust at present, when all de merchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur. I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must."

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur; not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book, drew a check on the good old Commercial for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars with the interest."

"Is it *bon!*" said the Frenchman with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it *parfaitement* convenient to pay the sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"O, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for me some little years longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire.* I no vant *de l'argent;* I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez*, eh?"

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CONFIDENCE.—The following incident is related of the run upon the Savings' Banks of New York City:

"At a Sixpenny Savings' Bank, a little newsboy, without a jacket, and only one suspender, (and that a string,) confronted the teller on Monday, and demanded to know whether "*she was all right!*"—meaning the institution—because, if she was, he didn't mean to be scared if everybody else was. He had got forty-two cents salted down there, and all he wanted was his (the teller's) word of honor that it wouldn't spile. The teller assured him that his money was ready for him at any moment.

"'Nuff said 'tween gen'lmen, but I don't want it,' rejoined the youth, and with a self-complacent, well-satisfied air, walked out of the bank.

"'Is she good?' cried two or three more newsboys, who were awaiting the result, at the doorsteps.

"'Yes, sirree!' he replied, 'as good as wheat—ketch *our* bank to stop! Yoos ought to seed the gold I seed in der safe.'

"'How much was they?' inquired a companion.

"'More n a houseful!' was his prompt response. 'An' yoos don't ketch dis 'ere chile a-makin' an old woman of his-self and drawin' out his money; I ain't so green—*I* ain't!'"

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THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.—The following scene is said to have occurred in a New York boarding-house, between Mr. Delacy and Mrs. Mooney, his Irish washerwoman:

Mr. Delacy: "About that washing bill of yours, Mrs. Mooney; I hardly know what to say. You know the banks are—" *Mrs. Mooney:* "Shure I don't know and don't care who they are. I'm wanting me money." *Mr. Delacy:* "But how can you expect me to have money when all the banks—" *Mrs. Mooney:* "What's the banks to me? It warn't for the banks I did the washing, and I'm wanting me money." *Mr. Delacy:* "O, confound the Irish! one can never make them understand a financial crisis."

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Some graceless wag has suggested a new reading of Shakspeare, to suit the times: "Help me, *Cash* us, or I sink!"

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AN EPIGRAM.

"There are balms," they tell us, "for all our pain,"
And too true in our recent disasters,
For trade has got on its legs again
Without the aid of shin-plasters!"

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SAFE.—As soon as I heard that the Mechanics' Banking Association had burst up, said Snooks, I shinned it home as fast as I could to see if I had any of their bills. "Well, had you any?" asked his eager friend. "Who, no. Having examined carefully, I fonnd I had no bills on that bank, nor on any other!"

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SHAKSPEARE IN THE PULPIT.—The eccentric Dr. Cox, says a contributor, in one of his lectures, tells of a parishioner of his who had a pious horror of Shakspeare, and other "profane" writers. One Sabbath the doctor had occasion to be absent from his pulpit, which was filled by a young man fresh from the university, who made great rhetorical flourishes, and quoted from Shakspeare, or at least so thought our worthy but ignorant friend, whose mind was exceedingly pained therby. "O!" said he, on his return home, "if Mr. —— would only remember '*that bourne from whence no traveler returns*,' he would never quote Shakspeare again in the pulpit."

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CRAWLING OUT.—We overheard two loafers the other day trying to trade mashed hats. The bargain was struck, when loafer number one displayed with triumph a ventilator in the top of his felt, large enough to put his fist through, whereupon loafer number two announced that in consequence of this brilliant stroke of diplomacy on the part of loafer number one, the bargain was made null and void. Loafer number one remonstrated with his fel-

low for "flunking," who made answer that "he couldn't be blamed for backing out, when he had such a *large hole to crawl through!*"

—

What's to Hinder it?—A company of persons who were going into ecstasies at Niagara Falls, observed an Irishman standing by, apparently unmoved. "My friend," said one of them, "it's a wonderful sight to see this vast body of water rushing over the giddy height." "An' what's to hinder?" broke in Pat. To be sure, it *was* nothing but the attraction of gravitation, the same principle being seen on a smaller scale, in emptying dirty water from a dish-pan, but the nature-worshiper didn't think of that, and was, therefore, somewhat startled by Pat's question, who evidently took a practical view of the cataract, as did the Yankee who thought it "a capital place for *washing sheep.*"

—

Sabbath Breaking.—A little girl of our neighbor's, who knows the fourth command in the decalogue, was lying in her bed one bright Sabbath morning, when her eye happened to catch a mammoth "grandfather gray-beard," showing forth some fine gymnastic feats of lofty tumbling, tall running, etc., on the carpet, upon which she broke forth in great distress: "O! Sister C., do look at that little sinner down there, *playin' on Sunday.*"

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A Good Retort.—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

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An English paper publishes the notice of the marriage of a couple, respectively eighty-three and eighty-two years old, and says: "We have often met with the expression, 'a green old age,' but have never seen so striking an example of such a state as this must have been."

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The Text.—Not only the members of the Church out West, but even ministers of the Gospel have, in some instances, become infected with the rage for speculation, so characteristic of the times. A worthy pastor had become so much interested in wild land speculation in which he had invested, that on one occasion, at the opening of divine service, he announced that his text would be found in "Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, *section four, range three west.*"

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Dutchman: Coot moryer, Patrick, how you tuz?

Irishman: Good mornin' till ye, Mike; think ye, will we get any rain?

Dutchman: I guess not; ye never has much rain in a ferry try dime.

Irishman: An' ye're right there; and thin, whenever it gets in the way of raining, not a bit o' dhry wither will we get as long as the wet spell howlds.

—

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely one of time: one has *feeling*, and the other has felt.

Slaying.—John Phœnix says of sleighing, that this mode of progression is considered a great amusement in the North. Being particularly dangerous to life and limb, and usually terminating in pulmonary consumption, the pastime is very properly called *sleighing.*

—

A toper was invited by a friend to his house to partake of a julep, of which he was very fond. It was handed to him in a silver goblet lined with gold. After sipping a portion he turned to his host, and remarked that it was astonishing what an addition a strawberry gave to the flavor of a julep. His friend replied that he was very sorry that he did not have a strawberry to put in it.

"But," said the toper, "there is certainly one in this."

Upon his host's asserting the contrary, he insisted that he saw it distinctly, and drained the goblet to get the berry, when he found that it was only the reflection of *his own nose!*

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Fish is served up on Fridays at Sing Sing Prison. The reason for this observance is the *religious scruples* of the inmates!

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A Silvery Odor.—Jones is getting luxurious. The other day he purchased a bottle of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." We met him shortly after, and asked him how he liked it, remarking at the same time that it ought to smell sweet. "O very sweet," said Jones with a wry face. "What does it smell strongest of?" we asked. "Well," replied the little joker, "it smells strongest, I should say, of fifty (s)cents!"

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An Orthodox Nose.—A clergyman in England, whose nasal protuberance indicated bibulous rather than biblical propensities, arrived one Saturday night at a country town, the rector of which was an indolent man of the old school, and was always too happy to get any one to relieve him of his duty. The sexton was not long in reporting the presence of a strange clergyman at the inn, and the rector immediately told him to beg the favor of his taking the service to-morrow and dining with him afterward. But recollecting at the moment the rumors of the irregular proceedings and unusual tenets that had been current ever since the time of Wesley, the rector was about to recall his invitation, remarking that "one ought to know something about a stranger in these days, as there were so many of these Methodist fellows about the country." "O, he is all right, sir," was the clerk's reply; "if you only saw his nose."

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Dissatisfied Domestics.—We have all heard of the housemaid who, about to leave a family rather unexpectedly, and urged to give a reason for it, simply said: "I can't stay; the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

A friend of ours had a female cook, who was equally sensitive in another direction. One evening she came to her mistress and gave warning. The lady was thrown into consternation, for she had a great reverence for her talents.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she; "is there anything amiss? Surely we treat

you kindly and respectfully. Are you dissatisfied with your wages?"

"No, mum."

"Then why do you wish to go?"

"Because I don't give satisfaction, mum."

"You surprise me!"

"It is true, mum," whimpered the cook, raising her apron to her eyes; "master put salt in his soup both yesterday and to-day!"

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MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—A gentleman, advertising for a wife, very prudently adds:

"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of an accident occurring to her companion."

A lady, advertising for a husband in the *Tribune*, is very particular to have it understood that "none need apply who are under six feet," upon which an exchange remarks, "That female is strongly in favor of hy-men!"

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A Yankee who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about those stone gals."

—

FEEDING ON THE POST.—One of the proprietors of *The Post* has a handsome country residence not far from the city. One of his neighbors is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to economize in his stable expenditure. His horses get but little to eat besides grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

"Good morning, my man," said he, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as if he had been 'our own correspondent;' "that's a fine fat horse you're riding."

"Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter," responded the groom, looking dubiously at the great man.

"O, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?"

"Why, thin, I'll tell your honor. We feeds him on the ould *Post* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!"

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METEMPSYCHOSIS AND REVENGE.—Jem: "Now spos'n you was to be turned into an animal, what would you like to be, Bill?"

Bill: "O, I'd like to be a lion, because he's so—"

Little Tom (who has had some recent painful experience at school, interrupting eagerly): "O, no, don't be a lion, Bill; be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster."

Recent Publications.

Notes, Critical and Practical, on the Book of Numbers. By GEORGE BUSH. Very few who have undertaken to write commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures are so well qualified for the task as the author of these Notes. He is an excellent Hebrew scholar, and master of an admirable English style. His Notes on the preceding books of the Pentateuch have been for several years before the public, and have acquired for him a high reputation. He is always clear in his statements, and embodies in them not only the results of much study, but a vast amount of practical instruction. The series thus far has our highest commendation, and we trust the learned author will continue his labors.

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Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN. This great work has been for some years before the public in England and the United States as a part of Clark's Foreign Theological Library. That translation was made by several scholars of very diversified ability. Hence, while some portions were executed with accuracy, others were done in a slovenly style, and, in many instances, the author was made to say, in English, what he had not said in the original German. Even with all its defects the English work acquired an extensive circulation on both sides of the Atlantic; but those spirited publishers, *Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.*, of this city, determined to give the public a new edition, in which the blunders which appeared in the former translation should be corrected, and the commentary presented in a style worthy of themselves and of the author. The whole was placed under the supervision of DR. KENDRICK, the able professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. Four volumes, bringing the work down to the end of the Epistle to the Galatians, have been published; and we do but echo the general verdict, already pronounced by all who are capable of forming a judgment, when we say that the whole is well done; that the translation is immeasurably superior to Clark's, and the typography admirable. Every Biblical student should have a copy of Olshausen, and to ministers of the gospel of every shade of religious creed it is almost indispensable.

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Hymns for the Use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Tunes for Congregational Worship. The Discipline of the Church for whose special benefit this volume is published, enjoins it as a duty upon the ministry "to exhort every person in the congregation to sing, not one in ten only." The exhortation is seldom given, and more seldom heeded. The ladies and gentlemen who usually sit in the front gallery to a great extent monopolize this part of public worship; not, in all cases, because they wish to have it so, for great multitudes who can and

therefore ought to sing, sit silent in the house of God, quite willing that this work should be done for them by others. It is a fact, too, beyond question, however strenuously it has been denied, that many persons, from a defective ear, or voice, or both, are unable to join in this part of worship, and can do no more than make melody in their hearts. Still there is a very large portion of those who make up ordinary Sunday congregations to whom this collection will be very acceptable, and there are many from whom it will take every possible excuse for silence during this portion of Divine service. The hymns for which the tunes are here given are precisely the same as those found in the ordinary church hymn book, and the tunes have been selected from a variety of sources by a judicious committee, to whom great praise is due for the pains-taking manner in which their work has been executed. The indexes are very complete, and the accuracy of the typography is creditable to all concerned. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

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Lights and Shades of Missionary Life is the title of a duodecimo volume of travels, sketches, and incidents, during nine years spent in the region of Lake Superior, by WA-EAH-WAH-WA-DOONG, which is, by interpretation, *The Yellow Beard*, and, in our own vernacular, JOHN H. PITEZEL. It is printed for the author, at the Western Book Concern, and has several wood engravings. The reader will find in it much to excite an interest for the spiritual welfare of the red men of the forest, and nothing to mitigate his indignation at the general treatment they have received at the hands of the United States government. It is for sale by *Carlton & Porter.*

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Life in the Itinerancy. A new edition of a volume originally published by *Miller, Orton, & Mulligan*, has just been issued by *Carlton & Porter*, of this city, who have become its publishers. It is

"Truth severe in fiction dress'd,"

and although it has reference to one denomination of Christians only, it may be read profitably by all. Some of the scenes are exceedingly life-like, and the whole story is creditable to the tact and chastened imagination of the author, the REV. L. D. DAVIS.

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Jane Hardy. By T. S. ARTHUR. Mr. Arthur is an unwearied story-teller; and his tales, though evincing no great scope of imagination, nor any remarkable power of invention, are always readable, and generally enlisted on the side of sound morality. "Jane Hardy" is made up of every-day materials—things that may have happened just as the writer relates them, and yet it is a fiction that sustains the interest of the reader to the end. The heroine was married to a man who was self-opinionated and overbearing, and in the course of the story she becomes a maniac. Treated with unwearied care and tenderness by her daughter, her reason is restored. Mr. Hardy becomes convinced of his ill conduct, and begins, as his wife is about to die, to realize that he loves her. We are not sure of the truth of "Jane's" theory as she unfolds it to Mr. Hardy upon her death-bed, but copy it, as poetical, at least, if not true. We know there will be a separation between the righteous and the wicked, but are not aware that there is any warrant, other than that derived from mediums and spirit-rappers, for the classification of characters and the formation of distinct communities in the abodes of the blessed.

"'We shall speedily meet again,' said the husband, as he sat alone with her, holding her small shadowy hand in his, just as the twilight began to dawn its dusky curtains around them. His voice trembled; for he had spoken in answer to her remark that in a very little while she must pass away.

"'I know not how that may be,' she said, very quietly, and fixing her large, glittering eyes upon his face. 'In the world to which I am going the laws of association are not as the laws of this world, John.'

"'O, Jane! what am I to understand by this?' There was grief in the tones of his voice.

"'Only,' she replied, 'that in the life to come, spiritual qualities conjoin. They will be near each other who are alike, and those distant from each other who are unlike, in their life and their affections. The attraction or repulsion will be mutual. But God only knows our internal states, by which the future is determined. If it is well with us as to these, we need have no concern.'

"Mr. Hardy felt the words of his wife like sharp thrusts of glittering steel. How calmly she spoke! What a placid, almost angelic expression was in her countenance as she talked of the laws of conjunction and dissociation in the future life—laws which, if they really prevailed, would hold them apart forever! 'I know not how that may be. In the world to which I am going, the laws of association are not as the laws of this world.' Such was her calm, even-toned answer to his almost tearfully uttered assurance of a meeting after death. It was thus she removed from under his feet the frail support on which they rested as the waters of sorrow began to roar around him. He covered his face with his hands, and sat silent for many minutes.

"'Can you not forgive me the past? O, Jane! If, through blind error, I wronged you once, have I not sought in all possible ways to make atonement?' Mr. Hardy looked up and spoke with a sudden energy.

"A shadow dimmed the face of his wife, and tears sprung to her eyes.

"'We have both need of forgiveness, John,' she replied; 'I, perhaps, most of all. We cannot conceal from ourselves, if we would, that the current of our lives did not run smoothly at the beginning, nor for a long time afterward. The cords that bound us together were not silken and light as gossamer to bear, but heavy and galling as links of iron. I blame myself in many things. I was not a true, self-forgetting, loving wife to you, John. I did not make your home a happy one. I struggled, and fretted, and made myself wretched, when I should have thought of your comfort, and striven, in fulfillment of our marriage vows, to make you happy.'

"'Dear Jane! say no more. Your words pierce me like arrows!' Mr. Hardy laid a finger upon her lips. 'O, if the scales had sooner fallen from mine eyes!'

"'If I had helped you to remove them,' said Mrs. Hardy, almost mournfully, 'both would have suffered less. But I was young and weak from years of indulgence by the tenderest of fathers. I did not comprehend your wants and wishes, and you did not understand me. I never meant to act in opposition, and never did, willfully and perversely. I never intended to give you pain. But I could not hide all signs of anguish, when your words were accusations. Nor could I always look smiling and cheerful when my heart was aching. I say this now only that you may do me justice in your thoughts: for I would not have you think of me, after I am gone, as one who designedly, and for the purpose of gratifying an evil purpose, made the home cheerless which she had promised to fill with sunlight. God gave me power afterward to rise above the weakness of my nature; and I was able to be to you, my husband, all that I desired to be from the beginning. . . . But the past is past, and I would turn to it only for justice, not in order to wound. Forgive me for what I have now said, if it has given you any pain. I cannot, in parting with you, perhaps

forever, leave on your mind the impression that I ever meant anything but to be a true wife.'

"'Forever, Jane! forever! O, do not say that word! Let me hear your lips recall it!' And Mr. Hardy bent over her with a countenance full of anguish.

"'In this world, where hearts are hidden things, and woman must believe where she cannot see—must take loving words and acts in full confidence that they are true words and acts—it too often happens, that her lot is one of wretchedness. The fair exterior of manhood, so attractive in her eyes, often proves to be a false exterior. She finds nothing in his affection or his principles with which she can truly harmonize; and, though she may live with him dutifully, and even in some appearance of love, yet is there no true union of the heart—no marriage in the higher sense.

"With such death is an eternal disjunction. How could it be otherwise in a world where similitude conjoins, and dissimilitude separates? And this law of attraction and repulsion, my husband,' continued Mrs. Hardy, speaking very earnestly, 'is a merciful law. If there is an error here it will not be perpetuated when we pass up higher. Of one thing we may be certain; the quality of our spiritual life in this world will determine our associations in the life beyond; and in heaven we shall desire none other.'

"Mr. Hardy had bowed his head while she was speaking. It was some moments before he looked up. When he did so his face was paler, his eyes were heavy, and his countenance wore a drooping aspect. What sharp arrows of conviction were in the words which had been spoken by his wife! Steadily he gazed into her face, wonderingly and sorrowfully, while every moment the conviction grew stronger that their separation was likely to be an eternal one; that her pure spirit would ascend higher than he ever could, and claim companionship with spirits of more godlike nature."

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We have been highly gratified by a perusal of *the Fourth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, Cal.* It is a good omen for the future of that rising star of the Pacific, that in the principal city of the state such an association has been formed, and is prosecuting its great work with zeal and success. The society has a total membership of three hundred and seventy, the increase during the past year being one hundred and ten. In connection with a good library, they have a well-supplied reading room, open to all who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. Essays and lectures on various subjects have been read at the monthly meetings of the association, and the report contains an admirable address on "Christianity the basis of universal brotherhood," by the REV. DR. ANDERSON.

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Previous pages of the NATIONAL bear merited testimony to the philanthropic labors of GALLAUDET, the devoted and successful teacher of the deaf and dumb. An admirable portrait is given in our number for November, 1850. It is, indeed, the best likeness we have seen. It is followed by a brief sketch of the good man's life and labors, bringing them down to his death, which occurred in September, 1851. Recently, the *Messrs. Carter* have published a volume, (18mo., pp. 440,) entitled *The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D.*, by REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D., of which it is sufficient to say that it has been, in its preparation, evidently a labor of love, and that it contains sermons, addresses, and letters from the pen of Gallaudet, with all the more interesting incidents connected with his useful life.

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A Discourse on occasion of the death of *Wilbur F. Noyes*, a student of the Wesleyan University, by the REV. DR. TRUE, is above the average of similar tributes to departed worth, both as respects the character of the deceased and the style of the sermon. Mr. Noyes was twenty-three years of age, amiable in all the relations of life, a good scholar, and a Christian. He died the death of the righteous, and his memory is precious. The passage selected for the text of the sermon is that difficult one in the Epistle to the Romans, viii, 19 to 23. The preacher adopts, in the main, the interpretation of Wesley, and argues that the apostle is here speaking of the entire animal world, rational and irrational, and that the brute creation are destined to a resurrection from the dead and to a happy existence in a future state. There are other topics incidentally touched upon, to which exceptions may be taken by critical readers, while even the most captious will admire the clearness of the author's style and his felicity of illustrations.

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We are indebted to our friend, DR. D. MEREDITH REESE, of this city, for a copy of his admirable report on *Infant Mortality in Large Cities*. We could wish that a copy of this pamphlet might find its way into every family in the land. The facts here brought to light are absolutely appalling, and the remedies suggested for this state of things ought to be universally disseminated. The author tells us, and his statement is confirmed by official statistics, that the mortality of infants under one year old, greatly exceeds that occurring between one and five years of age; while the mortality under two years is nearly four times that between two and five years. Moreover, the number of children who die under five years of age, is greater than the whole mortality between five and sixty years of age! Hence the perils of life during the *five* years of infancy are greater than during the *fifty-five* years subsequent to that age.

And the doctor pertinently asks:

"Why should infant mortality in American cities be greater than even in Paris! eight per cent. above Glasgow, ten per cent. above Liverpool, and nearly thirteen per cent. greater than in London? Why should it be increasing here and diminishing there? And this, too, when statistics abundantly show the mean duration of human life to be greater by three and a half per cent. in our American cities, taken collectively, than in the cities of Europe?"

Several reasons are given; among others,

"Mismanagement of infancy, by parents, nurses, or doctors, in feeding and physicking the newly born; depriving them of the nutriment simultaneously flowing into the mother's breast, as nature's only and all-sufficient supply for nutrition and development, and substituting therefor the thousand slops, teas, and drugs which officious grannies, of both genders, are wont to prepare and administer. It may safely be computed that a moiety of the mortality among infants of days, is the direct result of spooning into the stomachs of new-born children some of the worst simples and compounds which they will ever taste through life, in case they survive the infliction. Not merely molasses, or sugar and water, catnip tea, olive or castor oil, goose-grease, spoon victuals, and the like, but salt and water, soot tea, gin sling, and even *urine*, are incontinently forced into the infant's throat before it has known an hour of life. Thousands thus perish in early infancy, their deaths being ascribed variously to colic, cholera, diarrhœa, dysentery, or convulsions, though oftener produced by drugging for the relief of symptoms which the mother's earliest milk would have prevented or cured; life being sacrificed by soothing syrup, Godfrey's cordial, Jayne's carminative, or some other vile mixture of molasses and water, with opium and brandy."

We make room for another short extract on the general subject, and with it conclude by again commending the report to the notice of our readers. (*Collins, Philadelphia.*)

"We shall find it difficult to believe that the inestimable jewel of life is given by the Creator to such myriads of our race, with the design that a large majority of those who receive this boon are destined, in the Divine plan, to perish during their fœtal or infantile existence, and that he has left us without any remedy to avert so terrific a catastrophe. Indeed, from what we know of the wonderful viability and mysterious tenacity of life which characterize infantile existence, both intra and extra-uterine being, we should infer the contrary; and believe that the benevolent Father of all has other, and wiser, and better designs toward our race, purposes which are perverted or defeated by a violation of the laws of our being, whereby the children whom God has given us as a blessing, become a curse by our early bereavement, and they perish prematurely, the victims of our ignorance, our misfortunes, our follies, or our crimes."

The Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have grown into a pamphlet of formidable size. Those for 1857, just issued by *Carlton & Porter*, cover three hundred and forty-four octavo pages, and embrace not only the statistics, as heretofore given, but much other valuable information, such as the number of churches and parsonages in each conference, with their probable value; the number of baptisms of adults and children; and the number of deaths in the membership during the year. The total number of effective traveling preachers is six thousand one hundred and thirty-four. There are eight thousand three hundred and thirty-five churches, the probable value of which is estimated at fifteen millions seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and nineteen dollars. The Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Jersey Conferences hold the first place in the value of their church edifices, amounting each to more than one million of dollars. Close upon them follow the New York East, nine hundred and eighty thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the New York, nine hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and thirty dollars. In fifteen of the Conferences there has been a decrease of members during the year, but on the whole the aggregate increase is set down at twenty thousand one hundred and ninety-two.

The Fort Edward Institute Monthly differs from the mass of cotemporary periodicals in that it is made up of original contributions from the faculty and students of that literary institution. It is highly creditable to all concerned, and the world will one day hear from some of the young writers whose first efforts are here put forth. From the last number we take pleasure in transferring to our pages a brief sketch of an artist whose merits are not exaggerated by the partiality of the writer:

JAMES HOPE, A. M.

"As a landscape artist the subject of this brief sketch is the "Hope of Vermont," if not of the nation. He was born in Scotland, in the year 1818, on the Tweed, and in the neighborhood of Melrose. He is, therefore, a 'border-man,' a descendant of those of whom Scott says:

"They sought the beeves which made their broth
From Scotland and from England both."

The locality is highly picturesque, and is celebrated in Scottish song and legendary romance. In the early years of his boyhood the beautiful scenery and wild legends of the border made a strong impression upon his mind; and, to the present day, they haunt his imagination like memories of a pleasant dream. Those scenes, daguerreotyped upon his soul with the light of childhood, are tinted by the classic hand of Walter Scott, whom he recollects to have seen, and whose poems are as familiar with him as household words.

"His talent as a poet is of no inferior character. There are some of his productions written in the broad Scotch dialect that would do no discredit to Burns himself. You have only to speak of his native land, and his cheek glows, and his eye kindles with the true Caledonian fire. The following stanzas are from his 'Farewell to Scotland:'

"'Farewell, ye green hills, and ye heather-clad mountains,
Ye wild woody glens and bright valleys below;
Farewell to the land of the lakes and the fountains,
The dearest on earth that my bosom can know.
I ne'er shall forget thee, my country! no, never!
Though I leave thee for years, and it may be—forever.

"'Farewell, ye gray halls that my infancy shelter'd,
The home of my sires I can never forget;
Thine ivy-clad walls time and tempests may alter,
But thy old mossy stones shall be dear to me yet:
The strong ties that bind me to thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be—forever.

"'And when in some lone foreign land I'm a ranger,
If the blue hills of Scotland I never may see,
Ere they lay me to rest in the grave of a stranger,
My last breath shall rise for a blessing on thee.
Farewell, Caledonia! from thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be—forever.'

"He was the only child of his mother, who died before he was a year old, and left him to the care of his father, who emigrated with him to America when he was but nine years of age. Till his sixteenth year his home was in a wild section of Canada East, where they had few neighbors except wild beasts and the red men of the forest. Here he contracted a love for forest scenery, which has a strong influence upon his pencil to the present day. The sudden death of his father left him an orphan indeed; and after remaining with his grandfather about a year, he determined to try his fortune in the States. He bade adieu to his friends in the winter of 1834, and traveled on foot to Fairhaven, Vermont, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, where he engaged as an apprentice to a wagon-maker for five years. At the end of this time he entered Castleton Seminary as a student, and remained two years.

"Up to this time he was quite undecided as to his life plan. His genius as a designer began to develop itself in childhood, when he amused himself by caricaturing his school-mates, sketching battle scenes, and modeling figures in blue clay. His canvass was usually a shingle, and his pencil a burnt stick. Not esteeming his skill in drawing of any practical value, the ambition of his youth was to be a soldier. This is not surprising when we reflect that he was a native of the 'border,' the battle-ground of the ancient Scots.

"But Cupid entered the lists, and Mars was driven from the field. At the age of twenty-three our hero married, and for a while engaged in teaching and such other employment as rendered him temporary support. In the meantime he made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain instruction in painting. He finally gave up all hope of becoming an artist, and was on the eve of engaging in an enterprise which would, in all probability, have given a different direction to his whole life. But he was again doomed to disappointment. He was disabled by a terrible ax-wound in his ankle joint, which for a time overwhelmed him with despondency. However, the star of 'Hope' was obscured for a moment, only to shine upon him with brighter luster. His active spirit would no longer brook control, and obtaining some common paints and a board, he made his first essay as a limner, in a portrait of himself. Such was his success, that sitters began to throng his primitive studio, and before he had fairly regained his power of locomotion he was a confirmed portrait painter, and had earned over a hundred dollars. He fully recovered from the accident which had threatened to disable him for life, and by it scaled the barrier which obstructed his course as an artist; thus finding special significance in the sentiment:

"'There's a divinity that shapes our *ends*,
Rough hew them how we will.'

"This occurred in the early part of his twenty-fifth year. He now obtained suitable books and materials, and by untiring study and toil became quite a proficient in his art; so that he ventured to open a studio in Montreal. Here he met with more than the ordinary success of young artists; but after two years the health of his family demanding a change of air, he returned to Rutland County, Vermont. Here he fell in company with a landscape painter, who noticed his passionate love of nature, and the readiness with which he sketched, and encouraged him to give himself to landscapes. An opportunity presenting itself to teach painting and drawing in Castleton Seminary, he resorted to this method of maintaining his family till his pencil could more directly win him fame and bread.

"One of his first pictures, a view of Castleton Lake, he sold to the 'American Art Union.' On visiting the galleries of art in the metropolis, he was sadly disappointed to find that nature was not the standard among artists, because, as they explained, she was too tame. They advised him to improve his style by studying the works of other artists more. But he had made love to nature by the 'bonnie braes' of Scotland, and she had proved true in the land of his adoption, and his constant heart revolted at the thought of discarding her for the blandishments of an artful stranger. So he returned to the green hills of Vermont, sad but undaunted, loving art not the less, but nature more. His brother artists regarded him with jealous eye, and his sensitive nature shrank from anything that indicated inordinate pride of opinion; yet he preferred to risk his reputation for modesty, rather than sacrifice a principle so dear to him. He therefore toiled on, with that indomitable perseverance and untiring industry which so strikingly characterize him, never doubting of success, even in the darkest hour of discouragement.

"That artists should look askance at him is not surprising, if they had any apprehensions that his style was likely to become a popular one. For it implies an amount of labor that few have the patience or the perseverance to perform. This will be appreciated when it is known that he is not unfrequently engaged for weeks upon a scene from nature, painted, in all its details, on the spot, in the open air; and this, too, at a distance requiring from three to six miles' walk, which he accomplishes in time to greet the rising sun, and retires only with the light.

"Such effort deserves success. And when directed by such genius it cannot fail. For some time he struggled on, regarding himself as rather a 'forlorn hope,' till he was cheered by the information that there existed in England an association of artists styling themselves 'Pre-Raphaelites.' They went beyond the 'Old Masters,' accepting of no model but nature herself. About the same time he obtained a copy of Ruskin's celebrated work, 'Modern Painters.' This completely sustained and ably defended his theory. He now felt himself, at least, in honorable company, and, though his pictures had found a ready sale, he was ambitious to establish himself in New York. Taking with him some of his best studies, he again visited the metropolis. His 'Cedar Swamp,' exhibited in the 'National Academy of Design,' called forth a long criticism in the *Tribune*, in which he was classed with the 'Pre-Raphaelites.' The system was condemned, while he was given credit for a very *natural* picture. His picture sold at a good price, and he found sufficient encouragement to induce him to open a studio in the city. Since that time he has spent his winters in New York, and his summers at his home in Castleton.

"To the superficial observer his studies may appear tame when compared with some of the gorgeous works of other artists; but you examine them for the hundredth time with still increasing pleasure. They hold the same relation to these fanciful designs that genuine history does to works of fiction. The one excites a momentary pleasure, while the other furnishes material for reflection for a lifetime.

"It is a gratifying fact that fortune begins to bestow her favors upon our artist with a lavish hand. In the enjoyment of a competency, and crowned with honors, with a pleasant cottage home enlivened by youthful 'hopes,' with a naturally cheerful spirit chastened by a genial piety, he cannot but be a happy man. And taking into consideration his age, his genius, his ambition, and his success, it will hardly be deemed presumption to predict that, as a landscape artist, he will yet be acknowledged 'the Hope of the nation.'"

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG have not appeared in such number and variety as in former years at the holiday season. We notice:

Mia and Charlie; or, a Week's Holiday at Ryduls Rectory, an English reprint from the press of *Carter & Brothers:* a very pleasing story, with illustrations by Birkett Foster, who stands at the head of his profession.

The Little Shoemaker; or, the Orphan's Victory, an original tale, by Mrs. S. A. Myers, of whose former productions we have spoken favorably. This, we are assured, is a true story, and the youthful reader will not only find it exceedingly interesting, but cannot fail to derive benefit from its perusal. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

Brown, Loomis, & Co., are issuing a series of "Illuminated Classics," for the little folks. The first volume now before us is "Chanticleer," the well-known thanksgiving story, from the pen of *Cornelius Mathews*. It is beautifully illustrated, and is to be followed by other entertaining stories, all of which, the publishers assure us, are to be healthful in their moral tone.

Anna; or, Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home. (*Carter & Brothers.*) We are not admirers of the purely conversational style in which these "Passages" are given. We seem to hear only the author in the dialogue, and expect him to get the better of his opponents, while he furnishes arguments for the mere purpose of showing how easily he can refute them. "Anna," however, will interest a large class of readers, and it may be commended for its inculcation of Scriptural truth.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

READING FOR FARMERS.—The present season, to the farmer, is measurably one of rest and repose, but not of idleness; the thrifty and intelligent farmer has no time for idleness. The demands of out-door labor are comparatively few; and the time that remains, after proper attention to the wants and comfort of the stock, should be employed in maturing plans for the future, and in intellectual improvement. The farmer should not be without a choice library; its size is not of so much importance as its character; the light, trashy, demoralizing literature of the day should be rigidly excluded. Biography, travels, essays, history, the sciences and arts, with some good practical works on agriculture and horticulture, will afford instructive and entertaining reading to all members of the family. The reproach that

farmers are not a reading and intellectual portion of the community, is fast losing its force: let there speedily be an end to it. Why should they deny themselves one of the purest sources of enjoyment within their reach? Reading, in fact, has become indispensable to the farmer, if he would reach the highest point of success in his profession; in no other way can he obtain an adequate knowledge of the improvement made in farm implements, the different breeds of stock, and the various operations and accessories pertaining to the tillage of the soil. We regard agricultural and horticultural journals as occupying a very important position in the periodical literature of the day; and every wise farmer will subscribe for at least one of them. A good publication of this kind, carefully read and digested, can hardly fail to make him a more thoughtful man, and a better master of his profession. We shall contribute our mite toward this end, so far as our limited space will admit.

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Cleaning Fruit Trees.—After the fruit is gathered, trees seldom receive any attention till the following spring; and in the hurry which then necessarily takes place, many important things are overlooked or neglected, and perhaps a thought is never given to the fact that multitudes of insects, in various stages of formation, have been left to multiply, and in many instances blight the farmer's hope. The larvæ and eggs of insects may be found in the soil, and under the bark and along the limbs of trees: the larvæ in the soil are most readily destroyed by late fall plowing, which brings them under the influence of winter frosts, and insures the death of most thus exposed. But we wish to direct attention now to the eggs deposited under the bark and on the limbs, and to the various species of coccus, or scaly bug. To destroy the former, the trunk of the tree should be scraped; for this purpose an old hoe may be used. It is only necessary to scrape off the loose outer bark; after this has been removed, the trunk may be washed with a weak solution of whale-oil soap, or even common soap. The tree will be benefited by the operation, independently of the destruction of insects. The nests and nits on the limbs must be destroyed by hand. The labor is somewhat tedious, but it is labor well bestowed, and effects the purpose more surely, and in much less time, than when the trees are covered with leaves. If the destruction of insects is left till summer, much damage is done before any attempt is made to prevent it; and the labor then is greatly increased, as the worms are scattered all over the tree, and hidden from sight by the leaves. It is much better to destroy them when you can do so in mass. You will find the birds willing and cheerful co-laborers with you in destroying your insect enemies; those that escape you during the winter, they will probably destroy during the summer. You should therefore encourage the birds to abide with you, and protect them from wanton destruction by senseless boys, whether of a larger or smaller growth.

We will now add a few words in regard to the coccus or scaly bug, which too often entirely escapes observation. In shape, they resemble a very small turtle, and in appearance seem like small scales; hence their name. They are a great pest, and adhere to the bark by suction; suckers, in fact, would have been a significant name for them. They increase rapidly, and spread from the trunk all over the tree, which in consequence becomes sickly, and unable to ripen its fruit. The scaly bug is more frequently found on the pear than the apple; and so seldom attracts notice, that it is not often molested by the hands of man. In winter it is not difficult to destroy; it is then torpid, and easily rubbed off. It is generally found on smooth bark, and is readily destroyed by soap-suds applied with a brush: the scrubbing, however, must be done in good earnest. The whole subject of insects is deserving of serious attention, and we hope our readers will employ a portion of their winter leisure in efforts to destroy them.

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Fences.—The fence is one of the last improvements made on the farm, and generally one of the worst. It is a poor economy, however, to build a poor fence. Where stone is abundant, it makes in the end, if well laid, the most economical, as it is the most durable fence; but one made of locust posts and chestnut rails will last a lifetime. It should by all means be made straight; a crooked rail fence is an abomination, a waste of land, a harbor for weeds, and forever needing "fixing up." It is quite a common practice to divide the farm into small lots; this is both expensive and useless. Where cattle are soiled, very few fences are needed; and soiling is a practice much to be commended, especially on small farms. Look at your fences now, note what repairing is needed, and endeavor to do it before spring work is upon you.

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The Peach Blow Potato.—We have tried this new variety of potato, and consider it one of the best grown. It boils dry, is mealy, and good flavored. It is also productive, and has been but little affected by the rot. The eyes are prominent, and there is consequently little waste in peeling. We saw it last season in several different localities, and found it uniformly good, and in much favor. The finest patch was on the farm of Peter L. Bogart, Esq., at Roslyn. We measured some of the stalks, and found them to be over six feet in length, and very stout. We recommend our readers to give the Peach Blow, and also the Washington, a trial.

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A noble Lemon Tree.—In a recent visit to Manhassett, L. I., we were invited to examine a large lemon tree belonging to one of the neighbors. Our surprise may be imagined when we beheld the largest specimen of the kind we had ever seen. Our surprise would have been less if we had seen the tree in some spacious green-house; but it is a "room-plant," and has always been such. Its age is about twelve years, and it had on it when we saw it *one hundred and sixty-two lemons!* many of them of very large size. Last year it produced one hundred and thirty-four lemons. We have seen specimens more symmetrically and skillfully grown, but none in better health and condition. It is about seven feet high and six feet in di-

ameter. To increase the wonder, we have only to add, that this noble tree is owned and was raised by a lady, Miss Mary Bogert. It has been the special object of her affectionate care since it was a "wee bud," and it has, no doubt, beguiled many a weary hour, and added sunshine to the brightest.

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CAHOON'S MAMMOTH RHUBARB.—Last fall we had an opportunity of examining this new variety of Rhubarb or "pie-plant," at Mr. Fuller's, in Brooklyn. It is truly a mammoth, its size not having been exaggerated by our Western friends. One of the stalks measured twelve inches in circumference, and weighed eight pounds and a half! We advise our friends to procure this variety, as well as the Linnæus and Downing's Colossal. The soil should be trenched and manured to the depth of at least two feet, for the Rhubarb is a gross feeder. If stalks are wanted early, the plants should be covered with manure in the fall, which may be forked under in the spring. The exposure should be a warm one, well open to the sun. The plants should not be placed near a grass or box edging, as the leaves will inevitably kill it. The Linnæus may be cut during the whole season, the stalks being at all times crisp and tender, with a fine vinous flavor. Care must be taken, however, not to push the cutting too far; for repeatedly stripping the same plant of its stalks greatly weakens it, and sometimes kill it. This may be avoided by having two sets of plants.

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PARLOR PLANTS.—These will need watching, to prevent them from being frosted. When the nights are very cold, the table should be moved back from the window, which can be readily done if the tables are made as directed in a former article. Means should be taken to keep the temperature of the room above the freezing point, especially at night; and watering should be carefully attended to. The plants should not be watered until the surface of the soil becomes dry, and then enough should be given to go through the pot. This is a very important point to attend to, and its neglect is a source of frequent failure. Dead leaves should be picked off, and the surface of the soil occasionally stirred; and the plants will be benefited by an occasional syringing overhead.

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NANTUCKET GIRLS.—Until recently we had supposed that Nantucket was nothing but a sand bank, ornamented with a few fishermen's huts; but we were under a delusion. Nantucket is a great place, and raises smart girls. Nantucket has churches, public schools, newspapers, a gas-house, etc., and an Agricultural Society two years old, with a surplus fund of about a thousand dollars! They had a grand time at their annual fair, in which the women and girls took a prominent part, not only in making the arrangements, but as exhibiters and judges. This is as it should be. We find them writing odes and songs, exhibiting a great variety of needle work and domestic manufactures, and even fruit, besides contributing very materially to the spirit and life of the entertainment at the close. The Nantucket girls, we take it, excel in growing *peaches*, for quite a number presented them for exhibition at the fair, and Miss Coleman's, we believe, took the first prize. We missed something in not having been there; if we live so long, we shall be on hand at the next annual fair of the Nantucket Agricultural Society. The part which the girls took in this fair pleases us greatly, and receives our emphatic commendation. We saw something of the kind in Boston a couple of years since, and were so favorably impressed with its propriety, and the spirit it gave to the occasion, that we could not help wishing the practice were common all over the land. We have plenty of young "misses" here in New York; we wish our Nantucket friends would take some of them, and make "girls" of them.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

During the past month there has been much excitement in New York in consequence of the position in which the working classes are placed from the want of employment. Meetings of unemployed men were held in most of the principal squares, at which many speeches of an incendiary character were made, chiefly by noisy politicians, who endeavored to make capital at the expense of the poor men by urging them to break the peace. They were, however, unsuccessful in their efforts, and failing to produce what they wanted, notoriety, they abandoned the workingmen, who most sensibly disclaimed all idea of disturbing the public peace, and exerted themselves to procure employment. Many of them were successful; but we regret to say there are thousands still idle, and the sufferings they and their families are enduring, from hunger and cold, are terrible. It is the most melancholy winter ever seen in New York, and happy would it be for thousands if it had passed. In other cities the same melancholy tale has to be told, and unless business is speedily resumed, it is feared the consequences will be disastrous. . . *Late accounts from Honduras* state that the surveying corps of the projected interoceanic railroad had reached Comayagua, a point midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The survey had thus far proved satisfactory, and the party of engineers were in good health and capital spirits. At Omoa, the authorities were making warlike preparations to repel an apprehended attack from Walker's filibusters, and a British vessel of war was daily expected to arrive to aid in the defense of the town. Throughout all Central America the mention of Walker's name appears to inspire alarm and lead to an immediate overhauling of rusty cannon and small arms. *Apropos* of Walker, it may here be stated that he wrote a letter to General Cass, in which he repudiated the idea of his infringing upon the Neutrality laws, by enlisting men to make war upon a state with which we are at peace, and in a few days afterward left New Orleans in the Steamer "Mobile," for Mobile, when he was transferred to another steamer, the "Fashion," lying there with a force of four hundred men, and an abundance of arms and munitions of war. The steamer sailed at once for Nicaragua. On it becoming known at Washington, the government immediately dispatched the revenue cutters at New Orleans to intercept this band of filibusters, and as soon after as possible the president recognized General Yrassari as

minister from Central America. . . . . *At length the government* will be compelled to take active and decisive steps against the Mormons. Official reports have been received in Washington of the burning, near Green River, by the Mormons, of three government trains, (seventy-five wagons;) also intelligence of the belligerent stand taken by these infatuated men; the proclamation of Brigham Young, placing Utah under martial law, and his threatening speeches, letters, etc., declaring it to be his intention to prevent the troops from entering *his* dominions. These violent measures admit of no palliation. The government must act energetically, and at once. . . . . *Quick justice*, when administered by due course of law, is seldom more strongly exemplified than in a late case at Chicago. William Young and John Powers shot William Crozier on board a canal boat, for the terrible crime of breaking a pane of glass. The murder was committed on Monday night. The same night both Young and Powers were arrested; on Tuesday they were lodged in jail; on Thursday they were indicted; on Friday they were arraigned, tried, and convicted; on Monday they were sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life; and on the same evening, just one week from the commission of the crime, they were lodged in the State Prison. If this course of rapid justice was oftener pursued, crime would be less abundant, particularly in the city of New York, where crime is terribly on the increase. Murder succeeds murder so rapidly, that even when the party is brought up for trial, we forget all about the crime with which he stands charged, we have so many to remember, and so tardy are the authorities in bringing to trial the rascals who commit the deeds. The month of November presented the most horrible calendar of crime in the annals of the city, most of the murders committed being of a cruel, fiendish, and bloodthirsty character. . . . . *The news from Mexico* is highly important. Congress has suspended the political guarantees of the new constitution, and invested President Comonfort with supreme authority. Serious difficulties have occurred between the Spaniards and Mexicans in Cuernavaca, and martial law has been proclaimed in that district in consequence. . . . . *Advices from Yucatan* represent the whole population of the province as in arms. The accounts of the ravages of the Indians are fearful. The towns of Chiciaconot and Tekax were sacked under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and the people of the Eastern district were flying from the savages in all directions. The citizens of Merida had addressed Governor Barreda on the subject of protection, when that official assured them that a war of extermination will be waged on the Indian race. He attributes their insolent war action to the unsettled state of the country produced by the revolutionists. . . . . *The Great Republic*, our largest and swiftest of clipper ships, seems to have had a narrow escape from foundering off Cape Horn, on the 3d of September, (the same date, it will be remembered, of the heavy gale in which the Central America was lost, though at so great a distance.) The Great Republic was on her way from the Chincha Islands to Callao, with guano, and when off the Horn was struck by a gale of such violence as to blow all her sails to atoms, carry away part of her spars, and finally a sea struck her on deck which broke away four of her beams, tore up her hatch-combings, and partially filled her with water. She reached the islands on the 7th, her crew having had no food for four days, and the ship almost in a sinking condition. . . . . *Last month the Barnegat Light House*, on the Jersey coast, fell with a loud crash in a severe storm. The sea had been for some years undermining it, and in order to prevent danger, a temporary house had been put up, to which the keeper and his family had removed a day or two before. A new house is to be immediately constructed, as the light is one of the most important ones on the American coast. . . . . *Judge Buchat*, of Bridgehampton, Michigan, has been arrested and thrown into jail, charged with the brutal and inhuman murder of his little child of three years, by beating it and burning on a stove. The child had been reported burned to death by accident and buried, but was dug up to furnish proof of the crime. . . . . *A serious and fatal collision* took place in the Gulf of Mexico, on the 15th ult. At midnight, the Texas Steamship Opelousas, from Berwick Bay, for Galveston, came in contact with the Galveston, of the same line, and was so much injured that she sunk immediately. The captain and crew of the Opelousas were all saved, but twenty or twenty-five persons went down with the vessel, among whom was General Hamilton, of South Carolina, a well-known and influential man. . . . . *James G. Birney* died in New Jersey, on the 24th of November. He was a native of Kentucky, born in the year 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, N. J., at the age of nineteen, and devoted himself to the study of law. On attaining his majority and coming into the possession of slaves, he nobly, and at great pecuniary sacrifice, set them all free. He afterward edited an anti-slavery paper with distinguished ability, and was the candidate of the Liberty party for President of the United States in 1844. His name will fill a conspicuous place in the history of reform when that history shall be written. . . *Funeral services* in honor of Major General Worth were celebrated in this city on the 25th of November, on occasion of removing his body to the site of the monument about to be erected to his memory. There was an imposing display of military, and a funeral oration was delivered by the mayor. . . . . *Mr. Samuel C. Nowlan*, a civil engineer, has executed a plan for bridging the East River between this city and Brooklyn. . . . . *The semi-annual Report* of the New York Bible Society, shows that the receipts of the past year have been $18,700, a diminution as compared with previous years. The society has, however, been able to meet all its engagements, and donate $1,000 to the American Bible Society. . . . . *The total number of persons* at present in all the public institutions of New-York, penal and charitable, under the charge of the ten governors, is about seven thousand, which is an increase of eleven hundred over the number in charge last year at this time. . . . *A scrupulous politician* has been found in Georgia. General John W. A. Sandford, of Baldwin County, lately elected to the state senate, refused to take his seat in that body, because he could not conscientiously swear that he did not obtain the office in any degree by "bribing, treating, etc." . . . . *Bees for California*, it may not be known to everybody, that there were no bees in California when first discovered by the Yankee family, and that several attempts made to carry them there at an early day were unsuccessful. Of late several persons have been more successful, and we suppose, have made the business of sending bees to the Golden State a gold-producing speculation. The steamer of Nov. 5 was engaged by J. S. Harbeson, of New Castle, Lawrence County, Penn., to take out sixty colonies of bees, destined for Sacramento and neighborhood. This is the largest shipment ever sent out. . . . . *The Easton* (*Pa.*) Argus mentions an incident of an old gentleman recently deceased in Lehigh County, who had been suspected of having considerable money in his house, although no one knew the amount

On examining the premises after his death, no less than *eleven thousand dollars* were found in specie, which he had doubtless been saving and concealing for many years. . . . . *The navy department* at Washington has received advices from Captain Sands, commanding the United States steam-frigate "Susquehanna," then at Spezzia, containing some items of interest. The steamer left Plymouth on the 30th of September, and, on passing the Straits of Gibraltar, shaped her course along that portion of the coast of Barbary known as the "Riff Coast," for the purpose of showing her flag, as the inhabitants were, with good reason, suspected of being piratically disposed. On nearing Cape Aqua, a body of men, with horses and a few canoes, were observed on the bluffs above. The ship was cleared for action, and Captain Sands landed and brought four Arabs on board, from whom he endeavored to gain some information as to what these demonstrations meant. Captain Sands then made a drawing of the American flag, which he showed to the Arabs, telling them that all attacks upon vessels carrying that flag would be severely punished. The visitors were also shown the ship's batteries and engines, and appeared to be deeply impressed with what they had seen and heard. . . . . *The most important local election* which has ever been held in New York took place on the 1st of December, when Daniel F. Tiemann, Esq., was elected mayor, by a handsome majority over Fernando Wood, Esq., the then incumbent of that office.

Delhi, the stronghold of the insurgent Sepoys, in India, has been stormed and captured by the British troops. The receipt of this news caused great rejoicing in England, as it was believed that, Delhi having fallen, the insurgents would lose their confidence, and the rebellion be speedily crushed. The assault was attended with terrible carnage, the English having lost in killed and wounded upward of eleven hundred soldiers and sixty-one officers, which were one third of the whole assaulting force. It was, however, most successful. They succeeded in taking the King of Delhi, his two sons and chief wife, prisoners. The age of the king saved his life, but the sons were shot immediately after their capture. Lucknow had been relieved by the gallant Havelock just in the nick of time, as the besiegers were on the point of blowing up the garrison. But a later account states that it was again besieged by fifty thousand Sepoys, commanded by Nani Sahib. The massacre at Delhi was horrible. All the people found in the city were put to the sword. . . . *Among the Missionaries who have fallen victims to the mutiny in India are:* The Rev. A. R. Hubbard, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Rev. J. Mackay, of the Baptist Mission, at Delhi; the Rev. W. H. Haycock, and H. Cockey, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at Cawnpore; the Rev. J. Macallum, of the Additional Clergy Society, at Shahjehanpore; the Rev. Messrs. Freeman, Johnstone, Campbell, M'Mullen, and their families, of the American Presbyterian Mission, at Futteyghur; and the Rev. Mr. Hunter and family, of the Scottish Mission, at Sealcote. To this list may be added the Rev. Mr. Jennings, the English chaplain at Delhi, and his daughter, and Mrs. Thomson, and her two daughters, of the Baptist Mission, at Delhi. . . . *The Contributions to the Indian Relief Fund* already exceed £131,000, and are still pouring in. Some of the most pleasing offers of aid, however, are not in money. In some instances, clergymen and others engage to receive orphans into their families on such terms as these: "a home and home's comforts for any child whose parents have perished in the fearful mutiny." The Romanists, says an English periodical, especially in Ireland, are characteristically recalcitrant as regards contributing, on the ground that their co-religionists did not receive fair play in the distribution of our Patriotic Fund raised for the sufferers in the Crimean war. Such charges, however, have been summarily refuted; while the sympathies of the Romanists in the horrors of the mutiny have been considerably deepened by accounts of the "martyrdom" of a Roman priest in India, who was barbarously slain at the altar with the crucifix in his hands. . . . . *The Family of the last King of the French*, resident in England, had sustained a loss in the demise of the Duchess de Nemours. We also have to record the death of the Infanta Amalia, wife of Don Sebastian and sister of the Duchess of Tuscany. . . . *The effect on the English money market* of the news of the suspension of the banks in this country was very serious, but not so much so as was anticipated. The leading English papers regarded the course taken by the banks as the wisest course that could have been adopted. Many failures had been announced in England and the principalities on the continent. . . . . Still later accounts inform us that there was as great a panic in England as there was here; and that commercial houses went down in all directions before the storm. The crisis culminated on the 12th, when the government suspended the Charter Act of the Bank of England, and authorized an unlimited issue of notes. The effect of this movement was quickly felt at every point, the excitement ceased, and business affairs assumed somewhat of their usual quietude. Parliament was to assemble immediately. . . . . The Siamese embassy, consisting of four embassadors and a numerous retinue, had arrived in England, and been received with considerable ceremony and attention.

The Atlantic Cable, it is said, is certainly to be laid in June, 1858, and active arrangements have already been made for that purpose. Four hundred additional miles of cable have been ordered, and as it is expected that the three hundred and forty miles now submerged will be recovered, the company will probably have on hand about 3,000 miles, or 750 more than the length supposed necessary. This, it is believed, will be a sufficient allowance for the slacking in paying out from the strength of the current. The British government have signified their intention of again detaching two steam vessels to assist in the laying; and it is supposed beyond a doubt that our government will likewise again render the same service. . . . .

The "Great Eastern," to be hereafter known as the "Leviathan," an attempt was made to launch in the month of November, which proved unsuccessful. The trial was to be repeated at an early day. . . . . *The Patrie of Paris* states that negotiations were going on between the French and English governments for an exchange of territory in India. . . . . Owing to the failing health of the King of Prussia, the Prince of Prussia had assumed the management of national affairs, but no changes would be made in the details of the government. . . . . *An imposing ceremony* took place lately at Sebastopol, the mortal remains of Lieutenant Colonels Fonfrede and Jolly Deshayes having been exhumed and embarked on board the American vessel Susan Jane, to be brought to France for re-interment. All the Russian garrison was under arms, and paid due military honors. . . . . A late number of the Paris *Pays* states that the government of the Celestial Empire had officially declared war against England on the 12th of September.

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ISRAEL PUTNAM.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES—No. I.

AMONG the multitude of American generals who distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary war, no one is more widely known than Israel Putnam. Unlike many of his compeers, whose reputation is confined to the readers of history, his name and deeds are known to all. His fame is as universal as that of Washington. The delectable history of "Old Put and the Wolf," always a favorite selection in class-books, is the wonder and delight of school-boys, while his daring ride down the rocks at Horse Neck is the admiration of innumerable children of larger growth. In common with some hundred thousand or more of the latter, I remember witnessing, some years ago, a drama of "the times that tried men's souls," the strong point of which was a representation of the general's break-neck feat. I sat through I know not how many acts, just to see an ordinary actor ride an ordinary horse down a declivity of pasteboard! The play ran a fabulous number of nights, and, for anything that I know to the contrary, may be running still; if so, I wouldn't advise any one to see it. It is a bore.

The life of a man like Putnam cannot be written at length in a paper like this. Narrated in detail, his adventures would fill volumes. Besides, the age in which he lived being one of the most memorable which the world has yet seen, his history is more or less a history of the age. The most that can be given here, is a running account of his life, with a glance at some

of his most prominent achievements. Much must be overlooked, and much taken for granted. The reader is supposed to be familiar with the principal events of the Revolution; if he be not, it is his fault, not mine; all I can do is to suggest an instant amendment. It is well enough to know the history of Greece and Rome; but, as Americans, we ought to know something of our own country as well; the more the better.

There have been several biographies of Putnam. The earliest was written in 1788, by Colonel Humphreys, one of his aids in the revolution; the latest in 1846, by William Cutter. It is from this last that I have derived the material, and in some instances the language of what follows:

Israel Putnam was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 7th of January, 1718. His father was Captain Joseph Putnam. The original name of the family was Puttenham. They resided of old in Buckinghamshire, England. The first of the name who emigrated to New England was Mr. John Putnam; he came over with the venerable Endicott, and settled in Salem, or what was then Salem, (it is now included in the limits of Danvers,) in 1634. Israel was his great grandson. Of Israel's early childhood but few memorials remain. He is said to have been a brave and fearless boy, generous and manly, and always good-natured. Like the sons of most farmers at that time, his education was limited; but what he lacked in learning he made up in judgment and good sense. One of the earliest anecdotes of his youth illustrates his daring in pursuit of what he had set his heart on, and his coolness in a moment of great peril. Wandering in the woods one day with some of his companions who were engaged in the boyish amusement of birds' nesting, the band discovered a fine nest lodged on the top branch of a very tall tree. The tree stood apart, and was difficult to climb. They could not reach the nest by a pole, or any other contrivance at their command. The only way to obtain the coveted prize was for some one to venture out after it on the frail branch. No one of the boys seeming inclined to risk it, Israel took off his jacket, rolled his pantaloons up to his knees, and began to climb. "There's nothing like trying," he said. He reached the top of the tree, and crept out on a limb which grew just under the branch containing the nest. It creaked and bent under him; still he went on. At last he stooped on one knee and reached out his hand to grasp the nest; his fingers touched it. "I have it," he shouted; but at that moment the limb broke short off, and he fell. His fall was broken by the lower branch of the tree, which caught in his pantaloons, and held him suspended with his head down. The boys were terribly frightened; but Israel was cool and collected. They suggested several means of rescuing him, none of which were practicable. At last, Israel singled out one of his playmates, who was a good marksman, and who, fortunately, had his rifle with him, and told him to fire at the limb, and so cut it off. The boy demurred, suggesting that the bullet might happen to strike his head. "Never mind, Jim," said Israel; "you had better blow out my brains at once than see me die here by hanging. Shoot."

"But you will fall."

"Shoot," said Israel again, and shoot the boy did. The bullet struck the limb, the splinters flew, and down dropped Israel, rather red in the face. The fall bruised him severely, but he got up and laughed it off. A few days afterward he went back to the tree alone, and succeeded in capturing the nest, this time without any accident. The anecdote is trivial, perhaps, but it shows the stuff of which the future hero was made.

A few years later, Israel gave up going after the nests of birds, and turned his attention to finding a bird for his own nest; in short, he married. This was in 1739, his twenty-first year. The lady of his choice was a Miss Hannah Pope, a daughter of Mr. John Pope, of Salem. In the year following, the young couple removed to Pomfret, Connecticut. By and by there came a brood of young birds to Israel's nest, as many as ten in all; four sons and six daughters. A few years found him in the enjoyment of a comfortable and substantial home. His clearings were well fenced and cultivated; his pastures were handsomely stocked; his entire establishment, with one exception, was prosperous. The exception was his sheep, scores of which were sacrificed every year. His losses in that line became so great at last, that he felt he must either give up his flocks or kill their destroyer. As far as he and the neighbors could judge, the havoc was committed by one old she wolf

and her whelps. They managed, in the course of the season, to kill off the whelps with their dogs, but the old wolf was too wary to allow herself to be caught. She had once been taken in a trap, but she escaped, leaving her toes behind her. Israel entered into a league with some of his neighbors, who agreed to watch and hunt, and never to abandon the pursuit until the wolf was destroyed. Two of them were to keep on her track until she was overtaken, or driven to her den. Commencing the pursuit in the opening of winter, after a light fall of snow, they were soon on a sure trail; they found the track of the toeless foot. They pursued her to the banks of the Connecticut River, where she doubled and turned back to Pomfret again. Early in the morning, the day after their return, they earthed her in a den, about three miles from Israel's house. There she was guarded until a large company of men and boys had assembled together, with dogs and guns, and straw and sulphur, and other warlike appurtenances, offensive and defensive. The dogs ventured in the den, but soon came back yelping and bloody. The band next tried the virtues of straw and sulphur. They smoked the cave and themselves, but the wolf refused to come forth. They tried the dogs again, but the dogs backed out. Israel proposed to his servant to take a torch and gun, and enter the cave and shoot her; as might have been expected, the servant declined. Finding no one willing to attempt the descent, he made up his mind to do it himself; his neighbors remonstrated with him, but in vain. Knowing that all wild animals have an instinctive dread of fire, he tore up a quantity of birch bark into strips, and throwing off his coat and waistcoat, lighted one of his extempore torches, and crawled into the cave on his hands and knees. The mouth of the cave was about two feet square. It had an oblique descent of fifteen feet, then it ran horizontally ten feet, and then ascended gradually about sixteen feet more. The sides of the passage through which he crawled were solid rock, as was also the top and bottom. It was in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright. He was several times obliged to stop, and renew his birch torch, at the hazard each time of being left in utter darkness. He crept on all-fours to the top of the ascent, where he discovered the glaring eyes of the wolf, who was sitting in the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of the flame, she growled and gnashed her teeth. He reconnoitered her position, formed his plan of attack, and giving a kick at the rope which was fastened to his leg, (I believe I forgot to mention the rope,) was dragged out feet first, and so violently, that his shirt was stripped over his head. His skin was terribly lacerated. He immediately loaded his gun, and lighting another handful of torches, descended a second time. As he approached the wolf, she howled and snapped her teeth, and rolling her terrible eyes, dropped her head between her paws. He took deliberate aim at her head, and fired as she was in the act of springing. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke of the powder, he was again dragged out into the air. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, he went down the third time to secure and bring out his prize. She lay on the floor of the cave bathed in blood. He held the torch to her nose, and finding her insensible, he seized her by the ears, and was again dragged out, wolf and all. Then the old woods of Pomfret rang with shouts, great, manly shouts, whose echoes rolled away into the village, and lifted a load of fear from the hearts of the troubled women folk. Ere long they saw a band with torches winding down the road, escorting Israel to his home, wolf and all. The wolf was borne on a litter, on the shoulders of the larger boys, who claimed the honor, because they had kept awake so long. There was great merriment that night in Pomfret; tables were spread, and loaded down with good things, not forgetting new cider and old rum. If the bird that Israel had taken to his nest years before wept a little, it was with joy, not sorrow. The story was noised all over the country, with many marvelous additions, the wolf being changed, at the option of the story-teller, into an indefinite number of wolves, or a bear with two cubs, or any convenient member of the animal kingdom. At length it got into the papers of that day and region, and finally into the journals of England and France, and Putnam was familiarly known as "the Old Wolf."

On the breaking out of the French war, in 1755, Putnam was appointed to a captaincy in the regiment of Connecticut

provincials. He had had no previous military experience; but his popularity was so great, that his company was soon made up. His first service was in the victory of Sir William Johnson over the Baron Dieskau, at Fort Edward. He took an active part in this campaign of 1755, not so much as a regular officer, as a ranger or scout. It was his employment to reconnoitor the lines of the enemy, gain intelligence of his movements, carry off stragglers, and annoy him generally. His success was complete. Among other adventures which belong to this period of his career, may be mentioned one in which he, and a certain lieutenant, Robert Durkee, came near losing their lives. They were sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's camp near Ticonderoga, and being ignorant of the French and Indian method of lighting fires in the middle of their camps, instead of on the outer edge, as was the English custom, they crept too near, and found themselves all at once among the sentinels. They were seen and fired upon, and Durkee was wounded in the thigh. They jumped up and ran in the dark, amid a shower of bullets. When they reached a place of safety Putnam remembered that there was a little rum left in his canteen. He unslung the canteen, which hung under his arm, and found it perfectly dry. It had been pierced by one of the balls which whistled about him in his flight. The next day he examined his blanket to see how that had fared; it was riddled in fourteen places!

About this time the garrison was perplexed every night by the disappearance of the sentinel at a certain post. The commanding officer had given orders that in case any noise should be heard in the vicinity, the sentinel should call out three times, "Who goes there?" and then, if no answer were returned, fire in the direction of the noise. The precaution was useless; the post was always found deserted in the morning. This went on some time, until Putnam, who, as a commissioned officer, was excused from all such duties, solicited the honor of standing guard. It was granted, and the usual instructions were given him. For several hours nothing occurred to attract his attention; about midnight, however, his quick ear discerned a slight rustling in the grass, as if some animal were stealthily approaching the spot. Presently the rustling was followed by a crackling sound like that made by a hog munching acorns. Putnam raised his musket, and calling out, "Who goes there three times?" fired. His shot was followed by a deep groan and a struggle, as of a man in the agonies of death. On examining the spot, he found a huge Indian disguised in a boar's skin, and breathing his last. Putnam had shot him through the heart.

In 1757 the Legislature of Connecticut conferred on Putnam the commission of a Major. He examined with General Webb the condition of Fort William Henry, the frontier post of the Americans, then under Colonel Monroe. While there his valiant commander, who seems to have had a large stock of discretion always on hand, heard that the enemy were about to make a southern movement, which alarmed him, and he immediately retreated to Fort Edward. Fort William Henry was invested with a force of seven thousand French soldiers and two thousand Indians. Colonel Monroe sent off an express to Webb, but that prudent commander refused for a time to succor him. The solicitations of Sir William Johnson were so urgent, however, that he and as many as would volunteer for the service were allowed to march, after several days' delay, with relief. They set out, but Webb's courage failed him, and he recalled them. The garrison of Fort William Henry capitulated, but they had scarcely passed the gates of the fortress when the whole body of Indians attached to the French army fell upon them, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Putnam, who had been sent out to reconnoiter, reached the scene of carnage just as the rear-guard of the French army were embarking at Lake George. The fort was dismantled and demolished. The cannon, stores, and boats were all carried off. The barracks and out-houses had been fired, and were still burning, and hundreds of human bodies lay, half consumed, in the smoking ruins. More than one hundred women were among them, some with their scalps torn off, others with their brains battered out. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

In the ensuing winter, when the army were comfortably sheltered in their quarters at Fort Edward, a fire broke out in the barracks. Within twelve feet of these barracks stood the magazine containing three hundred barrels of powder. Sev-

eral pieces of heavy artillery were brought to bear upon the barracks with a view of leveling them to the ground, but the effort was unsuccessful, and the flames spread with great rapidity. Putnam heard the alarm, and hastened to the fort to render what assistance he could. By his suggestion a line of soldiers was formed through a postern gate to the river, from which a constant supply of water was conveyed. He mounted a ladder, and receiving the water as it was passed to him, threw it over the burning rafters. The fire gained upon him, but he valiantly stood his ground, enveloped in smoke, and so near the flames that his mittens were burnt from his hands. Calling for another pair, he dipped them in water, and renewed his efforts, disputing the progress of the fire inch by inch. The flames at length spread over the whole extent of barracks, and began to shoot their long tongues toward the magazine. He descended from the tottering building, and took his station between it and the powder. The fire was so intense that the outside flank sheathing of the magazine was soon consumed, leaving only a thin partition of timber between it and the powder. Clouds of cinders flew over Putnam, singeing and scorching him fearfully, but he maintained his position, and poured an incessant stream of water on the magazine, until the rafters of the barracks fell in, and the fire was cut off. His face, hands, and arms were blistered with the heat, and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens the skin of his hands and fingers came with them!

In the month of August, 1758, Putnam's good luck forsook him, and he was made a prisoner by the Indians. It happened in this wise: a party of baggage teams having been cut off by the enemy's rangers, a corps of about eight hundred men, commanded by Putnam and a certain Major Rogers, were sent out to head off the party. They were defeated in their object, and it was deemed expedient to return to their head quarters at Fort Edward. They proceeded about a mile from their encampment on the banks of Clear River, when they were intercepted by a band of five hundred Indians commanded by the celebrated French partisan, Molang. Putnam returned the fire of his assailants with his accustomed spirit. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery, sometimes fighting in masses, in open view, and then individually and under cover, after the Indian fashion, each man taking to a tree, and acting independent of the rest. Putnam discharged his fusee several times, until at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a powerful Indian. The red skin availed himself of the mishap, and springing forward with his hatchet uplifted, compelled Putnam to surrender. He was immediately disarmed and bound to a tree, while his captor returned to the battle. Ere long the shifting fortunes of war brought the tree to which he was bound directly between the fire of both parties. Putnam was now a mark for the random bullets of friends and foes. They flew incessantly from either side; many of them struck the tree, some even passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. The fight was so obstinate and evenly balanced that he was kept in this situation more than an hour. A young Indian warrior saw him there, and amused himself by throwing his tomahawk at his head, not so much to wound him as to show his skill. He grazed his skin several times. Then came a French officer, who leveled his musket at his breast, and tried to shoot him. The flint missed fire, whereat the brute pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and ended by striking him on the jaw with the butt end of his piece. The Indians were compelled to retire, but they went leisurely, taking Putnam with them. He was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him, strongly pinioned, and dragged along by a cord which was tied tightly around his wrists. They marched several miles before they came to a halt. By this time his hands were terribly swollen, and the blood flowed from his feet. He begged the Indians to unloose his hands, or to knock him on the head and kill him. A French officer interposed in his behalf, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. In the mean time the Indian who had captured him came up, and expressing great indignation at the treatment his prisoner had received, gave him a pair of moccasins.

When the party camped for the night they determined to roast him alive. He

was led into a dark forest, stripped, and bound naked to a tree, and a circle of brush-wood was piled around him. The pile was set on fire, amid the dancing and screaming of the savages, but a sudden shower fell and damped the flames. They re-kindled the fire, and the blaze soon ran round the circle. He began to feel the scorching heat, and his hands being tied so that he could move his body, he shifted sides as the flames approached him. His fiendish enemies shouted, and yelled with joy. Their joy, however, was of short duration, for a French officer rushed through the crowd, and opening a way by scattering the brands, unbound the slowly roasting victim. It was Molang himself. Putnam's new master rejoined the band, (he seems to have had a bad habit, that master, of being out of the way at the wrong time,) and took charge of him. He offered him some hard biscuit to eat, but finding that he could not chew them on account of the blow on the jaw, he soaked them in water until they were soft enough to be swallowed without effort. He slept that night like the gentleman in the old song:

"His lodging was the cold, cold ground."

He lay on his back with his hands and feet fastened to four trees; his coverlet was a number of slender poles over which bushes and branches were thrown. He was watched by as many Indians as could conveniently lie about him. The next day he was allowed his blanket and moccasins, and permitted to march without the packs. To allay his hunger they gave him a little bear's meat, which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoners were placed under the care of a French guard. After being examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Putnam was conducted to Montreal.

The capture of Frontinac by Colonel Braddock afforded occasion for an exchange of prisoners. Among the number who were included in the cartel was Colonel Schuyler, who succeeded in persuading the French governor to give up Putnam.

To follow the fortunes of Colonel Putnam (for in good time he was made a colonel) through his subsequent adventures in the Pontiac war, would occupy more space than I have given myself, so I shall pass them over. It is enough to say that they were similar to those already related, not, indeed, in the matter of bondage, but in danger and daring. Ten years had now elapsed since Putnam, at the call of his country, gave up the peaceful pursuits of a farmer's life for the pomp and circumstance of war. Entering the service without experience, as "the Old Wolf," he rose regularly through every grade, from the command of a company to that of a regiment, and laid his arms in the bosom of his family, a colonel. Success had not inflated him with pride, or made him forgetful of his old connections. He possessed the good-will and confidence of his neighbors and fellow-citizens, and stood high in public estimation throughout the country. Between the French war and the Revolution he was frequently employed to fill the higher municipal offices, and to represent the town in the General Assembly of the colony. There was but one dark spot in his otherwise bright and happy life — the death of his wife. She died shortly after his return from his last campaign. After a considerable period of widowhood he married again. His second wife was Mrs. Deborah Gardner, the widow of John Gardner, Esq., of Gardner's Island. She was a native of Pomfret, the daughter of one of Putnam's neighbors. She accompanied Putnam in most of his campaigns in the Revolutionary War, and died at his head-quarters on the Highlands, in 1777.

The passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the anger of Putnam, and in common with all the true men of that time he set his face against its introduction into Connecticut. At his instigation a large number of the yeomanry of the province assembled in one of the eastern counties of the state, and proceeded in a body toward New Haven to demand the resignation of the distributer of stamps. They met that gentleman at Wethersfield, and after a little hesitation he yielded to their wishes, and resigned. Putnam soon after waited on the governor, and gave him to understand, that if he refused to obey the people his house would be leveled with the dust. The powers that were were deterred from trying the stamp experiment in that quarter. About this time Putnam threw open his house for the accommodation of the public. His sign was a gorgeous portrait of General Wolfe in full uniform, with his arm extended, as if charging an imag-

inary foe. It may be seen among other Revolutionary relics in the Museum of the Historical Society of Connecticut at Hartford.

During the troubles which immediately preceded the Revolution Putnam was often questioned by his old friends in the English army, as to the part he should take in the approaching crisis. "I shall take part with my country," he said, "in any event; whatever may happen, I am prepared to abide the consequences." On one occasion he was asked if five thousand British veterans might not march without molestation from one end of the continent to the other. "No doubt they could," he answered, "if they behaved themselves civilly, and paid for what they took, not otherwise. But it they should attempt it in a hostile manner, the very women would meet them with their ladles and broomsticks, and put them to rout before they had got half way through."

The news of the battle of Lexington, which was fought on the 18th of April, 1775, found Putnam plowing on his farm in Pomfret. He unyoked his team from the plow, and bidding his boy go home and tell his mother where he had gone, mounted his horse and dashed away down the road in the direction of Boston. Boston was about one hundred miles from Pomfret, but he reached it in twenty-four hours. He attended a council of war at Cambridge on the 21st of April, where the parole, on account of his arrival, was "Putnam." Finding the British confined to Boston, and invested with a force sufficient to watch their movements, he returned to Hartford, and met the Legislature of Connecticut, as he had been especially requested. Having assisted in levying and organizing a regiment, of which he was made Brigadier General, he returned once more to Cambridge, leaving orders for the troops to follow as speedily as possible. Numbers of his old friends, who had served with him in the French and Indian wars, enlisted in his regiment.

The Battle of Bunker's Hill was the first action of the Revolution in which Putnam figured conspicuously, and had he no other claims to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, that alone would make his name

> "One of the few immortal names
> That were not born to die."

That memorable battle has been too often and too well described to need any lengthy description here. Still, as some knowledge of it is necessary to a proper understanding of Putnam's unexampled bravery, I shall venture to recapitulate a few of its most prominent facts. Learning that the British, whom we left shut up in Boston a few paragraphs back, intended to take possession of the heights of Charlestown, as a vantage ground from which to dislodge them from their intrenchments—the whole intrenchments, by the way, were built under the supervision of Putnam—the generals of the American forces resolved, by a sudden and secret movement, to defeat the project by advancing to that position the left wing of their own camp. The measure was canvassed, and after considerable debate decided upon, and orders were issued to Colonels Prescott and Bridge, and the regiment of Colonel Frye, to be prepared for an expedition with all their men who were fit for service, and with one day's provision. The same order was issued to one hundred and twenty men of General Putnam's division, and one company of artillery with two field pieces. Putnam was to have the general superintendence of the affair. There were about one thousand men in all. They assembled on the Common at Cambridge at an early hour of the evening of the 16th of June, 1775, where prayers were offered up by the President of Harvard College. Immediately after dark they commenced their march through Cambridge, and across the Neck, Colonel Prescott leading the way. He was attended by two sergeants carrying dark lanterns. It was only when they arrived at the base of Bunker's Hill, where they found a line of wagons laden with intrenching tools, that the men were made acquainted with the nature of the expedition. The orders were to throw up intrenchments on Bunker's Hill; but Putnam and Prescott saw that it would not be practicable, so they took the responsibility and changed the ground to Breed's Hill, which they deemed a more important post. It was midnight before the first spade entered the ground, and it being within four days of the summer solstice, they had but about four hours' darkness left to work in. Instructed by Putnam and Prescott they worked with a will. They were discovered at daybreak by the sentinels of the British army, and a brisk fire

was opened upon them from the armed vessels and floating batteries in the harbor, and from the battery on Copp's Hill. The cannonade was kept up all the morning, but it effected nothing; the Americans suffered more from hunger than from the balls of their enemies. A little past noon a large detachment of British soldiers was sent against them. A pass of consequence being left undefended, Putnam ordered one of his officers, Captain Knowlton, to cover it. A rail fence was pulled up, and placed a few feet from another rail fence, and the space between was filled with new-mown hay. The British van soon appeared in sight. The Americans were so eager for the fight that they were with difficulty restrained from firing too soon. Putnam rode along the line, and ordered them not to fire until the British had arrived within eight rods, nor even then until the word of command should be given. "Powder is scarce," he said, (there was at that time only sixty-seven barrels in all Massachusetts!) "and must not be wasted. Do not fire until you see the whites of their eyes. Then aim low. Aim at their waistbands; aim at the handsome coats; pick off the officers."

The British troops advanced to the fatal line, when a well-aimed volley from the Americans swept away the whole front rank. Rank succeeded rank, and volley followed volley, mowing them down, till they were at length compelled to retreat. Three times did they advance to the wall of fire, and three times did they retreat, each time with a terrible loss. Meanwhile a detachment had landed from the Somerset man-of-war and fired the town. Under cover of the smoke they hoped to be able to gain the rear of the American army unperceived; but a sudden change of wind revealed the design. Putnam, who had been active in every part of the field, undertook to arrest this new movement; he shifted his cannon to the rail fence, and then to the brow of the hill overlooking Charlestown. Here he opened a deadly fire, dismounting, and pointing the guns himself. Every ball took effect. One canister was so well directed that it made a complete lane through the columns of the British. Their cannon cartridges being all spent, the Americans took to their muskets, and suffering their assailants to approach nearer than before, poured in a volley with such deliberate aim that the whole front rank was swept away, officers and men falling pell-mell together. All went on well in the intrenchments, which were defended with but small loss; but the ammunition being all exhausted, there was no alternative left but to retreat. General Howe commanded his soldiers to scale the works, and drive the Americans out at the point of the bayonet. The British artillery were ordered to advance at the same time, and, turning the left of the breastwork, to rake the line. As they drew near the Americans seized the stones of their defenses and threw them into the ranks; others clubbed their muskets, and were soon engaged in the pleasant occupation of battering out brains. Clubbed muskets, however, even in the hands of a people fighting for their native soil, are but a sorry defense against bayonets, so they were obliged to give ground and retreat. The retreat was bold and orderly. Putnam especially was efficient and daring in bringing up and protecting the rear. He threw himself between his countrymen and their foes, who were but twelve rods from him, and seemed to brave their fury. The balls fell around him like hail, but he bore a charmed life. Coming to a deserted field-piece, he dismounted and took his stand by its side; only one sergeant dared to remain with him. The sergeant was shot down, and Putnam himself retired only when the bayonets were close upon him, and he was in danger of being made a prisoner. The retreat was maintained in good order over the Neck to Prospect and Winter Hills, where the Americans took their position for the night, throwing up hasty intrenchments, which were soon strengthened and fortified. So began and ended the battle of Bunker's Hill—the Marathon of American liberty.

Without wishing to detract from the reputation of any of the brave fellows who fought on that never-to-be-forgotten day, (I have not mentioned Warren, the reader will perceive,) I cannot but think General Putnam the master spirit of Bunker's Hill. Never before or since did his coolness and bravery appear to so much advantage. He was an incarnation of boldness and daring. One who saw him on that day describes him as riding about without a coat, in his shirt sleeves, with an old white felt hat on! A hero in an old hat! what would Murat of the waving plume have said to that?

Washington arrived at Cambridge and took command of the army on the 2d of July. Until they met at Cambridge he and Putnam were personally unknown to each other; they were soon on terms of intimacy, and remained friends through the whole period of their military life. Writing to the President of Congress at that time, Washington called Putnam "a most valuable man, and a fine executive officer." In November Putnam erected a fortification on Cobble Hill. The fort was known as "Putnam's impregnable fortress." An anecdote of a council of war, in which a plan for a proposed assault on Boston was under discussion, shows the difference between Putnam and Washington. While the discussion was going on Putnam, who was to take charge of the affair, was continually going to the door and window to see what was passing outside. "Sit down, General Putnam," said Washington, at length; "we must have your advice and counsel in this matter, since the responsibility of its execution is to rest with you." "O, my dear general," replied Putnam, "you may plan the battle to suit yourself, and I will fight it." It was characteristic of the man; fighting rather than planning suited his ardent and impetuous temperament. The British evacuated Boston on the 17th of March, and the city was occupied by the American troops, who marched in joyfully under the command of Putnam.

Twelve days after he hastened to New York to complete some works of defense which had been planned and laid out by General Lee. He was chief in command in that city. His head-quarters were in Broadway, opposite the Bowling Green. Here he established himself and family, and received and entertained his friends with great hospitality, carrying on, meanwhile, the fortifications intrusted to his care. Washington visited the city in April, and relieved him of the command; but, at the urgent request of Congress, he proceeded to Philadelphia in May, and Putnam was once more invested with the supreme command. He was directed to open all letters addressed to Washington on public business, and regulate his conduct by their contents; to establish signals for communicating an alarm on the appearance of the enemy; and to make arrangements to put the posts in the Highlands in a proper condition of defense. On the 27th of August the Battle of Brooklyn was fought. Putnam did all that a man could do under the circumstances in which he was placed, but the British were victorious. On the night of the day after the battle, while they were breaking ground for the erection of a battery within six hundred yards of one of his redoubts, Putnam withdrew the American forces to New York, and with such silence and order that all the troops and military stores, the greater part of the provisions, and all the artillery, except a few of the heaviest pieces, were carried safely over before the British were aware of the movement. It was a masterly maneuver, and it redounded greatly to the glory of Putnam. The next best thing to a victory is a skillful retreat.

Putnam remained in the vicinity of New York after the British had occupied it, annoying them by frequent skirmishes, until December, when he was sent to take the command at Philadelphia, which was menaced by the British under General Howe. He placed the city under martial law, and superintended the construction of works of defense. His industry was so great that his health was for a while impaired. The success of Washington at Trenton and Princeton so weakened the cause of the British in Philadelphia, that Putnam was ordered ere long to take the field, and be ready for action. He remained at Princeton during the winter of 1777, within fifteen miles of the British stronghold at Brunswick. His force was exceedingly small, never more than a few hundred men, yet he maintained so good a front, and blinded the eyes of the enemy so successfully, that they made no attempt to dislodge him. While at Princeton one of his prisoners, a Scotch officer in the British service, who had been wounded and left on the ground after the battle, doubtful of his recovery, and wishing to make his will, desired Putnam to allow him the privilege of a friend from the British army at Brunswick. Putnam had but fifty men under his command at the time, the rest being out in detachments to cover and protect the country, consequently he was considerably embarrassed; but he luckily thought of an expedient which he put in practice. He sent a flag of truce to Brunswick to bring the Scotchman's mortuary friend, but ordered it not to return until after dark. In the evening he caused

lights to be placed in every room of the college, and in all the vacant houses in the town. Then the fifty men, sometimes all together, and sometimes in small detachments, were marched from different quarters all night long past the house which contained the British officer. On his return he reported that General Putnam's army could not consist of less that four or five thousand men. Five thousand from fifty! it beat Falstaff's men in buckram by a long odds! Putnam had not fought in the Indian wars for nothing.

In the spring of 1777 Putnam was assigned to the command of the Highlands. Generals Greene and Knox having recommended to Washington that a chain should be drawn across the North River in the vicinity of Fort Montgomery, General Putnam was instructed to superintend it. The chain was safely laid; but the fort was taken after all, by a party of the British, who penetrated the defiles of the Highlands on the west side of the river. It was while he was in command in the Highlands that Putnam sent his celebrated note to Sir Henry Clinton. It was in this wise: Edmund Palmer, a lieutenant in a regiment of American Tories, was taken in disguise in the American camp, and condemned to die as a spy. Sir Henry sent a flag of truce to Putnam, claiming his release, and threatening vengeance in case his demand was not complied with. To which Putnam replied:

"HEAD QUARTERS, 7TH AUGUST, 1777.

"Edward Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has accordingly been executed."

It would occupy too much space to give a minute account of Putnam's operations in the Highlands; to follow him month after month in his various marches and countermarches, now advancing and skirmishing with the enemy, now retreating, but still skirmishing. Suffice it to say, that in spite of his exertions Forts Montgomery and Constitution fell into the hands of the British, and were demolished. It now became a question with the Americans whether they should be rebuilt, or whether a new and more eligible site should be selected. To settle this matter Putnam and several distinguished gentlemen, among others a noted French engineer, surveyed the whole region, and at last fixed upon West Point as the site for a new fortress. The fortress was commenced in January, 1788, when the snow was two feet deep. Putnam's troops were many of them in the condition of Falstaff's ragged regiment: some were inoculated with the small-pox, others were without shoes and stockings, and others without shirts and breeches. There was one whole regiment in which there was not even one blanket! Nevertheless the work went on rapidly, and West Point was ere long impregnable.

In the winter of 1778–9 a British foraging party, numbering fifteen hundred men, under the command of Governor Tryon, approached the town of West Greenwich, familiarly known as Horse Neck. This was one of Putnam's outposts, and he happened to be there himself when Tryon advanced. His force was vastly inferior to that of the British, consisting of a picket of one hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of artillery. He took his station, however, on the brow of a steep declivity, and resolved to do all the mischief that he could. His men discharged several volleys at the ranks of the enemy, upon which the dragoons, supported with a corps of infantry, prepared to charge. Putnam ordered his men to retire to a swamp close at hand, and inaccessible to cavalry, and then sought safety himself by spurring his horse down the declivity. When his pursuers came to the top of the precipice they were struck with amazement, and stopped short. They gave up the chase, and fired upon him as he wound his way along the zig-zag road; with the exception of a bullet through his hat he sustained no injury, but continued his route to Stamford, a distance of about ten miles. Arriving there, he collected a band of militia, and returning with all dispatch, formed a junction with his men who had taken to the swamp, and hung upon the rear of Tryon, as he in turn retreated, and took about fifty of his men prisoners. Such was the famous ride at Horse Neck, the memory of which has done so much to keep alive Putnam's reputation for reckless bravery.

In December, 1779, while the army was in winter-quarters at Morristown, General Putnam obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, and went to visit his family in Connecticut. Before the end of the month

he set out on his return to the camp. He had proceeded but a few miles, however, when he was arrested by an attack of paralysis, by which he lost the use of his limbs on one side. The old warrior had fought his last battle; he was done with marches and camps; henceforth his life was to be passed in quiet and peace. He survived the attack over eleven years, living to see the glorious struggle in which he had so largely participated completely successful, and his country raised from a colony to a free and independent nation. If anything could have sweetened his latter days, it was so blessed a consummation to all his hopes and wishes. He retained his faculties to the last, and to a moderate degree the use of his limbs. He was able to walk and ride, and a few weeks before his death he traveled on horseback from Pomfret to Danvers, a journey of one hundred miles. He died on the 19th of March, 1790, in his seventy-third year.

It is difficult to sum up the characters of most men, they are so full of contradictions and inconsistencies; even when the character is well balanced it is no easy task to represent a man as he is. Your model man, excellent though he may be, is rather a dull fellow on paper. We like a man of angles rather than a symmetrical and harmonious man. There is no comparison between Washington and Napoleon; the one the soul of integrity and truth, the other as false as the arch fiend himself, the slave of his own ambition. Yet the mass of men, I venture to say, admire Napoleon more than Washington. They admire him for his unscrupulous greatness, they love him for his faults. Washington had but few faults, therefore he is less beloved. So with Putnam. As a man he was inferior to Washington in everything but manliness and love of his country. His character was not so well balanced, his views were not so profound. He was a brave and daring, rather than a great soldier. He lacked the power of generalizing and planning. He was more a soldier than a general. It is true that he labored under disadvantages from which Washington and many other of our generals were happily free. His education was imperfect, and his early life was passed in unintellectual pursuits; and as for military education, in the strict sense of the term, it is doubtful whether he had much. What little he possessed was derived from his experiences in the French and Indian wars, rather than from books, and an original turn of mind. Yet with all his deficiencies I doubt not but he has as many and as ardent admirers as Washington. He is one of the few of our great men who are favorites of the people. He is a people's man. There was something aristocratic about Washington. He was always neat and careful in his dress, and dignified and courteous in his manner. Putnam, on the contrary, was blunt and careless, apt to indulge in profane oaths, and not remarkable for love of dress. Witness the shirt sleeves and old hat at Bunker's Hill. In short, he was democratic, and the people loved him. But why attempt to take the measure of the man, when every child in the land has an ideal of him in his heart? Suppose the ideal a false one—could I, or could any man correct it? By no means. Honor, then, to Israel Putnam—bold, bluff, grand old Israel Putnam.

THE VALLEY OF THE GENESEE.

THE early history of the Genesee Valley is so intimately associated with the Seneca Indians—the most powerful of the associated tribes—that a sketch of their hostilities with the whites may be of interest to the reader.

At the time of our first acquaintance with the Iroquois the Senecas were on terms of intimacy with the English, while the Indians of the upper lakes were attached to the French. Both these nations attempted to monopolize the Indian trade, which gave rise to jealousy and afterward to frequent hostilities. In 1687 De la Barre, Governor of Canada, having made an unsuccessful attempt against the Five Nations, the Marquis de Nonville, his successor, resolved to retrieve the fallen honor of his countrymen. For this purpose he sent messengers to the tribes around the nortnern lakes, and succeeded in collecting a considerable body of Indians to assist him in his enterprise against the Senecas. The advance of his army, consisting of two or three hundred Canadians, surprised two villages of the Five Nations, and put the inhabitants to death with great cruelty, to prevent them, it was said, from conveying intelligence of the movements of the French to their own people. They were at once carried to the fort and

SENECA LAKE.

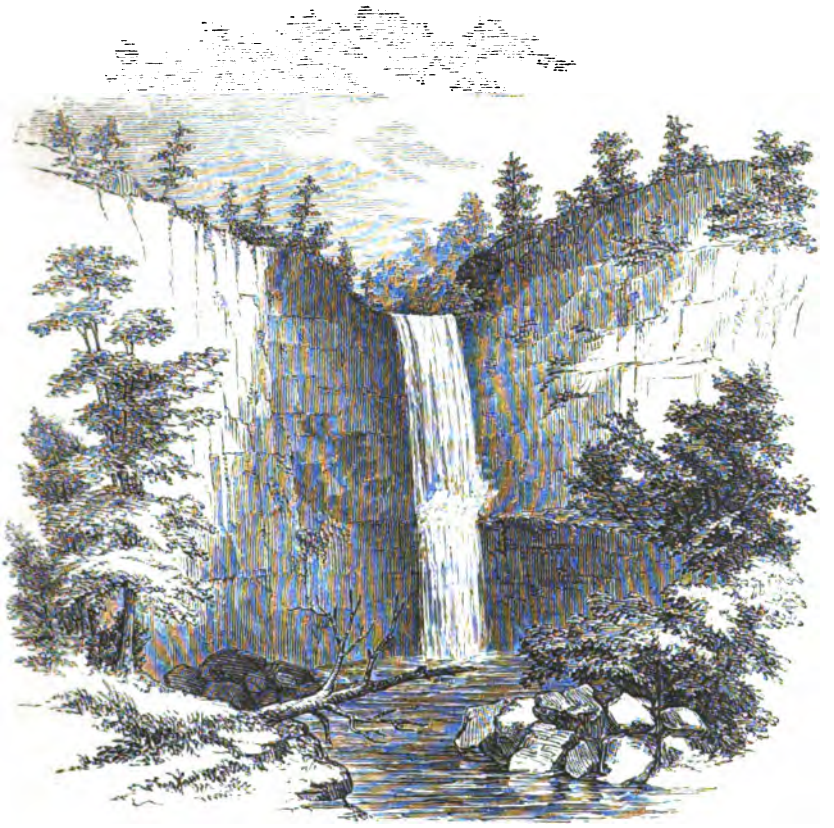
tied to stakes, to be tormented by the French Indians, (Christians, as they were called,) and during the torture continued singing in the manner of their country, and upbraiding the French with their perfidy and ingratitude.

On the 23d of June, 1687, De Nonville departed from Codorckui on his expedition against the Five Nations. One half of his army, embarked in canoes, followed the northern shore of Lake Ontario, while the other half, under his own command, proceeded coastwise along the southern shore, that no accident by water might altogether defeat the object of the expedition.

So well were the arrangements executed that both divisions arrived at Irondequoit on the same day, where their Indian allies appear to have been already assembled. Four hundred men were left to guard a slight fortification, and the main body of the forces advanced upon the principal town of the Senecas, the site of which is supposed to have nearly corresponded with that of the present village of Avon. The Indians, led by a party of Indian traders, formed the van, while the regular troops and Canadian militia composed the main body. On the first day they advanced four leagues without discovering an enemy. The morning of the second, scouts were dispatched in advance, who approached the corn-fields of the villages without making any discoveries, a circumstance not very creditable to the sagacity of De Nonville's Indians, since they passed within pistol-shot of an ambuscade of five hundred Senecas. Supposing that the warriors had all fled, De Nonville pushed rapidly forward for the purpose, at least, of coming up with and capturing the women, children, and old men. But no sooner had the French reached the foot of the hill (between the village of Avon and the river) than the war-whoop of the ambuscade rang on their ears, and a well-directed volley of musketry brought many of them to the ground. So complete was the surprise, and so great the panic, that the divisions of the French separated in the woods, and in their confusion fired upon each other. The Senecas then rushed upon their foes, tomahawk in hand. The battle was fierce and bloody, until De Nonville's regulars had time to rally and move against the enemy. The Senecas were repulsed, but to De Nonville it was an empty victory: even his Indian allies could not persuade him to a pursuit that day. On the following day he advanced with the intention of burning the villages of the Senecas, but anticipating his arrival, they had set fire to their wigwams. Two prisoners only were made—old men discovered in the castle—who, according to our authority, were cut to pieces and

boiled into soup for the allies of the French. The invaders remained five or six days traversing the Valley of the Genesee for a few miles, and burning all the corn-fields and villages. During the expedition De Nonville made thirteen captives, who were sent to France as trophies, and thence as slaves to the galleys. The promise of De Nonville to the Indians of the upper lakes, that he would assist them in subduing the Five Nations, was never fulfilled. The Iroquois afterward carried the war into Canada, even as far as Montreal and Quebec.

From the time of De Nonville no military expedition of importance visited Central or Western New York until the period of the Revolution. Those of the Iroquois who had taken sides with the English having become exceedingly troublesome to the frontier, the government deemed it best to annihilate their power, if possible, by a single vigorous blow. Washington intrusted the expedition to General Sullivan, in the year 1779,



FALL BROOK.

after having offered the command to three other distinguished officers. It was the intention not only to overwhelm the Iroquois, but also to destroy Niagara, the most important rendezvous of the Indians and Loyalists during the revolution.

Having reached the head of Seneca Lake, the troops constructed rude bateaux, in which they proceeded to where Geneva now stands. A small force was sent against the Cayugas, while the main body moved westward to accomplish the object of the expedition.

From Canandaigua Sullivan's army proceeded to Honeoye, where they found a prosperous village, as well as corn-fields and orchards. The wigwams were burned, and the inhabitants scattered. The numerous old apple trees near the foot of Honeoye Lake indicate this beautiful region as having been a favorite residence of the Iroquois.

Passing by the head of Hemlock Lake they encamped for the night near the head of the Conessus. In the dusk of evening a party of twenty-one men, under command of Lieutenant William Boyd, was sent out to reconnoiter the ground near the Genesee River, at a place now called Williamsburgh, about seven miles distant from Sullivan's encampment. The party was under the guidance of a friendly Indian. It was apprehended that the Senecas and the Rangers, as their English allies were called, were in the vicinity.

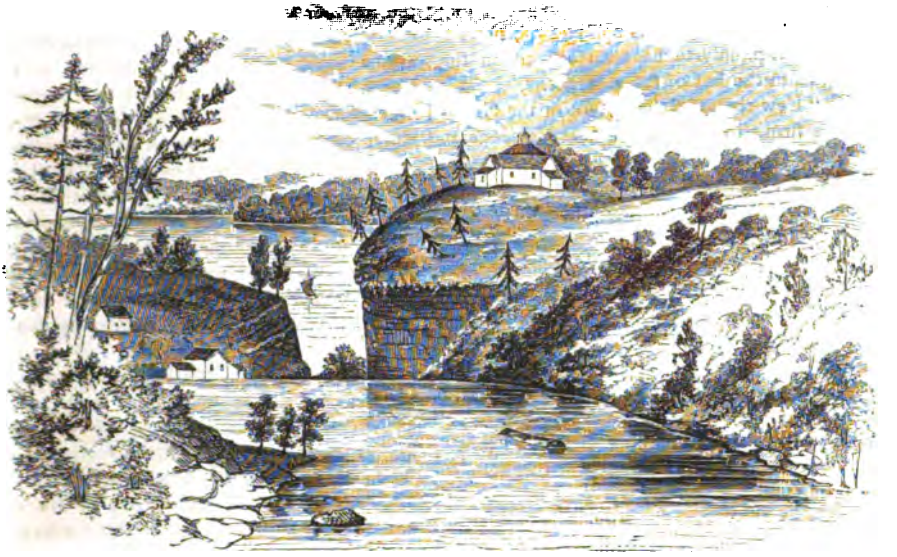
On their arrival at Williamsburgh the party found that the Indians had just left, for the fires were still burning on the hearths of the wigwams. They concluded to sleep on their arms near the village until morning, and then dispatch messengers with a report to the camp. Just before daybreak he sent two men to the main body of the army, with information that the enemy had not been discovered, but were supposed to be not far distant.

After daylight Lieutenant Boyd and his men crept cautiously from their place of concealment, and upon getting a view of the village discovered two Indians lurking near by. One of them was immediately shot and scalped. Supposing that if there were Indians near they would be aroused by the report of the rifle and exasperated by the scalping of their companion, Lieutenant Boyd deemed it prudent to retire to the main body. They accordingly began to retrace their steps; but when within a mile and a half of the camp were suddenly surprised by the appearance of a large body of Indians under the command of Brandt, and an equal force of Rangers commanded by the infamous Butler, who had concealed themselves in a ravine for the purpose of intercepting the retreating party.

Knowing that their only chance of safety lay in breaking through the line of the enemy, they at once made the bold attempt. In the first onset, though unsuccessful, not one of the party was lost, while several of the Indians were killed. Two more attempts were made, which likewise proved unsuccessful, and in which eleven of the brave party fell. Boyd and a soldier by the name of Parker were taken prisoners; part of the remainder fled, and part threw themselves upon the ground apparently dead, and were overlooked by the Indians, who were too much engaged in pursuing the fugitives to notice those who fell.

When Lieutenant Boyd found himself a prisoner he solicited an interview with Brandt, preferring to throw himself upon the clemency of the savage leader of the enemy rather than trust to his civilized colleague. The chief, who was at that moment near, immediately presented himself, when Lieutenant Boyd, by one of those appeals and tokens which are known only by such as have been initiated in certain mysteries, and which never fail to bring succor to a distressed brother, addressed him as the only source from which he could expect respite from cruel punishment or death.

The appeal was recognized, and the gallant Boyd was assured in the strongest language that his life should be spared. The lieutenant and his fellow-prisoners were conducted to the Indian village called Beardstown, after a distinguished chief of that name, on the west side of the Genesee River. After their arrival Brandt, being called away on service which required a few hours' absence, left the captives in the care of Colonel Butler. The latter, as soon as Brandt had left them, began an interrogation, to obtain from the prisoners a statement of the number, situation, and intentions of the army under Sullivan; and then threatened them, in case they hesitated or prevaricated in their answers, to deliver them up immediately to be massacred by the Indians, who, in Brandt's absence, and with the encouragement of their more savage commander, Butler, were ready to commit the greatest cruelties. Relying upon the promises which Brandt had made them, promises which he most likely intended to fulfill, they refused to give Butler the desired information. Upon this refusal, burning with revenge, Butler hastened to put his threat into execution. He delivered them to some of his most vindictive associates, among which the Indian chief, Little Beard, was distinguished for his inventive cruelty. In this, as in all other scenes of cruelty perpetrated in his town, Little Beard was master of ceremonies. The stoutest heart quails under the apprehension of immediate torture and death. The brave lieutenant was first stripped of his clothing, and then tied to a sapling, when the Indians menaced his life by throwing their tomahawks at the tree directly over his



PORTAGE FALLS.

head, brandishing their knives around him in the most frightful manner, and accompanying their ceremonies with terrific shouts of joy. Having punished him sufficiently in this way, they made a small opening in his abdomen, took out an intestine, which they tied to a sapling, and then unbinding him from the tree, drove him around it with scourges until he had drawn out the whole of his intestines. He was afterward decapitated, and his head stuck upon a pole with a dog's head just above it. The body was left unburied. Throughout the whole of his terrible sufferings the brave man neither asked for mercy nor uttered a word of complaint.

Parker, his fellow-soldier and fellow-sufferer, was obliged to witness the above inhuman cruelties with the full expectation that he would share the same fate. He, however, according to the account given in Wilkinson's "Annals of Binghamton," which we have used as authority, was only beheaded.

The main body of Sullivan's army, immediately after learning the situation of Lieutenant Boyd's detachment, moved toward the Genesee River, and finding the bodies of those who perished in attempting to penetrate the enemy's line, buried them in what is now the town of Groveland, under a cluster of wild plum-trees, where the graves are yet to be seen.

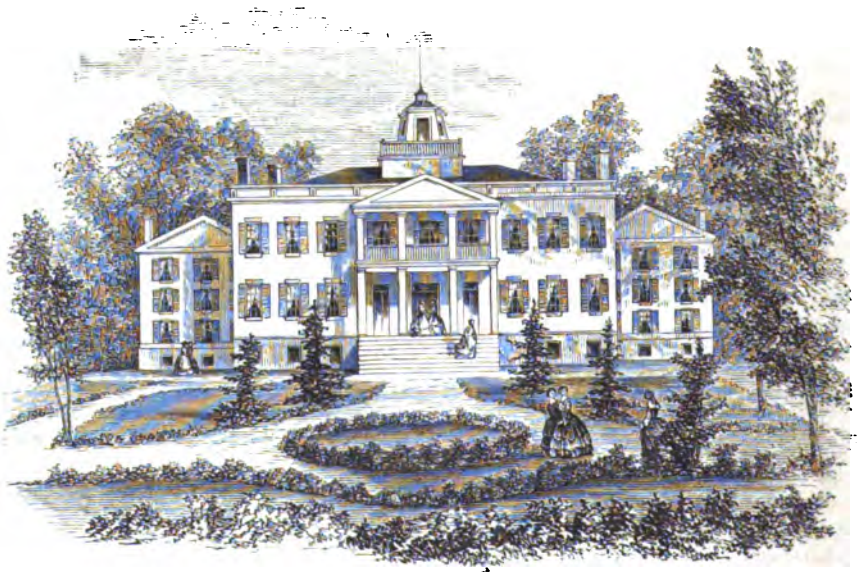
Sullivan's eventful campaign terminated near the pleasant village of Geneseo. On the eastern side of the river, at no great distance from the present town, was the Indian village of the same name. It was beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, on which were fields of corn with various kinds of vegetables. According to Sullivan's report the Indian village consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight houses, most of them very elegant. This and the neighboring towns were destroyed, together with the numerous orchards and thousands of acres of corn. The Indians were disposed to make a stand for the defense of their homes, but were unable to prevail against the superior numbers and discipline of Sullivan's army.

A short distance south of Geneseo a considerable stream, called Fall Brook, crosses the road in its descent to the river. But before reaching the flats it plunges abruptly into a chasm at least one hundred feet deep, which is well represented in our engraving. There is a tradition in the neighborhood that in one of the engagements with Sullivan many of the Indians were driven to the brink of this precipice, and compelled to leap into the gulf. Sullivan, however, makes no mention of such an event in his official account of the campaign, and the tradition is

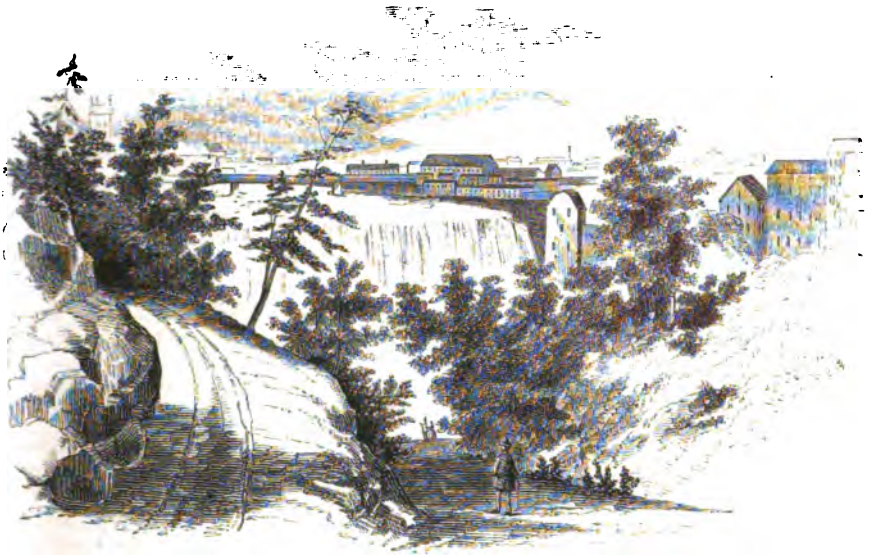
doubtless without foundation. The army must have encamped near the spot. The initials of some of his soldiers are now, it is said, plainly to be seen carved on the trees to the left of the cataract.

"Few rivers of the extent of the Genesee furnish so much picturesque scenery. The Indian name, signifying 'Pleasant Valley,' indicates the characteristics of the country through which it flows. The table land where the Genesee has its source is about seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and furnishes, within a space of six miles square, streams which flow toward the ocean in different directions, through the St. Lawrence, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico." In the distance of a couple of miles, at Portage, the river is precipitated by three perpendicular falls more than three hundred feet. The ravine worn through the rock by the constant action of water, with almost perpendicular banks from two to five hundred feet high, are scarcely less wonderful than the falls themselves. Next to Niagara these are the most important cataracts in the state, and in close proximity to both the skill and untiring industry of man have rivaled the creative efforts of nature. At Portage we scarcely know which to admire most, the magnificent cascades thundering their song of centuries, with misty incense floating skyward, or the stupendous bridge upon which the traveler is suspended in the air at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, and a sight of cataracts compared with which those of old Nilus sink into insignificance. "The great and ever-to-be-lamented Sam Patch," says Mr. Stephens in his "Incidents of Travel in Egypt," "would have made the Nubians stare, and shown them, in his own pithy phrase, that 'some folks could do things as well as other folks,' and I question if there is a cataract on the Nile at which that daring diver would not have turned up his nose."

After descending from the highlands of Alleghany, through the rocky gorge of Nunda, the Genesee winds down the "Pleasant Valley," a region of unsurpassed fertility and of rural charms rivaling the poet-sung vales of merrie England. In no other place in the country are the beauties of nature and the elements of agricultural wealth so harmoniously blended. The flour of Genesee Valley is quoted in the markets of Europe, and Kensett has selected some of its rural landscapes for his inimitable pencil. The swelling uplands embrace many thousand acres of flat alluvial soil, neither a natural prairie nor an Indian clearing, and concerning which the natives have no traditions. This immense plain was found



ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY, CANANDAIGUA.



UPPER FALL OF THE GENESEE AT ROCHESTER.

unencumbered by a tree or bush, but covered with grass of such a height that the largest bullocks at thirty feet from the path will be completely hid from view. This land was at first supposed to be barren, and in 1792 would not have sold for twenty-five cents an acre. Now it is cheap at one hundred dollars per acre. The excessive and inexhaustible fertility of the soil is the chief obstacle against which the farmer has to contend. Large tracts in the valley, embracing many thousand acres of the best land in the state, were purchased at an early day by Messrs. James and William Wadsworth, and still belong to their descendants.

At Rochester the Genesee is again precipitated the distance of two hundred and sixty feet within the city limits. Our engraving represents the Upper Fall, ninety-six feet in height, above which are the Canal Aqueduct and Railway Bridge, and from which the great jumper made his last leap. From the nature of the petrifactions in the region about Rochester and the polished surface of the rocks, many suppose it to have once been covered by the waters of Lake Ontario. The Upper and Lower Falls are also believed to have formed one cascade. The present separation is accounted for by the different degrees of hardness in the strata of rocks over which the river flows at this point. Geologists, however, contend that in consequence of the Upper Fall having reached a stratum of limestone, the two cascades are now approaching each other, and perhaps some thousands of years hence our descendants may see them again united. But this fact does not diminish the value of the "mill-sites" upon the neighboring cliffs, where flour is ground for the world.

Canandaigua had become a considerable village before Rochester could boast of a single inhabitant. From the capital and industry concentrated there at an early day, the former contains, for its size, probably the wealthiest and most refined population of any town in the Union. We may hereafter illustrate some of the beautiful views afforded by Canandaigua; but at present confine ourselves to an engraving of the Ontario Female Seminary, an ornament of the village, and one of the principal institutions of learning in Western New York.

When Gorham and Phelps effected their great land purchase of the Indians in 1788, the Indians made them a present of a tract of twenty-four miles by twelve on the Genesee as a "mill-yard." Of this tract one hundred acres, on the site of the future city of Rochester, were presented by the owners to "Indian Allen," on condition of his erecting a mill to accommodate the few settlers in the adjoining region. Allen was a notorious character in

the early history of Western New York. He was one of the blood-thirsty tories leagued with the savages during the Revolution. Near the close of the war he went to the valley of the Genesee, and became an Indian trader. His life was marked by the most inhuman atrocities, and upon his death in Canada he left, as his chronicle states, "two white widows and one squaw, with a number of children, to lament his loss."

The locality does not appear to have been very inviting. Less than fifty years ago it was described as "a God-forsaken place! inhabited by muskrats, visited only by straggling trappers, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation or fever and ague." The bridge across the Genesee, erected in 1812, at an expense of twelve thousand dollars, was called an "extravagant folly," but the opening of the Erie Canal gave an impetus to the growth of the village, and Rochester, now containing over thirty thousand inhabitants, was long cited as the "fastest growing city" in the world.

ASCENT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHRENES.

THE following passage, giving an account of a climb to the summit of the second of the great Egyptian pyramids, by an enterprising traveler, who visited that land before it became a resort for the tourist and the health-seeker, will be read with interest, as an instance of what may be achieved by boldness and intrepidity; although, as a feat imperiling life without any adequate object, it must be ranked in the class of rash and foolhardy enterprises. The writer says:

"I had already ascended the pyramid of Cheops, as every other traveler has done; and I now felt an inclination to mount that of Cephrenes, because no other European had ever yet ventured: that idea alone was sufficient to stimulate a lieutenant in the navy, and Macdonnel and myself determined upon the attempt. The upper part of the pyramid of Chephrenes presents an inclined plane, and I had found it an effectual obstacle to my advancement in my former visit: an Arab, it is true, had offered to go to the top if I paid for it, which I declined, not anticipating any gratification from seeing a man perpetually in danger. There are some Arabs who are celebrated for the performance, and are distinguished by the name of (I believe) Butirists. We sent for two of them, and they engaged to assist us. The steps on the north side are much worn by the pelting sand, and the havoc of those who have searched for an entrance; we therefore ascend on the south side, and arrive, without much difficulty, at that point which travelers generally attain. The steps henceforth are cut away as with a plane, not even a ledge is left; and to form an idea of the whole, you must fancy the pyramid of Caius Sestus smoother than a slated roof, and placed at such a height from the earth, that the slightest false step would occasion a fall double what it would be from the top of the London Monument. Such a barrier as this would be insuperable, were it not that time and Arabs have crumbled away the *edges* of most of the stones, so that a line of holes may assist you in the ascent; but these stones themselves are in some places three feet thick, and not every tier of which has a hole in it; and where there is a hole, the stone is liable to crumble; the first toe hole is at the height of three feet, and the first finger hole above six. One of our guides, a tall, powerful man, drew himself up by strength of arm, and, looking down upon us, told us sarcastically to reduce our dress to that of an Arab, if we still persisted in our determination; but no Frank, not even an Englishman, had ever ventured. We had already found a vulture's nest, a convincing argument that the road was not much traveled even by Arabs. It was now mid-day, and the stones were burning hot, the first finger hole was higher than I could reach, and would have afforded me a good excuse for receding; but the guide, supporting himself with one hand, laid hold of my wrist with the other, and drew me to a landing spot. It is the *premier pas qui coute:* I had passed the Rubicon; I forgot the heat of the stones, but still attempted to dissuade Macdonnel: however he would not listen to me; and with each a guide in advance, and climbing in a zigzag direction, according to the holes, we reached the top in about three quarters of an hour. We found only one other step similar to the *premier pas;* and, for the assistance of ourselves and those who may come after us, we broke away whatsoever we could. I have already described the top of the neighboring pyramid, Cheops, as presenting a surface more than thirty feet square, and from which probably eight layers of stones have been cast down: the top of this has lost a few, and but very few stones. The pyramid of Cheops presents a traveler's directory in all languages; on *this* there is only one inscription; it is in Arabic or Cuphic. We did not tarry long here, for there is not much room to stand, and I was clinging to a stone fearful of vertigo and of being blown over; I consequently proposed to return before my courage should cool. To descend *safely* is much more difficult than to mount, and the two super-dangerous places excited no little fear; at the first of them, while my body was dangling from my fingers' end, and my feet feeling in vain for a resting-place, and when I was calculating upon how soon I should fall, the guide tore me down. very much against my will, holding me as he would have held a child over a precipice. The time occupied was about two hours.

"I ask permission to give some proofs of the real or imaginary difficulty of the undertaking; the Arabs in the neighborhood of Cairo are

much bolder than elsewhere, and even make a practice of hooting and laughing at Franks. Macdonnel and myself, in our return toward the river, became the butts of some laborers in the fields; our guides, who were still in company, informed them that we had been to the top of the pyramid of Chephrenes, and the tongue of ridicule became immediately silent.

"And when they talk of it they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear."

Even the consul requested Mr. Hobhouse and others to certify having seen us at the top. Nothing," the traveler adds, "would tempt him to repeat his rash feat!"

A ROYAL GALAXY.

COPIED from native drawings, we present portraits of the Ex-King of Oude (Lucknow) and of his royal partner. He is a cousin of the celebrated Nusseer-ud-Deen, whose career is graphically described, with his drunken orgies, his licentiousness, sensuality, and cruelty, in a volume heretofore noticed in our pages, entitled "The Private Life of an Eastern King." His present ex-majesty followed in the footsteps of his predecessors. He was emphatically "a fast man."

The revenues of Oude were very large, and he lived in the greatest magnificence. The females of his harem were covered with diamonds and precious stones; and attached to his palace were beautifully-cultivated gardens, but with a rather tasteless profusion of painted statues, so that Jean Jacques Rousseau was cheek by jowl with Hebe and Hercules. On grand entertainments the table would be laid out with flower-pots which were all eatable—not only the leaves and the fruits, but even the apparent earth and the pots themselves. Unfortunately for the people of Oude, the king was such a slave to opium and every species of dissipation that the finances and the army fell into the greatest disorder. "His minister," says Colonel Sleeman, "sees him occasionally, but he is the only gentleman that does see him. The only other men that see him are the singers from Rampore and Delhi, against whom he was so earnestly cautioned by the governor-general; and the eunuchs, whose influence is, if possible, still more mischievous than that of the singers. The minister is obliged to succumb to these singers and eunuchs, and conform to their will, or he would not hold his place. They meddle in all affairs, and influence the king's decision in every reference made to him, and the responsible agents in whose name the order is given dare not complain." In 1853 we find that three fourths of the officers commanding regiments were singers, eunuchs, or their creatures. That any good should come out of such a state of affairs seems to Mr. Grant "as impossible as that heart of oak should flourish in a dark cellar."

He was deposed by Lord Dalhousie, and has been kept a prisoner at Calcutta, as a precautionary measure during the progress of the mutinies in India.

Of her majesty the ex-queen we know very little. Despite her royal title, she, like her predecessors, was never anything more than a slave and a plaything. The harems of the Turkish ladies have often been described by Eastern female travelers. The zenana of the Mussulman Indian courts appears to be conducted on the same principles of vailing and exclusion. Besides eunuchs the harem of the King of Oude used to be guarded by women, armed. Every portion of the private apartments of both the Palace of Lucknow and of the country seat of Dil Kushar, are inaccessible to the curious when the female part of the family is there.

The author of the volume above referred to mentions that many of these ladies never see a garden or the outer world, and remark on flowers, "How beautiful must the place be where they grow!" and a European lady has been asked how they look in the ground. As we cannot describe the mental or the moral qualities of the ex-queen, we may, perhaps, afford some amusement to our lady readers by describing her dress. She wears, then, or did in her palmy days, wide trowsers of satin, or cloth of gold, falling loosely over the instep, where they are either gathered and tied, or left as a train, according as the prevailing fashion may be. At the waist they, that is, the trowsers, are confined by a broad ribbon of gold or silver tissue, the ends of which hang down before, terminating in rich tassels which reach below the knee. These tassels are richly ornamented with jewels and pearls. The pyjamas (do you know what pyjamas are?) are much fuller below the knee than above, and gradually contract upward until they fit quite close at the waist. The bodice is of transparent gauze, without a single wrinkle, and adorned in the neck part with gold bangles or embroidery. The

EX-KING OF OUDE (LUCKNOW.)

shoes are pointed, and her majesty wears no stockings. The finger nails and palms of the hands are stained with rouge-colored henna, and the black of the eyelids is artificially heightened, and the hair is smoothed and perfumed with jasmine oil. The palanquin, when the queen goes abroad, is a complete room, silvered on the outside, and within covered with the most costly cushions. This is followed by the chief eunuch on his elephant, and by the female bearers who carry the palanquin into the inner court.

Our next specimen of royalty is the Rajah or King of Benares. Poor fellow! He has now no political power whatever. and lives at Ramnuggur, a short distance from Benares, which, at the period of the Mohammedan conquest, was part of the kingdom of Canouge, and was annexed to Delhi. In the reign of Ackbar it was comprised in the province of Allahabad;

EX-QUEEN OF OUDE (LUCKNOW.)

but in the time of Aurungzebe it was placed under the Soubadar of Oude. The title of Rajah of Benares originated about the year 1730, when Mansa Ram, Zemindar of Gangapoor, obtained a sunnad or patent of Rajah from Mohammed Shah, of Delhi. But this was merely honorary, and conferred no princely or independent power. He still remained nominally a wealthy zemindar, or copyholder, under the then Soubadar of Oude.

Warren Hasting's deposition of the Rajah of Benares, Cheit Sing, in 1781, has called forth more eloquent indignation than perhaps any Indian event either in this century or the last. We need not recall to our readers the celebrated proceedings against Warren Hastings, and the glowing language of a Burke and a Sheridan as orators, and of a Macaulay as a historical essayist. That deposition was an affair of wolf and lamb, and not much more creditable than Napoleon I.'s affair at Bayonne. The poor rajah went sixty

miles to meet Hastings. Bewildered and misgiving, he paid exaction after exaction, and obeyed missive after missive. But Hastings, with all his intelligence and zeal for the British service, had a cold, flinty nature, and carried out his purpose. The Directors, in a long string of resolutions, declared the conduct of Hastings to be "improper." But Hastings, bold as brass, denied that the payment of tribute absolved the Rajah of Benares from whatever other demands the state might make. In the shoes of the Padishah, Hastings looked on all India as a milch cow.

RAJAH ODETNURAAN OF BENARES.

To complete our quartette, we add the likeness of her majesty, the Queen of Nepaul, more fortunate than her royal sisters in other parts of India in that the treaty of Segowlie established that there should be perpetual peace between the East India Company and the Rajah of Nepaul, and by the 7th article the rajah under took to have no subject of any European or American power in his service without the consent of the British government.

Since that time the English have always had a resident at the court of Nepaul, and during the long residence of

THE QUEEN OF NEPAUL.

Mr. W. H. Hodgson the most friendly relations were maintained. The court of Cathmandhu can scarcely be called an absolute monarchy, in consequence of the large amount of republican independence in the hill chiefs. The present dynasty is comparatively modern, and owes its rise to the talents, bravery, and prudence of Prithee Nuragun Sah, a Ghoorkah, who, having disciplined a body of European troops in imitation of Clive, subdued the Nepaul valley in 1768, and deposed the old Bunsee dynasty. Caste was obtained for one of his successors, in the beginning of this century, by carrying off a Brahminical lady by force from the plains of India. When she was ill of small-pox he sent to Benares for learned doctors and physicians; but when she died each of the physicians had his right ear and his nose cut off.

The queen of the late rajah was the daughter of a Gouruckpore, formerly of low birth, but possessed of great talent for intrigue, which was her ruin, as it was found necessary to divorce her on account of her sterility, and she was succeeded by the mother of the present Rajah, who in his turn has taken to himself the lady whose portrait we give.

THE VOLCANOES OF HAWAII.

THERE are now no active volcanoes known that can compete with those of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Island group. On this island there are hundreds of extinct craters, and two that are active. To the latter alone we propose devoting this paper. These are *Mauna Loa*, or Long Mountains, and *Kilauea*. It was our privilege to visit these in June, 1857, and what we shall give the reader is principally matter of experience.

Hawaii lies in north latitude betwen 19° and 20°, and in west longitude between 155° and 156°. Mauna Loa is a mountain rising near the center of the island and running pretty well to the southern extremity. It also extends well to east and west. It much resembles a huge elongated dome. Its height is thirteen thousand four hundred and forty feet. It is snow-capped for the greater part of the year. Its summit is considerably above the snow point. It produces in the mind of the beholder a fine sense of the grand and sublime, viewed either from the sea or from the neighboring mountains. The best view we had was from the summit of *Mauna Kea*, which is a few hundred feet higher. Apparently about two thirds of the way up the northeastern slope of Mauna Loa is the new eruption of 1855, that threatened the destruction of the town and harbor of Hilo. The length of the lava stream from this new crater is about seventy miles; the average width is about three miles, and the average depth about one hundred feet. The average inclination of the stream is probably four or five degrees. The present terminus is within about six miles of Hilo. There is a belt of dense forest of some twenty miles in width, through which this fiery flood had to make its way. Two miles more would have brought it through the woods. For fifteen long months Mauna Loa vomited fire and smoke without any cessation. And you can judge of the amount of lava thrown out by the length, width, and depth of the stream. There must be a terrible cavity under the crust of that old mountain; but she doubtless has enough left for many more such streams. At the time of its greatest action, there was, properly speaking, no crater at the new outbreak. It was nothing but a large, irregular *fissure* in the side of the mountain. This fissure was eight miles in length, varying much in width. The lava issued from all portions of the fissure, but mostly from the upper portion, which was largest. The column or jet of lava thrown out from this was one hundred feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet deep; and one thousand feet high. It retained these dimensions for a day or two, after which it flowed out laterally. In 1853, some four miles from the present eruption, there was an outbreak in some respects more remarkable than this. For twenty days it spouted in a perpendicular jet of almost incredible dimensions. This jet was five hundred feet for these twenty days, and for a few hours it was one thousand feet. But its action was of much shorter duration, and the quantity of lava ejected consequently much less, than the one in 1855. It is highly probable that not more than half the lava from the eruption of 1855 is to be seen. There were many large caverns of acres, and even miles in extent, created by former eruptions, that were filled up from the late flow. Had it not been for these, nothing, humanly speaking, could have prevented the utter destruction of Hilo town and harbor. This excess carried off into these vast reservoirs must have swelled the burning, hissing, devouring tide to double its present extent! Not having followed the lava stream up to its source, we are indebted to a gentleman who did, at the time of its greatest activity, for some of the above facts.

We spent but one day in visiting this new flow. Having lost our trail through the forest, we were short of time two or three hours, which we had held sacred to explorations. We struck the stream at its terminus. We traveled on it for some three miles. This is called a fair specimen of the whole, with the exception that the stream is not so wide nor deep as it is further up. We made the best of our time and strength in examination. It is a thing impossible to give any one who has not seen a lava flow an adequate idea thereof. The very best possible description must fall short of the reality. We shall be just as simple as possible in our style and terms, for we are sure this will give the reader a more correct idea than a florid and altisonant description. The laws governing the flow of melted rock are altogether different from those of water or

melted metals. We would naturally expect to find the surface of the stream smooth where the fall was not great; but this is not the case. The surface of the stream is very irregular; indeed, greatly resembling a heavy chopped sea. This is so whether the flow be over a rough or smooth surface. Nor would the irregularity be greater over an ordinarily rough surface than over one as smooth and level as a floor. This, though so contrary to expectation, is easily accounted for when we have once seen the melted lava flowing. The congelation or cooling of the lava on the surface is so very rapid as to produce this very irregularity. Melted rock has not the susceptibility of retaining heat that melted metals have. The crust that thus rapidly forms on the surface is quite tenacious, when it is at a certain heat. Its greatest tenacity is when a little below a red heat. When cold it is very brittle. From this we can see that the flow must be for the most part subterranean—like water under ice. But the cooling at the terminus of the advancing wave is just as rapid as at any place on the surface, so that there would be a cessation of the flow for a short time at least, or altogether. But the weight and pressure of the subterranean current being very great, must break through somewhere, and advance. This will take place at that point where the pressure is greatest, which is usually up the stream, though not always. The depth of the advancing wave may be two or three feet, so that it may break out at some point along the terminus of this wave at different places, forming new streams. But, as intimated, it is more likely to break out up the stream some distance perpendicularly or laterally through the incrustation. If the reader has seen water break through and overflow ice and then congeal, producing an irregularity, he has the idea on a small scale. This business is continually taking place in the lava stream, till the crust increases to the depth of one hundred, and in some places, several hundred feet. We found a large number of cones which were evidently formed by this rapid cooling and upheaval. These cones are like so many small volcanoes. A very strange fact is, the lava has relatively flowed up the mountain, where the inclination was at least four or five degrees. This, too, finds its clear solution in the rapid cooling, and the effort of the lava to make these cones. Some of these cones are from fifty to a hundred and even two hundred feet above the general surface of the stream. There is just as great a likelihood that the lava will break out forty miles above the advancing wave as farther down. This arises from the fact that the subterranean current of fire is continually fed from the crater, and must have egress somewhere; and as it is liable to be clogged by this rapid cooling process on the surface, it is quite as likely to be up the stream, where it is already very deep, as farther down. But the flow is often lateral as well as longitudinal. In some places the stream is from ten to twenty miles wide. From the nature of the surface over which it had to flow, nothing will account for this widening at these places but this theory of cooling.

Another most singular fact is, for many miles together the present lava stream seems to have run on a ridge where the land sensibly slopes both ways from the center of the stream. And this stream on this ridge will average in depth one and two hundred feet! This might seem to stagger more than an ordinary credibility, but there it is to be seen this hour. There are many streams or branches formed by the lateral flow or tendency to break out at the sides of the stream. The lateral flow will also account for the flow which sometimes is found on the ridge for miles. This throws the stream out of its natural bed or channel. Again, the lava will find its way—which seems the more natural one—into immense gulches, and will entirely fill them up, and run over the sides, where there is apparently abundant inclination and outlet below the terminus of the advancing stream. Such things would never occur were the contents thrown out of the mountain melted lead or iron. But it is melted rock, and its great susceptibility to cool rapidly is the only rational solution of these irregularities of the surface, and of the lateral as well as longitudinal flow.

We found many holes in the stream that should be alluded to briefly. These were formed by the red-hot lava flowing around the trunks of the forest trees and burning them to ashes. These holes in dimension and configuration are the exact mold of the trunks that occupied their places. The tops or small branches of some of the trees were to be seen upon the cooled surface of the stream, where they had been

burned off from their trunks; but as a general thing there is scarcely a vestige of the dense forest to be seen in the track of the stream. It has completely licked up everything of a combustible nature in its desolating march.

From what has been said of the lava's great susceptibility to cool rapidly, the inference might be drawn that the flow of liquid lava is quite sluggish. This is true in one sense, but not in another. On the surface the flow is sluggish, caused by this sudden cooling; but the subterranean flow may be, and often is, very great. The stream, as has been said, is about seventy miles in length, but it was fifteen months in flowing thus far, with an average inclination of four or five degrees. This would be at the rate of four and two third miles per month, or seven forty-fifths of a mile in one day. This, it will be seen, is not a very rapid progress for a river of fire to make at so great an angle of inclination. Water would probably travel the entire seventy miles or much more in a single day, with such a fall. But it is a known fact that the subterranean current of burning lava is capable of running as many miles in one hour as water will run in ten. I have it from two gentlemen of intelligence and veracity, as well as large experience in volcanic explorations, that they witnessed subterranean currents on this stream during its greatest activity that must have run from fifty to seventy miles per hour. This they saw by looking down some fissures in the mountain and in the stream that had been cooled over, whose crust had fallen in. They tried the experiment by throwing heavy fragments of rock into the passing current with all the strength they possessed. When these fragments struck the stream, instead of sinking in the stream immediately where they struck, they glanced off with lightning speed and a whizzing noise to a great distance. This shows that the velocity of the current must have been terrible. Though these facts may not be interesting to most readers, yet they possess interest to the geologist and to the physicist.

Another interesting circumstance that came under our observation was the growth of fresh fern on the naked lava stream; and this, too, not more than a year from the period of its ceasing to flow. Nor is there the slightest indication of soil on this cooled rock. This shows that this once melted but now congealed rock has the constituent elements out of which soil may be formed. It was told me by those who have witnessed it, that the natives raise fine sweet potatoes on Hawaii, by collecting fragments of this apparently soilless lava into heaps, and planting them in the midst of these heaps of rock, where there is no sign of soil. Though we did not see them plant any potatoes in this way, yet we traveled over large tracts of volcanic region on this island where their principal article of food is the patato, and certainly we could not see where they could rake and scrape soil enough to raise them in the usual way, without resorting to the above ridiculous method. It cannot be many years till this lava stream will be grown over with fern and shrubbery. It is a most singular fact that this fern is now growing upon this stream where the steam and smoke are issuing from it; evidently showing that there may be lava in the melted state beneath. All along the stream, here and there, may be seen the steam and smoke rising from the crevices, giving indubitable evidence of subterranean fire near the bottom of the stream. When we were there we saw a large column of smoke at what we took to be the crater or source of the present stream. The rapidity with which vegetation springs from the newly overflowed portions of the country, with the geological phase of the country, can leave no rational ground for doubt but that this entire group of islands is of volcanic origin. Their different ages, too, can be clearly traced from the depth of the soil on each. By looking upon the map they will be found to lie in an irregular line from northwest to southeast. The order of their ages, commencing at the northwest, is supposed to run thus: Kanai, the oldest; Oahu, next; Molokai, next; Mani, next; and Hawaii, next. But upon this latter point of their respective ages we cannot speak confidently. There is, no doubt, some difference in their ages, but whether this is the precise order we presume it would require greater exploration and examination than has ever been made, to assert positively.

Having made such examination as our limited time would permit, we collected a few specimens of lava and set our faces toward Hilo. By the time we reached our horses (for we had to leave them and walk a distance of two miles through the

forest and dense undergrowth to the stream) we were nearly bootless and shoeless. Walking on the gritty lava makes sad havoc on shoe-leather, but the time, toil, wear and tear of clothes and shoes, are richly compensated by a sight of this late wonder. We now beg the reader's time and patience, and invite him to accompany us to

KILAUEA.

A company of nine—five ladies and four gentlemen—left Hilo, on a Monday in June, to visit this volcano of world-wide notoriety. Though the distance is but thirty miles, yet we occupied the most of two days in reaching it. The ascent is very gradual, but the roads were bad. Our animals suffered much in their feet in traveling over the hard, gritty lava. The greater part of the road was of this kind. This entire country for many miles in every direction has evidently once been overflowed by a tremendous eruption. It is now for the most part grown over with forest and shrubbery. On the second day, between three and four o'clock P.M., we suddenly and unexpectedly came upon the crater. We had expected to have seen it at a distance. This surprise to us and our jaded horses was most agreeable. Our ascent up Kilauea was so gradual that we could scarcely realize that we had ascended four thousand feet. Kilauea is represented on the maps generally as a mountain standing alone, as much so as Mauna Loa, or Mauna Kea; but this is not the case. It is nothing more nor less than one of the foot-hills—if we may call a mountain a hill—of Mauna Loa. In regard to its relation to this vast mountain, we cannot better represent it than by an ordinary sized wart or knot near the base of the trunk of a large tree. We now have in our mind's eye a tree of childhood memory that conveys the idea better than any paper and ink description can possibly do it. Or, which may be a better description, call to mind your father's potatoes buried in the garden in the shape of a hay-cock, with a considerable protuberance or bunch near the base. This *bunch* is Kilauea on the side and near the base of Mauna Loa. On the summit of this foot-hill is the crater of the largest active volcano in the world. There are, in fact, three craters to this volcano, having three distinct rims. It is a crater within a crater. The outer one is about six miles in diameter. It is an irregular circle. The second is near three miles in diameter, and is some eight hundred or one thousand feet below the first one. The third is about fifteen rods in diameter, and is fifty feet below the second one. Our lodging place was within the rim of the first crater. The whole has the appearance of a huge amphitheater, with benches or terraces formed with a good degree of regularity. The first bench, which surrounds the greater part of the perimeter of the second crater, will average one mile and a half in width; the second bench will average one mile and a half, more or less. The first or oldest crater is now grown over with trees, bushes, shrubs, and grass, showing that it is of great age. Here we found plenty of straw and ohalo berries. These latter grow upon a bush much resembling a low whortleberry bush. They are a red berry, much resembling the cranberry, and surpass that berry, in our humble estimation. There are a great many steam-holes within this first rim that are now active. We found here a hot spring. Fowls, pigs, or anything of the kind, can be cooked by the steam issuing from a large crevice in the rock; and then the cook can find water hot enough to wash the dishes after the repast. The principal object of interest in this first crater is the large *Sulphur Bank*. The residue of the afternoon of our arrival was principally spent here. The entire bank is covered with "the flower of sulphur," in its pure state. The subterranean heat must be great from the force with which the steam rushes from the numerous fissures in the bank. The surface is so hot as to almost burn the feet through the leather. The bushes and small trees in the immediate vicinity of this sulphur bank are most beautifully silvered over. They are equal to the finest "Diana's silver trees." Where the stream rushes out there are small conformations of pure sulphur. There are at these places considerable quantities of the flower of sulphur in its best state. By breaking these cones, you can find some of the most beautiful specimens of crystalized sulphur. We gathered some for the cabinets of our friends, but at the expense of getting our hands scalded with the steam. There is another bank within the second crater, but smaller and less important than this. We were won-

dering what account might be made of these sulphur banks. They are not quite extensive enough to make a matter of commerce of. This the difficulty of procuring it and the great distance from market would prevent. Our only conclusion was, that it would be an admirable location for a large millinery establishment, were it nearer some fashionable emporium; or, probably, better for an *itch infirmary*. We could count with almost absolute certainty that a short residence here would cure this complaint, that so much troubles mothers and schoolmasters, but more particularly the urchins that have to do the scratching. Nay, we might go farther, and say the unfortunate victim of "the seven years'" type might here hope for a certain cure, in less than so many days. But it is aside from our purpose to take this bit of patronage and practice from the drug-stores and doctors.

We spent the night in a native grass-house, built for the accommodation of visitors. From this point of observation we could see the light reflected from the innermost crater, or *pit*, as it is called. This could not be seen in the daytime. The next morning we set out to explore the second crater and the lake of lava. We had a steep precipice of eight hundred or nine hundred feet to descend by a narrow and difficult path. This precipice extends almost entirely around the second crater. In places this black perpendicular wall of naked rock is eight and nine hundred feet in height.

This second crater is about three miles in diameter. It has some time been a vast lake of boiling lava. The lava at present gives indication that no great length of time has elapsed since it was all a lake of fire. It was very active in 1840. In 1855, when the eruption of Mauna Loa was greatest, there was a much greater action here than is usual, or probably since 1840. The lava was thrown out at different points in this second crater, in large quantities, and flowed over large tracts. In this crater are quite a number of steam-holes and pits. These pits are caused by subterranean streams of lava which have become exhausted or have changed their course. The covering or crust of these falls in sooner or later, leaving pits measuring from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth, by one hundred and fifty feet across them. The heat and gases issue from some of these so as to produce strangulation upon a near approach. By keeping to the windward of them you can approach near enough to examine them satisfactorily. In other places we found large piles of rock, of huge dimensions, evidently thrown out by explosion. Some of these will weigh many tons. These explosions are occurring every now and then. While we were traveling over this cooled lake we heard two or three distinct reports beneath us, resembling distant thunder, with a tremulous motion. These undoubtedly are the explosion of gases from beneath. From the relative position of the steam-holes, as well as the pits, it may be gathered that there are subterranean rivers of fire, which have a connection with the main lake of lava. These steam-holes, from which the steam issues continually, give evidence of a connection with fire somewhere. The laws governing the flow of lava are the same as described at the late lava flow of Mauna Loa; the only difference is this being on a level nearly. The surface is uneven, resembling a slightly chopped sea. Around the margin of this now cooled lake we found large quantities of lava thrown out upon the bank, at a distance of fifty feet. Its tendency to flow back, and its susceptibility to cool rapidly, have left it there in most singular shapes. There are some of the most fantastic figures imaginable. They are pendent like icicles from the eaves of a house. We collected some specimens from one of these eruptions. They are of different colors, and possessing a beautiful luster or enamel, equal to that upon the best crockery. These colors are as follows: a fine bronze, a black, a lilac, and a red, resembling somewhat red clay. Other specimens collected from the main flow are very beautiful. These are shining black and variegated, equal to some of the finest specimens of the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania. But these latter are very brittle.

But let us come to the object of greatest interest at this volcano—the innermost crater, or lake of fire. This is the only part that can now be properly called active. This lake in shape is an oblate spheroid. It is about fifteen rods wide by twenty long. It is inclosed by a nearly perpendicular wall of once melted rock, averaging forty feet in height. When we approached the margin of this precipice and looked

down upon the lake, we confess we felt considerably disappointed in not finding the lake larger and in greater action. We were prepared to see a terrible commotion and great splendor; but the entire lake was covered over with a dark crust, with only three or four small openings around the margin, from which there were small quantities of melted lava thrown out upon the bank. The noise produced by the action of these resembled more that made by our mother's mush pot than anything we can now think of, only a little more boisterous.

Though the crust was dark, yet it was evidently very hot. We could distinctly see from our stand-point that there was great commotion beneath this crust; for the undulating motion thereof was very perceptible. Having stopped here for an hour and a half without any very marked changes, except those which took place around the margin of the lake, such as the closing up of one orifice and the opening of another, a consultation was held as to the propriety of returning to our camp, or waiting a while longer for something that might meet our high expectations. The result of this consultation was to remain another hour. When we first arrived at the lake we noticed a seam in the crust which extended across the lake, and which to us appeared no larger than a mere line. This was only on the surface; it did not extend through the crust. This continued to enlarge until it appeared as large as a hand's breadth. One of the openings on the margin now became much larger and more active. The amount of lava ejected from this became so great that a portion of the crust upon which it was thrown gave way and was submerged. Simultaneously with this the crack or opening separated, and the red-hot lava issued as from the mouth of some huge dragon, until the superincumbent weight became so great that the crust broke off in large irregular fragments one after another, and was submerged in the lake till there was no more crust to be seen. The entire lake was one boiling pot. The melted lava was thrown up fifteen and twenty feet into the air. All this took place in less than five minutes, and not twenty minutes after our determination to stop a while longer. This was the most grandly terrific scene we ever beheld! The heat and light were almost intolerable. We had to screen our faces as well as we could. Some of our company were determined to see the whole of this demonstration at the expense of burned faces, if need be. Strange to tell, the subsidence was about as sudden as the breaking up. We think in ten minutes, at most, the entire lake was incrusted and had lost its red hue, the only evidence of commotion being the undulating motion of the crust. We sincerely thanked Pele for this brilliant demonstration! The grandeur of the scene must have been greatly heightened could we have witnessed it in a dark night. We suppose, from what we saw at this lake during a space of two or three hours, and what we witnessed from our camp in the night, that there must be a similar breaking up of the lake three or four times during the twenty-four hours. We conclude this must take place of necessity. The heat beneath this crust becomes so great that it must have relief at this or some other point. This being the natural valve, it always finds relief here. A short time after the subsidence we observed that the lava forced itself through around the margin of the lake, at different points, as before, only with less power, as its force had been greatly expended by the recent breaking up. Our company observed thrice during the following night, at intervals of six or eight hours, the light at the lake became greatly intensified, confirming most fully our opinion as to the periodic breaking up of the lake. The light could be seen at any time during the night; but at times much greater than usual. This shows that the crust which appeared dark to us in the day would be red in the dark. This crust, we should remark, is very tenacious. We threw large fragments of rock from a height of fifty feet with all our strength without breaking through the crust. This seemed strange to us, seeing it so undulating; for we flattered ourselves that we should break the crust and cause a commotion without Pele's aid.

One of the greatest curiosities at this volcano is an article called "*Pele's hair.*" This is an attenuated substance much resembling human hair when gray or deeply flaxen; only it is much finer. In texture it is wiry and brittle. It is formed when the lake is in great commotion. The melted lava is thrown out into the air with such power that it is dissipated as water

is, into spray. While in this state it cools very rapidly, and is carried beyond the lake even to great distances by the wind and heated air. All visitors make much of procuring some of this article. To get the full import of this it may be interesting to give a brief account of this Pele. She is an old heathen goddess of the Sandwich Islanders. She is the goddess of fire and all volcanoes, and makes volcanoes, and bathes in the burning lakes. As she emerges from her fiery flood she shakes her tresses, dislodging some of her hair, which flies off. This attenuated substance they call her hair. This, in brief, is the origin of the name. This superstition has to a great extent passed away with the generality of this nation; probably some of the older inhabitants find it more difficult to divest themselves of the notion. A somewhat late opinion among the more superstitious of this people is, that Pele has left these islands, and we heard a missionary, a few weeks since from the Marquesas, relate in a missionary meeting that the Marquesans say that Pele has settled there, and has become their principal divinity. Pele informed them that she could not live in peace among the American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, and had come down there to preside over their interests.

The Rev. Titus Coan, of Hilo, who, from his frequent visits and familiarity with these volcanoes, is jocularly called, "*The King of the Volcanoes*," has probably been principally instrumental in banishing Pele. He accompanied us on our late tour to Kilauea, and we must confess that he is a very Vulcan, and can manage the affairs, to our mind, much better than Pele.

Though we have no satisfactory written or traditional history of the ages of the craters and different eruptions of this notable volcano, yet they are written upon the rocks, walls, and craters thereof. The first or outermost crater is evidently of some antiquity, from the growth of trees, and the general features of the surface. The history of the second is better known, though there is no one living, nor has been since the first arrival of the missionaries here, who could give any account of its age, or of its principal actions. Since the American missionaries came here, which was in 1820, it has been noted more particularly. In that time it has had ten or twelve periods of unusual activity. We probably hazard nothing in saying that this volcano has been more or less active for the last three hundred years. There is undoubtedly great interest bound up in its unwritten history. Probably the action of Kilauea was greater in 1840 than any time since or before in the knowledge of the foreign population. The present lake, which is about fifteen rods by twenty, was then nearly a mile in diameter. In 1855 it was about a half mile in diameter, while there was more or less commotion all over the surface of the second crater.

Mr. Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, visited it in 1840 during its greatest action. Such was the terrible grandeur of the scene, that upon approaching it with his company he is said to have exclaimed: "*That is hell! there can be no other!*" We fear that in this he will be sadly deceived unless he heartily repents of his harsh treatment of his native guides and subordinate officers while exploring Kilauea and Mauna Loa. He will also have to retract some personal slanders against the missionaries here that he has incorporated in his scientific work for the United States, which has no more connection with, or relation to, his expedition or subject than astronomy has to do with an exploring expedition; or he may find that Kilauea is not the only "*Hell;*" but is a miniature of the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone!" If he had any personal pique at the missionaries, why did he not resort to the newspaper, or write a separate book, and not lug in his personal prejudices and slander in a work of a scientific character for the United States and the world at large? What do they want to hear or know of Mr. Wilkes's religious prejudices and personal difficulties with the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands. That book should be expurgated of these. But many of the discoveries therein purporting to be Mr. Wilkes's should be given to those scientific gentlemen who were under him, for they both made the discoveries, and wrote them out in their journals, from which Mr. Wilkes made *verbatim et literatim* extracts, and called them his own productions and discoveries. While those men were toiling and traveling on foot over the lava and scoria, and through the gulches, Mr. Wilkes was taking his ease

at the camp, or being carried in an easy chair by the natives; and then, when his corps of officers came to camp he took possession of their specimens, and when they had carefully written out in their journals the results of their observations, he made an unconditional demand of their journals, taking the most valuable parts thereof, and setting them down to the credit of Commodore Wilkes. Look out, Mr. Wilkes; there is a just retribution awaiting all, and there is another hell infinitely more terrible and enduring than Kilauea for liars, and for tyrants, and for those who take what belongs to another.

With Mr. Wilkes, however, we most cordially agree, that such a sight as he witnessed and we saw is eminently calculated to call to mind the description of the sacred writers concerning hell or future punishment. This is a remarkable place to see the marvels of God in nature. A sight of Kilauea is well adapted to cure skeptics and theists. The power and wisdom of God are here to be seen in his works. "Though these are but a part of his works," yet we may voyage around the world, and travel over continents, and no grander and sublimer spectacles will be found than these same volcanoes of Hawaii. One cannot visit them without being impressed and deeply instructed. We thank the Father of creation and the preserver thereof for this inestimable privilege. We hope to be a better man in view of it, as well as for all his revelations in nature and grace that he permits us to behold.

PRESENT SUFFERING AND FUTURE GLORY.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment." 2 Cor. iv, 17, 18.

HUMAN life is a great and strange problem. In the light of mere reason it is impossible to solve it. Some things in connection with it have puzzled thinking men in every age. The wicked flourish like a green bay tree; the righteous wither like the branches of a tree smitten with lightning. The unjust prosper in their undertakings; the just are foiled in their attempts. The ungodly rise to power and greatness; the godly are insulted and oppressed. Often wickedness *seems* to be the very cause of success, and goodness *appears* to be a hinderance. From our intuitive sense of right, and of the rewardableness of virtue, we naturally regard these things as an anomaly, a problem which reason cannot solve, and from which we are obliged to turn aside in despair, or refer the question to the principle of faith. Consulting the Divine word, which is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, the difficulty disappears like mist before the sun, for we learn that the present life is only preparatory to the future, a process of discipline and education to be consummated hereafter. Man's moral training is the object sought by the dispensations of Divine providence, and this will be better promoted by changes and trials than by an uninterrupted course of prosperity and pleasure. Were man sent into this world for the enjoyment of mere temporal good, the reconcilement of the trials of virtuous life with the principles of justice would be utterly impossible. But he is made for nobler ends than temporal gratification, for sublimer purposes than laboring for and eating the bread which perishes; and the withholding of present good, or interrupting its enjoyment by afflictions and trials, will often promote the grand purpose for which God made and redeemed him. This is, at least, the teaching of Divine revelation, and against it reason has nothing to offer, but much, very much to presume in its favor. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Passing over the several items of the text, and their critical examination, the great truth taught is this: Affliction and trials, when borne in a Christian spirit, and with reference to a future state, are made the means of contributing to, and preparing us for, an "eternal weight of glory." In support of this proposition a few considerations may be adduced.

1. The connection between present suffering and future glory is not *natural*. Afflictions are not in themselves blessings. Disease of body, pain of mind, loss of property, bereavement, disappointment, are all evils, and nothing else. Abstractly, there is no good in them, and no good can they confer. No man can

desire poverty or pain for its own sake, but every man, in this view, may seek to avoid both. Nor is the connection a *necessary* one. Men are not of necessity made morally better by affliction. It is not in the nature of things for affliction to confer spiritual benefit. Men may be chastised in almost every possible way, visited frequently and severely, and be like, in a moral point of view, the beaten anvil to the stroke. The fire may consume, and not purify; the trial may prove only the savor of death unto death. Nature can work out her own results; but nature's work is not spiritual. Her laws, influences, and ends are not directly moral, but physical. Affliction will necessarily affect a man's physical system; but it will not necessarily improve his moral nature.

2. The connection between affliction and future glory is a *Divine* one; one which is the result of special arrangement on the part of God. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. He is heir to it. It is his birthright, and from it he cannot escape. It is therefore one of the greatest triumphs of Divine wisdom and goodness that these natural evils shall be made contributory to spiritual ends. Suffering is not meritorious. We might suffer forever without suffering bringing relief or proving corrective. Present affliction is linked to future felicity by the merciful hand of God. It is converting sin's consequences into a weapon against itself, turning the devil's work into an instrument of his own ruin. Behold, then, the goodness and severity of God; severity in allowing man to suffer, goodness in converting suffering into a means of salvation. The process, however, is purely spiritual. It implies the possession of religious qualities, and the bearing of trials in a Christian spirit. One may suffer as a philosopher, as a stoic, or as an infidel, and not derive moral benefit; but when affliction leads the mind to God, to Christ, to eternity, it "worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

3. Constituted as man is, suffering and trial are more adapted to arrest the attention of the thoughtless and the prayerless, and lead the mind to spiritual things than an even course of temporal enjoyment. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes." "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept thy word." This has been the effect in innumerable instances. While men are healthful and prosperous they too frequently forget God. They act as if they had not time to think of their souls. Affliction comes, the ordinary course of things is interrupted, their attention is arrested, and they derive spiritual benefit. Sensible things more readily and more strongly impress us than spiritual. Objects of sight are nearer and more palpable to us than objects of faith. The still small voice of God in his word and providence is often disregarded; but pain is an argument that will make itself felt. It is direct and personal in its appeal, and frequently its warning is successful. With a pious man, affliction affords an opportunity for the fuller exercises of the graces of the Holy Spirit. Patience, resignation, and submission are necessary to the completeness of Christian character, and these plants grow best in the soil of affliction. The sufferings of Christ were necessary to the complete manifestation of his character, and sufferings now form a strong test and give a noble manifestation of Christian virtues.

4. Present affliction tends to impress us with a sense of personal mortality. Men think all men mortal but themselves. It is difficult to give this fact a pointed and personal bearing, to lead a man to feel that *he* is dying. It is comparatively easy to acknowledge the general fact, to believe that all men will die, or must die; but to feel that *I am dying* is not readily realized. On this subject affliction is a powerful minister, a pointed and personal preacher. To feel this truth, and to act accordingly, is a great and useful lesson. Affliction weans us from the world. In the sick chamber the glare and show of the present life are seen in their real color, and a correct estimate of their value may be formed. Their deception and insufficiency are felt; their sweetness is turned into insipidity, and a more enduring substance is felt to be needful. "To be carnally minded is death." Affliction leads to self-examination; it affords time to reflect and think. The great problems of life and death and eternity are pressed upon the mind. The past life is recalled, bringing a sense of guilt, and apprehensions of the future. The soul seems to look into itself, and pass judgment on its real character. This process is deep, and

solemn, and earnest, and if followed up will be a blessing. The temptations to self-flattery are weakened, and a man is more likely to form a correct judgment of himself. Suffering often leads to the abandonment of sin. Sin and sorrow go hand in hand. The former is frequently forgotten till brought powerfully home by the latter. Men sometimes suffer in the very line in which they transgress. Sin is felt to be, if not an evil, at least a painful thing; and as men do not like pain, they are often induced to abandon sin to avoid pain. Suffering often directs the mind to eternity. The present is shut out from the thoughts, and the future, with all its solemn realities, presses upon the mind. The spirit seems to realize the fact of its immortality, and commune with its destiny. No long chain of metaphysical reasoning is necessary to paint this great truth, and arm it with power. The soul will no longer be baffled with the perverted reasonings of the intellect; it rises to its native dignity, and links itself to the unseen and the eternal. If this forecasting of the vast future be permitted to exert a salutary influence on the soul, then affliction will work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Affliction is generally accompanied with a sense of weakness, and where it has not a hardening effect leads the patient to implore Divine help. Self-sufficiency and self-dependence are abandoned. The strong man is made weak, and the high is brought low. Human help is unavailing, and the sufferer looks to Him who is "mighty to save." With a Christian, affliction is the time for the more vigorous exercise of faith in the promises of consolation. These are adapted to the various forms of suffering and trial, and at such a time their appropriateness and power are more fully realized:

> "The fire our graces shall refine,
> Till, molded from above,
> We bear the character Divine,
> The stamp of perfect love."

These considerations show the way in which affliction, by the blessing of God, is made to contribute to our spiritual welfare. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Let the suffering Christian rejoice in his position and prospect, and so bear the trials of his life that they may work for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE monuments of Greece and other ancient nations show that persons of the upper classes, of both sexes, wore garments of elegant form; but they give us hardly any knowledge of the colors of these garments. The truth is, however, that the dye-resources of ancient nations were very meager. They continued to be so throughout the entire period of Grecian and Roman history; the number of known dye-stuffs being small, and chemical science in its infancy. The Egyptians and Hindoos probably knew how to impart different colors by one and the same dye-stuff, modifying the tint by chemical re-agents, very much after the fashion of our Manchester calico-printers at the present time. But the Greeks and Romans remained in ignorance of this beautiful art; it was one altogether beyond their resources, nor did the art of dyeing make any considerable progress until after the discovery of America and the development of chemistry. Many of our most beautiful dye-tints are now produced by the combination of two agents, each colorless in itself, the results being what are now called "adjective dyes." There are comparatively few dye-stuffs which really possess the tint they ultimately impart, the distinctive quality of "substantive dye-stuffs." The dye materials of the Greeks and Romans were all substantive. The red robe of a Grecian lady was dyed red by dipping it into a red dye, just as a modern lady dyes her silk by dipping it into a pink saucer. The highly valued Tyrian purple was also directly imparted by dipping the threads or fabric into a substantive dye.

Almost every person knows what is meant by cochineal: it is a little insect which lives on the Cactus opuntia in Mexico. The cochineal insect is exclusively American, and was therefore unknown to the dyers of ancient Greece and Rome. They had, however, a substitute for it in the kermes insect, a native of Spain, very much resembling cochineal in general properties, but affording a far less brilliant dye. If Aspasia owned a scarlet robe, the color was originally imparted to it by the kermes insect. All the most beautiful scarlets and purples known to modern dyers involve the use of cochineal; variety of hue being imparted by different chemical

bodies used in combination with the dye-stuffs, and to which the expression "mordants" is given, for the reason that they are assumed to bite in or permanently fix the colors. Even cochineal, when used without a mordant, is a very sorry color; and the scarlet of kermes is still less beautiful when used as a substantive color; but Grecian dyers, in the time of Aspasia at least, were not aware of the use of mordants; therefore Aspasia's scarlet robe would not have done to hang in a Ludgate-hill shop-window.

The most beautiful dye-stuff of antiquity was Tyrian purple, so called from the place of its discovery and chief manufacture. I should rather have said, perhaps, place of reputed discovery, for its records are not reliable. The Greeks were by far too vain a race to admit that any great discovery did not originate with themselves. They attributed the discovery of Tyrian purple to Hercules, or rather to a little dog belonging to Hercules. As the story goes, this little dog, happening to wander along the Tyrian sea-shore, came back with his mouth all purple; and the nymph Tyras, a favorite of Hercules, was so delighted with the color, that she bade him see her no more until he brought her a robe dyed purple like the color of his little dog's mouth. What would an enamored man have done when thus conjured? how much more, then, a demi-god? Hercules promised to oblige her if he could; so, tracking the little dog's footsteps, to see where they led, and what he would set about, he followed him to the sea-shore, where the animal began to eat shell-fish of two peculiar sorts—the buccinum and purpura. Hercules is reported to have thereupon collected some of these shell-fish, and extracted from a receptacle in the throat the celebrated Tyrian purple. In this way the Tyrian dye-stuff continued to be obtained by careful dyers; some, however, less conscientious than Hercules, pounded the shell-fish in a mortar, and incorporated the true dye-stuff with other animal juices.

The preceding mythological account of the discovery of Tyrian purple refers that discovery to a pre-historical age, whereas testimony favors the opinion that it was not discovered until 500 B. C. Long subsequent to the discovery of the art of purple-dying, any person might wear robes of that color who could afford to pay for them: not until the era of imperial Rome was it that purple robes came to be regarded as exclusively imperial. Once adopted by the Cæsars, the policy of restricting the manufacture to a few hands followed, until the members of one family alone were lincensed to impart the Tyrian dye. At length the process was so entirely forgotten that no one knew from what source the precious color had been obtained, or how it had been imparted. The exact time when this occurred is not known. A curious fact testifies that it must have been subsequent to the eleventh century. There exists, bearing that date, a document, written in Greek by the Princess Macrembolitissa, a daughter of Constantine VIII., in which is found a description of the purple-yielding shell-fish, the manner of catching it, and of extracting and employing the dye, all which the princess describes from personal observation. However, Tyrian purple, after having been totally lost, was rediscovered in England during the reign of Charles II., and in France shortly after; each discovery being independent of the description of the Byzantine princess, her manuscript not having at that time turned up.

In the year 1683, Mr. William Cole, of Bristol, during a visit he was paying at Minehead, happened to be told by two ladies, there resident, of a person living in an Irish seaport, who made a considerable income by marking linen with a delicate purple dye. The spirit of philosophic inquiry had at this period begun to dawn; the civil wars had ceased, and the Royal Society was established. Mr. Cole was an early contributor to the Philosophical Transactions; and a paper on the Tyrian purple was among his first communications to that renowned series. Placing himself in relation with those who frequented the Irish linen-market, he soon managed to glean some important particulars about the purple dye. He believed he was at length on the eve of rediscovering the true dye of Tyre—that costly tincture for which many a Grecian lady had sighed, and for which either of the imperial Cæsars would have given more than a hundred times its weight in gold. Pursuing his investigations, he succeeded at length to the extent of exactly one half. Pliny and Aristotle had both testified that Tyrian purple was imparted by means of

certain juices, taken from two different species of shell-fish; they had testified, moreover, that the tint of the fluid was not purple originally, but white; and that the much-desiderated color only appeared after the texture imbued with the fish-juice had been exposed to the sun. The Princess Macrembolitissa had, indeed, given a more circumstantial account; but that lady's manuscript was not available to Mr. Cole. The only rays shed by antiquity upon his labors were from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny. He did not hope to obtain any direct information from the Irish linen-marker herself. That good lady got money by her secret; why, then, should she divulge it? Mr. Cole went systematically to work; he was a philosopher. The Irish linen-marker lived on the sea-coast; what more probable than that she should mark with the juice of a shell-fish? Mr. Cole commenced his labors on this supposition; and though history does not disclose the fact, we are at liberty to imagine the havoc he committed on shell-fish of all denominations. He succeeded in the end, I say, to the exact extent of one half. He discovered the purple-yielding buccinum; leaving the discovery of the purpura to Mr. Duhamel in the year 1736.

There could now be no further doubt as to the source of the ancient Tyrian purple. Not only did the buccinum and purpura both agree with the shell-fish described by Aristotle and Pliny; but the incipient shades of color mentioned by these philosophers were also noticed by Mr. Cole. The juice, when first applied, was white; thence assuming many shades of blue and green, it became purple at last, if the linen marked with it were exposed to the sun's rays—not otherwise. Here, then, we moderns have the Tyrian purple on our very shores, if not at our very doors. We have it, the real imperial dye. What can our Manchester, and Glasgow, and Spitalfields, and Paisley men be thinking of? Why don't they use it? Why don't we see silken dresses in the shop-windows of Regent-street and Ludgate-hill, dyed of the true imperial tint? Why, because Tyrian purple would now be considered downright ugly! Not even a Billingsgate oyster-woman would like to be seen in a gown of the true imperial hue; the fishy idea of its origin notwithstanding. Yet Augustus is reported to have given no less than thirty-six pounds sterling for a pound of Tyrian dyed wool; a fact the less extraordinary, when we consider that every fifty pounds of wool required no less than two hundred pounds of buccinum juice, and a similar amount of the juice of the purpura; for in order to impart the last shade of purple beauty, the juice of both kinds of shell-fish was necessary. The enormous sum of thirty-six pounds, for one pound of doubly-dyed wool, is to be considered as more referable to fashion, than to any intrinsic beauty of the dye itself. It appears to have been the *only* purple dye the ancients possessed: it was, moreover, a substantive color; one requiring neither chemical skill nor manipulative dexterity; merely dipping into it the material intended to be dyed being sufficient.

It may seem remarkable that the Greeks and Romans—masters of the world, as they called themselves, and in many respects deserving that appellation—were inferior in knowledge of dye-stuffs to many of the outer barbarians. The Chinese, from periods of the furthest historical dates, seem to have possessed a large repertory of dyes. The Hindoos were scarcely inferior in that respect; and the Egyptians cotemporary with Pliny seem to have followed the practice of calico-printing, an art which involves some of the most recondite principles of dyeing. Dipping a white cloth into one liquor—necessarily of one color—they removed it, permanently tinged with a pattern of more than one color. That is the testimony of Pliny, and there can be little doubt it refers to the art of calico-printing. The Hindoos cotemporary with Alexander seem to have been able to use indigo; whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans do not seem to have been able at any period to employ that substance, otherwise than as a paint. The ancient Britons dyed their skins with woad, a material of the nature of indigo, though their more civilized invaders were ignorant of the art; and the Romans were unable to dye violet, until they learned that art from the natives of Gaul. From Gaul, too, the natives acquired the knowledge of soap; not that soap was used by the Gauls at any time, or by the Romans for a long period, as a detergent, but merely as a pomade for the hair. Pliny tells us that the Romans cotemporaneous with him used madder as a dye-stuff; but is by no means certain that Pliny's madder and

our madder are identical. He informs us, too, that iron was used for imparting black dyes, but he furnishes no circumstantial account of the method of using it.

We have seen that the knowledge of dyeing with Tyrian purple lingered at Constantinople until the eleventh century at least; but in Italy, dyeing in all its branches had pretty well died out before the fourth century; nor do we meet with any new records of it there until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dyers know perfectly well that any one dye-stuff is not necessarily efficient for every kind of tissue. Because a dye takes well on woolen, it does not follow that the same dye will be efficient for linen, cotton, or silk. Even Tyrian purple, which is a very easy dye to use, acts best upon wool. Linen can be dyed with it, as the Irish linen-marker discovered; but her marking would have told far better on woolen or silk material. The art of dyeing among the Greeks was, anterior to the time of Alexander's conquests, restricted to tissues of woolen stuff; but the philosophers who accompanied him to India brought back some of the refined processes of the Hindoos, of which an improved method of dyeing, or rather an extension of methods of dyeing, was one. Nearchus, the Grecian admiral who co-operated with Alexander, had, as is well known, a fleet of war vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Nearchus appears to have been fond of gay colors, and he determined that his war ships should be pretty to look at. A modern admiral might have covered his rigging with emblazoned flags, but a more original thought flashed across the brain of Nearchus. Profiting by the Asiatic knowledge he had acquired in the matter of dye-stuffs, he caused the canvas of his ships to be dyed.

Between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries, we have few records of the practice of dyeing, but I am not disposed for all that to affirm, nor do I believe, that the dark ages were so dark in the matter of dye-stuffs as some people say. To practice an art is one thing; to record the practice of it is another. All the historians seem justified in affirming as to this matter is, that no records of dyeing, as it existed during the chief part of the dark ages, are extant. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art began to revive in Italy; but not until the discovery of America had added to our tinctorial resources the brilliant cochineal and a host of dye-woods. Nor was it until the lamp of chemistry had begun to illume the western world, that the raw materials of dyeing could be applied with full advantage.

THE WINSLOW FAMILY.—A SIMPLE STORY.

IT is now many years since Ashbel Winslow and Acton his wife were married. They were both of them, Ashbel and Acton, children of opulent New York upper-class people, and knew but little of the actual every-day life of the world. Ashbel had in his own right a property that brought them some two thousand a year. Before his marriage he had selected a cozy spot up the Hudson, where he had built a palatial cottage of the olden time. Just above his cottage, in a bend of the river, the village of Rockville kept up its busy hum. Down to the east, eighty rods or more, the Hudson rolled on, burdened with its ever-varying crafts.

This place, chosen as their home, they called Glendale. There were but two of them; so that a girl for the kitchen and a man for the garden were all the help they needed.

Ashbel and his young wife, in the days of their courtship, had talked much of literature, and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then in its early days, was their chief source of entertainment. At Glendale they thought they had found a paradise. There came the literature of the day. Irving was in his prime; Halleck was writing humorously; and Bryant, in his kindly-touching manner, was *the* poet of the time. The men who now have a name and a day, were then just merging into literary life. At Glendale they had their own surmisings over fictitious names of Willis, Longfellow, Whittier, and Peter Parley, as we of this generation have had ours, striving to lift the vail from the mysteriousness of Currer Bell, Fanny Fern, and Ik Marvel. Their life was purely a literary one. Ashbel wrote sketches for the *Knickerbocker*, and Acton tried her hand at rhymes for the youthful "Lady's Book." For pastime they drove around their grounds; took cheerful boat sails on the river; went up Tanglewood Creek to fish for speckled

trout, and frolicked like children on the lawn. Altogether, they led as happy a life as any one can in connection with worldly pursuits.

They scarcely ever had any communication with the people about the village; indeed, they knew very little of the scenes of Rockville life. Whenever they wished to mingle in society, they went down in a two hours' river-ride to New York. Their friends there kept them advised of all parties among their circles, they acting as the Winslows' agents in forwarding all invitations to balls that might be sent them. Almost every week Ashbel and Acton were in New York, getting as much joy as any worldlings could at dancing parties, theaters, and the evanescent opera.

There, as fond years went on, when there began to be felt a serious want in the family, they were still left *alone* to their pleasures. If there could only be a little Winslow in the family, then their happiness would be complete. Acton, with a yearning motherly heart, had thought of this matter for a long time, but had never given the thought words. It was sometimes mentioned, but as quickly passed over as a sad subject. There were orphans enough; but having little care for the welfare of others, the Winslows were only concerned about their own pleasures. An orphan, fondle it as they might, would never be their own. So it was that the vacant place and the little chair remained long unfilled.

After a few years of such anxious thoughts as these, their little Kitty came into the family a welcome guest. They had petted a silken-furred cat, that purred at Acton's footstool every evening. When she was well enough to take their little girl in her arms, one day pussy came to her, and looking up with her large intelligent eyes, seemed to ask what it all meant that *she* was petted no more. Acton turned to puss, and sagely remarked: "Puss, you need not come to me any more; we have another Kitty now!" and she nestled the dear one closer to her heart. From that time, as by a natural impulse, the baby was called Kitty, and puss was no longer the only favorite.

Seven or eight years more of worldly life passed on. One or two more children were given them to gladden the household. Ashbel, Jr., and Acton the second were lovely enough, but they never could seem so dear to the parents as their first-born, the lovely Kitty.

She was now growing into those years when the mind begins to lay hold of matters beyond the common routine of child life. She began to look beyond dolls and play-houses. She seemed to be entering upon a new life, and to be putting on a character new entirely to the inhabitants of Glendale cottage.

The Winslows had both lived in the great Babel city, New York, as enlightened heathen. There are classes of people there almost too low for Gospel influences; and there are also classes of people that have set themselves up so high that the Gospel seldom reaches them: the Winslows belonged to this latter class. They had been at a celebrated Broadway church occasionally to hear noted prima donas sing; and once, a few months before their marriage, Ashbel and Acton went out of curiosity to hear Newland Maffit. These occasional church-goings were all they knew of Christianity whatever.

At Rockville there was a homely chapel, where the gardener's people went to church upon Sabbath days; but they were veritable heathens in that Glendale home, knowing less of heaven and the way thither than many a poor slave of the South.

By chance an infidel book fell into Ashbel's hands, which he often read to his wife. The result was, they soon set themselves up as infidels; very wise infidels indeed! They conversed often together of the follies of Christianity, and sometimes would rally with sneerings the gardener, who belonged to the Rockville church.

For a time they were ardent upholders of their new faith, or rather *want of* faith. One evening they were sitting rather gloomily in their front room, when Ashbel broke the silence by a very serious remark for him:

"Acton," said he, "I have met lately several persons who profess to be Christians, and they seem to derive so much comfort from their religion, false or true, I have concluded to let them alone to their own way of thinking. I have too much joy at home to think of setting myself up as the apostle of *Nothing*; for this is *our* sect, and I have concluded to let the world run its own course. Hence-

forth, let all religion be banished from our minds; we will give ourselves to the pleasures of literature and to the world's joys."

These thoughts met a full response in Acton's heart; and from that time they were infidels, as a dog is an infidel; that is, they had no concern whatever about religious matters. They cared as much for the Bible as for the Koran; both they ignored.

The *Knickerbocker* was their great oracle, and literature their worship; Walter Scott, Moore, and Byron their gods. Such a dark night as this had settled down over that cottage home! There were times, to be sure, when Acton, for one, cast longing glances into the future, striving to pierce the vail that enshrouded the other world; and deep sighs would often come up when she, like a wise heathen of the Socratic school, would wonder if there were a life beyond the grave. But such thoughts were always banished as soon as possible from the mind. In religious matters, then, for the most part, there was one deep, unbroken lethargic night upon them, and the Lethean stream never found more ready frequenters than Ashbel and Acton Winslow.

To rear a fashionable family, to have children that should honor the name they bore, were their greatest ambitions for the future; poetry and light literature were a sufficiency for the present. Such was the life at Glendale when Kitty was eight years old. Their gardener had built himself a little cottage home on a hill, back of the dale. His house was a place of prayer, and his children were early taught the way of life.

Kitty, who as yet had not fallen in with the aristocratic notions of her Glendale home, was often found at the hill cottage. Mr. Harmon's children, as they afterward learned, would often hold their mimic meetings, and Kitty had become among them, before her parents knew it, quite an adept in child worship. One evening, as she was preparing for her evening couch, she kneeled by her mother's side and commenced:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

She could get no further than those words, and she tried in vain to recall more of that universal child's prayer.

"Mother," said she, "tell me the rest."

"I do not know what it is," said the mother.

"I thought mother knew everything."

"What is it you want?" the mother asked.

"I want to say my prayers as Jimmy Harmon does; don't you pray, mother?"

Those were new questions to Acton. Could she have lived so long in the world, and now be moved so by a child's words?

Another day Kitty came running home with a Sunday-school book in her hand.

"Look here, mother, she said;" "here is such a fine story; it is Jimmy's book; he got it at the Sunday-school."

Acton did not notice her much. An hour after she saw her sitting in the grape-clad bower, reading her little book. How serious she appeared for a child of her age. By-and-by she came, and sitting by her side, laid her head in her mother's lap.

"Sing, mother," said she.

"What shall I sing, dear?"

"Something good," she replied.

The mother struck up some fashionable song, but she had hardly half finished a stanza when Kitty interrupted, saying,

"That is not the way to sing. Sing as Willie's mother did."

"Well, Kitty, how did Willie's mother sing?"

"There it is," she said, pointing to a few lines in the book she had just been reading. The lines were:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

This drew Acton's attention to the book. Willie, a Sunday-school scholar, had become serious, and when anxiously desiring the favor of God, had laid his head in his mother's lap, and she had sung the hymn referred to.

This story which Kitty had been reading had aroused a seriousness in her own mind.

From this time Kitty urged her parents to let her go to the Rockville Sabbath-School. They were not well pleased with this request, but at last, concluding that she would learn nothing bad, they consented to let her go. It was a new world and a new life to Kitty, that Rockville Sunday-School. The scenes there and the lessons taught became her chief items of conversation through the week; and often she might have been seen with Acton in the cradle, and her brother Ashbel, hold-

ing a Sunday-school. O how sweetly she would talk to Ashbel about Jesus the Saviour. These things were sometimes annoying to her parents, but they were so very indulgent anything Kitty might do would be borne with.

She soon began to speak much of her Sunday-school teacher, repeating to her brother Ashbel the lessons she had been taught by her. Finally Kitty began to complain that she had tried to get her teacher to accompany her home to dinner so many times, but had always failed.

"And why will she not come?" the mother asked one day.

"Why, she says you will not want her company, and that she would be an intruder at our house."

Acton cared little who this teacher might be, but when Kitty's importunity could not be hushed in any other way, her mother sent an invitation to the teacher to accompany Kitty home.

The Winslows were looking for some uncouth country lass, whose pious zeal was all that gave her a teacher's place, but were resolved, for Kitty's sake, to treat her as though she were a queen.

In due time she came. Kitty went bounding up the steps exclaiming, as she flew, "This is my teacher;" and that was the child's way of giving an introduction. They were soon all in a pleasant conversation. The teacher was a farmer's daughter of the neighborhood, but was fit for any city palor whatever. There was an intelligent, pious modesty in her whole demeanor that won her way at once to their affections. She being connected with the Sabbath-school, they supposed church matters would most interest her, and ignoring entirely their infidelism, they talked of many things connected with the little Rockville church and its influences. They had obtained their ideas of the class of preachers that officiated there from caricatures, and were a little surprised at the descriptions Miss Alger gave of her pastor. Her conversation excited a curiosity in their minds to go down to Rockville and see how country people worshiped. They talked of the matter through the week, and wondered they had never thought of such a thing before.

Sabbath morning came; with much trepidation Ashbel and Acton entered the homely chapel. It was a new world to them. The singing was none of the best, but when the whole company present rolled out the symphonies of old *Coronation*, then just in its popularity, from hearts that felt the power of song, their hearts were charmed; and when the preacher kneeled to pray, and the congregation mingled heart responses with the prayer, it seemed as though the very breath of heaven swept gently over the place. The sermon was delivered in an eloquent manner; no high-flown phrases, no gingerly touches, but words from the very heart of the man. Everything finical which heretofore, even in Maffit, they had been accustomed to, was absent, and truth itself seemed to be the dictator of the Sabbath services. It must be that the great Head of the Church presided there that day.

Through the week very few words passed between Ashbel and his wife concerning the meeting; but when the next Sabbath came round, as by one consent they began to prepare for church. All things continued as interesting as ever. It is one thing to build houses to attract upper-tendom, but another thing to give them the pure gospel when they are there.

After attending the chapel five or six Sabbaths Ashbel, on a Sabbath afternoon, took Acton into the library room, and there they sat in silence for some time. At last he said:

"Acton, these meetings have made quite a change in me; I am almost, as the text to-day had it, persuaded to be a Christian. Mr. Prindle in his preaching offers what something seems to tell me is the truth; and if what he preaches is true, as I am half persuaded it is, then we ought to be leading better lives."

Such had been Acton's feelings, but the ever-present tempter aroused her to evil, and she rallied Ashbel.

"What," said she, "will our Broadway friends say of us if we turn Christians?"

"Who cares for Broadway? it is time we were leaving the 'broad way,'" said Ashbel, still giving vent to a cultivated punning way.

The tears started in Acton's eyes; she covered her face and leaned on Ashbel's knee.

"I wonder if we can pray?" asked Ashbel, as he kneeled down with Acton by his side, and there with struggling emotions they wept and prayed together. It was the first time in a life of over thirty years they had ever kneeled seriously be-

fore God! They never had one thought of their doubts as skepticisms; these were vanished as morning mists, and a ray from heaven shone into their hearts, revealing the dark wilderness of gloom that beset them.

They soon sought the acquaintance of Mr. Prindle, who invited them to evening meetings, and soon they were made partakers, with the children of God, of the joys of sins pardoned. The cottage at Glendale became a little Bethel, and no one enjoyed the morning and evening songs and prayers of worship more than their daughter Kitty, who, in the Lord's hands, had brought them into the knowledge of such heavenly blessings.

PADMAVATI—A STORY OF THE COAST OF COROMANDEL.

THE poets of the West are of one accord in celebrating the melancholy beauty of autumnal evenings in our temperate latitudes; but in the East, under the burning skies of India, far from turning with emotion to the last beams of light, it is the rising of the sun, the endless summer, that the poets and Brahmins salute with joy. The stars suddenly grow pale like an extinguished fire, and nature, as if surprised, instantaneously awakens to perfect clearness. Hardly has the jackal ceased its sad wailings than the black cuckoo sounds through the air its sonorous cry, like the human voice; myriads of insects, with their variegated wings; flights of humming birds, shaded with the liveliest colors, sparkle like jewels; the night is conquered, the day triumphs. The Brahmin, who regards himself as the first-born of creation, hastens to the sacred tanks to make his ablutions. Plunged up to his waist in the water, he takes some drops in the hollow of his hand, and throws them into space, addressing hymns of praise and gratitude to his gods. He does not humiliate himself before the divinity; placed above other men by the dignity of his caste, he aspires to cross the space which separates him from immortals, to be absorbed at last in the bosom of the Great Being, in whom everything lives and moves.

On one of these mornings, so beautiful for the contemplative man, but assuredly very fatiguing for him who had to labor, two travelers, a Hindoo and his wife, were rapidly walking over the sandy plain which stretches along the sea-shore between Pondicherry and Madras. The woman was about eighteen years of age; a piece of stuff in stripes of rose-color and white was twined around her, falling over her breast as a scarf; with her right hand she supported on her hip a baby, whose necklace of seeds, as brilliant as coral, composed at once its adornment and clothing. As to the Hindoo, his matted hair floated on his back, while an Indian handkerchief rolled into a turban covered the top of his head; he wore a military dress with red worsted epaulets, in spite of which it might have been difficult to recognize in this native of the Coromandel coast a brother in arms, which he nevertheless was, being a grenadier in one of the battalions of Sepoys at Pondicherry.

The two travelers were still a dozen leagues from Madras. Day had surprised them on a shore where an arm of the sea advanced far inland. Far before them, beyond the bay, extended a verdant zone, like an oasis in the desert, a long line of plantations, under which a village was concealed; around them the scenery was monotonous and sad, nothing but sand and water. Their feet sank deep into a light and burning soil, and the sun darted his hot rays in their faces, "sharp arrows," as the eastern poets call them.

"Padmavati," said the Sepoy to his wife, "you are tired of carrying the child; give him to me."

"O no," replied Padmavati, who had begun to hang back, and whose weariness was too certainly betrayed by the heaving of her breast, "he is not heavy; can a mother ever tire of carrying her little one? See, I only support him with my hand."

"Give him to me," replied the Sepoy; "we have some ground to pass over before reaching that village; I am hastening on to rest under those great trees which you see there."

"Well, take him, but on condition that you give him back to me when we reach the first houses. What would the women say if they saw me walking beside you, with my arms hanging down and my hand empty?" The young mother kissed her child, and presented him to the Sepoy.

"The boy does not weigh more than a

musket," remarked the latter, holding him at arm's length. "Now, little one, do not be frightened, one, two, three, and jump on to my shoulder."

Startled by the rapid motion, the child grasped its father's hair with his little hands, pulled his moustache, and pinched his ears. Patient and good-tempered, the soldier made no complaint.

"He hurts you?" said Padmavati.

"No, no," replied the Sepoy. "He has a strong hand, the little man. He will be a famous soldier when he grows up!"

And Padmavati smiled. They walked on for two hours under a sun of fire; when they drew near the village the young mother reclaimed the burden. They could not resist the desire to sit down at the side of the road, under the first trees they reached; overcome with lassitude, they longed to take breath. Around them reigned the deepest silence. Who dared to work in the fields during so suffocating a season? A few hundred paces from them five or six cabins were built, miserable huts formed of ragged mats, around which gamboled and rolled in the dust some dirty children, with no more clothing than the dark color of their skin. Lean dogs, grey spotted with black, roamed around this camp. In the huts, so low that it would have been difficult to stand upright in them, men and women sat cross-legged, busily weaving baskets. Hung in the sun at the entrance were the remains of animals lately skinned, which might be recognized as the carcases of cats, dogs, and musk-rats. Scarcely had the two travelers taken their seats under the palm-trees, when an old hag gliding through the bushes approached, and leaning over Padmavati:

"You are a happy mother," said she to her; "the gods have given you a fine baby; give me a *païca*, and may you have a good journey."

"Come," said the Sepoy, in a low voice, to his wife, "let us go."

"Your little one must be two years old," said the old woman softly.

"He is not yet eighteen months," replied the mother, with pride; "is he not fine for his age?"

"Let us go," interrupted the Sepoy, with impatience, pushing his wife before him. "Don't you see that this woman is of the tribe of the Kouravars? They are vagabonds, who belong to no caste; people without faith, without a home, who live by robbery and eat unclean food. Horrid Kouravars! their touch would soil even a Pariah."

"She did not touch me," replied Padmavati, quickly, "nor the little one either."

"It is the same thing; who knows but she was trying to cast a spell over the child?" said the Sepoy, anxiously. "Such people have so many ways of doing mischief!" Saying which they set off again, followed at a distance by the old woman, who seemed to threaten them with her skinny arms; her gray hair hanging in disorder over her wrinkled shoulders, age and misery gave her a dreadful aspect. She was a worthy representative of the wretched race to which she belonged, the gipsies of India, whom the police condemn to pitch their tents in the open country, at a respectful distance from the villages. The Kouravars lead an independent life, but they always vegetate in the deepest misery. Jugglers, acrobats, peddlers, beggars, charlatans, and venders of drugs, they make themselves feared, but never loved; no matter to them, they take their revenge for the contempt and disgust they receive, by doing as much evil as they can.

In India hotels are unknown; every traveler too poor to take his servants must purchase in the bazaar the provisions he needs. Having reached the village, the Sepoy went from stall to stall, filling his handkerchief with fruits, vegetables, pepper, and rice, which form the basis of an Indian curry. Padmavati had seated herself under a large banyan tree, which covered the center of the village like a huge parasol; having given her child some milk, she made a little bed of green leaves, and laid it upon them, hanging over it with solicitude, fanning away the flies, and admiring it with all her heart. The Sepoy was absent a long time; while his rice was cooking in a hut he met with some old comrades, whom he had not seen for a long time, and who were on their way as pilgrims to the Pagoda of Chilambaram; so his wife, weary of waiting, yielded to fatigue, and spreading a handkerchief over the baby's face, leaned against one of the trunks of the banyan, and fell into a deep slumber; then the old woman, who had been hovering about, advanced with stealthy steps, and taking up the unconscious child in her arms,

slipped it into one of her baskets, and with a rapid movement put another in its place. Having executed this maneuver with as much precision as dexterity, the old woman glided furtively under the vaults of foliage, which protected her by their shadow, and disappeared. Half an hour after the Kouravars encamped near the village had struck their camps, and were off into the interior, driving before them the lean beasts which carried their household goods, their panniers, and the Sepoy's child.

When the Sepoy rejoined his wife, he touched her softly on the shoulder to rouse her: "Here," said he cheerfully, "here is something to make a good meal! Let us first drink the milk of this cocoanut; I am dying of thirst. . . And the baby?"

"He is sleeping," replied Padmavati. "Do not touch him; he will cry."

When their meal was ended the young mother raised the handkerchief which covered the child's face, and uttered an exclamation of surprise; the child was writhing in terrible convulsions. "The morning sun had made him ill," said she at last; "I should not have known him."

"Wife," said the Sepoy, "that old woman has been past; she has cast a spell over the child. Let me turn to the camp of the Kouravars; I will bring her back by force, and make her cure the malady that she has given him."

He was not long in discovering that the tribe had decamped. To leave his wife and pursue the vagabonds was not possible; he returned agitated by a thousand contradictory ideas.

"They are gone, Padmavati," he cried; "it is a proof they have committed some bad action; we were too happy; the gods are jealous. For six months past I have been asking leave of my captain to visit my old mother, and introduce her to my wife and the loveliest baby; and now what a hideous specter! O! the old sorceress! What was she doing, dogging our steps?"

The poor mother wept, trying vainly to soothe the cries of the little being, whom she covered with her kisses. They set out again, hoping to arrive at their journey's end about nightfall, walking as fast, but not as gayly, as in the morning; the sick child weighing heavily, and screaming without cessation. As Padmavati was rocking it, she mechanically turned in her fingers the necklace of red seeds which was round its neck. All at once she started with fear; a terrible suspicion crossed her mind; the necklace had not the right number of seeds; this child was not her own! How could she tell her husband the terrible secret, when it was her duty to have watched over her child instead of yielding to fatigue? She began to hate the unknown child; the secret preyed upon her, and added to her remorse. The Sepoy, perceiving her deep sorrow, strove to console her; but his kindness only redoubled her torments.

The entrance into their mother's cabin was neither joyous nor triumphal as they had hoped. During the night the baby disturbed the slumbers of the whole household. In the morning the grandmother took it, and tried to make it sleep; then returned it to Padmavati, saying, "Keep your little one; I can do nothing with it. He is born under an evil star, and you will have much difficulty in bringing him up. He is not like his father, who was always laughing and in a good temper."

At those words Padmavati went into the garden to weep; her mother's pride was humbled. Having always before her eyes the wicked woman who had robbed her of the choicest treasure, she fell into a kind of sickly languor; and the Sepoy, seeing his wife's charms fade away, no longer felt the same affection for her. Twenty days thus passed, during which there was not for these three beings, so closely united to each other, either happiness or consolation.

One evening, when they were in the garden, a tall, bold-looking man stood in the narrow gate, whistling in imitation of a bird.

"Allah be with you!" said the stranger; "will you like to see some legerdemain; tricks of sleight of hand? I am a juggler; I swallow swords; I make away with balls as large as my head. I can charm serpents, and make dolls speak; I walk, with naked feet, over sharp blades. I am a *domben*, a domben!" (juggler.)

"We are poor people," replied the Sepoy's mother; "pass on your way, domben."

"Poor people have kind hearts," replied the juggler. "I have made nothing today; give me a little rice."

He took out a dozen balls of copper, and

threw them round his head, while they sparkled in the sun, and formed round his brow a luminous circle. The Sepoy watched him with a kind of childish pleasure, and Padmavati approached him timidly, and said to him, with hesitation:

"Domben, do you know the art of healing?"

"The art of healing?" replied the charlatan; "why it is my business. I know all incantations, evocations, the secrets of magic, how to guard against the evil-eye—and, for a trifle, I am at your service!"

"Here," said the young wife, giving him some money; "tell me if there is any mode of curing this little one?" showing him the sick child.

The domben uttered some consecrated words; then taking a suppliant attitude, addressed a long prayer to the gods. The poor little creature on whom the juggler operated did not betray any visible improvement.

"Will the illness be long?" asked Padmavati.

"That will depend on the care you take of the child; he is born under an evil star."

"That is what I say every day!" cried the grandmother.

"At any rate, they have thrown a spell over it, which will render the cure more difficult," added the domben.

"That I believe; in fact, I am certain of it," interrupted the Sepoy.

While speaking, the domben had been watching Padmavati secretly. Without being a sorcerer, (as he professed,) he had enough tact and discernment to read the thoughts of those who consulted him. The accent of resignation and grief with which Padmavati had questioned him awakened his curiosity. He thought she had some concealed secret; and as he was picking off his balls he turned to her, and, in a low voice, said:

"Have you nothing to ask me? I will wait for you behind the garden, beside the well."

Padmavati dared not reply; but when he was gone she made a pretext of watering the flowers, and went to the spot indicated. The dombeff was waiting.

"The child is very ill," said she. "Do you not think so? When we return to Pondicherry, I will consult the surgeon of the regiment."

"Do your Frank physicians cure in the name of the gods, or in that of evil spirits?" asked the juggler, with some irony. "They never pronounce magic formulas over the sick. What is their science worth? Besides, the health of this child does not interest you much!"

Padmavati cast her eyes down. The man continued:

"Your husband believes that it is his child, does he not?"

"What are you saying?" cried Padmavati.

"Not so loud, or they will hear you. I tell you your husband thinks himself the father of this child, and you know he is deceived. Neither are you his mother!"

"It is true; it is true!" interrupted the young woman, excitedly; "they have stolen mine! Where is he? What have they done with him? My enemy leads the wandering life of the Kouravars. Where can I find her, to throw at her feet the odious little being she has slipped into my arms, and take from her the treasure she has robbed me of?"

"Well, well," said the juggler, "I have at the bottom of my bag all that is wanted. You see this bit of clay. It is formed of particles of earth, picked up in all unclean places; rats' skins, human bones, the horns of the bullocks, in morsels, are kneaded with it; the formulas of incantation have been said, and it will suffice to mold it in the form of your enemy to make her suffer all the evils you like to inflict upon her."

"I do not care about revenge, if I can only find her!" interrupted Padmavati.

"Stop, then. Now that the little statue is finished," and it really had a human form, "here is a thorn; bury it in the leg of the statuette, and your enemy will become lame. As she then cannot run so quickly, you will catch her more easily; and when she passes before you there will be no difficulty in recognizing her."

Padmavati eagerly seized the image, and, throwing some money to the juggler, retired with precipitation. The domben went on his way, saying, with a low voice:

"She might as well try to follow a swallow through the air as seek a Kouravar on the Coromandel coast; but I should not wonder if the old hag who stole the child be lamed by the bite of a dog, on some nocturnal expedition or other!"

Some little time after, a party composed of half a dozen Hindoos, of low caste, went out of Pondicherry by a country path. The evening breeze was rising to refresh exhausted nature; the tufts of the bamboos waved in the air, and the birds ventured out of the shade in which they had been concealed, and began their warblings. Everything seemed joyous, excepting the little party who crossed the plain, and whose appearance was sad and depressed. At its head walked two Pariahs, with white turbans, carrying between their shoulders a bamboo cane, to which was attached a piece of linen, disposed like a hammock, in which was the body of the sickly child substituted by the old Kouravar for that of the Sepoy, and which they were going to bury. Three times the bearers stopped, and the Sepoy who followed them put into the child's mouth a few grains of rice and drops of water, a touching and useless ceremony to prove that life had forever abandoned the poor little creature.

The grave was soon dug, in which they laid the body, and the Pariahs covered it with the soil; then the Sepoy laid on the tomb a broken cocoa-nut, the milk of which served for a libation, and threw on it also a flower, as a symbol of this frail existence, this budding stem mown down from its birth. This little scene passed under the shadow of a wood of palm-trees; and when the convoy had departed the old Kouravar came out of the brushwood, where she was gathering firewood for her tribe, encamped about a mile off. The wicked woman had recognized the Sepoy, and was now convinced that the secret of her theft remained concealed forever in her own breast. By one word she might have changed to joy the tears of this poor man, whose happiness she had destroyed, and whose hope she had broken; but, insensible to every sentiment of pity, she applauded the success of her scheme, and shrugged her shoulders as she watched him depart with his hands before his eyes.

During the whole evening Padmavati remained at home, the Hindoo law not permitting women to assist at funeral ceremonies. Her neighbors did not fail to pay her visits of condolence, and her screams had resounded through the air according to custom; for she wept for the child who had been stolen, and not for the one whom she had been constrained to attend to. When her husband entered he threw on her a glance full of anguish, and wept for half an hour in sad silence; then his tumultuous feelings mastered him, and he burst forth:

"You never loved the child; you took no care of him. A spell was thrown on him in your arms, and you knew nothing of it! No more joy for me, in this world or the next. The man who dies without posterity has no one to offer the sacrifices necessary to give him an entrance into the abodes of eternal happiness!"

To these reproaches Padmavati replied not. She bent her head with resignation; for she knew the text of the Hindoo law: "There is no god on earth for a woman, but her husband." One hope still remained, to which she trusted in spite of herself; it was, to find the old Kouravar. if she saw a troop of jugglers, jesters, or vagabonds, she would dart out of her dwelling, and rush into the crowd at the risk of losing her character for modesty. One day she fancied she saw the old woman pass the door of the cabin. She ran into the square; when one of her friends stopped her suddenly, asking where she was going so fast. Padmavati was confused; the neighbors said she had become mad; and her husband knew not what to think of his wife, who seemed each day more absorbed in a single idea.

This project was one which she could confide to none, least of all to her husband. It was, to leave her home, and set off in search of the Kouravar who had carried off her child. To seek her through all the country which extends from the Gulf of Bengal to Ceylon was a mad undertaking; but it was at least less foolish than to expect her on her own threshold. When her plan was formed, Padmavati put on a widow's costume, (a single piece of white cloth,) and set out, carrying with her a few pieces of silver and the little image fashioned by the domben. A widow in India is utterly contemned for not having the courage to die on the funeral pyre with her husband; everywhere repulsed, she could travel without fear of outrage; the aversion she inspired would prove her safeguard.

One evening, then, the Sepoy Perumal found his cabin empty. He did not inquire for his wife among the neighbors, but kept his sorrow to himself, and replied

to the inquisitive that she was gone on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut. For some weeks he preserved the hope of seeing her again; for absence revived in him the feelings of tenderness and affection which had been slumbering.

"Alas!" said he, sadly, "I had rather have seen her as she was, mute as a statue, withered by suffering, than live alone! Perhaps I was harsh and unjust to her. She wanders in the forest alone, without support, pursued by a sorrow which has made her mad, because I let the whole weight of it fall on her!"

For six months Padmavati traveled, by slow degrees, down the coast; begging on her way, yet often suffering hunger, sleeping under the trees, or in a ruined pagoda, and always sustained by hope. She was at every fair, and wherever there was a concourse of people; but hitherto without success. One evening, half dead with weariness, she reached an old abandoned temple surrounded by large and thick trees. On the threshold of this she lay down, and was sleeping on her stony bed; while the moon, like a silver disc, mounted high in the heavens, and shone upon the portico. About midnight she was awakened by a slight noise, and looking up, with some fear, watched a tall man come out of a dark vault. He went into the moonlight, opened a basket, from which he took out a snake, and began to teach it to dance. Before many minutes had expired Padmavati had recognized the juggler from whom she had received the mysterious amulet by which she was to find her enemy.

"Domben!" cried she, advancing toward him, "do you recognize me? There is your work," holding out the image. "You know, now, who I am?"

"Let us see," said the domben, oracularly; "your husband is dead. The little one you carried in your arms is dead also; is it not? The poor creature was condemned; no magic, no remedy, could restore it to health. And the other—"

"The other," cried Padmavati, "where is he?"

"Ah, that is the mystery," replied the juggler. "He has traversed many countries since he was stolen; and he has been nearer to you than he is now."

"Here is a rupee; the last that remains to me," said Padmavati; "tell me, have you seen any Kouravars in this country?"

"Yes, I have seen a fine horde of them; children who dance, women who sell baskets and steal, and men who are mountebanks. Is it the right or the left leg that we pierced?"

"The left," replied Padmavati, quickly. "Look there!"

"In that case go back about thirty miles; you will find a little village which the Kouravars will have reached. They will not stay long; but walking quickly you may overtake them."

At these words Padmavati shot off like an arrow. When the sun rose she was far on her way, and, full of impatience and anxiety, she scarcely allowed herself a halt during the day, not resting until the last rays of the setting sun shone on the tents of the Kouravars, pitched at some distance from the village.

At an early hour in the morning the whole population was alive; the mountebanks marched through the bazaar, in all their gaudy tinsel, to the evident satisfaction of the rustics, so little accustomed to so marvelous a spectacle. No one in the crowd gazed upon them so anxiously as Padmavati. To get near was impossible; so raising herself above the heads that surrounded her, she saw a long stem of bamboo rise, with a child pirouetting at the end; the lower point rested on the forehead of a Kouravar, who preserved its equilibrium, and walked about in triumph. At a given signal the child ceased to turn, kissed its hands to the crowd, and with a shaking of the bamboo fell across the shoulders of the Kouravar. The little mountebank was loudly applauded; every one drew nearer to see him. As for Padmavati, she fixed her eyes upon him; he had not the features of this cursed race of Kouravars; his skin was less black, his hair finer. Carried away by an irresistible conviction, she threw herself into the crowd; an old woman selling baskets stopped her way. She dragged after her a lame leg, wrapped up in rags.

"I have her, I have her!" cried Padmavati, seizing her; "give him to me, give me back my child!"

And her hand held the arm of the Kouravar as in a vice. This unexpected scene moved the spectators.

"Good people," said the old woman, "pity a poor basket-seller, who has done no harm to any one. This woman is mad; I do not know what she wants."

"She has stolen my child to make him a tumbler, a Kouravar," cried the poor mother; "it is he who is dancing like a puppet at the end of the bamboo. Let her restore my child, and I will release her. Stop! there is her image! See if this clay doll has not a leg pierced with a thousand pricks of a thorn. . . ."

"Ah, the wicked widow!" returned the old woman; "what a shame for a woman to survive her husband, in order to drag on a few miserable years despised by everybody!"

But the clay figure had produced a deep impression on the crowd. In the eyes of this credulous people it was strong testimony in favor of the widow, and an unexceptionable proof of the guilt of the basket-woman. During this debate the Kouravars, fearing some misadventure, sent the little tumbler on a reconnoissance; he passed under the legs of the spectators, and reached the scene of action. Padmavati, releasing the old woman, seized him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and burst into tears. The people who surrounded her instinctively drew back, that they might not interfere with this expression of feeling.

"Fear nothing," said Padmavati, raising her head triumphantly: "I am not what you think; I put on this costume to preserve me from the outrages to which I might be exposed in traveling through the country alone; I have no further need of them. Who would not respect a mother traveling with a child in her arms?"

And she gazed through her tears with ecstasy at this son, so deeply mourned, and was astonished to find him so sprightly and robust. He, in his turn, found the caresses of his real mother most sweet; for it was not without blows and rough words that he had been taught to pirouette. As for the old woman, had she been in the company's territory, her punishment would have been severe; as it was, the chief of the village put her in the pillory for a day, exposed to the raillery of the populace and the burning heat of the sun.

A fortnight after, Padmavati entered Pondicherry; she did not go directly to her husband, for she wished, after so many humiliations, to enjoy a complete triumph. One of her friends lent her a holiday suit for her child and herself; and she then repaired to the esplanade, where the Sepoys were going through their drill. Recognizing her husband, she said to her child: "You see that tall soldier, who has two bars of red on his arm? Go straight up to him, call him your father so loudly that all his comrades may hear."

The child obeyed; he ran on in spite of the officer, who cried, "Back! back!" and with a quick movement jumped across the shoulders of the Sepoy.

"Corporal," said the officer, "what is the meaning of this jest?"

"On my honor, captain, I know nothing of it. This child has taken me by assault before I have had time to recognize him." He put the child down, but it persisted in calling him father, and would not depart. "Captain," said the corporal, visibly moved, "I had but one child; I buried him with my own hands; my wife became mad, and I know not where she is. I cannot understand it."

He was silent. Padmavati stood before him. "Perunal," said she, "remember my words; I will confess everything, and you will forgive me, because I shall bring him back to you! Embrace him, then; he is our child! I have suffered much, but I have never been mad."

"Go out of the ranks, my brave fellow," said the officer; "your gun falls from your hand, and your legs tremble. You shall explain this mystery another day."

Perunal went home, holding his child by the hand; his wife respectfully followed. They looked at each other with tenderness and surprise, but also with entire confidence.

The child had passed two years in the worst of company, so that there were some little tricks which had to be cured; but when I knew him he was a fine young fellow, who spoke French, Tamul, and Telinga fluently, and a little English. The Sepoy, too, could count half a dozen other charming children, very black, happy, and well-disposed.

Power of Consistency. — A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into infidelity; "but," he added, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute— the consistent conduct of my own father!"

WOMAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

HE had been an unkind husband, wayward, petulant, intemperate. Janet's life had been far from happy from the hour when she abandoned her maiden name and became Mrs. Dempster. But she loved him, and this is the greatest mystery of woman's love, that when it has nothing lovely to feed upon it will feed upon itself, and in this sense the poet's verse hath truth in it when the poet sings,

"They err who tell us love can die."

A dreadful accident befell him. He was thrown from a gig, his right leg was broken, and a concussion of the brain was feared. Restless, in pain, and at times delirious, he tossed upon his bed, and there, day after day, with only short intervals of rest, Janet kept her place in that sad chamber. No wonder the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophies are at one: here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt—the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory; here you may begin to act without settling one preliminary question. To moisten the sufferer's parched lips through the long night-watches, to bear up the drooping head, to lift the helpless limbs, to divine the want that can find no utterance beyond the feeble motion of the hand or beseeching glance of the eye; these are offices that demand *no* self-questionings, no casuistry, no assent to propositions, no weighing of consequences. Within the four walls where the stir and glare of the world are shut out, and every voice is subdued—where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow, the moral relation of man to man is reduced to its utmost clearness and simplicity: bigotry cannot confuse it, theory cannot pervert it, passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it. As we bend over the sick-bed, all the forces of our nature rush toward the channels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable choking drift of our quarrels, our debates, our would-be wisdom, and our clamorous selfish desires. This blessing of serene freedom from the importunities of opinion lies in all simple direct acts of mercy, and is one source of that sweet calm which is often felt by the watcher in the sick-room, even when the duties there are of a hard and terrible kind.

Something of that benign result was felt by Janet during her tendance in her husband's chamber. When the first heart-piercing hours were over, when her horror at his delirium was no longer fresh, she began to be conscious of her relief from the burden of decision as to her future course. This illness, after all, might be the herald of another blessing. Robert would get better; this illness might alter him; he would be a long time feeble, needing help, walking with a crutch, perhaps. She would wait on him with such tenderness, such all-forgiving love, that the old harshness and cruelty must melt away forever under the heart-sunshine she would pour around him. Her bosom heaved at the thought, and delicious tears fell. Janet's was a nature in which hatred and revenge could find no place; the long bitter years drew half their bitterness from her ever-living remembrance of the too short years of love that went before; and the thought that her husband would ever put her hand to his lips again, and recall the days when they sat on the grass together, and he laid scarlet poppies on her black hair, and called her his gipsy queen, seemed to send a tide of loving oblivion over all the harsh and stony space they had traversed since. The Divine love that had already shone upon her would be with her; she would lift up her soul continually for help.

These were the thoughts passing through Janet's mind as she hovered about her husband's bed, and these were the hopes she poured out to Mr. Tryan when he called to see her. It was so evident that they were strengthening her in her new struggle—they shed such a glow of calm enthusiasm over her face as she spoke of them, that Mr. Tryan could not bear to throw on them the chill of premonitory doubts, though a previous conversation he had had with Mr. Pilgrim had convinced him that there was not the faintest probability of Dempster's recovery. Poor Janet did not know the significance of the changing symptoms, and when, after the lapse of a week, the delirium began to lose some of its violence, and to be interrupted by longer and longer intervals of stupor, she tried to think that these might be steps on

the way to recovery, and she shrank from questioning Mr. Pilgrim, lest he should confirm the fears that began to get predominance in her mind. But before many days were past, he thought it right not to allow her to blind herself any longer. One day—it was just about noon, when bad news always seems most sickening—he led her from her husband's chamber into the opposite drawing-room, where Mrs. Raynor was sitting, and said to her, in that low tone of sympathetic feeling which sometimes gave a sudden air of gentleness to this rough man:

"My dear Mrs. Dempster, it is right in these cases, you know, to be prepared for the worst. I think I shall be saving you pain by preventing you from entertaining any false hopes, and Mr. Dempster's state is now such that I fear we must consider recovery impossible. The affection of the brain might not have been hopeless, but, you see, there is a terrible complication; and I am grieved to say the broken limb is mortifying."

Janet listened with a sinking heart. That future of love and forgiveness would never come, then: he was going out of sight forever, where her pity could never reach him. She turned cold and trembled.

"But do you think he will die," she said, "without ever coming to himself? without ever knowing me?"

"One cannot say that with certainty. It is not impossible that the cerebral oppression may subside, and that he may become conscious. If there is anything you would wish to be said or done in that case, it would be well to be prepared. I should think," Mr. Pilgrim continued, turning to Mrs. Raynor, "Mr. Dempster's affairs are likely to be in order—his will is—"

"O, I wouldn't have him troubled about those things," interrupted Janet; he has no relations but quite distant ones—no one but me. I wouldn't take up the time with that. I only want to—"

She was unable to finish; she felt her sobs rising, and left the room. "O God!" she said inwardly, "is not thy love greater than mine? Have mercy on him! have mercy on him!"

This happened on Wednesday, ten days after the fatal accident. By the following Sunday, Dempster was in a state of rapidly increasing prostration; and when Mr. Pilgrim, who, in turn with his assistant, had slept in the house from the beginning, came in, about half past ten, as usual, he scarcely believed that the feebly struggling life would last out till morning. For the last few days he had been administering stimulants to relieve the exhaustion which had succeeded the alternations of delirium and stupor. This slight office was all that now remained to be done to the patient; so at eleven o'clock, Mr. Pilgrim went to bed, having given directions to the nurse, and desired her to call him if any change took place, or if Mrs. Dempster required his presence.

Janet could not be persuaded to leave the room. She was yearning and watching for a moment in which her husband's eyes would rest consciously upon her, and he would know that she had forgiven him.

How changed he was since that terrible Monday, nearly a fortnight ago! He lay motionless, but for the irregular breathing that stirred his broad chest and thick, muscular neck. His features were no longer purple and swollen; they were pale, sunken, and haggard. A cold perspiration stood in beads on the protuberant forehead, and on the wasted hands stretched motionless on the bed-clothes. It was better to see the hands so, than convulsively picking the air, as they had been a week ago.

Janet sat on the edge of the bed through the long hours of candle-light, watching the unconscious, half-closed eyes, wiping the perspiration from the brow and cheeks, and keeping her left hand on the cold, unanswering right hand that lay beside her on the bed-clothes. She was almost as pale as her dying husband, and there were dark lines under her eyes, for this was the third night since she had taken off her clothes; but the eager, straining gaze of her dark eyes, and the acute sensibility that lay in every line about her mouth, made a strange contrast with the blank unconsciousness and emaciated animalism of the face she was watching.

There was profound stillness in the house. She heard no sound but her husband's breathing and the ticking of the watch on the mantlepiece. The candle, placed high up, shed a soft light down on the one object she cared to see. There was a smell of brandy in the room; it was given to her husband from time to time; but this smell, which at first had produced in her a faint, shuddering sensation, was

now become indifferent to her; she did not even perceive it; she was too unconscious of herself to feel either temptations or accusations. She only felt that the husband of her youth was dying; far, far out of her reach, as if she were standing helpless on the shore, while he was sinking in the black storm-waves; she only yearned for one moment in which she might satisfy the deep, forgiving pity of her soul, by one look of love, one word of tenderness.

Her sensations and thoughts were so persistent that she could not measure the hours, and it was a surprise to her when the nurse put out the candle, and let in the faint morning light. Mrs. Raynor, anxious about Janet, was already up, and now brought in some fresh coffee for her; and Mr. Pilgrim, having awaked, had hurried on his clothes, and was come in to see how Dempster was.

This change from candle-light to morning, this recommencement of the same round of things that had happened yesterday, was a discouragement rather than a relief to Janet. She was more conscious of her chill weariness; the new light thrown on her husband's face seemed to reveal the still work that death had been doing through the night; she felt her last lingering hope that he would ever know her again forsake her.

But now Mr. Pilgrim, having felt the pulse, was putting some brandy in a teaspoon between Dempster's lips; the brandy went down, and his breathing became freer. Janet noticed the change, and her heart beat faster as she leaned forward to watch him. Suddenly a slight movement, like the passing away of a shadow, was visible in his face, and he opened his eyes full on Janet.

It was almost like meeting him again on the resurrection morning, after the night of the grave.

"Robert, do you know me?"

He kept his eyes fixed on her, and there was a faintly perceptible motion of the lips, as if he wanted to speak.

But the moment of speech was forever gone—the moment for asking pardon of her, if he wanted to ask it. Could he read the full forgiveness that was written in her eyes? She never knew; for, as she was bending to kiss him, the thick vail of death fell between them, and her lips touched a corpse.

INDIA, AND THE MUTINY.

ENGLISH periodicals, from the grave quarterly to the penny paper, teem with articles relative to India, and the work of blood which, for many months, has there been witnessed. Events are brought about with such rapidity, that to keep pace with them is no easy matter. Every steamer brings intelligence, more or less startling, and what is news at the time we write, will, in all probability, be entirely superseded before reaching our readers. In the meantime we copy the substance of an able article which we find in a late number of the *Wesleyan Magazine*. For its facts, and the Christian tone in which they are uttered, it will be read with interest.

A hundred years ago a merchant's clerk at Calcutta, whose indignation is raised to its highest pitch by the notorious Black-Hole massacre, lays aside his quill, seizes a sword, and promptly avenges the dreadful death of his countrymen. He restores peace, wins territory, and founds an Indian empire. Yet, alas! such is the intoxicating power of fame and military glory, that eventually Lord Clive, all dizzy upon the pinnacle of honor, lifts a suicidal hand, and, unbidden, rushes into the awful presence of his Maker.

As all England is just now absorbed in the subject of the Sepoy Rebellion—a glance of its horrors, especially those practiced upon helpless women and innocent babes, having made Anglo-Saxon blood boil again, and yet again—a brief account of the outbreak and progress of the mutiny may seasonably suggest the moral and religious lessons which such a crisis enforces. As, even upon the admission of the most sanguine, India will necessarily occupy a large portion of anxious attention for some time to come, the reader will do well to imprint upon his memory the outlines of that country, the richest foreign gem in the British crown.

With an atlas before him, he will survey a vast and crowded peninsula, some fifteen thousand miles from England, lying between 8° and 35° north latitude, being at its greatest length nineteen hundred miles long, and ranging from 67° to 91° east longitude. From east to west, at the furthest extremities, its breadth is not less than fifteen hundred miles. India is bounded on the north by a range of mount-

ains, the peaks of which look down, as with lofty pride, upon all other mountains of the earth; some of them stretching into the clouds, to the stupendous height of twenty-five thousand feet above the sea. The Himalaya Mountains derive their name from the Sanscrit word *hima*, signifying "snow;" because many of their heads are covered with this turban of everlasting whiteness. In these mountains are the sources of the two great rivers that bound the country; that on the east, called Brahmaputra, which, uniting with the Ganges, falls into the Bay of Bengal; that on the west, the Indus, which has the honor of giving name to the country. In some parts the Indus is called the Sinde: it flows in a southerly direction, and receives at once the five rivers of the Punjab; after which it divides, and falls into the sea by seven mouths. From the rivers Indus and Brahmaputra, the country, both east and west, narrows very considerably, running down till it becomes a tongue of land at Cape Comorin; southeast of which stretches the island of Ceylon, reaching to within six degrees of the equator. In the northeast of India there is the world-famed Ganges, esteemed as highly by the Hindoos as the Nile by the Egyptians. Having its source in the Himalayas, this stream is joined at Allahabad by the Jumna; in its course it receives other rivers; some two hundred miles from the sea, it forms a delta; and at length, by several branches, falls into the Bay of Bengal.

While a great portion of India is ostensibly under British rule, the remainder is nominally in the possession of vassal states, yet dependent upon England, and virtually under her sway; the princes, kings, or rajahs, receiving pensions. Some few states, however, remain independent. France possesses Pondicherry, a city on the Coromandel coast, south of Madras; Chandernagore, in Bengal, a few miles above Calcutta; and two or three other insignificant places; altogether, confessedly, of no political importance. Goa, situated a little above 15° on the west coat, belongs to the Portuguese. Tranquebar, (long known as a Danish settlement,) the reader may see, is south of Pondicherry, at one of the mouths of the River Cavery. Serampore, twelve miles north of Calcutta, also belonging till of late to the Danes, will be long remembered as one of the principal stations of the Baptists' Mission. The latter places were ceded to Great Britain, by purchase, a dozen years ago. In fact, with insignificant exceptions, Hindostan belongs to Britain, by conquest, and a hundred years' possession. To her God has committed the grave responsibility of ruling this large, idolatrous, and densely-populated country.

Politically, Hindostan is divided into three presidencies. First, Bengal, comprising, westward, Babar and Allahabad; with Oude, north of Allahabad, recently annexed amid considerable discontent. West of Allahabad is Agra; north of which is Delhi, a name now pronounced as often as Sebastopol two years ago. The province of Delhi is sterile, being interspersed with jungles and forests. Delhi, the city, and capital of the province, has long been the residence of the Mogul; now, of course, a titular only. It is almost a thousand miles from Calcutta. In Delhi "there are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes; and above all are seen the palace of the emperors, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements; and the Jumma Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mohammedan worship in Hindostan." In this city, situated on the banks of the River Jumna, to which millions of flashing eyes are now turned, is caged its rebellious king, whom a terrible justice awaits; and in this earthly paradise of the Mohammedans are many thousands of Sepoy mutineers, encompassed, it is presumed, ere this, by English soldiery, God's sword. In the northwest of Hindostan is the Punjab—the first place to send troops for the rescue of Delhi from the usurper's grasp. The second presidency is Madras, in the south, including the Carnatic, stretching along the Coromandel coast to Cape Comorin, a distance of five hundred miles; also the province of Circars, running along the Bay of Bengal. West of the Carnatic is Mysore; northwest of Mysore is Bejapoor, stretching along the coast some three hundred miles, and bounded on the north by Aurungabad. Here, also, are two ranges of mountains, the Eastern and Western Ghauts. The third is the Bombay presidency. Bombay, the western capital of India, is situated on a small island, separated from the main land by a narrow strait. Its provinces are Aurungabad, east of Bombay; Gujerat, between

the Gulfs of Cambay and Cutch; and Candeish, east of Gujerat. Between Gujerat and the Punjab, in the northwest, there are large sandy deserts.

In tracing the progress of the awful mutiny, it may be expedient for a while to lose sight of the Bombay and Madras presidencies; for in these, up to the present, disaffection has been but slight, and the landing of English troops in India will (as we trust) prevent fresh outbursts. Let us proceed, then, to Bengal. Between 25° and 30° is the bloody battle now raging, and from east to west, within a space of some four hundred miles. Before referring to the detail of the outbreak, let us secure the advantage of easy reference afterward, by putting our finger upon the chief towns of this presidency. There, first of all, and within the tropics, situated a hundred miles from the sea, on the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges, is Calcutta, the capital of India; which, from the grandeur of its temples, its fort, and mosques, might claim the proud appellation of "the City of Palaces." In the provinces of Allahabad, Agra, and Delhi, the battles are being fought. Allahabad, ("Abode of Allah,") capital of the province of that name, is situated on the junction of the Jumna and Ganges, and is one of the most sacred places in all India. Sometimes as many as two hundred thousand pilgrims have gone thither in one year, to bathe in the sacred stream. But Benares, on the Ganges, midway between Agra and Calcutta, is *the most sacred* of all sacred places. In this University city are taught law and religion; and to die in Benares is deemed of itself a qualification for heaven. Agra was the ancient seat of the Mogul government; but since 1647 Delhi has been the capital, and the former city has considerably declined. An emperor, Shah Jehan, built at Agra a mausoleum for his favorite wife. This "crown of edifices" is composed of white marble, reared on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble. In its central hall slumbers the dust of the kingly dead. The mausoleum was built at the cost of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds; it is inlaid with precious stones, and is, confessedly, by far the most costly, superb, and beautiful mausoleum in the world. Finally, there is Delhi, the capital of the Mogul, an English pensioner: Delhi—a name burned into the English memory!

A paragraph may be just here given to the subject of *caste*. The word is traced to the Portuguese *casta*, "race." The doctrine of which it is the symbol, is based upon a silly notion of the creation of different orders of men; which completely denies the infallible declaration of the "one blood" that flows through the veins of "all nations." Castes in India have existed from periods of remote antiquity, and are divided into four classes: 1. Brahmins. 2. Kshatriyas. 3. Vaisyas. 4. Sudras. A loss of caste is felt to be the most awful of calamities. This, and kindred subjects, are portrayed in a graphic and even fascinating style, in Mr. Arthur's volume on the Mysore; a work which will now be read with zest by many who till recently would have voted the subject of India a bore. The Brahmins are the priests, all of them eligible for the priesthood; but many become soldiers, and others clerks and merchants. This class is an exclusive and overbearing aristocracy, fenced around from all other classes as with a wall of fire. The Kshatriyas constitute the military class; and, just as Brahmins are presumed to be literary and religious, so the Kshatriyas are to be aspirants for martial fame and prowess. The Vaisyas are husbandmen and merchants. The lowest of the four, the Sudras, are laborers; the highest virtues to which they may aspire being patience and perseverance. The distinction of the two middle classes is not nearly so patent as that of the first and fourth: it has become quite common, indeed, to speak of Brahmins and Sudras, with their numerous subdivisions. There are also those who have lost caste—the Pariahs, or outcasts—who are denied all civil privileges, and whose touch renders anything unclean. Every one will see that caste, like the irreversible fiat of some evil genius, fixes an everlasting barrier to social improvement. Should a man happen to be a barber, his sons must be barbers; and so his grandsons, and their sons, on and on, to the remotest future. Persons of different castes cannot eat or drink together; cannot assume each other's profession, or marry into each other's families. Suppose that among the "coming men" a Galileo should arise among the Pariahs, and discover some glorious truth which has been hidden from the earliest ages of the world, and speak with a voice that would stir

European nations like a martial trumpet, or hold a pen that would rivet myriads of glowing eyes, and make a million of hearts beat at once; he would excite no admiration, or even attention. Such is the horrid nightmare under whose fell pressure India has been gasping and panting thousands of years. Society is kept moving in perpetual grooves, awaiting the magic voice of Christianity, which will "*proclaim liberty to the captive.*" To embrace the Christian religion is to lose caste, according to some writers; but these men confound things that differ. This does not, *per se*, involve the loss of caste. We learn, from competent authority, that "in the early stages of missionary operations caste ran as high among the Christians as among the heathen." Caste is mostly lost by eating or touching what is unclean, or by omitting certain rites, minutely yet rigidly prescribed.

The Hindoos have also a tenacious belief in the delusive doctrine of transmigration, are remarkably exact in the matter of their food; and, barring the lowest of the four castes, they are forbidden to eat anything (except fish) that has had life. The souls of their ancestors, it is presumed, may enter the bodies of any creatures that have breath upon the earth, though not of those that move in the water. But another exception is, that the flesh of animals offered in sacrifice may be eaten. Amid the numerous animals that are deified by the Hindoos, the cow is specially sacred. This creature walks along the streets, eliciting profound admiration and reverence from the people. The monkey, also, a "chartered thief," is greatly venerated. Hospitals are built for the relief of deified animals which are sick; including a number of insects, etc., which we of the west think very far indeed from divine. On the other hand, the horse, the companion of man in most other nations, is treated with great cruelty; while man himself—aged, decrepit, afflicted—is left to perish!

The sacred writings of the Hindoos are the Vedas and Shasters. The Vedas are with them what the Koran is with the Mohammedan, and what our Scriptures are to us. The Shasters include commentaries upon the Vedas. Self-torture enters largely into their notions of religion. By numerous agonies they presume that merit may be acquired, which will atone for grave sins: hence the notorious immorality of many of the devotees. Mendicancy is one of their religious rites; one so prevalent, that in the populous province of Bengal every eighth man is a beggar, demanding alms, and ready to flatter or curse, according to his success or the want of it. The temples of the Hindoos are not kept in such repair as heretofore; and it is ominous enough that for some time no new ones have been erected. On special occasions devotees worship in a large open space in front of the temple. Juggernaut is a large car, drawn on festival occasions: under its ponderous wheels victims throw themselves, amid songs and shouts, to be crushed to death; this being deemed specially meritorious. Some of the figures on the idol-cars are such as loudly demand the interference of British law for the suppression of obscenity. In Hindoo mythology Brahma is deemed the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer. The fabulous history of these false gods would require a serious waste of both space and patience. The followers of Vishnu and Siva are composed of many sects, which have risen during a series of years. The Sikhs have endeavored to unite the Mohammedan and Hindoo creeds; but there are many difficulties in the way. It is notable that the Hindoo does not care to proselyte, whereas this is the very life-blood of Mohammedanism, whose subjects, according to Dr. Duff, would still punish with death persons of all creeds but their own.

In the recent mutiny the ease-loving Brahmin and the glory-loving Mohammedan found a common ground of complaint. Colonel Birch, the Military Secretary for India, is said to have allowed the cartridge of a new rifle to be prepared with fat of bullocks and swine. Now for the Brahmin to touch the former is to lose caste; while the latter is almost equally dreaded by the Mussulman. What a golden opportunity for the parties to unite! The Brahmin is sick of *ennui*, and longing for something to break monotony; while the enthusiastic Mohammedan is burning with ambition to regain that terrestrial paradise, Delhi. The true cause of the mutiny was a long-planned and well-laid Mohammedan conspiracy for restoration to power: this was a chronic disease; the cartridge excitement only an inflammatory

one. The Vedas and the Koran, it is pretended, alike indicate that this year, the hundredth of Albion's rule of India, is to be the last. Thus an arch, built of flimsy materials, by no enviable architect, spans the great gulf between Mohammedanism and Brahminism; and the devotees of both systems are enabled to embrace each other. The signal is given for a rise and massacre; for cruelties, deaths, and indignities yet more terrible, such as an English pen refuses to write.

As the reader is, doubtless, acquainted with the origin and progress of the mutiny, we shall very rapidly pass over this tragical ground. Early in January a low-caste Hindoo requests a Brahmin Sepoy to give him to drink; and the Brahmin's surprise is greater than that of the woman at Jacob's Well. Upon an indignant refusal, the Lascar, exclaiming, tells him the miserable story of the cartridges. The Brahmin is horror-stricken, and the rumor spreads like fire among his exasperated comrades. At once it is concluded that Britain thus intends to destroy caste and make them Christians! On the 24th of January the telegraphic office of Barrackpoor, near Calcutta, is destroyed. By the middle of February, General Hearsey is haranguing his men at Barrackpoor; a portion of his troops are gone to Berhampoor, one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta, and dreadfully excite the nineteenth there, who are promptly disarmed by Colonel Mitchell. By the 4th of March news of the Berhampoor mutiny reaches Calcutta, and disaffection meanwhile has spread as far as Meerut and Lucknow. By this time the thirty-fourth is openly stirred to mutiny; acts of violence follow, and only one Sepoy is faithful, who is at once promoted by General Hearsey. The nineteenth are on their way to Barrackpoor to be disbanded, when some of the openly rebellious thirty-fourth, meeting them, propose that the nineteenth murder their officers, and then, joined by others, go and sack Calcutta! The nineteenth reject this dire proposal, and address to the governor-general a penitential letter. They are properly disbanded; but the thirty-fourth, whose guard had struck the English officers, and all of whom stood listlessly by, *are left at large*. By this time news has been received of disaffection at Lucknow, ostensibly because a doctor has tasted his patient's medicine; while letters from this "precious thirty-fourth" have actually reached the Punjab. Matters have now come to a pretty pass. The ringleaders of mutiny are *simply dismissed*, while the Sepoys have heard (were there not agents noiselessly at work?) that the kings of Oude and Delhi will pay them more than the English. Kings of Oude and Delhi! *par nobile fratrum*, receiving as pensions, unitedly, far more than many a European sovereign. The former is already made prisoner, and the latter (as already stated) is caged in Delhi. The reader must now go to Meerut—henceforth a word of portentous import. At this same Meerut, eighty-five of the third cavalry refuse to take proper cartridges: they are imprisoned, and guarded by natives. At last comes Sunday, the 10th of May, when, at five in the evening, the awful words may be uttered, "*The Bengal army has revolted!*" Poor Colonel Finnis is shot, and falls doing his duty. The eleventh, allowing their officers to escape, join the twentieth, and Meerut is soon in a blaze. On the 3d of May Sir Henry Lawrence disarms mutineers at Lucknow, takes into custody the chief rebels, and stamps out the sparks of mutiny with the courage of a British lion. General Hewitt, at Meerut, has "a regiment of English rifles, one of English horse, and a troop of English artillery:" yet the enemy all get away! The disastrous news is forwarded to Delhi, and the English are requested to repair to Flagstaff Tower for safety. See! the Meerut mutineers are within sight of Delhi. Nearer, nearer they come; and, after innocently expecting that Brigadier Graves will meet them with English troops, how does the heart sicken to learn that "he has three regiments of infantry, and a battery of artillery—*but all natives*." The soldiers are ordered out, forlorn hope! Graves harangues his men, and the response is a hollow, hypocritical cheer. He then leads them on; the foe advances, cavalry ahead of the rest, those behind them almost running toward Delhi: no hesitancy, of course! Unknown to the English officers, there is an understanding between the Meerut and Delhi soldiers; and, but for the *premature* mutiny at Meerut, it is likely that, within a fortnight, most of the Europeans in northern India would have been simultaneously murdered! There, the Meerut mutineers are almost

on the bayonets of the fifty-fourth. The order is given, "Fire!" They do fire, but it is in the air! And now our brave countrymen are cut down wherever they are found. A flock of vultures has alighted, and is greedily sucking English blood. Europeans are running in every direction, and, alas! some run to the palace of the King of Delhi. "What shall we do with them?" say the soldiers to the king. The answer of this blood-thirsty savage is, "*What you like: I give them to you.*" Then, as an able writer says, in heart-felt words, "with our brothers, with our sisters, with our little girls, with our merry boys, those tigers and satyrs did what they liked." Lieutenant Willoughby having heroically fired the "small arms' magazine," and blown up between two and three thousand whose cup of sin seemed brimful, let the patient reader look southeast of Delhi, and he will see the recently annexed territory of Oude, and, a little to the west, blood-stained Cawnpoor, as well as anxious Lucknow. At Oude Sir Henry Lawrence, with five hundred men, bravely stands his ground against all comers, till a shot bids his glorious career end; while in the west, his brother Sir John, as with a stamp of his foot, makes the hearts of cowards quake and be still. Escapes from Delhi, when recorded, will make many a heart beat quickly.

And now, for the first time, appears on the stage that red dragon, Nena Sahib, the adopted son of a priest-king, who lives in state, keeps troops, and, being denied a pension, is ready for anything that may offer. Sir Hugh Wheeler, with less than three hundred European soldiers, long maintains his ground at Cawnpoor; but at last he falls. These brave men, protecting a number of helpless women and children, live upon flour alone, and with a few nine-pounders withstand a siege of twenty-two days, and would hold out longer, if the provision lasted. Trusting to the treacherous promise of Nena Sahib, they leave in boats for Allahabad. Most of the men are killed, and the women are taken prisoners. And now there is seen upon the battle-field the magnanimous Havelock, "whose heart is as the heart of a lion:" a name gratefully cherished by the English people at large, and to be honored, we humbly trust, with more than an ovation. But Havelock cannot rescue those for whom our deepest sympathy is stirred. Nena Sahib orders the magazines to be blown up, and who can describe the sequel? Blood in the yard is several inches deep: a well is choked up with the swollen and mutilated dead: there are strewn bonnets, work-boxes, long tresses of hair, Bible-leaves; and among these is found a piece of writing-paper containing a memento folded in a ribbon—"*Ned's hair, with love.*" Reader, perhaps thou hast a younger brother, or a prattling child; a little "Ned," or a darling Eva: think of thy lisping, beautiful child, exposed to cruelties that may not be described, and thou hast a faint idea of the atrocities committed by these murderers. If ever blood *cried* from the ground since the days of Abel, it is at Cawnpoor. In our "chambers of imagery" are portrayed, with indelible letters, the distress and agony of those beautiful, defenseless women, and their little innocents.

To proceed: Cawnpoor being recaptured, it is remembered that there are at Lucknow nearly a thousand Europeans, including women and children; and Havelock begins to thread his victorious way for their relief. He scatters ten thousand mutineers, and takes their guns; wins another victory, and another, and yet another; when, hard it seems, the enemy being numerous, and Havelock's decimated army suffering from cholera, he is obliged to fall back upon Cawnpoor. Now, while we write, the fate of the garrison at Lucknow excites a heart-felt curiosity, profound as anything we remember. On the 14th of August it was said, "All well;" and intelligence has reached us up to September, that, while Havelock engaged the enemy, our brave countrymen at Lucknow made a sortie, and got provisions to last a month. So, thanks to God, the probability now is strong, that they will be able to hold out till Generals Outram and Havelock go to shake hands with their countrymen and countrywomen in the fort of Lucknow.

At this stage the pen of some future historian will have to portray a whole nation, at the call of our beloved queen, prostrate at the footstool of Almighty God, and with fasting, humiliation, and prayer, imploring Heaven to pardon our national sins, and restore peace to India. To that call the nation responded; and, irrespectively of minor differences, all *Protestant* churches contributed to the Relief Fund.

Let us inquire, What are our well-doings, our short-comings, and our wrong-doings? 1. In *well-doings*, as a nation, we have forbidden infanticide and suttee in India; we have exempted young widows from perpetual celibacy; and we have at length declared that henceforth no Hindoo, or other resident, shall lose his inheritance for professing the same religion as his rulers. So much the nation has done. The Churches of Christ have sent some four hundred missionaries, with their appliances: but "what are these among so many?" among one hundred and eighty million descendants of Noah's firstborn, in whose tents "Japheth" is so abundantly "enlarged." Yet the result, thus far, is encouraging. Of those who have renounced heathenism there are one hundred and twelve thousand, and seven hundred catechists. The Scriptures are translated into fourteen languages of India. There are twenty-five printing establishments, and seventy-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight scholars. 2. Amid our *short-comings* it may be recorded, that, during all periods of our past Christian labors in India, missionaries have been "few and far between." And who does not know, as an instance of what the Bishop of London has felicitously called the "*timidity*" of government, that Dr. Carey, a name that the Church will never permit to die, being forbidden to exercise his vocation as an evangelist in *British* India, was obliged to repair to the *Dutch* settlement of Serampore? the Dutch having more faith in missionary enterprise than the professedly Christian East India Company. Again: as a nation, we were notoriously tardy is abolishing the cruel customs of Hindooism; and we have not merely tolerated the idolatries of the heathen, but we have respected and encouraged their false systems and enormous wickedness. Taking the very lowest ground, both common sense and common decency demand that the Christian religion should be placed upon a footing, in point of toleration and guardianship, with the most privileged of false religions; yet —we blush to have to write it—*this has not been the case.* It is affirmed by competent authorities, that up to this very year missionaries have had no access to the Brahmins of the Bengal army. But the catalogue of our *wrong-doings* is the blackest of all. Years ago—reader, note it well—an officer was dismissed from the Bengal army for the crime of seeking Christian baptism, while in every other respect he was declared to be an excellent and praiseworthy man! At what city does the reader suppose this native officer was dismissed? *It was at Meerut;* the very place where the flame of mutiny broke out with a red and fierce glare that lighted the world with consternation. They who cannot read the lesson of Divine retribution here, are dull indeed. "Verily he is a God that judgeth the earth." Amid our *wrong-doings* we must state, that, as a Christian writer in the "*Times*" has stated, we still continue to fire salute from our ramparts in honor of idolatrous festivals. Nor is this all: ("Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph:") there are, to this day, legislative enactments unrepealed for offerings to idols, and grants to propitiate Hindoo deities for rain! nay, also, government supervision and support of Hindoo temples! Further: Hindoo and Mohammedan boys are prohibited from reading the Scriptures in government schools: while government servants are instructed not to encourage missionaries. After this, can any one be surprised that Jehovah has a controversy with the Company that unblushingly supports and respects idolatry, and with a nation that permits that Company to do so?

How striking the fact, that the mutiny has raged by far the most where Churches have no missionaries! Where these men of God abound, with one or two insignificant exceptions, all is quietness and assurance. O the blindness of man! When will he learn that, in the long run, *right* only is *might*? that to build his house on idolatry is to rear it on a quicksand? As well try to propitiate two fiery red dragons, as idolatry and Mohammedanism. England is now awake, and must continue vigilant till her representatives demand for them the removal of all disabilities on account of the Christian faith. While we protest against all conquests to religion by the sword, ("for he that" thus "useth the sword shall perish by the sword,") yet, the Church leading the people, and the people demanding that their representatives *do* represent them, the time has fully come for a Christian government to

say, "While we tolerate your false systems, we do not and cannot respect them; and henceforth we shall protect and encourage the Christian religion."

The Church must brace its energies for entering anew upon its high mission of converting India. The unblinking eye of faith beholds, written with God's own hand, upon every one of its false religions, "*Thy days are numbered.*" Ours be the watch-word, "*More missions for India.*" These, in God's strength, will deliver her from her miseries and mummeries. Under the outbeaming of the full-orbed Sun of Righteousness, both caste and every other sin will alike melt away. In our catechists and native Christians, we have a pledge of the coming Indian harvest. The first sheaf has been waved before the Lord of all. As certainly as the Koh-i-noor, that once graced the tiara of the Great Mogul, now flashes in the crown of Queen Victoria, so surely is India given to England to be morally regenerated. Ere long, myriads of pilgrims, holding Benares in supreme contempt, will crowd to the "strait gate;" and, instead of drowning themselves in the Ganges, will look at the Cross, and never die. As surely as the Most High ruleth in heaven and earth, will the Church witness the spectacle of these multiplied children of the rising sun exchanging their three hundred and thirty million deities for the one living and true God.

EGOTISM.

AMONG the Swiss, and along the slope of the Alps, may be found men who are cursed with a terrible malady. The thyroid gland of the neck becomes distended, the secretions accumulate rapidly, day after day the deformity increases, until the unfortunate one becomes sick of life. An incubus rests on body and soul, worse than the old man of the sea whom Sinbad saw. Connected with this fungous growth upon the neck of the Alpine shepherds, the mind becomes dwarfed, the faculties weak, the perceptions obscure; idiocy comes on, and the cretin is the most helpless of idiots. Now, what goitre is in anatomy, such is egotism in psychology.

Carlyle has already told us, that egotism is a wasting disease, or, rather, that it points to such within.

The man who has dyspepsia should look to the condition of his stomach without delay. And we advise every egotist to look after his mental and spiritual hygiene.

There is work for every man, and in every sphere: work that is noble, work that is menial; work adapted to each capacity, and measured by individual strength.

Now the egotist is one who steps out of his place. He is not willing to work in his proper sphere, and allow his claims to be adjusted by the universal voice, but would work elsewhere. He has but little reference to fitness, and selects his calling by choice. He is not content with the vocation which nature points out, but seeks a pursuit that he deems more noble.

Thus his own mission is unaccomplished, and some worthier man is kept from his rightful position. Labor in thy fitting sphere, friend egotist, and lay deep thy foundations. In any other way you are building on the sand, and the first tempest may sweep away your fabric.

Selfishness is the crime and woe of human nature. It festers in the heart, and is the root of egotism. Whether this latter in its developments be criminal, or merely ridiculous; whether it crushes others in its march, or reacts to its own injury alone, it is grounded in selfishness. The highest style of human nature prefers others to itself, and never descends to low devices; but egotism is jealous of self, and seeks to fix human gaze upon itself at all hazards, and whatever cost. But selfishness is always disastrous, even to him who indulges it; and into whatever mode of the multifold forms of egotism any one may fall, he is thus far losing his strength and abating his efficiency.

Men have come very generally to despise its grosser forms. Such claims are too bold to be pleasant to men, because we are constituted with an inner conviction of independent power. No one, of necessity, relies upon his neighbor for thought or support. Hence, when a fellow-man proclaims himself, by act or word, a model for imitation; when all his actions are finger-posts pointing to his own supreme excellence; when he assumes to stand upon the pinnacle of human virtue or human power, *then* men rebel. You may lead men about the world by a spider's thread; it will be hard work to drag them about with a cable.

Work upon men silently, unobtrusively, but do not seek to obtain a forced acknowledgment of your superiority. Such a character is intensely selfish, as before remarked. Not content to gather in all stores for its own use, putting nature and art under contribution for personal aggrandizement, it demands the admission of its supremacy, and stalks abroad among men with its name upon the forehead. Such a man goes forth, and you may read in every motion, every feature,

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

The egotist is a human peacock, spreading out his feathers, when any approach, and covering up his feet. The worst of the case is, that in most instances, there is no valid ground for this flourish of trumpets. How often, too, the lion's skin will fall off and the long ears project. This arrogant spirit claims everything for itself. It demands the highest place. It craves homage from all. It vaults up into the front rank. It never allows an opportunity for promotion, but takes at first the highest seat. Wherever any fame is to be achieved, wherever any elevated post invites competitors, there the egotist anchors his hope. Nay, more. He takes his seat there, and lays claim to it by possession.

Socrates has expressed just the difference between the truly wise man and the egotist. He consulted the oracle once to know who was the wisest man in all Greece. He was thunderstruck to hear from the sacred adytum the name of Socrates. At first he was inclined to doubt the infallibility of the oracle; but on further reflection he solved the doubt. "These," said he, "know nothing completely, and yet pride themselves in complete wisdom. I, on the contrary, am ignorant, and willingly admit it." Humility makes the difference between the wise man and the egotist.

The greatest men have not been thus supremely self-conscious; and here we venture to throw down the gage, that greatness, that of royal type, is always unconscious. It is only an inferior metal that rings. The gong sounds louder than the brazen sphere. Master spirits have been modest men; yea, men who were ignorant of the divine gift within them.

Back in the heroic ages a dim shadow, called Homer, stretches up to heaven. Who knows anything of his history, of his life, of his fate? The man, Homer, is a mere shade, just visible through the twilight of the past. The poet is immortal. The ages have drunk from the fountains of his imagination. They cannot be exhausted. And yet with all his wealth of genius we can see that Homer was no egotist. Point out the line that savors of egotism! From the invocation to the close I see none of this, no allusion to the bard. His gaze is fixed upon the moving panorama, and the author is submerged in the history. Not only this, but as I read, I see how utterly unconscious was the bard of his power. Distilling the honey of Hymettus, he boasted not of his stores. Singing a song that would thrill the hearts of men to distant ages, he seemed to sing for very joy, from the fullness of his spirit, as the swallow sings in the twilight of morn.

The same is true of Plato. Amid his sublime reveries and his noble philosophy, only surpassed by that of Christ, I see nothing of the man Plato. He sought to present truth to the world, and the *man* Plato could well afford to stand aside. So far was Plato from egotism that he gave all the glory to his master. While deriving much of his inspiration and ambition from him, he gilded the philosophy of Socrates with rays of his own gorgeous imagination, and explored more thoroughly the fields of fancy and of thought. I can imagine Plato reading the system of some modern *savan*, and shocked at the egotism manifest, I can hear him cry in scorn, "Thou silly one! teach not other till thou hast learned to know thyself."

Nowhere does Shakspeare emerge from his wonderful creations. In Cicero again I find the boasting spirit, and, as a consequence, second-rate talent. The great Tully would have been a greater man without egotism.

There is another type of egotism, which is less obnoxious than self-laudation, and also more specious. The critical spirit—carping, fault-finding—is just as egotistical. It reaches the egotist's gaol by a different way. The arrogant man walks up to the Temple of Fame and boldly knocks for admittance. The critical spirit enters through the window.

There are some men who are nothing, if not critical. To detect errors and defects, their eye is a very microscope; but

to excellence, they are blind. We are repelled from the thorough-paced egotist, the graduate from the university of self-conceit. But scarcely less repellant is the man who sees no beauty, no excellence among men. To him, human nature is a dark picture, and his stand-point enables him to see it thus. Therefore he claims superior sagacity in scanning human nature. The critical egotist carries a cloud with him into the society where he goes, repressing mirth and stanching the flow of spirits.

It is usually the case that such are second-rate men; not lofty spirits, but those who despair of prime excellence in anything, and are mere negative characters. Their only positive side is absolute dislike to everything that is decided in character. Such men are ignoble, and their mutterings merit no attention. They are despicable curs, that rush out from their kennels fiercely at every noise they hear, and raise a precious howling in the streets. You can treat them only with the horse-whip and nux vomica.

Yet there are some otherwise noble spirits who indulge this carping style and always find fault. Sad, that such men miss their calling. The world needs reformation more than satire. It calls for a Socrates, not a Democritus. Even in such cases as these, we must declare our belief that there is a tinge of egotism to be found. Amid the blindness of the world, themselves see, and they believe the blindness past cure.

I should be sorry to class Carlyle in the list of egotists, but he certainly indulges this error. He has meditated upon the vices and follies of men, until to him these overshadow all human virtues. To him, it is certain that the body tyrannizes over the soul, and will not yield its prey. Amid the hum of machinery he can hear only a wail over man's degradation. Carlyle is the Cynic of modern times. He was once at a banquet where Lamb and Leigh Hunt and other stars were present, discoursing wisdom and showering down scintillations of wit by contact with each other. Yet Carlyle was gloomy. The laugh did not enlist his mirth, and he stood aloof. From time to time a growl from his corner checked the tide of wit, and it was more evident than ever that Carlyle was a discontented spirit. At last the interview closed; the party broke up, and they started for their homes It was a beautiful winter's night, and the stars shone with that peculiar crystalline brilliancy that seems to cut down through the dense air, even to the depths of the soul.

"Now," said Hunt, "this scene will break down our friend and change his mood as we walk homeward." But Carlyle looked up to the myriad stars, then down upon the earth, then swept the horizon with his eye, and the cynic growled forth, "Ah, 'tis a sad sight." Hunt laughed outright, and gave up Carlyle as hopeless.

The critical spirit, if a noble one, with this fault alone, needs more faith in man. Human nature is not wholly bad—beyond the reach of restoration. Bring high motives to bear upon the soul; appeal to man's better nature; exhort him to develop the powers which God has given him; approach him in better moods, and you will rouse the angels of faith, and hope, and love, now slumbering in his breast.

For the scholar—the literary man, egotism clips the wings of genius. He acts for the present, and thus is led astray. He is seduced from the true path of fame by the golden apples which some siren throws by the way-side.

But worse than this, he is not in the receptive attitude before the goddess of Truth. He shuts the doors of his own soul against the holy visitor. He discards nature — the scholar's high-priest, and thrusts aside her ministrations. He who does this is sure to fail. To soar to the sublime heights of being—to write for immortality—it will never do to exalt self. You must extinguish self-consciousness. Place yourself on the tripod in the great temple of nature, and then, if ever, the divine afflatus will sweep down upon your soul.

And now let me give a preservative against egotism; or, if not thus, a corrective to modify and limit. High moral principle; a love of truth for its own sake; best of all, noble Christian principle; enthrone this in your soul, and here, if anywhere, you can achieve success. What though you pass away in obscurity? What though a less worthy one secures the plaudits due to you? The future will award justice, and reconsider the judgments of the past. Yea, the men of a better age will look upon your example and declare, "Then lived, then died, a *true, noble man.*"

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.*

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropp'd not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

"I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

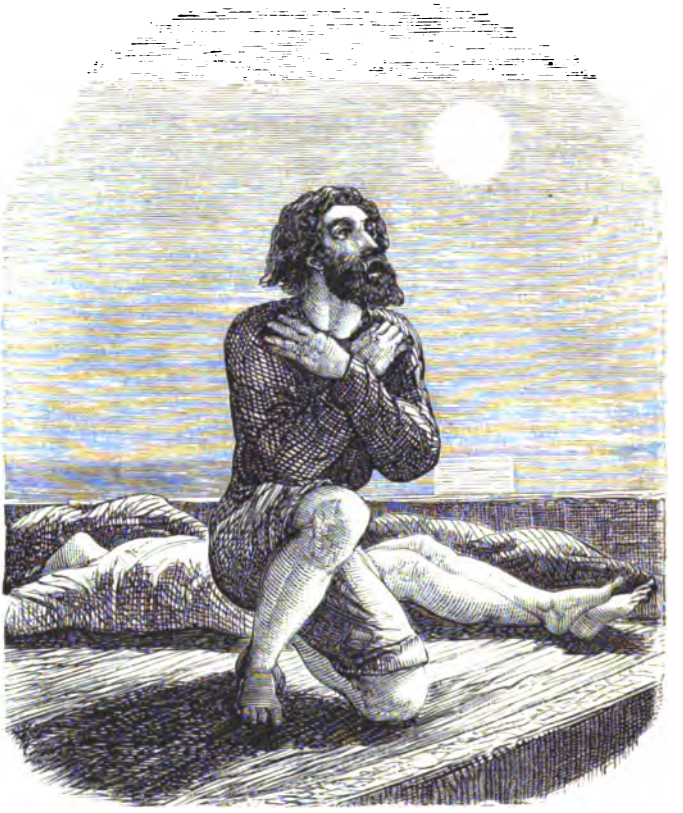
"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But O! more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burn'd alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:

*Concluded from the January number.



They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind star took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dream'd that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"As soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud,
The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits bless'd:
For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backward and forward half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one. 'Is this the man?'
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

FIRST VOICE.

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great black eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—
If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

"'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

"'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt; once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring;
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"O! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood!
A man of light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

"This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

"The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit said—
'And they answer'd not our cheer.
The planks look'd warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-fear'd'—'Push on, push on!'
Said the hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
The hermit cross'd his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

FORMERLY the passage of the Isthmus involved a laborious journey of two days, the first of which was spent upon the Chagres River; now it is usually crossed in as many hours, without the slightest trouble or fatigue. The line impinges upon the Chagres River at a distance of about seven miles from Aspinwall, and more or less follows the right bank to Barbacoas, about half-way across the Isthmus. Here it crosses the river by a bridge six hundred and twenty-five feet long, and then follows the left bank of the Ovispo (a tributary) to its head. This is the summit, distant thirty seven miles from the Atlantic, and ten from the Pacific. The deepest cutting is only twenty-four feet. The maximum grade on its descent is sixty feet per mile; the summit grade is two hundred and fifty-eight feet above the assumed grade of the Atlantic. There is, in fact, no difference between the mean level of the Pacific and the Atlantic; only the tide in the former rises eighteen feet, in the latter two. The importance of this route in the trade of Western America is evident from the fact that the total amount of export and import trade across the Isthmus and round the Horn, is estimated at a hundred and forty-five million of dollars; of that, a hundred million of dollars go by this railway annually in specie. In 1855, the railway paid a clear twelve per cent. on its capital. I have not, however, had an opportunity of seeing any very recent report. We did not make the traject very rapidly, as we did a little engineering on the way, and loaded some trucks with stones to take to a bridge in the course of construction. In general, the country was neither inhabited nor cultivated; on the banks of the Chagres River I observed a miserable village or two, the houses built of split bamboo, and thatched with palm

leaves, and some villages had sprung up on the line at some of the stations; they were inhabited almost entirely by negroes. Our descent into Panama was very rapid, except at one spot, famed for one of the most terrible railway accidents on record, and which has never been looked on as a safe part of the line, as it is a cutting on the steep side of a hill, and subject to the action of water. When we passed, the rails were palpably depressed at this point. Near Panama, a glimpse or two of savannah indicate that magnificent rolling open country which the traveler would never suspect to exist if he merely crossed the Isthmus by rail. In four hours and a half from our bidding adieu to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, we notified our arrival on the opposite coast with a scream, and pulled up at the foot of a jetty built into the Pacific. Here we were surrounded by a crowd of importunate negroes, who, with the utmost effrontery and insolence, squabbled for our baggage, in spite of our remonstrances, and, dividing it between them, walked off into the town, distant upward of a mile, whither we followed them on foot, in the blazing sun—for cabs have not yet been introduced—in no very amiable humor; this was not improved on our arrival at the hotel by their exorbitant charges for porterage. Upon my demurring to these, a large muscular negro waxed violent, and ended by threatening me and drawing his knife. Fortunately, I was a step above him on the stairs, and enabled to kick him to the bottom before he had time to carry out his intention. The innkeeper and servants then managed to pacify and dispose of him; but I did not at that time know the thraldom in which the European part of the population were held by the blacks.

Panama is not a lively place; but there was something soothing in its air of antiquity and dilapidation; in its grass-grown plaza, and fine old Spanish cathedral, and ruined monastery, and massive archways leading out through the crumbling fortifications. I liked to saunter about mid-day along its narrow streets, where the high houses shut out the sun and the balconies almost meet overhead, and ragged children and mangy curs slept in shady corners, and women drowsily presided over fruit-stalls, where innumerable flies loved to hive; and grass hammocks, swinging in the open shops, each contained its sleeping occupant; and even the game-cocks, tethered on one leg, tucked the other under their wings, and ceased to defy each other with shrill challenges; and knots of individuals lounged at tobacco-shops waiting for the Poco Tiempo cigars which the vendors were lazily rolling from the pure leaf by their sides. Only where a European store, with its varied assortment of goods ostentatiously displayed, or a hotel with bar-rooms and billiard-tables, collected the stray Americans or foreigners that happened to be staying in the town, were there any signs of life.

In the afternoon most of the inhabitants wake, and negroes and mestizoes people the street. They swagger insolently about, holding whites in extreme contempt, and take the law into their own hands, whenever it suits them, with the utmost impunity. The judge and most of the principal authorities are black, and they mete out less justice to a white man than the worst specimen of a slaveholder would to one of their own brethren. Perhaps the retaliation is to be expected; but the sensation of feeling one's self "a white nigger" is not agreeable.

The town of Panama now contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and has experienced sundry fluctuations in its prosperity. Before the railway it flourished, because it was a stage upon the journey, and a rendezvous for travelers in both directions; now they are hurried through without ever entering the town at all. The arrival of the Californian passengers is one of the most characteristic incidents which the traveler can witness. It was quite an excitement to leave the sleepy streets of the town, and stand at the railway terminus, watching for the train from Aspinwall, freighted with six or seven hundred adventurers bound for the diggings. To see it disgorge its piratical-looking crew, one is almost tempted to believe that Kidd and Morgan have revisited the scene of their former exploits by the present popular method of locomotion. Men in red flannel shirts, jack-boots, with revolvers and bowies in their girdles, and bundles under their arms, come tumbling out of the cars after one another, with here and there a strong-minded female between them, guiltless of band-boxes or packages. Among them are a few respectably-dressed people, and generally a sprinkling of black-coated and white-tied personages, who look very

seedy and disreputable, and ostensibly belong to the learned professions. This miscellaneous crowd goes swarming down to the jetty, a distance of only a few yards, utterly ignorant of the fact that the black multitude who are screaming behind them and helping to carry their bundles, are contemptuously applying the shouts and epithets which they generally reserve only for driving their mules; and that the expressions of mirth which accompany them to the steamer are consequent upon these insulting cries.

A steam tender takes the passengers from the shore to the Company's establishment on the small islands of Flaminko and Perigo, where the large steamers lie, and which are distant about two miles and a half from the shore. They form the Port of Panama, and are the most important naval position on the coast.

About eight miles beyond the Flaminko lies the lovely island of Taboga, a fairy spot, and the favorite resort in summer from the heats of Panama. I spent a charming day here, strolling under the cocoa-nut trees which line the shores of its deep little bay, or climbing up the hill-side among tamarind and orange groves, through which clear streams hurry to the sea, forming tiny cascades, and deep, pellucid pools, inviting a bath. The highest point of the island is about one thousand feet above the sea. There is a small, venerable town, of crooked little streets and crumbling houses, with a picturesque old church in the middle of it, the whole buried in foliage, and commanding a view of the main-land and Panama in the distance. There is a lesser island attached to Taboga, which at low water becomes a peninsula; and here the Pacific Mail Company have their establishment. The wooden houses of the employés, perched upon the steep hill-sides, are accessible only by ladders. In one of these rickety tenements I experienced one night several shocks of an earthquake. On the water's edge the Company have very complete arrangements for repairing and refitting their ships. Taboga supplies good water, and is a safe harbor; but its distance from Panama renders it inferior, both in a commercial and political point of view, to the smaller islands. The trip to Taboga is only one of sundry small expeditions which may be made in the neighborhood of Panama, and which the traveler will find interesting. On moonlight evenings, the fashionable and sentimental world promenades on the ramparts, which then become an attractive lounge, and young Panama is to be seen in devoted attendance upon dark-eyed signoritas. When there is no moon, the ladies receive at home, and very pleasant little re-unions are the result. There are, moreover, charming rides into the country, which is of a park-like character, pleasantly undulating, and richly diversified with wood and meadow. We galloped one morning, a merry party of ten, to the ruins of Old Panama, and spent the day. A lovely ride of two hours, across savannahs waving with long grass, and through dense woods, where the tangled branches and hanging creepers rendered progress on horseback a work of difficulty, brought us to the tall square tower which, rising above the massive foliage on the sea-side, indicates the position of the old city, sacked by the buccaneers under Kidd and Morgan some two centuries ago. In consequence of its defenseless position, the Spanish government removed the town of Panama to its present site, upon a promontory, where ledges of rock, extending far out to sea, would render an attack by boats a difficult operation.

We had reason to be grateful for the change, as most picturesque ruins have been the result of it. They derive their chief interest, not so much from themselves as from the peculiar effects produced by the rankness of the tropical vegetation amid which they are imbedded. Pieces of masonry appear as mere accessories to set off the huge branches by which they are embraced. The enormous roots of trees, eighty or a hundred feet high, which have grown since the town was in ruins, have eaten their way through the crevices of massive walls, and have ultimately almost concealed them in their giant folds. One root alone, about fifty yards in length, and fifteen feet in depth, lay along the top of a wall, like a huge Python, sending down its minor shoots, which overlapped in places so as to hide for many yards the stone-work. There were paved streets leading into dense thickets, where it was impossible to follow them: and an old bridge, from the arch of which orchids hung like monster scorpions to the water below. We could have wandered for hours in every direction, and always come upon fresh ruins, had the forest been penetrable;

but we had hard work to climb over prostrate trees and force our way through tangled underwood. Bright-plumaged birds glanced among the leaves overhead, and flaring wild flowers contrasted with the sober green of the forest.

It is singular that, at a time when the Isthmus of Panama is attracting so much attention, and exploring parties have been lost in their endeavors to discover a practicable line for an inter-oceanic canal, no one should have as yet attempted to cross the Isthmus at its narrowest point. Before ascending the Atrato, and diving into the heart of the South American continent, and proposing to convey ships from thence by a tunnel, it would have been wise to examine that part of the neck of land which nature points to as affording the most probable solution of the difficulty. I heard at Panama accounts of a depression in the Cordilleras, at a point where the two seas approximate so closely to one another, that the natives are in the habit of making a portage with their canoes, from the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico into those which lose themselves in the Pacific; and I was not sorry, in company with a fellow-countryman, to join a Frenchman, a German, and a Spaniard, who were about to start on a visit to some property one of them had recently purchased in that direction, in the hope that I might gain some information relative to so interesting a subject. The limited time at my disposal unfortunately precluded the possibility of my attempting anything in the shape of regular exploration. About thirty miles to the southeastward of Panama, the River Bayanos enters the Pacific, almost dividing the Isthmus at a point where the distance from sea to sea does not exceed thirty miles in a direct line. This was the river we proposed ascending, in the hope, at all events, of finding out something from the Darien Indians who inhabit this narrow strip of territory, and whose inveterate hatred to Europeans has operated hitherto as an effectual barrier to any attempt at penetration into their country.

We sailed from Panama, in a small half-decked cutter, for the mouth of this river, upon a lovely moonlight evening, and found ourselves at daylight vainly attempting to force an entrance against a strong head-wind and tide. Finding it hopeless to contend against these adverse influences, we dropped anchor under the lee of the small island of Chepillo, which lies off the mouth of the river, and which forms a protection for small craft. The channel between the island and the main has not been very narrowly surveyed; but I fear that the formation of a port at this point would be one of the most formidable obstacles to be considered in the construction of a canal debouching here. Chepillo is low and well wooded, inhabited only by four or five families. In the afternoon we crossed the bar, on which there is a good draught of water, and, with the assistance of the tide, beat up the river, here about three hundred yards wide. The banks were magnificently wooded. The light-green mangroves which fringed the water were backed by noble forest trees, in the branches of which troops of monkeys joined their chattering clamor with the screaming and twittering of flocks of gaudy parroquets. Gently we glided up the quiet stream, and passed creeks which lost themselves in the gloomy woods, and looked black and mysterious in the fading light. As we laughed and shouted, and our voices were caught up, as though in mockery, by successive and prolonged echoes, we could almost imagine these somber recesses were peopled by malignant spirits.

At last we were again obliged to anchor, still within earshot of the distant roar of the surf,

"Where from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

Our progress was more rapid during the small hours of the following morning, and we reached the mouth of a tributary, the Mammonie, not far from the banks of which is situated the village of Chepo, which we determined to visit. It is the outpost of civilization in this direction. About ten miles higher up the Bayanos, the Spaniards built the fort of Terabla, as a frontier post. Here a few mestizoes are now settled; and it is from this point that an expedition should start with a view of reaching the opposite coast. Hitherto, during our progress into the interior, we had seen no sign of human habitations. After proceeding for two hours up the Mammonie, we reached two or three native huts, where a few canoes were collected. As our own craft was prevented by her draught of water from proceeding farther, we ap-

propriated three of these, and in them forced our way for some hours up the rapid current, sometimes obliged to get out and wade, and pull them after us, and always, on account of their rickety character, running considerable risk of an involuntary bath; one that we took of our own free will, having first carefully chosen a small pool, so clear that a stray alligator would have been visible, was very enjoyable, and rendered our rough meal, partaken under the spreading shade of the Hagiron, or *Ficus Indicus*, doubly grateful. We indeed needed something to support us during the walk which followed, of three miles from the river, in a blazing sun, through woods and over hills, to the village of Chepo, situated on a swelling knoll in the broad savannah. Chepo contains a population of about one thousand mestizoes and negroes. Most of the houses are square huts of split cane, with conical thatched roofs; a few, however, are built of bricks, and tiled; one of these belonged to a very fat old negro woman, by profession a schoolmistress, and she, as a friend and old patient of our German doctor, received us with great *empressement*. Grass hammocks were swung up in all available corners. Her handmaidens bustled about under her orders, given in a loud high key, and prepared an elaborate repast. We, meantime, thought seriously over our future movements. We had already been two days in getting to Chepo, and we could not calculate upon reaching Fort Terabla for at least two days more, as our friends would be detained at their hacienda on the way. The uncertainty of boating expeditions, dependent upon wind and tide, and the necessity of my returning to Panama within the week, determined me to give up the idea of returning to Bayanos, and to remain for the night at Chepo.

The day of our visit at Chepo happened to be Sunday, a fact of which we were constantly reminded by the incessant crowing of game-cocks, which were tethered in the streets and little grass-grown plaza in front of the church which was to be the scene of their contests. Toward the afternoon, priests in their canonical garments, and sporting young gentlemen in white trowsers and shirts, collected there to back their favorites and witness the sport. The excitement seemed to have communicated itself to the birds, and they flapped their wings defiantly as their owners caressed and admired them. The cockpit was a primitive arrangement: a number of logs of wood ranged round a clear space about fifty feet square. I was introduced to one of the most fashionable and celebrated of the sporting characters in Chepo, a handsome young gentleman of color, in spotless white, but without shoes or stockings or coat, who informed me that his cock was to be engaged in the first match; and he secured me a good place in the ring, which was soon crowded with anxious faces. Then two men advanced into the center of the ring with the cocks, and after re-sharpening the points of their long spurs, and whetting them with lemon-juice, they set them two or three times at one another to get their blood up, then let them go, and the fight fairly began. I never saw anything equal to the excitement of the spectators during the contest, which was as bloody and disgusting as such exhibitions must ever be. Unable to retain their seats, they danced about, swearing and cheering with frantic gesticulations. Every time one of the unfortunate birds tried to escape from his opponent he was seized by his backer, who, having previously filled his mouth with sugar-cane juice, plunged the head of the cock, streaming with blood, into it, and so succeeded in washing his wounds and refreshing him for a renewal of the conflict. Then disputes arose as to which was winning; and the betting became fast and furious, and the wretched cocks more *acharné*, as they almost cut each other's heads off. Twice they were both so exhausted as to be unable to raise themselves to their legs; but their merciless backers pressed them unrelentingly to the contest, until at last the one which, to my inexperienced eyes, had promised to be the victor, was stretched gasping and bleeding on the ground, and his opponent, getting on his prostrate body, managed to effect a feeble crow, and then tumbled head-over-heels in an effort to give his wings a triumphant flap.

Not caring to witness a repetition of so disagreeable a spectacle, my friend and I strolled through the village, and seeing a group of its female inhabitants collected on a grassy knoll, we joined them, and entered into conversation without any more formal introduction, after the custom of the country. One of the amenities of travel in these parts is absence of cere-

mony in social intercourse. We wander through the quiet little village streets, and look in at the open doors of a snug family circle swinging in hammocks, and without more ado we walk in, and are soon swinging away as well, exchanging cigarettes, mingling our fragrant clouds with theirs, as if our intimacy had been of years' standing. The black eyes of the signoritas are at first modestly cast down, but they soon dance with merriment at the bad Spanish of the *estrajeros Ingleses*. As the night advances, the negro portion of the population begin to amuse themselves with music and dancing. The incessant drumming and strumming on tomtoms and banjos, and noisy shouts as they accompany the melodies with their shrill voices, render sleep impossible. Nor is the absence of rest compensated for by any exhibition worth seeing; the indecent gestures of their dances, their loud choruses, and harsh music, are pleasant neither to eye nor ear. So we sought the hospitable roof of our old hostess. Alas! we found no peace here. This respectable female's voice was louder and shriller than any negro chorus; her piercing tones nearly drove us distracted, as she stumped about, chattering to us, or scolding everybody else. She was scarcely ever without a lighted cigar in her mouth; by that I mean the lighted end of it, the usual way of smoking here being the reverse of ours, as, by smoking through the lighted end, it is supposed that the precious weed is economized. Sometimes a few puffs were taken in an orthodox way, but she evidently preferred the other mode.

As, through the kindness of an extensive landed proprietor in the neighborhood, we were provided with horses to return across the country to Panama, we started on the following morning on horseback, intending to make our first day's journey to his hacienda. Our way lay chiefly through an open savannah country. On the right, the wooded range of the Cordilleras, here depressed to an average altitude of not more than twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, presented an irregular outline; to the left the country stretched away in gentle undulations seaward, the bottoms well wooded and marshy, the hills covered with long waving grass, admirably adapted for grazing purposes: the population is, however, sparse and scattered. During our ride of seven hours, we only passed one insignificant village, and not until we arrived at the haciendas of Paso El Blanco and San Antonio did we see hundreds of head of cattle luxuriating in the rich pasture. At the latter of these we passed a comfortable night, and were off again soon after daylight across a never-ending succession of grassy hills.

After fording a considerable river, we halted upon its banks to breakfast at the large village of Pachora, a collection of reed huts, peopled by the usual mixed race of Negro, Indian, and Spaniard. It happened to be a gala-day, and some of the population were collected under the trees, dancing to the music of a drum, a tomtom, a banjo, and a fiddle; the women were sprucely attired with flowers in their hair, and interrupted their national dances on our arrival to waltz for our benefit, and show the advanced stage of their civilization.

After leaving Pachora, our way lay through dense woods; and we progressed more slowly, but enjoyed a grateful shade. We were not encouraged at the prospect of fording another river by a huge recently-killed alligator which lay stretched upon its banks. Snakes now and then glided across our path; and both in birds and plants a tempting field was afforded to the naturalist. This variety, both in animal and vegetable life, beguiled our somewhat fatiguing ride. I only delayed once, however, to knock over a magnificent bird as large as a turkey, and which was pronounced by our guide to be the King of the Vultures. His magnificent pale-yellow plumage, and head surmounted by a golden comb, and in which black, white, and red were admirably contrasted, rendered him well worthy the respect which his dusky subjects, the common scavenger-bird of the country, pay him, and which has procured him his title of royalty.

It was evening when we spurred our jaded steeds across the bridge, and, entering the old archway, passed through the fortifications, and clattered along the narrow streets of Panama. The whole distance from Chepo is not much above fifty miles; but the villainous state of the road, or rather path, had told upon horse and rider, and made us both glad to see our journey's end; and it was with no little satisfaction that I once more dismounted at the hospitable and ever-open door of my kind host.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

I GIVE fair warning that this is likely to be a "sentimental" chapter. Those who object to the same, and complain that these papers are "not practical," had better pass it over at once; since it treats of things essentially unpractical, impossible to be weighed and measured, handled and analyzed, yet as real in themselves as the air we breathe and the sunshine we delight in; things wholly intangible, yet the very essence and necessity of our lives.

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another? Various last-century poets have indulged in "odes" to it, and good Mrs. Barbauld wrote a "Search" after it, a most correct, elegantly phrased, and genteel little drama, which, the *dramatis personæ* being all females, and not a bit of love in the whole, is, I believe, still acted in old-fashioned boarding-schools with great éclat. The plot, if I remember right, consists of an elderly lady's leading four or five younger ones on the immemorial search through a good many very long speeches; but whether they ever found happiness, or what it was like when found, I really have not the least recollection.

Let us hope that excellent Mrs. Barbauld is one of the very few who dare venture even the primary question, what is happiness? Perhaps, honest woman! she is better able to answer it now.

I fear, the inevitable conclusion we must all come to is, that in this world happiness is quite indefinable. We can no more grasp it than we can grasp the sun in the sky or the moon in the water. We can feel it interpenetrating our whole being with warmth and strength; we can see it in a pale reflection shining elsewhere; or in its total absence we, walking in darkness, learn to appreciate what it is by what it is not. But I doubt whether any woman ever craved for it, philosophized over it, or, pardon the shade of Barbauld! commenced the systematic search after it, and ever attained her end. For happiness is not an end; it is only a means, an adjunct, a consequence. The Omnipotent himself could never be supposed by any, save those who out of their own human selfishness construct the attributes of Divinity, to be absorbed throughout eternity in the contemplation of his own ineffable bliss, were it not identical with his ineffable goodness and love.

Therefore, whosoever starts with "to be happy" as the *summum bonum* of existence, will assuredly find out she has made as great a mistake as when in her babyhood she cried, as most of us do, for the moon, which we cannot get for all our crying. And yet it is a very good moon notwithstanding; a real moon, too, who will help us to many a poetical dream, light us in many a lover's walk, till she shine over the grass of our graves upon a new generation ready to follow upon the immemorial quest, which, like the quest of the Sangreal, is only possible to pure hearts, and which the very purest can never fully attain, except through the gates of the holy city, the New Jerusalem.

Happy and unhappy women, the adjectives being applied less with reference to position than to character, which is the only mode of judgment possible; to judge them and discourse of them is a very difficult matter at best. Yet I am afraid it cannot be doubted that there is a great average of unhappiness existent among women; not merely unhappiness of circumstances, but unhappiness of soul, a state of being often as unaccountable as it is irrational, finding vent in those innumerable faults of temper and of character which arise from no inherent vice, but merely because the individual is not happy.

Possibly women more than men are liable to this dreary mental eclipse, neither daylight nor darkness. A man will go poetically wretched or morbidly misanthropic, or any great misfortune will overthrow him entirely, drive him to insanity, lure him to slip out of life through the terrible by-road of suicide; but he rarely drags on existence from year to year with "nerves," "low spirits," and the various maladies of mind and temper that make many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them.

Why is this? and is it inevitable? Any one who could in the smallest degree answer this question, would be doing something to the lessening of a great evil, greater than many other evils which, being social and practical, show more largely on the aggregate census of female woe.

Most assuredly, however unpoetical may be such a view of the matter, the origin of a great deal of unhappiness is physical disease; or rather the loss of that healthy condition of body which, in the present state of civilization, so far removed from a state of nature, can only be kept up in any individual by the knowledge and practice of the ordinary laws of hygiene, generally the very last knowledge that women seem to have. The daily necessities of water, fresh air, proper clothing, food, and sleep, with the due regulation of each of these, without which no human being can expect to live healthily or happily, are matters in which the only excuse for lamentable neglect is still more lamentable ignorance.

An ignorance the worse, because it is generally quite unacknowledged. If you tell a young girl that water, the colder the better, is essential to every pore of her delicate skin every morning; that daily out-door exercise, short of extreme fatigue, regular meals, employment, and amusement, are to her a vital necessity; that she should make it a part of her education to acquire a certain amount of current information on sanitary science, and especially on the laws of her own being, physical and mental; tell her this, and the chances are she will stare at you uncomprehendingly, or be shocked, as if you were saying to her something "improper," or answer flippantly: "O yes; I know all that."

But what good does it do her? when she lies in bed till ten o' the clock, and sits up till any hour the next morning; eats all manner of food at all manner of irregular intervals; is horrified at leaving her bed-room window two inches open, or at being caught in a slight shower; yet will cower all day over the fire in a high woollen dress, and put on a low muslin one in the evening. When she wears all winter thin boots, gossamer stockings, a gown open at the chest and arms, and a loose mantle that every wind blows under, yet wonders that she always has a cold! and weighs herself down in summer-time with four petticoats heaped one over the other, yet is quite astonished that she gets hot and tired so soon! Truly, any sensible, old-fashioned body, who knows how much the health, happiness, and general well-being of this generation, and, alas! not this generation alone, depend upon these charming, lovable, fascinating young fools, cannot fail to be annoyed by them every day.

However humiliating the fact may be to those poetical theorists who, in spite of all the laws of nature, wish to make the soul entirely independent of the body, forgetting that, if so, its temporary probation of the body would have been quite unnecessary, I repeat, there can be no really sanitary state of mind without a sane condition of body; and that one of the first requisites of happiness is good health. But as this is not meant to be an essay on domestic hygiene, I had better here leave the subject.

Its corresponding phase opens a gate of misery so wide that one almost shrinks from entering it. Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon; of these I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind, sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary, which is called "an unhappy disposition."

Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftenest traced to something connected with the affections; not merely the passion called, *par excellence*, love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise; if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have "more head than heart," she may be a very clever, agreeable personage, but she is not properly *a woman*, not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular, she "loves much." And loving is so frequently identical with suffering, either with, or for, or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers that we meet with among women.

Charity cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is unhappy. I do not think this fact is enough recognized by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make

them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun, except sunshine, and then they wonder that it does not flower!

One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, "everything she can possibly want," absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humors by which people mean no harm, only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself when she counts them up, they are so very small; yet they are there.

"I can bear anything," said a woman to me, no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; "I can bear anything, except unkindness."

She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures, who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be "a great offense;" where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralized by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them, Christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time, and they feel that you try, to make them happy. You cannot make another happy unless you are happy yourself.

Naming the affections as the chief source of unhappiness among our sex, it would be wrong to pass over one phase of them, which must nevertheless be touched tenderly and delicately, as one that women instinctively hide out of sight and comment, I mean what is usually termed "a disappointment." Alas! as if there were no disappointments but those of love! and yet, until men and women are made differently from what God made them, it must always be, from its very secretness and inwardness, the sharpest of all pangs, save that of conscience. A lost love. Deny it who will, ridicule it, treat it as mere imagination and sentiment, the thing is and will be; and women do suffer therefrom, in all its infinite varieties: loss by death, by faithlessness, or unworthiness, and by mistaken or unrequited affection. Of these, the second is beyond all question the worst: since there is in death a consecration which lulls the sharpest personal anguish into comparative calm; and an attachment which has always been on one side only, has a certain incompleteness which prevents its ever knowing the full agony of having and losing, while at the same time it preserves to the last a dreamy sanctity which sweetens half its pain. But to have loved and lost, either by that total disenchantment which leaves compassion as the sole substitute for love which can exist no more, or by that slow torment which is obliged to let go day by day all that constitutes the diviner part of love, namely, reverence, belief, and trust, yet clings desperately to the only thing left it, a long-suffering apologetic tenderness; this lot is the hardest for any woman to have to bear.

> "What is good for a bootless bene?
> And she made answer, Endless sorrow."

No. There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself; a life full of the calmest and truest happiness, because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the best of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching, hard to be understood or obeyed till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognized clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

It is a hard thing to say, and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation, that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness, not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women,

is, with very rare exceptions, at once the *index* and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character. Nor can it be too early impressed upon every girl that this condition of mental *malaise*, whatever be its origin, is neither a poetical nor beautiful thing, but a mere disease, and as such ought to be combated and medicined with all remedies in her power, practical, corporeal, and spiritual. For though it is folly to suppose that happiness is a matter of volition, and that we can make ourselves content and cheerful whenever we choose, a theory that many poor hypochondriacs are taunted with till they are nigh driven mad, yet, on the other hand, no sane mind is ever left without the power of self-discipline and self-control, in a measure, which measure increases in proportion as it is exercised.

Let any sufferer be once convinced that she has this power; that it is possible, by careful watch, or, better, by substitution of subjects and occupations, to abstract her mind from dwelling on some predominant idea, which otherwise runs in and out of the chambers of the brain like a hanting devil, at last growing into the monomania which, philosophy says, every human being is affected with, on some one particular point; only happily he does not know it; only let her try if she has not, with regard to her mental constitution, the same faculty which would prevent her from dancing with a sprained ankle, or imagining that there is an earthquake because her own head is spinning with fever, and she will have at least taken the first steps toward cure. As many a man sits wearying his soul out by trying to remedy some grand flaw in the plan of society, or the problem of the universe, when perhaps the chief thing wrong is his own liver, or overtasked brain; so many a woman will pine away to the brink of the grave with an imaginary broken heart, or sour to the very essence of vinegar, on account of everybody's supposed ill-usage of her, when it is her own restless, dissatisfied, selfish heart which makes her at war with everybody.

Would that women, and men too, but that their busier and more active lives save most of them from it, could be taught from their childhood to recognize as an evil spirit this spirit of causeless unhappiness, this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet, which first shows itself in such a charming and picturesque form, that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually "possessed;" cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic anylum than for the home-circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine rather than shadow or permanent gloom.

Among the many secondary influences which can be employed either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as one often referred to in the course of these pages, constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong tendency to nervous depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied. At what, matters little; even apparently useless work is far better for them than no work at all. To such I cannot too strongly recommend the case of

> "Honest John Tompkins the hedger and ditcher,
> Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer;"

but always managed to keep in a state of sublime content and superabundant gaiety; and how?

> "He always had something or other to do,
> If not for himself—for his neighbor."

And that work for our neighbor is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory of the two, because it takes us out of ourselves; which, to a person who has not a happy self to rest in, is one good thing achieved; this, quite apart from the abstract question of benevolence, or the notion of keeping a balance-sheet with Heaven for work done to our fellow-creatures, certainly a very fruitless recipe for happiness.

Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organization, is order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy; where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion, and irregularity of doing things at all

times and seasons, or not doing anything in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed work, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labor, leisure, food, and sleep, O what a paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone, and calm, and strength.

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice, to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untried none of those secondary means which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.

There is another maxim, easy to give, and hard to practice: Accustom yourself always to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over, lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best, instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and O! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own, assured that if any one can help us they can and will; while others we never think of burdening with our cares at all, any more than we would think of putting a butterfly in harness.

The disposition which can bear trouble; which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life, as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently, and let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up, and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long invisible to the pure of heart, this is the blessedest possession that any woman can have. Better than house full of silver and gold, better than beauty, or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.

While, on the other hand, of all characters not radically bad, there is none more useless to herself and everybody else, who inflicts more pain, anxiety, and gloom on those around her, than the one who is deprecatingly described as being "of an unhappy temperament." You may know her at once by her dull or vinegar aspect, her fidgety ways, her proneness to take the hard or ill-natured view of things and people. Possibly she is unmarried, and her mocking acquaintance insult womanhood by setting down that as the cause of her disagreeableness. Most wicked libel! There never was an unhappy old maid yet who would not have been equally unhappy as a wife, and more guilty, for she would have made two people miserable instead of one. It needs only to count up all the unhappy women one knows, women whom one would not change lots with for the riches of the Queen of Sheba, to see that most of them are those whom fate has apparently loaded with benefits, love, home, ease, luxury, leisure, and denied only the vague fine something, as indescribable as it is unattainable, the capacity to enjoy them all.

Unfortunate ones! You see by their countenances that they never know what it is to enjoy. That thrill of thankful gladness, oftenest caused by little things, a lovely bit of nature, a holiday after long toil, a sudden piece of good news, an unexpected face, or a letter that warms one's inmost heart, to them is altogether incomprehensible. To hear one of them, in her rampant phase, you would suppose the whole machinery of the universe, down even to the weather, was in league against her small individuality; that everything everybody did, or said, or thought, was with one sole purpose, her personal injury. And when she sinks to the melancholy mood, though your heart may bleed for her, aware how horribly real are her self-created sufferings, still your tenderness sits uneasily, more as a duty than a pleasure, and you often feel, and are shocked at

feeling, that her presence acts upon you like the proverbial wet-blanket, and her absence gives you an involuntary sense of relief.

For, let us pity the unhappy ever so lovingly and sincerely, and strive with all our power to lift them out of their grief, when they hug it, and refuse to be lifted out of it, patience sometimes fails. Human life is so full of pain, that once past the youthful delusion that a sad countenance is interesting, and an incurable woe the most delightful thing possible, the mind instinctively turns where it can get rest, and cheer, and sunshine. And the friend who can bring to it the largest portion of these is, of a natural necessity, the most useful, the most welcome, and the most dear.

The "happy woman," in this our world, (which is apparently meant to be the road to perfection, never its goal,) you will find too few specimens of to be ever likely to mistake her. But you will recognize her presence the moment she crosses your path. Not by her extreme liveliness; lively people are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her, as an evening sunbeam across your parlor wall. Like the fairy order in the nursery-tale, she takes up the tangled threads of your mind, and reduces them to regularity, till you distinguish a clear pattern through the ugly maze. She may be neither handsome, nor clever, nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel "comfortable," because she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complainings, for she makes none. Yet mayhap, since it is the Divine law that we should all, like our Master, be "made perfect through suffering," you are fully aware that she has had far more sorrow than ever you had; that her daily path, had you trodden it, would be to you as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to her it is safe and bright. She may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full, and it is so pleasant to see any one enjoy! Her sorrows she neither denies nor escapes; they come to her naturally and wholesomely, and passing over, leave her full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same.

Thus, whatever her fate may be, married or single, rich or poor, in health or sickness, though a cheerful spirit has twice as much chance of health as a melancholy one, she will be all her days a living justification of the ways of Providence, who makes the light as well as the darkness, nay, makes the light out of the darkness, a help and a peace-maker to her fellow-creatures, because she is at peace in herself: undoubtedly, as is plain to all, a happy woman.

THE INSECT WORLD.

ONE of the great attractions of entomology lies in the fact, that it invests with an attribute of wonder the most common and familiar objects. The little creatures that have crossed our path a hundred times, and which we have before regarded merely as so many sources of injury or annoyance, all at once become transformed into objects of great interest, astonishing us by the variety and beauty of their structure, and, at the same time, exciting our admiration by the wonderful instincts with which they are endowed. It is a great advantage, moreover, in the study of this science, that the objects of investigation are everywhere accessible. No one need lack the opportunity of observing and studying the habits and history of some members of the insect tribes. Much may be done without stepping beyond one's own threshold; and the possession of a garden, even though it be no bigger than the extraordinary six-feet-square inclosures so designated, which one sometimes sees attached to suburban cottages, opens up to investigation more wonders than most men would be able to explore in half a lifetime. Nor is it merely in verifying the observations of others that the beginner in the study may employ himself. There is no branch of natural history in which there is more room still left for original research, or in which such research is more likely to conduce to the general advancement of the science.

But, before proceeding further, it may not be amiss to remind our readers, that all are not insects which are insects called. The entomologist takes no heed of a number of little creatures which popular phraseology everywhere assigns to his care. The more precise and discriminating knowledge of the present day cuts off large sections of the animal world, which naturalists themselves, the great Linnæus

included, formerly ranked with the insect tribes. The "model" insect is an animal which, in its mature form, has a body separated into three distinct regions, six legs, two antennæ or feelers, and one or else two pairs of wings. Let the reader make prisoner for a time of the first fly that settles on his nose, and he will see that the gentleman corresponds to the description we have given. The common wasp, the cockchafer, or a butterfly, would answer the purpose equally well, and would also show how wide the range of variation may be while still adhering to the general typical form. It is only in their mature or perfect state, however, that insects exhibit these distinctive characteristics, and before that mature form is reached, they have, for the most part, to undergo a more or less complete series of transformations.

Nothing in the whole range of natural history excites the wonder of the observer more powerfully than these transformations or *metamorphoses* of the insect tribes. "If," say Kirby and Spence, in one of their most frequently quoted passages, "a naturalist were to announce to the world the discovery of an animal which for the first five years of its life existed in the form of a serpent; which then, penetrating into the earth, and weaving a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracted itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling, more than anything else, an Egyptian mummy; and which, lastly, after remaining in this state, without food and without motion, for three years longer, should at the end of that period burst its silken cerements, struggle through its earthly covering, and start into day a winged bird; what, think you, would be the sensation excited by this strange piece of intelligence?" What, indeed? And yet the supposed case differs but in matters of detail from the actual history of by far the larger proportion of the members of the insect world. In some of the tribes the metamorphosis is only partial, and the insects which belong to them exhibit pretty much the same appearance, and lead an almost identical mode of life throughout the entire period of their existence. Among other tribes, the moths and butterflies especially, the reverse of this obtains, and no degree of familiarity with the subject is sufficient to destroy in the mind of a thoughtful person the feeling of wonder, and almost awe, to which the observation of the extraordinary changes which these creatures undergo gives rise. The interest of entomology as a study consists, to a great extent, in noting the endless variety of procedure among insects while preparing for, or actually undergoing, these transformations. The history of every individual insect, from the moment when the little caterpillar or grub makes its escape from the egg, through each subsequent incident and stage in its career, till it finally comes forth from the pupa, a winged denizen of air, is replete with interest to the curious observer, and could hardly fail to impress a devout mind with the sentiment of Bonnet: "It seems to me that I am at a spectacle where the Supreme Artist is hid behind the curtain."

Much misapprehension prevails as to the precise character of these insect transformations. And strangely enough, an error which was not altogether unnatural, when the general subject of the embryonic development of animals was less perfectly understood than it is at present, is still propagated by some of the leaders in entomological science. The error to which we refer is thus stated by Kirby and Spence: "A caterpillar is not, in fact, a simple, but a compound animal, containing within it the germ of the future butterfly, inclosed in what will be the case of the pupa, which is itself included in three or four more skins, one over the other, that will successively cover the larva." According to this notion, which is, or seems to be, indorsed by Mr. Douglas in his recent attractive little book, "The World of Insects," and is supported by several great names among the naturalists of former days, the metamorphosis of an insect is nothing more than a repeated casting off of its external skin, the perfect insect existing all the while, in its proper form, beneath and within its different external wrappers. But surely, as Professor Rymer Jones remarks, it can be no more necessary to suppose the pre-existence of so many skins, in order to explain the moults of a caterpillar, and its subsequent changes to a chrysalis and a butterfly, than to imagine that we ourselves have several skins one beneath the other, because, when the cuticle is removed by the application of a blister, a new layer of epidermis is again and again renewed.

The error arises from a mistaken idea, that the metamorphosis of the insect is something singular and exceptional in the animal world, combined with a misconception as to the true nature of the epidermic investment. The proper explanation of the phenomena appears to be this, that the successive changes which the insect undergoes are, in principle, the same as obtain among most other creatures in their early embryonic stages; and that the repeated moults and changes of form are due to the living skin or cutis beneath the external epidermis gradually developing itself, and expanding into variously shaped organs, in accordance, in every case, with the law of being, if we may so speak, of each individual species. The popular notion is, no doubt, by far the most attractive of the two; but, unfortunately, nature and truth do not always square with our ingenious fancies, which injure quite as often as they advance the cause of science.

Let us pass, however, from this somewhat dry and abstruse topic to the history of an insect familiar to all our readers, and which has long occupied the attention of naturalists. The *aphides*, or plant lice, the "green fly" of the gardener, have as wonderful a history as any members of the insect tribes, and with a small expenditure of trouble our readers may trace the entire wonderful history for themselves. It appears that in autumn the swarms of aphides which infest our plants are composed of both male and female insects, which, after pairing, and the deposition of the eggs by the females for a fresh brood, speedily die. In the following spring, as soon as the sap begins to flow, the eggs, which survive all the rigors of winter, are hatched, and the young lice, beginning immediately to pump up sap from the tender leaves and shoots, rapidly increase in size, and soon come to maturity. In this state, it is found that the whole brood, without a single exception, consist of females, or, let us say, of individuals capable of reproducing their kind. In a short time these animals produce a second brood of females like themselves, which again give birth to a third brood of precisely the same description, and this process goes on throughout the summer without the appearance of a single male insect. In the autumn, however, insects of both sexes are again produced, and the females deposit eggs to continue the species in the same manner through the next summer.

This extraordinary mode of reproduction has naturally excited great attention, and several theories have been advanced to account for it. Reaumur endeavored to elude the difficulty altogether by asserting that aphides were androgynous; Leon Dufour referred the phenomena to spontaneous or equivocal generation; and Steenstrup, who gives the reproductive virgins the curious name of *ammen*, or wet nurses, treats the matter as an instance in support of his doctrine of the "alternation of generations." The latest authority on the subject is Dr. W. T. Burnett, who discusses the question, and gives the result of his own personal observations, in an important paper, first published in "Silliman's American Journal" for January, 1854; and the conclusion to which this gentleman comes is, that a modification of the view put forth by Steenstrup is probably the correct one. It is quite clear, however, that much has yet to be done before the matter can be regarded as settled, and any enterprising entomologist may, if he will, turn to good account the little vermin which batten on his geraniums and calceolarias, by still further following up the subject.

Closely connected, if not in some respects identical, with this anomalous mode of reproduction among the aphides, is the phenomenon which has been designated *parthenogenesis*, or reproduction by virgins, which are indisputably true females. Professor Siebold, of Berlin, has greatly added to our knowledge of the insect wonders of this kind by his essay "On a True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees," a work which has recently been given to the English public in a translation by Mr. Dallas, one of our ablest entomologists. In this essay Professor Siebold announces the discovery of the remarkable fact, that a queen bee, which has never had her nuptial flight with a drone, will yet lay fertile eggs, such eggs, however, invariably producing drone bees alone. It is only after the nuptial flight that the queen bee is able to lay the eggs of either sex at pleasure. One chapter of the book is devoted to a record of cases in which virgin females of the silk-worm moth have been known to deposit fertile eggs; but the moths among which this mode of reproduction chiefly prevails, are a curious race of tiny crea-

tures, whose caterpillars construct for themselves movable cases of earth, or stems of grass, in which they undergo their transformations, and which also serve as dwelling-places for the wingless females, by which these moths are all distinguished. The males of these insects appear to be singularly disproportionate in number to the females, the collector sometimes rearing hundreds of the larvæ without obtaining anything but the same invariable wingless females; and it is probably designed as in some sort a compensatory provision for the continuation of the race, that the females are endowed with this extraordinary power of virgin reproduction. Professor Siebold was struck by observing the violent impulse by which the female moths, very soon after their exclusion from the pupæ, were impelled to deposit their eggs; but he continues, "If I had wondered at the zeal for oviposition in these husbandless *Solenobiæ*, how was I astonished when all the eggs of these females, of whose virgin state I was most positively convinced, gave birth to young caterpillars, which looked about with the greatest assiduity in search of materials for the manufacture of their little cases." It only remains for us to add, that, as in the instance of the "wet nurses" among the aphides, the female moths continue their reproductive power through several successive generations.

In the classification of insects, the wings, which, as Professor Owen remarks, are "the grand and characteristic endowment" of the tribe, serve as the basis for their distribution into separate orders. It is not necessary here to go into the details of the classifications generally adopted, though it will not be out of place to mention briefly some of the more prominent divisions. The moths to which we have just been referring constitute, with the butterflies, the order *Lepidoptera*, or scale-winged insects; the so-called down or feathers with which the wings of these insects are clothed being nothing less than an almost infinite number of beautiful symmetrically formed scales attached to the membrane of the wing in regular rows, like the slates or tiles covering the roof of a house. "The sharp-bone beetle" and his allies form the *Coleoptera*, or sheath-winged order, the said "shards," in all their endless variety, being literally the sheaths or shields under which the real organs of flight are neatly folded up when not on "active service." Bees, wasps, ichneumon flies, and the like, have simple membraneous wings, and are therefore the *Hymenoptera;* the dragon-fly with its gauzy wings, the frail ephemera, and others of the kind, form the *Neuroptera*, or nerve-winged order; and so on; the number, nature, or degree of development of the organs of flight being the guide throughout for the arrangement of the mighty host of animated forms which constitute what is fitly termed "the insect world."

One of the few insects which do not readily fall into rank and file in the ordinary systems of classification is that little rogue, often very well known where his acquaintance is never acknowledged, the common flea. *Pulex irritans* is his name; and very irritating fellows they are generally allowed to be; though that genial old lady, mentioned by Kirby and Spence, who thought them "the prettiest little merry things in the world," appears to have regarded them with great favor. It has often occurred to us, by the way, that the old lady above mentioned must be the same that is referred to in another part of the "Introduction," who declared she could always hear when a flea walked over her nightcap, and that it clicked as it went along, as if walking on pattens!

If there be any one insect more than another which deserves to be called the universal favorite, it is surely the honey-bee. Little children sing about it in the nursery; it is an everlasting theme with those grown-up children the poets; and, as we have already seen, the philosophers find in it abundant scope for their profoundest study. It ranges at large over the New World as well as the Old; everywhere known, and everywhere an object of interest, and even affection. "A bee among the flowers in spring," says Paley, "is one of the cheerfulest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; *so busy and so pleased.*"

Next to the honey-bee, the best-known members of the tribe are doubtless the humble-bees. They are all social insects, and live in communities, consisting, as in the case of the honey-bee, of males, females, and workers, the number of individuals in each nest being small, however, in comparison with the teeming population of the hive, and never exceeding two or

three hundred. The nests of these insects are, for the most part, constructed on the surface of the ground, in meadows, pastures, and open woods, the material employed being moss, when the builders can get it, and when not, any convenient material that comes to hand. Mr. Smith mentions a case in which a knowing "foggie-bee," being hard driven for material for her domicile, repaired to a stable, and gathering up little bundles of the short hair which had been curried from the horses, set about composing her nest entirely of horse-hair. In the case of some of the humble-bees, the nests are built under ground; and this difference in habit is marked, it seems, by a great difference in the spirit of the architects, for while the above-ground builders exhibit very little courage or pugnacity, the dwellers below defend their nests with much resolution.

The solitary bees exhibit great diversity of taste in respect to the matter of house-building. In the pleasant pages of Kirby and Spence they stand arranged as clothier-bees, carpenter-bees, mason-bees, upholsterer-bees, and leaf-cutting-bees; to which ample list of bee-tradesmen, Mr. Rennie, in his "Insect Architecture," very properly adds the mining-bees. These designations are of course somewhat fanciful, though there is sufficient foundation in fact to allow of their use; and there is this further resemblance between the human and the bee worker, that when one trade, from local circumstances, fails, or cannot be followed, the industrious insect can easily, as the industrious man, turn his hand to another—the carpenter become mason, or the mason miner. In the situations chosen for the construction of the nest, and the manner in which the latter is formed, there is an almost endless diversity. The mining-bees form their excavations very commonly in the sunny sides of cliffs and sand-banks, or in hard and beaten pathways—this latter fact having been noticed so long ago as the days of Homer. The carpenter-bees tunnel out old posts and railings, or the decaying trunks of trees. The masons build their nests within the boles of trees and the cracks of walls, and sometimes in such curious places as the empty shells of snails, that lie half-buried in hedge-banks. Some of the smaller species tunnel out the pith of bramble-stems; while others find a convenient abode in the hollow tubes of straw thatch. No place that can in any way be made available comes amiss; and he "who loves to hear the wild-bees' hum," and follows them in their various haunts, to study the details of their history, will often be struck with their strange and wonderful devices in obviating difficulties, and accommodating themselves to circumstances.

In the course of the past summer, we discovered a most singular habit of one of the carpenter-bees, which, it appears, has never before been observed. The bee in question is a little fellow, with a thin, elongated body, and rejoices in the name of *Chilostoma florisomne*, which, however frightful it may look in entomological Latin, is both pretty and appropriate when rendered into English as the "lip-mouthed flower-sleeper." The first part of this name speaks for itself, and the second is thus explained: Our little bee is of a convivial turn, and is given to staying out of nights. At times, therefore, of a summer evening, instead of returning home to the old post or rail in which its nest is tunneled out, it betakes itself, with some half dozen boon companions, to a capacious dandelion, and there makes a night of it. The darkness coming on, the flower, of course, shuts up; and then the boozy company, huddled up together, have to pass the night as best they can. In early morning, when the flowers are first opening to the sunshine, you may often light upon these little knots of topers, in that stupid, half-awake condition which plainly warns you they have had a jovial night. The thing is of constant occurrence, and hence the name the little tipplers bear.

Now for our discovery, which relates, indeed, to another, and still stranger manner in which this little bee sometimes passes the midnight hours. In searching along a hedge-row one afternoon, we came upon a spot where we observed a number of small bees flying about a dead bush of hawthorn, which had been thrust into the hedge to stop a gap, and some old posts close by, which were thickly perforated with their holes. Looking closely at the dead and leafless bush, we were surprised at seeing a considerable number of the bees impaled, apparently, on the points of the thorns; but a nearer inspection showed us that the little fellows were not impaled, but voluntarily holding on to the thorn-points with their mandibles, their bodies being held out straight and rigid, and their

legs folded placidly beneath. Our presence in no way interrupted them, and continual fresh arrivals at the bush came and settled within a few inches of us. It was a curious spectacle, and we watched it intently. The little fellows all assumed their attitude of repose in the same manner, first alighting on a twig of the bush, then getting on the chosen thorn, with their heads toward the point, and when at the very extremity, turning themselves round, seizing the point with their mandibles, and stretching out their bodies straight and stiff. It was getting late, and, suspecting the insects were settling themselves for the night, we visited them again early the following morning, when, to our astonishment, the thorns were still bristling with bees, that had apparently remained motionless throughout this night, still holding on by their jaws alone! We wrenched off a twig with a dozen of the bees attached to it, and yet not one of them relaxed its hold: we held it up, swung it as we went along, and still they held on, and kept their bodies out as rigid as before!

The weather, we should observe, was cold and windy; and thinking that possibly the determined inactivity of the insects was thus to be accounted for, we took a twig, with some of them attached to it, into a warm room, when they almost immediately relaxed their hold, and began to walk about. But, on removing the twig quickly to an empty fire-place, where the insects were exposed to a constant current of cold air, they immediately attached themselves as before, and remained without moving for upward of thirty hours!

No order of insects, perhaps, exhibits a greater variety of forms and and of corresponding habits than the *Coleoptera*, or beetle tribe, not including, however, the so-called black-beetle, which in reality is not a beetle at all, but a near connection of the cricket and the grasshopper. In exchange for the "black beetle," the coleopterist claims the glow-worm, which is his of right, with a good many of the "fire-flies" of tropic lands. It is now pretty well known that it is the female glow-worm alone that lights up the little lamp to be seen in our hedgerows in summer, although the poets have very commonly assigned the function to the male. Thus Shakspeare has:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale *his* ineffectual fire."

And Rogers, again, in his verses on the fire-flies of the Tusculan groves, in his poem "Italy," gives us "him" and "his" throughout in his references to the glow-worm. Both Montgomery and Moore, however, give the lady beetle the credit that is her due, and doubtless assign the true reason for the display, when, as the former says, she lights her lamp

"To captive her favorite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark."

The two sexes of this insect differ greatly from each other in appearance; the female —*the* glow-worm—being a wingless, elongate, soft-bodied creature, possessed, however, of six legs, and in other respects very unlike a "worm;" while the male is a true beetle, endowed with wings and wing-cases of ample size, but able to emit only a very faint light in comparison with that of his more brilliant mate. We have two of these insects which flew to us one summer night while sitting with a lamp at an open window, the little rovers having doubtless been attracted by the light, mistaking it possibly for an unusual display on the part of some fair lady.

It is a pity to say anything ungracious about a little creature so wrapped up in poetical associations and pleasant memories as the glow-worm, and yet the truth must be told. It feeds, then, good reader —not on violets and primroses, nor even on the common greenery of the hedgerows —but on flesh—the flesh of snails; and eats it most voraciously! Well may we say with Mr. Douglas: Let us draw a vail over the scene, and, as with some examples of human genius, be content with the ultimate luster, without inquiring into the minutiæ of its origin and support.

The pleasures of entomology are only half enjoyed by the stay-at-home student. In order to know what the delights of the science really are, one must go forth a-field, and study the busy tribes in their own proper homes; and there is this additional advantage in so doing, that, besides attaining his special object, in the observation or collecting of insects, the entomologist enjoys, as few others can, the beautiful scenes among which he plies his vocation. It is quite true, "Fortune and Nature are earnest females, though popular beauties; and they do not look upon coquettish trifiers in the light of genuine wooers."

CULLED FLOWERS.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

CUDWORTH was an eminent preacher and a devoted and self-sacrificing laborer in Christ's vineyard, in the days of Cromwell. There is a quaint beauty in his style, which will never become obsolete, and there runs through all his writings a vein of chastened piety that will never cease to refresh and invigorate. On the subject of

CHRISTIAN ZEAL

he has some thoughts no less pertinent to the present day than to the time in which he lived, to our own readers than to the House of Commons before whom they were delivered:

Let us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his Gospel, which is nothing else than our own stormy and tempestuous passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls fire from heaven to consume those that differ a little from us in their own apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning which philosophers speak of, that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doth any hurt; it only quickeneth, warmeth, and enliveneth us; but if we once let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh, and kindle our corrupt nature, and set the house of our body on fire, it is no longer zeal, it is no heavenly fire, but a most destructive and devouring thing. True zeal is like the vital heat in us, that we live upon, which we never feel to be angry or troublesome; but though it greatly feed upon the radical oil within us, that sweet balsam of our natural moisture, yet it lives lovingly with it, and maintains that by which it is fed.

JEREMY TAYLOR has been styled the poet of the pulpit, and although there are well-grounded doubts as to his orthodoxy on some points of the Christian faith, the exuberant beauty of his style will always secure for him hosts of admiring readers. We string together a few passages from his pages:

MAN'S INEVITABLE PORTION.

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honor.

COVETOUSNESS.

Covetousness pretends to heap much together for fear of want; and yet after all his pains and purchase, he suffers that really which at first he feared vainly; and by not using what he gets, he makes that suffering to be actual, present, and necessary, which in his lowest condition was but future, contingent, and possible. It stirs up the desire, and takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It increases the appetite, and will not content it. It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God: making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor his oil to make his own countenance cheerful: but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable, and, like the dish-makers of China, may leave a greater heap of dirt for his nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass carried wood and sweet herbs to the baths, but was never washed or perfumed himself: he heaped up sweets for others, while himself was filthy with smoke and ashes.

BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

So have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular swigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the winepress, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy bunches, and made accounts of that loss of blood by the return of fruit. So is an afflicted province cured of its surfeits, and punished for its sins, and bleeds for its long riot, and is left ungoverned for its disobedience, and chastised for its wantonness; and when the sword hath let forth the corrupted blood, and the fire hath purged the rest, then it enters into the double joys of restitution, and gives God thanks for his rod, and confesses the mercies of the Lord in making the smoke to be changed into fire, and the cloud into a perfume, the sword into a staff, and his anger into mercy.

THE PRESENT DAY.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day," said Christ, "is the evil thereof." Sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. To reprove this instrument of discontent, the ancients feigned, that in hell stood a man twisting a rope of hay, and still he twisted on, suffering an ass to eat up all that was fin-

lished: so miserable is he who thrusts his passions forward toward future events, and suffers all that he may enjoy to be lost and devoured by folly and inconsideration, thinking nothing fit to be enjoyed but that which is not, or cannot be had.

UNPROFITABLE QUESTIONS.

THERE is no end to quotations from FULLER, and little weariness in reading them. He is sententious, epigrammatic, and pointed. Withal, there is in him an abundance of that staple article the rarity of which makes the phrase by which we designate it common sense something like a misnomer. The character here graphically described is not unknown even at the present day:

He keeps a register of many difficult places of Scripture; not that he desires satisfaction therein, but delights to puzzle divines therewith; and counts it a great conquest when he hath posed them. Unnecessary questions out of the Bible are his most necessary study; and he is more curious to know where Lazarus's soul was the four days he lay in the grave than careful to provide for his own soul when he shall be dead.

THE EXPULSIVE POWER OF A NEW AFFECTION.

THE phrase originated with Dr. Chalmers, and is thus illustrated by HENRY ROGERS:

You remember the coachman who said to the gentleman on the box, "Do you see that off leader there, sir?" "Yes, what of him?" "He always shies when he comes to that 'ere gate. I must give him something to think on." No sooner said than up went the whirling thong, and came down full of its sting on the skittish leader's haunches. He had something else to think on, no time for panic, or affected panic, and flew past the gate like lightning. If we can but give youth, in time, "something else to think on," we may keep out of their minds, by pre-occupation, more evil than we can ever directly expel. One of the essential properties of *matter* may be said to be also one of the essential properties of *mind*, impenetrability. It is as impossible that two thoughts can co-exist in the same mind at the same time, as that two particles of matter can occupy the same space.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

THOSE who have attempted it know how difficult a thing it is to write, not childish verses, but poetry for children; and those who have not tried it may infer the same fact from the exceedingly small number of juvenile hymns that are to be found in the language. Hitherto, and judging from the past, so it will continue, the name of Isaac Watts stands pre-eminent, *solus per se*, in this department of literature. From a genial tribute to his memory in the *North British Review*, we take this estimate of his labors for the lambs of the flock:

The last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathizing reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the glory of April and May!" And cross, and lazy, and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

A SON OF CONSOLATION.

So have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

DANIEL WEBSTER, referring to his own lowly origin and his birthplace, gave utterance to sentiments which did him honor, and which will find a responsive echo in many hearts:

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it

an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none who then inhabited it, are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.

DOING RIGHT WITHOUT KNOWING IT

Is not very common; but DR. MOORE, in his work entitled "Man and his Motives," relates the following:

A society of philanthropists endeavored to encourage deeds of charity and virtue among the Pawnee Indians. They found a young man of that tribe who had daringly signalized himself by rescuing a young woman from an awful death. While she was surrounded by her intended executioners, he rushed into the midst of them, and bearing her away to a spot where he had placed a fleet horse, he escaped with her before they had time to recover from their surprise. It might be supposed that a sense of that injustice with which a number of warriors were about to expiate some small offense in their helpless victim, moved him to this noble deed; but when the philanthropists presented this young warrior with a silver medal for his reward, he exclaimed, "*I did not know that I did right!*" In short, his conscience had only condemned him for interfering with the cruel usages of his savage countrymen; and the only excuse he had to offer for his daring deed was the sufficiently manly one, that he wanted a wife.

THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

THE amiable condescension and patronizing airs of the great vulgar are admirably hit off in the simple verses which follow. They are from an anonymous volume recently published in London:

"Good-night, Sir Rook," said a little Lark;
"The daylight fades, it will soon be dark;
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow: good-night, Sir Rook."

"*Good-night, poor Lark*," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

"I open'd my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard—
And said to myself, what a foolish bird.

"I trod the park with a princely air;
I fill'd my crop with the richest fare;
I caw'd all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone full on my ebon wing;
I look'd and wonder'd; poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

CHARITY.

NOT a new thought, indeed, but strikingly expressed, and worthy of more than one perusal, are these lines by SIDNEY DOBELL:

The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give.
No soil so sterile and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In household odors. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, *so* have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's good will.

The National Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

OURSELVES.—The past year has been one of severe trial to all classes of the community, and most especially to the publishers of periodicals. When the necessity for retrenchment has been so general it is not a matter of wonder that subscriptions to newspapers and magazines have been discontinued; nor are we disposed to murmur that with some of our own readers we have been obliged to part company. We trust it will be but for a season, and that with returning prosperity we shall again greet them with our monthly visits. In the meantime, is it too much to ask those who take an interest in THE NATIONAL that they will aid the publishers by an effort to extend its circulation? We have scarcely a subscriber who could not, with a little effort, if so disposed, procure the name of a friend or neighbor, and more than one, perhaps, to whose family circle our monthly visits would afford rational amusement and profitable instruction. We have no special agents devoted to this work, and our publishers choose not to descend to the system of puffing advertisements, so common with many of our cotemporaries. If the Magazine has not sufficient merit to make its own way without resorting to mere tricks of the trade and purchased eulogies, which may be had to any extent, if paid for, they think, and in this we agree with them, that it would be better to discontinue its publication altogether.

THEATRICAL TENDENCIES.—We see it stated in a religious paper that in one or more of the churches in Boston they have a method of

"sanctifying the drama" by the production of juvenile performances, in which Sunday-school children, in appropriate costume, appear upon the stage. A burlesque farce was enacted on one occasion, it is said, and was received with boisterous applause, "clapping, shouting, and stamping;" and this upon a Sabbath evening! We know nothing of the facts in the case, but suppose them to be correctly stated, and would submit to those who have the charge of Sunday schools, whether the practice of annual exhibitions, in which orations are delivered, dialogues spoken, and characters assumed, is not likely to lead to these results, and to foster in the youthful mind a love for theatrical representations on a larger scale. It is, indeed, questionable whether "speaking pieces," even when no fictitious character is assumed, has any appropriate place in a Sunday-school exhibition. It is most certain that oratory is not one of the studies in which the little ones are supposed to be engaged on the Lord's day; and it would seem to follow that such displays before a public congregation are calculated to create a false impression as to what is really taught in the Sabbath school, and are an exhibition rather of what is not than of what is; in a word, shams. If public displays are indispensable, and the children must be brought before the congregation, the exercises should be such as would give a truthful representation of what they actually learn. Singing, Bible-class lessons, recitations from the Scriptures, and answers to catechetical questions are appropriate; and if they cannot be made sufficiently attractive to bring out a congregation and to excite an interest, we incline to the opinion that it would be better for all concerned, and especially for the children, to dispense with "exhibitions" altogether.

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THE SLAVE-TRADE. — The *Yorkville (S. C.) Inquirer*, urging that the restoration of the foreign slave-trade shall be the next measure of democratic progress, declares that if the North objects the Union shall be dissolved. That settles the question; Congress must legalize the slave-trade at once.

"We are glad," says the *Southern Reveille*, "to see a growing feeling in favor of re-opening the slave-trade. We have averred our willingness, long since, to see it once more open, provided it can be legalized, and at a future day we shall take up the subject fully. Great policy, and great humanity, and Christianity, and civilization all sustain a legalized African slave-trade, and the time is nearly at hand for it."

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PARCHMENT-PAPER. — Paper is one of those substances of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the value and importance. How wonderful is it to reflect that, as the material productions of the soil, and the sustentation of life, depend mainly on the agency of animal and vegetable refuse, so one of our greatest comforts and conveniences, one of the most powerful agents in the advance of intellectual, social, and moral improvement, derives its origin from a no more dignified source than a pulp composed of old rags!

The merits of paper are known to all; but it still has its defects. It is not strong enough or durable enough for important legal documents; and its fragility renders it incapable of bearing the wear and tear of the school-room or lending library, in the shape of books, maps, etc. To remedy the former of these deficiencies, recourse is had to the skin of the sheep in the form of parchment; but for the latter there has been as yet no resource; at least none before the discovery which it is our purpose to introduce to our readers.

We are so accustomed to wonderful things now-a-days that we seem almost to expect them in regular succession from month to month; still, our admiration is excited when we are told that a very cheap and simple process will give to paper the tenacity and toughness hitherto sought in parchment alone. The assertion rests upon authority to which we feel bound to defer as fully competent in such matters.

The only thing necessary for this purpose is, to provide a bath, in the form of some wide shallow dish, composed of dilute sulphuric acid, in the proportion of two parts of acid to one of soft water. The paper is drawn rapidly through this liquid, and immediately washed in fresh water, to remove the superfluous acid.

This, when dry, is called "parchment-paper;" and if science will accept a term from us, the process might be called "membranization." It appears that, under the influence of the acid, the fibers of the paper suffer some sort of contraction, so that they lay hold of one another, and cling together on some new principle of cohesion; we are not disposed to think that any chemical change takes place.

It is asserted that a ring of this kind of paper has actually sustained a greater weight than one of the same size of thin parchment. This being so, it is clear that a great economy may take place in the preparation of legal documents, and in the books and other requisites exposed to rough handling; for the process of membranization is so simple, and the material used in it so cheap, that if done on the grand scale at the paper-mills, the extra cost will be quite a *minimum*. Perhaps this may occupy a place in the cheap literature questions of our day.

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SYMPATHY.—It was probably a hard saying to the Pharisees that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." And certain ingenious philosophers of our own day must surely take offense at a joy so entirely out of correspondence with arithmetical proportion. But a heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another; that has "learned pity through suffering," is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the "balance of happiness," "doctrine of compensations," and other short and easy methods of obtaining thorough complacency in the presence of pain; and for such a heart that saying will not be altogether dark. The emotions are but slightly influenced by arithmetical considerations; the mother, when her sweet lisping little ones have all been taken from her one after another, and she is hanging over her last dead babe, finds small consolation in the fact that the tiny dimpled corpse is but one of a necessary average, and

that a thousand other babes brought into the world at the same time are doing well, and are likely to live; and if you stood beside that mother; if you knew her pang and shared it, it is probable you would be equally unable to see a ground of complacency in statistics. Doubtless a complacency resting on that basis is highly rational; but emotion is obstinately irrational; it insists on caring for individuals; it absolutely refuses to adopt the quantitative view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set-off against twelve miserable lives, which leaves a clear balance on the side of satisfaction. This is the inherent imbecility of feeling, and one must be a great philosopher to have got quite clear of all that, and to have emerged into the serene air of pure intellect, in which it is evident that individuals really exist for no other purpose than that abstractions may be drawn from them, abstractions that may arise from heaps of ruined lives like the sweet savor of a sacrifice in the nostrils of philosophers, and of a philosophic Deity. And so it comes to pass that for the man who knows sympathy because he has known sorrow, that old, old saying about the joy of angels over the repentant sinner outweighing their joy over the ninety-nine just, has a meaning which does not jar with the language of his own heart. It only tells him that for angels, too, there is a transcendent value in human pain, which refuses to be settled by equations; that the eyes of angels, too, are turned away from the serene happiness of the righteous to bend with yearning pity on the poor erring soul wandering in the desert where no water is; that for angels, too, the misery of one casts so tremendous a shadow as to eclipse the bliss of ninety-nine.

FEAST ON HORSEFLESH. — The letter which follows, as the reader will see, is from a correspondent who has some right to speak on the subject of dietetics. His statement of the facts in the case is correct, whatever may be thought of his inferences:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The *Union Médicale*, a French paper, contains an account of a dinner prepared not long ago by M. Renault, the well-known, very learned, and highly esteemed head director of the veterinary school at Alfort, to which were invited M. Debout, editor of the *Bulletin de Thérapeutique*, M. Robinet, Professor Bouley, and M. Reynal, of the Medical Academy; Professor Barrol, the chemist; two head *employés* at the ministry of commerce, and two or three other persons.

M. Renault, it is said, was far enough from being at his maiden essay, having that very morning breakfasted upon some horse liver, which he declared exquisite. Of his guests, however, only one of them had ever partaken of the food whose merits they were met to discuss and decide upon.

It is but fair to say, in the preliminaries, that the animal of which they were invited to partake, and which was to serve as the basis of the experiment, was by no means in the best imaginable condition, having been, at the time of its demise, twenty-three years old, and paralyzed in the hind legs; and though in other respects quite healthy and very fat, not likely to furnish as good eating as a younger and more tender animal.

The particulars concerning this feast on horse flesh are thus related in a British paper, the *Manchester Guardian*, and are no less curious than interesting:

"M. Renault had combined his dinner scientifically, placing by the side of each specimen of horseflesh the corresponding one in good plain beef. To each person was served a plate of horse soup, while another plateful of beef soup was carried to each, in order that he might compare. The victory was unanimously given to the horseflesh, which was declared to be of precisely the same taste, but richer, stronger, more gelatinous, and more capable of concentration.

"Next came the bouilli of horse and of beef. Some of your readers may require to be told how capital an article of food this is in French families; and what it is, in fact. It is the meat from which the soup for two (or even three) days has been made and drawn off, which is then extracted from the classically called *pot au feu*, and left to grow cold, while the liquid it has furnished, on the contrary, goes on gently stewing, and perpetually reducing to what is termed *consommé*. The great art of a cook is to draw off the meat from the soup the instant the former has yielded what it can yield, and before it grows tough and stringy. In this way the bouilli, with accompaniments of sauces, vegetables, or Italian pastes, is a really excellent thing, and an indispensable dish in French households, even of the upper class.

"Well, here the horseflesh was found inferior. That is, as M. de Latour says: 'I have often eaten a much better bouilli; but I have hundreds of times also eaten a much worse one.' It would appear that this specimen of horseflesh was only on a level with beef of a second-rate quality, not with that of the first rate.

"Two reasons may account for this; first, the age of the horse, and this might be only an individual instance; or it may be that horseflesh is of a more easily expansive nature than beef, and gives out more quickly and more entirely, its juices under the process of boiling. This would then be a generic fault, and would preclude the meat of the horse from being nutritious, after soup had been made from it.

"The banquet closed with a fine, fat, thick fillet of horse, larded and dressed as they dress here roe venison, namely, plunged for a few days into a preparation of salt, spices, herbs, onions, Madeira, and a dash of vinegar, and then roasted, a most 'delicate device,' be it noticed, and one which no real gourmet ever forgets when he has once tried it.

"The fillet of horse was triumphantly welcomed, and voted super excellent. Tender, juicy, fat, high flavored, more delicate than the stag, more melting than the roe, more 'gamy' than beef. It was unanimously pronounced to be a great discovery, an immense addition to the pleasures of the table, a sort of mixture between venison, hare, and butcher's meat. Every guest present, it seems, begged that the cook might have orders to cut off a good slice, and that each might carry it home into his own family, and make the female inmates of his house judges, in their turn, of its excellence."

Thus it comes to pass, or at least seems *coming* to pass, what our knowing ones have always said *ought* to come to pass, that everything is or may be eaten which was seen by Peter in his famous vision of the sheet let down by its four corners from the heavens, not excepting the snail and certain vermin on the one hand, and the goose, pig, and nobler horse on the other. Every manner of four-footed beast, and all sorts of creeping things were there; and Peter was required, and why not all the world after him? to eat them. It does not appear, by the way, that any of the genus *homo* were present to the eye of Peter in his vision; so that the human race are yet safe from human depredation, a few in the land of acknowledged cannibalism alone excepted. W. A. ALCOTT.

BLOWING FROM GUNS AT PESHAWUR. — With wonderful coolness an eye-witness relates this piece of terrible vengeance:

"It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square were drawn up the guns, (nine-pounders,) ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners, under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square, their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment: they were then marched round the square and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out; their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The port-fires were lighted, and at a signal from the artillery-major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then

met the eye; a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground, fragments of Hindoos and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face: a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenance of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths. Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unfalteringly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern."

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Honest Poverty.—M. de Prony inhabited one of the most populous and unwholesome *quartiers* of the capital, in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert. Every morning he went out, as soon as daybreak came in upon him, and seldom was it that on his way he did not meet an old man and woman, arm in arm, walking slowly, and carrying, the one in the right hand and the other with the left hand, a red herring by a string. It was the dinner of these honest folks, who dated from the time of the *Regence*, who had infatuated themselves with their sumptuosity, and whom the revolutions had ruined "*des pieds à la tête*," as say the people in their picturesque language. For the space of four years M. de Prony was daily present, so to say, at the feast of these two octogenarians; they had both the one and the other a great look of dignity in their misfortune, and he had never dared offer them the least token of his interest and his esteem. Prony made an absence of several months' duration, for the purpose of a scientific inspection. He returned to Paris, and took to his same apartment and habits. But how great was his grief, when he descended the staircase for the first time, to behold the old woman alone clinging to the balusters, and holding but a single herring this time; when suddenly he stumbled against a body in the dark, having hitherto remained unperceived. "I crave pardon, sir," exclaimed a feeble, tremulous voice; "do not stir; pray wait an instant." "Why so?" "You would prevent me from dining." "I do not understand you." "Ah! you would perhaps trample on a fine red herring that I have just bought and chanced to let fall." "I will help you," said Prony, "if you will allow me," with a touching eagerness. The professor sought more with his hands than with his eyes after the dinner of the "lion" of the *Regence;* he at length found it, and, in restoring it to the old man, said to him, with a moved voice: "The little service that I render you constitutes your happiness, for by the side of your herring is a well-filled purse which you must also have let fall: judging from the sound of it, it is gold." "This purse does not belong to me," answered the unknown; "and I believe I have guessed your intentions." "You do not guess my thoughts, and you should believe me, for I speak the truth. Keep this purse; I shall advertise that we have found it, and if its owner should present himself, we will restore it to him." "Well, let it be so." The man of the *Regence* kept the purse. Two months afterward the law had caused his door to be forced open, for the reason that for some eight-and-forty hours neither he nor his wife had shown themselves in the street. The police entered. They were both dead of hunger, and the purse was found intact under the bolster of the bed! Honesty in living is more than a virtue, but then would that our language could enrich itself with a new word!

—

Leaving their Cognomen.—An American gentleman of common sense, now traveling in Europe, in commenting on the custom of Yankees, as all Americans are called abroad, cutting their names on rough stones, and leaving them in strange places, says:

"I have found Yankee names and initials cut, carved, and scrawled in the most unlooked-for places: upon the top of Mount Washington, upon the highest peak and deepest gorge of the Catskill, upon apparently inaccessible and dangerous points of Niagara, in the cathedrals at Montreal and Quebec, and at the summit of the fortifications at the latter place, and cut upon the bar of trees miles into the silent recesses of the forest; and the list might be extended, I presume, all over the known world; nay, I should not be at all surprised if John Smith's name were not found by some curious traveler carved upon the topmost stone of the great pyramid, or Jonathan Doolittle's initials cut into one of the eyeballs of the Sphinx."

—

Theaters.—The Rev. Mr. Barrett, a clergyman of the New Church, in a late discourse upon Recreations and Plays, quoted Swedenborg to prove that THERE ARE THEATERS IN HEAVEN. We give his quotation here:

"And to show how deeply inwrought into the healthy human soul is this love for amusements, and even for theatrical representations, Swedenborg assures us that good and heavenly-minded people do, at times, enjoy them in the other life. He says that even in heaven there are at times 'exhibited dramatic entertainments, representing various graces and virtues of moral life;' and that among the *dramatis personæ* are some inferior characters for the sake of relation."

It has been generally understood, according to the popular theology, that all actors go the other way; but now it appears that inferior characters are *occasionally* called up from below for the sake of variety and spice in the celestial plays!

—

Portrait of Miss Nightingale.—In his "Culinary Campaign," Soyer draws the following portrait of this truly noble young woman:

"She is rather high in stature, fair in complexion, and slim in person; her hair is brown, and is worn quite plain; her physiognomy is most pleasing; her eyes, of a bluish tint, speak volumes, and are always sparkling with intelligence; her mouth is small and well formed, while her lips act in unison, and make known the impression of her heart; one seems the reflex of the other. Her visage, as regards expression, is very remarkable, and one can almost anticipate by her countenance what she is about to say; alternately, with matters of the most grave import, a gentle smile passes radiantly over her countenance, thus proving her evenness of temper; at other times, when wit or pleasantry prevails, the heroine is lost in the happy, good-natured smile which pervades her face, and you recognize only the charming woman. Her dress is generally of a grayish or black tint; she wears a simple white cap, and often a rough apron."

SMALL CHANGE.

We have heard a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, that fits "an affair of honor" most capitally. Poor Incledon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offense to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer, accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying himself, one fine afternoon, at a noted hotel.

"Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him up, then," says Incledon.

"Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name in a very improper manner, and I have come to demand satisfaction."

After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself on one side of the room, began warbling Black-eyed Susan in his most delicious style. When he had finished:

"There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several thousands, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

—

Everybody who knows Major Jones is aware that he carries more modesty under his hat than cash in his porte-monnaie. A short time since a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in a piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck, and undertook to "choke him down." Jones made fight, and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time, Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents.

"Is that all you've got?"

"Every cent."

"What made you fight so long?"

"Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; but a great deal worse to have the world know it."

—

To Choose a Husband.—Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:

"On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, 'Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, 'What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'Take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him."

—

A HOODISH GEM.

The "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Scilly:"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "Furriers" to "Chili."
The little snarling, caroling "babes"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to "Baby-lon,"
To "Lap-land" or to "Brest."
From "Spit"-head "Cooks" go o'er to "Greece,"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
"Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."
"Spinsters" should to the "Needles" go,
"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy."
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the "Bay of "Fun"-dy;
"Bachelors" flee to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man."
Let "Gardeners" go to "Botany" Bay,
And "Shoe-blacks" to "Japan."
Thus emigrate—and mis-placed men
Will then no longer vex us,
And all who ain't provided for,
Had better go to "Texas."

—

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness, all the way from Rotterdam:

J. What's your native language?

W. I pe no native.

J. What is your mother tongue?

W. Ich hab no mudder, mynheer.

J. (in an irritable tone) What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?

W. I tid not speak no language in the cradle; I only cry in Dootch!"

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury, and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

—

A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he never could go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

—

A Disputed Question.—An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a nettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud-puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted

to his son who was standing by, "John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?" "Why no, dad; the hoss kicked you!" "Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly histed. *Taint me, John, for I'm here!*"

—

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a *board*, do you?" rejoined the wit; "then I see you are well provided with provision this trip, at all events!"

—

Frederic the Great was always fond of disputations; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist, and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed for an argument. He asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such convictions, and wears such *very thick boots!*"

—

A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl:
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammer'd, cough'd, and stutter'd;
But, somehow, nothing to the point had utter'd.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitch'd my chair up very close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She look'd as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her feet upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where;
I couldn't speak—the words were always choking;
I scarce could move; I seem'd tied to the chair;
I hardly breathed: 'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each pore came oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seem'd losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like, at that:
My doubts, like summer clouds, began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said, "Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once: the murder now was out,
The thing was all explain'd in half a minute;
She blush'd, and turning pussy-cat about,
Said, "Pussy, tell him 'yes;'" her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

—

DAN RICE AND THE BAD BILL.—Porter's *Spirit of the Times* tells a story of Dan Rice, which runs thus: Dan remitted in settlement of an account, to the publisher of a paper in the West, a three dollar bill, which was returned with the brief remark, "This note is counterfeit; please send another." It was two months before he heard from Dan again, when he apologized for the delay, saying that he had been unable till now to find another counterfeit three dollar bill, but he hoped that the one now inclosed would suit, professing at the same time his inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which he thought as good a counterfeit as he ever saw.

—

Dr. Backus bought a load of hay. It came to his barn drawn by a string of cattle. The forward yoke were poor, diminutive creatures, about a year old. He asked the farmer who drove them, what he put such things into his team for.

"To draw," said the farmer.

"To draw!" returned the doctor, "such things as those draw! Why, they couldn't draw Watts's Hymns for Infant Minds down hill!"

A report was in circulation that he had made a remark of very questionable propriety for a clergyman. One of his deacons, believing it to be a mistake, called on the doctor and asked him if he had ever made such a remark.

"Not that I remember," was the reply.

"Do you think," said the deacon, "that you ever *could* have made it?"

"Very likely I might," said the doctor; "*it sounds just like me.*"

—

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow." "'Cause one of the sneaky, plaguy things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with switches."

—

At the Woodbury plowing match, a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote: "Once having drained a field where nothing ever had grown before, I was standing near it looking at a crop I had there, when a neighboring farmer came up. We have one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them, in fact, came from Woodbury—(laughter)—but this is not the man I am speaking of—who came up and said to me, 'That is a bootiful crop; how did ee get it, sur?' I replied, 'Brains.' (Laughter.) 'Wat, manure the field wi' brains?' (More laughter.) The fact was, I had drained the field, so I said, 'Yes.' (Renewed laughter.) He replied, 'Lord, yer honor, where did ee get um?'" (Roars of laughter.)

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CLASSIC NAMES.—A Mormon elder, writing an account of his journey and companions to Utah, tells of preaching places in about the hardest string of names we ever encountered. He tells that he has visited and preached in the following places in Texas: Empty-bucket, Rake-pocket, Dough-plate, Bucksnort, Possum-trot, Buzzard-roost, Hardscrabble, Nippentuck, and Lickskillet, most of which, however, he says, are simply one-horse towns.

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The Journal of Commerce tells the following reply of a boy to his mother: "The father was of the *keep your children at a distance* class, and the boy, wanting a new suit, very naturally asked the mother to intercede for him. 'Why don't you ask your father yourself, my son?' said the mother. 'Why, mother, I would ask him, only I don't feel well enough acquainted with him,' was the reply."

A FINANCIAL CRY-SIS.

A gentleman dined with a friend one day,
And above he heard sobbing and crying;
He inquired of his friend in an anxious way,
"If there was any one sick or dying?"

"O, no," he replied, and smiling his best,
While they were discussing their ices,
"I've just refused Helen a new silk dress,
And produced a financial cry-sis!"

ANECDOTE OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.—The following anecdote we heard related many years ago; but as it has been brought forward in "Rogers's Table Talk," and as it may be new to the majority of our readers, we give it *in extenso*:

"A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterward, he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered at what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel. 'Speak to the landlord civilly; tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me.'

"He did so, and returned to his legal friend.

"'And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again; but how is that to be done?'

"'Go ask him for it when he is alone,' said the counsel.

"'Ay, sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid.'

"'Never mind, take my advice,' said the counsel; 'do as I bid you, and return to me.'

"The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

"'Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am better off.'

"'Well, then,' said the counsel, 'now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.'

"We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket."

Recent Publications.

The Harmony of the Divine Dispensations. By GEORGE SMITH, F.A.S., etc. In a series of discourses, Mr. Smith, already favorably known as an author, discusses the spirituality, efficacy, and harmony of God's revelations to man. He aims to show and to elucidate the substantial unity of the three dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian. In his own language:

"Each discourse is founded on an important portion of Holy Scripture. The letter and the subject of the text are illustrated by all the means which he could command, from ancient history, antiquarian research, Oriental discovery, and philological investigation. And the sense thus elicited is applied to the exposition of the great economy of grace, both in respect to the harmony of the manifestations of Divine truth to mankind in all ages, and the operation of saving grace in the hearts of individual Christians."

The work is preceded by a brief commendatory introduction from the pen of Dr. Whedon, and in typographical appearance is all that could be desired—a beautiful octavo volume, of three hundred pages, from the press of *Carlton & Porter*.

Gould & Lincoln have issued a first and second series of *Essays in Biography and Criticism*. By PETER BAYNE, M.A. Some of the papers are now published for the first time, but the greater portion was contributed to an Edinburgh magazine, and are here reproduced with variations and amendments. Mr. Bayne is a pleasing writer, and a keen critic. He deals, for the most part, tenderly with the subjects of his dissecting knife; and the reader, even when dissenting from his opinions, is obliged to acknowledge the ability with which he puts them forth, the felicity of his style, and his manifest honesty of purpose. Not merely as specimens of his manner, but as practically suggestive, and as affording food for thought, we append a few extracts. Take his illustration of what he calls the phenomenon so tragically common in these days of "passion conquering genius, and quenching the heaven-soaring flame in its own foul ashes:"

"Mirabeau, Burns, and Byron, to go no further, seem to me to present a spectacle now under the sun. These all had iron constitutions. Physically speaking, they were good for the whole of the threescore years and ten. Yet all three were laid in the dust in the prime of their years; and whatever the palliations we may admit, or the qualifications we may make, it remains a simple fact that they were, in too literal a sense, their own murderers. No cowardly feebleness, no false humility, no 'haunting admiration of the grandeur of disordered power,' no accursed 'hero-worship,' ought to be permitted to stifle in us the still small voice which proclaims the awful magnitude of this sin. God and nature affirm the declaration of that still small voice; affirm it in the fevered frame, the burning brow, the early grave; and we are weak, blind, or rebellious, if we do not acknowledge the fact and learn the lesson."

Of Wordsworth Mr. Bayne, while he admits that he shed over the natural world a sympathy more loving, tender, thoughtful, saintly, than had ever been cast over it by any poet, he says:

"But it would be highly absurd to permit it to blind us to the obvious, radical, and demonstrable defects of Wordsworth's poetry. His mind was irremediably wanting in all those qualities which give keenness and intensity to emotion, rapidity and practical force to thought, terseness and brilliancy to style. The absence from his mental composition of any sense of wit or humor was, in its completeness, scarcely human. If one may be pardoned the expression, his soul wanted crystallizing. Had you cleared his eye by one flash of that critical penetration which dwelt in the eye of Pope, had you edged his glance with one ray of that quick, piercing, caustic fire which belonged to Byron, how you would have enriched him! The value of wit, and of the critical faculty, is perhaps not so great to the world at large, as to their own possessor. They warn him, by silent, instinctive monitions, from the ridiculous, the childish, the inane. Such things as *The Seven Sisters* and *Ellen Irwin* are purely, perfectly, unapproachably bad. Parody is cheated by anticipation. We involuntarily exclaim, Every poet his own satirist! If a boy of nine had written *Ellen Irwin*, and died, it would hardly have been pardonable in his mother to publish it. No theory is here of any

avail; no arguing can make feebleness impressive, or render art synonymous with commonplace. But for original defect of mind, no theory could have blinded Wordsworth himself to the absurdity of such rigmarole. But not only was the want of wit, humor, and the critical faculty deplorably manifest in Wordsworth. An honest and searching criticism must explicitly allow that he possessed neither the penetrative and grasping imagination which seizes passion, nor the kindling, creative imagination which gives life and personification. Of this last power, which I believe to be the reflection in man, as the image of God, of the Divine creative energy, and to which can therefore, with no lack of reverence, be applied the term which, immediately, could be applied to God alone, there is scarcely an instance, if there is one, in the whole range of Wordsworth's poetry."

To Mrs. Barrett Browning the author gives the first place among the poets of her sex:

"Over all the domain of her poetry, over its central ranges, its quiet gardened valleys, its tinkling rills, falls a radiance of Gospel light. Ever, as her music rises to its noblest cadence, it seems taken up by an angel harp: the highest tone is as the voice of spirits. It would, I cannot doubt, be to their own sincere enjoyment and real profit, if the Christian public pressed boldly into the temple of Mrs. Browning's song. She is a Christian poetess, not in the sense of appreciating, like Carlyle, the loftiness of the Christian type of character, not in the sense of adopting, like Goethe, a Christian machinery for artistic self-worship, not even in the sense of preaching, like Wordsworth, an august but abstract morality, but in the sense of finding, like Cowper, the whole hope of humanity bound up in Christ, and taking all the children of her mind to him, that he may lay his hand on them and bless them. It is well that Mrs. Browning is a Christian. It is difficult, but possible, to bear the reflection, that many great female writers have rejected that Gospel which has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency; but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up, in faith and love, to that Eye which fell on Mary from the cross.

"The greatest woman of all! This is my firm and deliberate conviction. I am, of course, not acquainted with the works of all great female writers, perhaps not even of many. But, as you look toward the brow of a towering mountain, rising far over the clouds and crowned with ancient snow, you may have an assurance, even though it rises from a plain, or, if amid lower hills, though you have not actually taken the elevation of each, that in height it is peerless. In the poems of Mrs. Browning are qualities which admit of their being compared with those of the greatest men; touches which *only* the mightiest give. With the few sovereigns of literature, the Homers, Shakspeares, Miltons, she will not rank. But in full recollection of Scott's magical versatility, and bright, cheerful glow, of Byron's fervid passion and magnificent description, of Wordsworth's majesty, of Shelley's million-colored fancy, of Coleridge's occasional flights right into the sun-glare, of Bailey's marvelous exuberance, and of Tennyson's golden calm, I yet hold her worthy of being mentioned with any poet of this century. She has the breadth and versatility of a man, no sameliness, no one idea, no type character: our single Shakspearean woman. . . .

"'Woman, sister,' says Thomas De Quincy, 'there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant, not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?'

"Mrs. Browning has exalted her sex: this passage *was* true."

But our space is full, and other extracts must be deferred to a future opportunity.

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Everybody has heard of ORESTES A. BROWNSON and his ecclesiastical gyrations, and everybody who knows him has been wondering into what sheep-fold he would jump next. He started with Congregational tendencies; then became a member of the Presbyterian Church; grew tired of that in a little while; turned Universalist, and became a minister of that creed; then renounced it, and styled himself an unbeliever; when, as he tells us, he "felt like a new man." Mr. Owen then took hold of him, and Orestes became a "world reformer;" soon grew weary of Owen and Fanny Wright; "resumed preaching on his own hook, [we quote his own language,] as an independent preacher, responsible to no Church, sect, or denomination." Then he was "with the Unitarians" a while, and looked upon himself as the forerunner of some great teacher yet to come. "The truth is," he says, in relating this phase of his antics, "I was quite modest in claiming for myself only the part of the precursor, and many came to ask me if I was not myself a second Messias." They must have been quizzing him, but he relates it in all soberness as "the truth." At length Puseyism dawned upon him, and he greeted it "as the most important movement of the times." . . . "The Roman Catholics looked on, but said little; several of their clergy, as I have since learned, said mass for my conversion, and many, I have no doubt, in their prayers, recommended me to Our Lady!" Their "recommendation" was successful, and "Our Lady" took him into her service, and now he is "booked," that is, he has written a book, entitled *The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience*, wherein those who have sufficient curiosity for its perusal may find all these queer capers narrated with a self-complacency that is quite refreshing. Being now, as we have said, "booked," it is not probable that he will "change" again until his first edition is disposed of. As a specimen of his *Catholicity*—he is fond of that word—and as indicating his present position, we quote two short passages from his book. First, why is he now a Roman Catholic:

"He is a Catholic because he believes the Catholic Church the Church of God; because he believes her the medium through which God dispenses his grace to man, and through which alone we can hope for heaven."

Secondly, the reason, "the real reason" why "we," meaning thereby all who have the felicity to read his book, should tread in his illustrious footsteps:

"The real reason why we should become Catholics and remain such, is because she is the new creation, regenerated humanity; and without communion with her we can never see God as he is, or become united to him as our Supreme God in the supernatural order."

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The Life and Times of Aaron Burr. By J. PARTON. We freely accord to the biographer credit for his researches, and the praise of having made a very readable, indeed, a captivating book; and if it had been intended merely as a work of fiction our notice might stop here, but it professes to be history, veritable facts. In this sense it deserves condemnation, and the best that can be said of it is, that it cannot do much harm, for it is too late in the day to eulogize Aaron Burr. The special pleading of Mr. Parton, eloquent though it be, will not avail to set aside, or very greatly to modify the universal verdict long since pronounced against the murderer of Hamilton.

American Eloquence: a Collection of Speeches and Addresses by the most Eminent Orators of America; with Biographical Sketches and Illustrative Notes. By FRANK MOORE. In two large octavo volumes of about six hundred pages each, and in that faultless style of typography for which the *Messrs. Appleton* are noted, we have here specimens of the eloquence of about sixty of our country's greatest statesmen. Of these, Massachusetts was the birthplace of about one fourth, and nearly one fifth were Virginians. New York furnishes the next largest number, and then come South Carolina and Pennsylvania. Three of them were born in Scotland, and one, perhaps the most eloquent lawyer of the whole, (Emmet,) first saw the light in Ireland. The selections appear to have been made with good judgment, and there are many forensic and parliamentary speeches which have been hitherto inaccessible to the general reader. The engraved portraits, including those of James Otis, Patrick Henry, Fisher Ames, Hamilton, Governeur Morris, Emmet, Marshall, Pinkney, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and others, are in the highest style of the art, and greatly enhance the attractiveness of the volumes. Mr. Moore's biographical sketches are brief and satisfactory, and his analytical index at the close is full, and just what all similar works ought to be furnished with, more especially those which are destined, as this is, to occupy a permanent place in the library, and to be used as books of reference.

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Books on Mental Philosophy are alike numerous and unsatisfactory. He who thinks for himself is very likely to have crotchets of his own, and therefore to be dissatisfied with the conclusions reached by others. As is well said by Professor HAVEN, in a recently published volume entitled *Mental Philosophy, including the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will*, it is much easier to decide what a work on mental science ought to be than to produce such a work. Availing himself of the labors of his predecessors, and giving scope to his own analytical powers, Mr. Haven has produced a volume containing, indeed, some things to which objections more or less plausible may be urged, but which, for the vivacity of its style and the pertinency of its illustrations, will be a favorite text-book for students. What is better than all, the author is evidently conscientious, and those who differ from him will be constrained to award him the praise of ingenuousness and candor.

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The Poets of the Nineteenth Century, Selected and Edited by the REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, *with English and American additions arranged by* EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. A beautifully-bound volume in crimson and gold, admirably printed, and illustrated with one hundred and thirty-two wood engravings, some of them in the highest style of the art, from the press of *Harper & Brothers*. The selections commence with specimens from Beattie, whose "Minstrel" appeared in 1771, and embraces most of the English poets of note from that day to the present. Of course they include many of the choicest gems in the language, and of course, again, many others of equal merit are, from the necessity of the case, omitted. "Where are the other nine volumes?" was the question asked by one to whom was submitted a book entitled "The Beauties of Shakspeare." And a similar query arises, necessarily, from an examination of any collection of poetic "Beauties." It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Willmott has executed his task with taste and good judgment, and his book is greatly enhanced in value by Mr. Duyckinck's selections, not only from the poets of this country, but those of England. It did not enter into the plan of the original compiler to quote from cis-Atlantic poets; but why he should have omitted Thackeray, who has written verses that the world will not willingly let die, and Moir, whose "Casa Wappy" is enshrined in thousands of hearts, and Motherwell, and Caroline Bowles, and Ebenezer Elliott, we cannot tell. They certainly deserved a place full as well as several of those from whom ample selections are here given, and we are obliged to Mr. Duyckinck for affording them a little room in his pages. His selections from our own poets are judiciously made, but why will he persist (he did it also in his "Cyclopedia of American Literature") in foisting a superfluous vowel into the name of our own gifted contributor, Alice Cary?

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Historical Tales for young American Protestants belongs to that useful class of books in which instruction and entertainment are happily blended, and of which there cannot be too many. It is a series of short stories, all of which are true, and most of which will have all the charm of novelty for the youthful reader. As the title indicates the narratives are mainly connected with the early struggles and progress of Protestant Christianity, of scenes enacted, trials, sufferings, martyrdoms,

> "When miter'd zeal in wild, unholy days
> Bared his red arm and bade the fagots blaze."

It is printed and illustrated with wood engravings for the Sunday School Union by *Carlton & Porter*.

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Examination of the Dred Scott Case. By THOMAS H. BENTON. (*Appleton & Co.*) Mr. Benton confines himself, in his "examination," to that part of the decision of the Supreme Court which declares the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise Act, and the self-extension of the Constitution to the territories, carrying slavery along with it. In assuming to decide these questions, the court, in the judgment of Mr. Benton,

> "Committed two great errors: *first*, in the assumption to try such questions; *secondly*, in deciding them as they did. And it is certain that the decisions are contrary to the uniform action of all the departments of the government, one of them for thirty-six years, and the other for seventy years; and in their effects upon each are equivalent to an alteration of the Constitution, by inserting new clauses in it, which could not have been put in it at the time that instrument was made, nor at any time since, nor now."

The learned senator goes further, and avows his clear conviction that this attempt to settle a political question by a judicial decision was not only foreign to the object for which the Supreme Court was established,

> "But the undertaking was beyond its competency, both legally and potentially. It had no right to decide; no means to enforce the decision; no machinery to carry it into effect; no penalties of fines or jails to

enforce it; and the event has corresponded with these inabilities. Far from settling the question, the opinion itself has become a new question, more virulent than the former! has become the very watchword of parties! has gone into party creeds and platforms, bringing the court itself into the political field, and condemning all future appointments of federal judges, (and the elections of those who make the appointments, and of those who can multiply judges by creating new districts and circuits,) to the test of these decisions."

These points and other questions incidentally arising, historical and political, the ex-senator discusses with calmness and logical acumen; and we are very much mistaken if the preparation of this volume of less than two hundred octavo pages is not regarded, in after times, as the crowning glory of a long life devoted with rare fidelity and unflinching honesty of purpose to the service of his country.

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The Saint and his Saviour; or, the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus, is the title of a volume from the pen of the celebrated Baptist preacher, the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. The idea seems to have been taken from Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," to which, in many points, the present volume bears a striking resemblance. It is full of pointed practical truth and earnest exhortation. We can scarcely conceive it possible for a sinner to read these pages carefully without resolving to commence a new life. As a literary production it is not entitled to a very high rank. It affords ample evidence that the young preacher's wonderful popularity does not arise from scholarly attainments, from polished rhetoric, or faultless style. He is very far from holding the pen of a ready writer. He says in his preface, and we have no doubt of the fact:

"Writing is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them. Well may a man's books be called his 'works,' for, if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work indeed to produce a quarto volume. Nothing but a sense of duty has impelled me to finish this book, which has been more than two years on hand. Yet have I, at times, so enjoyed the meditation which my writing has induced, that I would not discontinue the labor were it ten times more irksome; and moreover, I have some hopes that it may yet be a pleasure to me to serve God with the pen as well as the lip."

Mr. Spurgeon is deservedly severe upon a class of preachers, fortunately much less numerous now than in former years, but specimens of which are to be found in our own pulpits as well as in those of Great Britain. He says:

"It has become fashionable to allow the title of 'intellectual preachers' to a class of men whose passionless essays are combinations of metaphysical quibbles and heretical doctrines; who are shocked at the man who excites his hearers beyond the freezing-point of insensibility, and are quite elated if they hear that their homily could only be understood by a few. It is, however, no question whether these men deserve their distinctive title; it may be settled as an axiom that falsehood is no intellectual feat, and that unintelligible jargon is no evidence of a cultured mind. There must be in our religion a fair proportion of believing, thinking, understanding, and discerning, but there must be also the preponderating influences of feeling, loving, delighting, and desiring. That religion is worth nothing which has no dwelling in man but his brain. To love much is to be wise; to grow in affection is to grow in knowledge, and to increase in tender attachment is to be making high proficiency in divine things."

The author has a vivid imagination, and occasionally paints his pictures rather more gaudily than good taste will justify. Take two or three passages from his first chapter:

"At times a forgetful self-complacency bids us exult in the virtue of our lives; but when faithful memory awakes, how instantly she dispels the illusion! She waves her magic wand, and in the king's palace, frogs arise in multitudes; the pure rivers at her glance become blood; the whole land is creeping with loathsomeness. Where we imagined purity, lo! imperfection ariseth. The *snow-wreath of satisfaction melts* before the sun of truth; the nectared bowl of gratulation is embittered by sad remembrances; while, under the glass of honesty, the deformities and irregularities of a life apparently correct are rendered, alas! too visible."

The italics in the following are his own, and he, doubtless, thought the passage very striking:

"*Broken Sabbaths* start like warrior clansmen from the wild heath of time; they point to *the deserted sanctuary*, for which they would execute a dread revenge did not the shield of Jesus cover us; for, lo! their bows are stringed with *neglected ordinances*, and their arrows are *despised messages of mercy*."

This might have answered a good purpose from the pulpit, but is rather too glaring for sober type. Once more:

"O sin, what hast thou done? or rather, what hast thou undone! Thou hast not been content to rob humanity of its crown, to drive it from its happy kingdom, to mar its royal garments, and despoil its treasure; but thou hast done more than this! It sufficed not to degrade and dishonor; thou hast even wounded thy victim; thou hast blinded his eyes, stopped his ears, intoxicated his judgment, and gagged his conscience; yea, the poison of thy venomed shaft hath poured death into the *fountain*. Thy malice hath pierced the *heart* of manhood, and thereby hast thou filled his veins with corruption and his bones with depravity. Yea, O monster, thou hast become a murderer, for thou hast made us *dead* in trespasses and sins!"

But the aim of the author is to do good, and to save souls; and his volume, with all its faults, will attract many readers who would turn away from a more chastened exhibition of saving truth. (*Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., New-York, and Gould & Lincoln, Boston.*)

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The London Quarterly Review for October and the *North British* for November are on our table, from the press of *L. Scott & Co.* They are both more than usually interesting, and we take the opportunity of again referring to the editions of the four principal English reviews and *Blackwood's Magazine*, issued with great promptness and in an unexceptionable typography by the American publishers. Whatever may be said on the subject of an international copyright, and however desirable such a law might be, the great mass of readers, whatever may be the case with writers, have no cause to complain, inasmuch as the Messrs. Scott are enabled to furnish them for ten dollars a year with five periodicals, the cost of which in England is more than thrice that sum.

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There is an association at Cincinnati entitled "The American Reform Tract and Book Society." They have recently issued a little volume entitled *The Child's Book on Slavery*, in which the iniquity of the system is plainly and forcibly depicted. It is well calculated to in-

still into the youthful mind a wholesome abhorrence of "the great evil," the "extirpation" of which, ardently as it is desired, must, from present appearances, be the work of the coming generation. But the day will come, and we welcome everything that has a tendency to hasten it.

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Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L., etc. The continent of Africa has, of late, received a large share of attention. The condition and prospects of the *western* portion were detailed in a very attractive volume by Mr. Wilson, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board. Mr. Andersson's work, of which several editions have been printed, related more especially to the *Southwest*, while Dr. Barth's three octavo volumes heretofore noticed in our pages, give us ample information of the *Northern* and *Central* divisions. We had the gratification of presenting in THE NATIONAL for last September an admirable full-length likeness of the dauntless missionary, whose exceedingly interesting volume relative to *South* Africa is now before us. Accompanying that portrait was a sketch, brief but comprehensive, of his travels and discoveries; but here we have them in detail, from his own pen, in all the luxuriousness of type and paper, and with a profusion of illustrations, from the press of *Harper & Brothers*. In every respect it is one of the most desirable books of the season.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

COOKING FOOD FOR ANIMALS.—No person who keeps stock, be it more or less, can fail to feel some interest in this important subject; it should command the attention of all. Practical results are more surely and satisfactorily obtained by well-conducted experiments in feeding, than by chemical analysis of the food, however valuable the latter may be in the hands of competent men. The aid of science the farmer is slow to acknowledge, whatever benefit he may receive from its investigations: the minds of many are hedged up against its very seeming; but this, we suspect, is owing, in not a few cases, to the pompous and ridiculous manner in which its claims have been presented. That agriculture, however, has received very important services at the hand of science, cannot be doubted; and on the subject of cooking food, few can fail to perceive the advantages to be derived from calling in the aid of the chemist. Our limits will not allow us to do more than note a few general results, and commend the subject to those most interested. There is still some discussion as to what degree the cooking and cutting of food for animals is economical. It would appear that much depends upon the kind of food and the object had in view. The economy of mechanically reducing food by grinding, cutting, rasping, etc., seems to be generally conceded by all who have experimented on the subject; but there is a difference of opinion as to steaming and boiling without such reduction; and some experiments would seem to indicate that there is no advantage in cooking the food of working animals, such as the horse, but that, on the contrary, it is a disadvantage. The reason of this may perhaps be found in the fact, that to the working animal muscle is more necessary than fat. It may be stated in general terms, as the result of present knowledge, that the mechanical reduction of the food of all animals is an advantage sufficiently great to make it an important item of economy. It may also be stated, that the mechanical reduction and steaming or cooking of food for fattening animals is a very great advantage; so much so in the case of swine, as demonstrated by the careful experiments of Ellsworth and others, as to be beyond discussion. That steaming or cooking comminuted food hastens fattening is now a well-established fact; it assists mastication and digestion, and promotes the assimilation of the food. Though we should fail to understand the precise mode by which this important result is obtained, we should none the less avail ourselves of the fact. The economical farmer, therefore, should provide himself with a good mill, straw cutter, and cooking and steaming apparatus. Mott's boiler is one of the best for farm purposes, and may be had of various sizes: we consider it an indispensable accessory of the farm. A number of contrivances have been suggested for steaming food, some of them complicated and expensive, and others altogether inefficient; but a simple and inexpensive steamer may be made of a common kettle with a nozzle, and a tight wooden box that will hold water. The box should have a cover that fits tight, and a faucet in the bottom to draw off the condensed steam. The nozzle of the kettle must be inserted in the box near the bottom, and should, if possible, be provided with a faucet to control the supply of steam, though this is not indispensable. A few inches above the bottom of the box should be placed a false bottom pierced with holes; on this false bottom the food to be steamed is placed; the steam penetrates through the holes to the food, and as it condenses falls to the true bottom, when it can be drawn off by the faucet after the steaming is completed.

The subject of comminuting and steaming or cooking food is of much importance, and we commend it to the attention of our readers. We are convinced of its positive economy in the particulars and in the manner above described, and would no more think of neglecting thus to prepare food for stock, than we would of neglecting to prepare the ground for the reception of seed.

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MICE AND BORERS.—We lately saw an article recommending gas tar as a preventive of the ravages of mice in gnawing fruit trees. We

have some reason to know that the same remedy is quite effectual against the borer. The tar is to be applied with a brush around the trunk of the tree just above and below the ground; it should be of the consistency of common paint. A remedy so simple is readily applied, and will not injure the tree: we should be glad to see it thoroughly tested. The virtue of the remedy, we suspect, consists in its pungent, offensive smell. Where the borer has already penetrated the bark, the gas tar may not, perhaps, in all cases arrest his progress; but we believe it will prove effectual in keeping him out whenever applied to sound trees: in other words, it is rather a *preventive* than a *cure*. The reader, therefore, will do well to remember the adage about "shutting the stable door before the horse is stolen."

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Pears.—It is surprising how little attention has been given to the cultivation of choice pears by the great mass of the farming community. There are comparatively few who grow the pear extensively and in variety, and those few are mainly composed of amateurs, to whom the horticultural world is greatly indebted for the pains they have taken in testing and classifying the many hundreds of varieties now found in the catalogues. The general fruit grower is thus enabled to select at once a list of the very best kinds, without the trouble and expense of testing them for a series of years, which would otherwise be necessary to enable him to judge between the good and the bad. As to the profit of pear growing, our own convictions are most decided; we mean now choice kinds, which will always command a good price, and which are as easily cultivated as those which are worthless. When we speak of *cultivation* we use the term in its proper signification: "to let a thing take care of itself" forms no part of its definition. We doubt whether neglected and uncared-for fruit trees of any kind ever "pay" well.

We consider a good sandy loam the best of all soils for the pear; it will adapt itself, however, to a variety of soils. But whatever the nature of the soil, it should be perfectly dry, or free from standing water. If not naturally so, it should be thoroughly underdrained, more especially if it be a heavy clay. We consider this indispensable for the health of the tree and the perfection of the fruit. In making an orchard, it is a good plan to plow the ground and subsoil it before planting the trees. The holes should not be less than four feet in diameter, and dug out to the depth of two spades. The soil and subsoil thus taken out should be composted with manure and muck: this involves some labor, but time will show it to have been labor well bestowed. Trees are often planted too deep, and their future health in consequence injured. If set about the same depth at which they stood in the nursery, the settling of the soil will bring them about right.

The roots should be carefully spread out, and all the interstices filled up with fine soil. If any of the roots have been injured, they should be removed by a clean cut. As to the best age for transplanting, we prefer, if standards, trees from two to four years old, and we should hesitate about recommending any beyond the latter age. Older trees may be successfully transplanted, and grow thriftily, but more skill and care is required than with young trees: the latter ultimately give the most satisfaction and the largest returns. Pruning and subsequent treatment we shall recur to hereafter.

To aid the reader in making a selection, we append the following list of choice and approved varieties for general cultivation. We have given them all a fair trial, and can therefore add our personal commendation to the approval of the best cultivators. The list could be enlarged by the addition of others equally good, but for the present we confine it to *twenty-five* kinds: Seckel, Bartlett, Bloodgood, Dearborn's Seedling, Beurré Giffart, Rostizer, Lawrence, Oswego Beurré, White Doyenné, Fulton, Sheldon, Duchesse d'Angoulême, (on quince only,) Beurré Gris. d'Hiver Nouveau, Beurré Diel, Flemish Beauty, Fondante d'Automne, Winter Nelis, Glout Morceau, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Thompson, Stevens's Genesee, Beurré Langlier, Beurré Clairgeau, Beurré Bosc, Easter Beurré.

In the above list there are some kinds that are well adapted to the quince stock, having been thoroughly tested in this way; and among the best of these we would mention, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Bartlett, Oswego Beurré, Fondante d'Automne, Dearborn's Seedling, Beurré Giffart, Sheldon, Rostizer, Beurré Diel, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Glout Morceau, Lawrence. Some of the above will bear the first year from the nursery, but the fruit should be broken off; the tree will otherwise be weakened and short lived. Others will not bear till they have been established two or three years. If the future welfare of the tree is consulted, it will not be allowed to bear much till it is well furnished with wood. Dwarf pears on quince stock are interesting objects, bear early and well, and should find a place in every garden, for which they are admirably adapted.

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The Chinese Sugar Cane.—There are two opinions relative to the worth of the *Sorghum* as a substitute for sugar. Of those who have tried it some speak in the most flattering terms. An officer of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington says that out of several thousand reports, not one shows a failure. On the other hand, there are those who denounce it as little better than a humbug, and a writer in the *Rural New Yorker* is decidedly severe in relating his experience. As we have heretofore given the favorable view of the subject, we quote the material portion of his letter:

"Raising cane (Cain) is a familiar term for most kinds of iniquity and wrong. How often in our juvenile delinquencies have we heard the parental command, 'Quit raising Cain.' Now, sir, if I (and many others) had continued to heed this parental injunction we should have been much better off. The fact is, I wanted to be humbugged just a little, and so concluded to 'raise cane.' I have done so, and gone the whole figure, *mill and all*, and believe I can now reckon out the whole sum and arrive at a correct conclusion. It is this—it will not and cannot be made to pay in this latitude.

"Let us see how the account stands. The rent of land that is fit to grow cain upon, is worth twelve dollars per acre. It will cost twice as much to tend it as it would corn, and after being grown, then is the time your labor just begins. Just imagine yourself (with the thermometer at or about the freezing point, with

rain half of the time) taking up, singly, twelve thousand to thirteen thousand stalks twelve feet long, (about the product of an acre,) and picking off the leaves and cutting off the tops, running it through the mill, five or six stalks at a time, and see the juice come out as *green as a frog pond;* yes, sir, as green as the man that quits other work to *raise cane.*

"Now for the boiling. This is a disagreeable, odorous operation, the worst part of all, and takes about half as long as it would to make sugar from maple sap. Next, the product. I have it manufactured in several ways; it is nothing but *good boiled sweet apple cider*, and never will be anything else; there is no more grain to it than there is to tar. The product per acre is enough, I admit, to satisfy any reasonable man, if it was good for anything. It cannot be used for anything where boiled sweet cider would not be as good. All kinds of cake turn black when sweetened with it."

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

The Thirty-Fifth Congress was inaugurated at Washington on the 7th of December. The weather was beautiful, and the Capitol was thronged with spectators, including the whole diplomatic corps. The President's Message was read in both houses on the 8th, and on the following day Senator Douglas made a very able speech in opposition to the Kansas Lecompton Constitution, fairly opening the political ball. In his Message, the President, in treating of the commercial crisis, directs the attention of legislators, and those who elect them, to the importance of placing our currency on the soundest possible basis. The Federal government, however, can do but little to prevent a recurrence of existing evils, and we must look to wiser legislation on the part of the several states, and to a wiser policy among our business men, for greater security against inflated credits and the disastrous reactions which follow periods of reckless speculation. The President takes decided ground in favor of a uniform bankrupt law, applicable to all banking institutions throughout the United States; and he believes that Congress has the power to pass such a law. The true remedies are, first, a sound currency; and second, the limitation of credits in trade. . . . *On the 25th of November General Walker*, with less than four hundred men, successfully landed at Punta Arenas. The United States sloop-of-war *Saratoga* was in harbor at the time, but she made no attempt to interfere with the fillibusters. The party were taken to Nicaragua in the steamer *Fashion*. Walker surrendered in December, with his entire force, to a detachment of United States marines, sent on shore by Commodore Paulding, who permitted him to go at large, upon his promise to proceed at once to New York and place himself in custody of the United States authorities. Walker arrived in the *Northern Light*. Previous to his capture he had sent Anderson, with a small force, to Fort Castillo, which he had occupied. He had also seized four steamboats, which were returned to the Transit Company by the commodore. . . . *On the 20th of December*, at Dr. Macauley's Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, Ex-Chancellor James M. Mathews, for fifty years a minister of the Gospel in this city, preached his semi-centennial sermon, in which he noted the changes which had occurred within his recollection in politics, religion, and civilization throughout the world. His reminiscences of New York in the olden time were listened to with great interest, as was the rest of his sermon, by a congregation which filled the Church. . . . *Bloodhounds* are again to be used against the Florida Indians. The Florida *Peninsular* notices the arrival of several fine hounds that are to be immediately put in service, and accompany Captain Kendrick's next expedition. . . . *Iranistan*, the seat of P. T. Barnum, the great successful and unsuccessful showman, was burned in December by incendiaries. He was about re-occupying it, and renewing his former *glories*, when this fire took place. . . . *Last month* a terrible steamboat burning took place on the Red River, Arkansas. The boat *Colonel Edwards* was totally destroyed, and not less than twenty persons perished with her. Over a thousand bales of cotton and a large number of cattle were destroyed. . . . *The Slavery clause* was rejected at the election recently held in the Territory of Oregon to approve the Constitution. The majority was a large one against it. . . . *The Slavery clause* was adopted in Kansas at the election held on the 21st of December, the Free-State men not voting. . . . *Isaac Buchanan*, the candidate for Parliament from Hamilton, Canada, who raised so much persecution by hinting that the American form of government was the best one for Canada, has been elected, distancing all his competitors. There is much rejoicing over the result among his backers. . . . *Suspension* of specie payments has been legalized by acts just passed by the Legislatures of Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama. . . . *Messrs. Appleton*, of this city, have donated eight hundred volumes of books to the Prisoner's Library at Sing Sing, through Hon. William Jay Haskett. . . . *Hon. William B. Reed*, United States Minister to China, reached the Cape of Good Hope on board the steam frigate *Minnesota*, on the 7th of September, and would go on to China immediately. The *Minnesota* has been found a good sailer, but her engines have performed badly. . . . *Thomas Crawford*, the celebrated sculptor, was born in this city in 1813. He died in London, October 10, 1857. His remains were brought here and interred in Greenwood Cemetery, where his friends intend to erect a monument to his memory. . . . *Funeral services* on occasion of the death of Mrs. Ann Wilkins, for many years a missionary teacher in Africa, were held in this city on the 14th of December. She was a faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard, and her memory is precious.

The long-contested Parish Will Case was decided by Surrogate Bradford in December last. The decision is virtually in favor of the contestants, the brother and two sisters of the decedent. Mrs. Parish will have nearly a million of dollars, and the costs are to be paid out of the estate. . . . *Colonel Sumner's trial*, for events occurring under his command in Kansas, last season, has been concluded at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by a sentence of four months' suspension and a reprimand by the commander-in-chief. The finding was simply on the ground of harshness and want of consideration, and nothing affecting his character as a gentleman. Lieutenant-General Scott has confirmed the finding of the court, but remitted the penalty. It is understood that Colonel Sumner will at once bring charges against General Harney, president of the court-martial, and Assistant Adjutant-General Deas, from whom the charges against him emanated; and a court-martial will be probably convened for their trial. . . . *The new Canadian Ministry*, about which so many jokes have been cracked, as composed of eleven lawyers and an auctioneer, has already dissolved; having been composed, it is said, of a heterogeneous mass, without any bond of union. A general election is anticipated. . . . *The Intelligence from the Utah* expedition is of a most painful and troublesome character. Six hundred cattle had been run off by the Mormons,

almost in sight of Colonel Alexander's command. It was expected that three divisions of troops, under Colonels Alexander, Johnston, and Cook, would soon be concentrated, and Governor Cummings had expressed his intention to push on to Salt Lake city, if possible, before the setting in of winter, and take with him the other territorial officers. One slight but indecisive skirmish had taken place between the Mormons and part of the United States troops . . . *Late Mexican news* represent the situation of Comonfort as materially improved, and several successes won against the *pronunciados* at Puebla and other points. Comonfort and the Council were duly installed in their new powers on the 1st December. . . . *Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt*, of this city, has very generously tendered to the Police Commissioners the use of an unoccupied building belonging to him, at No. 120 West Broadway, as a sleeping place for the poor during the winter. . . . *The Will of the Hon. George Washington Parke Custis* has just been admitted to probate. By it he provides for the freeing of all his slaves, five or six hundred in number, within five or six years. . . . *The Legislature of South Carolina* has indefinitely postponed all its resolutions and reports in reference to Kansas. . . . *A letter from Halifax* says, Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, promoted to the Governorship of Malta, is to be succeeded here by the Earl of Mulgrave, who leaves England in January. . . . *The contract for building* the new Arsenal on Seventh Avenue, for the State, has been awarded to Mr. Richard Cabrow, Jr., his bid for the work, sixty-three thousand seven hundred dollars, being the lowest. . . . *The ship Abbey Brown*, Captain O. L. Bearse, arrived at this port, with a valuable cargo from Marseilles, narrowly escaped shipwreck on the voyage, by losing the rudder, when thirty days out. Two rudders were successively made and lost; but the third, constructed out of most scanty materials, held out until the vessel came safely into port. Her seamade rudder, number three, was an object of much curiosity and admiration. . . . *A Delegate Convention* was held at Lawrence, Kansas, on the 2d December, Governor Robinson in the chair. Resolutions were passed repudiating the Lecompton Constitution, and demanding that both that and the Topeka one should be submitted to the people. Resolutions were also passed thanking Secretary Stanton for calling together the legislative body. On the re-assembling of Congress after the Christmas recess, Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, introduced into the Senate a bill for the admission of Kansas, which was referred to the Territorial Committee. It provides for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, and requires that the clause relative to slavery shall be submitted to a direct vote of the people on the seventh of April next; also, that the Constitution shall not be construed so as to impair the right of the people to alter or amend it at any time.

In England financial matters were more quiet. On the third of December the English Parliament was opened by the queen in person, in a speech displaying no points of great interest. No remarks were made in it indicating the course which would be pursued in Indian affairs, though it was currently reported that very soon after the meeting of Parliament a movement would be made for the abrogation of the East India Company's government, and the placing of India under the direct control of the crown. The idea seemed to meet with the most general favor in England. . . . *The Chancellor* of the Exchequer has introduced a bill of indemnity for the Bank of England in the House of Commons, and steps were to be taken, as far as possible, for the relief of all the moneyed interests of the kingdom. . . . *A Deputation* had waited upon Lord Clarendon to remonstrate against the immigration slave-trade now being carried on by the French from the west coast of Africa, and requesting that a remonstrance should be made to the French government on the subject. Lord Clarendon, in his reply, strongly deprecated the trade, did not believe that it would be carried to much greater length, and promised to use the whole legitimate influence of the government against it. . . . *Another move* is at once to be made in Parliament for the admission of the Jews, and again there is a belief expressed by many that it will be successful. . . . *The national* balance sheet of Great Britain for the past year has been issued. The gross income was seventy-one million one hundred and seventy-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-two pounds, and the expenditure was less by a sum of four hundred and eighty-four thousand three hundred and thirty-six pounds. The army and navy took upward of twenty-five millions, and the Persian expedition is set down as having cost nine hundred thousand. . . . *At latest* accounts the people of Madrid were completely taken up with presenting congratulatory addresses to the queen on the occasion of the birth of a prince royal. Queen Christina had sent a most affectionate dispatch to her daughter on the happy event. The Spanish-Mexican dispute was, at latest dates, in a train of diplomatic adjustment. . . . *On the twenty-fifth of January* Prince William of Prussia was to be married to the Princess Royal of England. . . . *The Russian Government* have issued an ukase prohibiting the taking of whales within the waters of their Asiatic possessions, and sent a fleet to enforce the order. It is believed that the move will create some trouble with our whalers. . . . *The act* (final) settling the frontiers of Russia and Turkey in Asia was signed at Constantinople on the fourth ult. . . . *The latest accounts* received from India were of a most gloomy character. There had been very severe fighting at Lucknow, during which General Outram was wounded. General Havelock was at one time surrounded by an immense force of Sepoys, and his position was most critical. He, however, has since been relieved by Sir Colin Campbell. . . . *The launch* of the Leviathan has been further suspended. . . . *An embassador* from Holland had arrived in London, and officially demanded the hand of the Princess Alice (fourteen years of age) for the Prince of Orange, son of the king, and heir apparent. . . . *The contractors* for raising the sunken ships in the harbor of Sevastopol have abandoned the work. . . . Several thousands of Sepoys are to be transported from India to the British West Indies, ten thousand of whom are destined for Demerara, where their labor will be directed to the culture of cotton, rice, and tobacco. . . . *A large meeting* had been held in London, and resolutions passed strongly favorable to the assumption of immediate control over the East Indian possessions by the British government. In Parliament no direct move had been made to that end. It was evident, however, that it would be at an early day, and equally evident that the movement would be combated by the whole power of the East India Company, who have no idea of relinquishing their prestige without a fierce struggle. . . . *A decision* has been given in the English Vice-Chancellor's Court, which in fact invalidates the marriage of any British subject with the sister of a deceased wife, not only in England, but in any foreign possession. The decision had excited some surprise and much feeling.

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AUGUSTUS THOLUCK, D.D.

THE subject of this brief sketch was born at Breslau, March 30, 1799. His father was a goldsmith, and the son is said to have wrought at the same business in his early youth. After pursuing a course of literature in the University at Breslau, he went to Berlin, and began to study the Oriental languages. A distinguished philologist adopting him as a son, took him under his care, and gave him ample opportunity for literary pursuits. After the death of his patron he was encouraged by another scholar of eminence, while his advantages continued the same.

By a dispensation of Providence, of which it was the writer's good fortune to hear from his own lips, his attention was directed to the study of theology. At a social gathering at the house of the professor, he had been speaking of the death of a student's father, and was showing the good that afflictions and sickness bring with them. "They always have a deep meaning and a valuable lesson," said he; "and now I will tell you what a change sickness made in me. I was nineteen years old, and was driving with all my sails spread into the study of ancient languages. Suddenly I was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and had to lie in my bed eighteen months. During that time all the physicians in Berlin had told me that there was no more hope for me, and that I must die. I gradually grew worse; and at a time when my friends supposed that death was very near, a dear

friend (there is reason to believe that this friend was Neander) came to my bedside, and said to me, 'Don't you think that your short life would have been more useful, if you had turned your attention to the study of theology?' I turned over to him, and looked at him. I thought a moment, and said 'Yes; and if I could live longer I should do it.' From that moment I grew better, and ever afterward I have been longing and trying to know more of God." Such was the simple story; and as he closed it, a thrill seemed to go through every student, and that evening tears fell from eyes that were not used to weep.

Having recovered from his sickness, and having carried out, with untiring industry, the resolution then made, he entered, in 1829, upon his duties as professor of theology in the University of Halle, which position he still holds. He was called to Halle to counteract, if possible, the prevailing spirit of Rationalism, which at that time was exerting a powerful influence in the seats of learning, and in the clergy and laity of Germany. He had been taught in the right school; and Neander, whom we Americans have long since learned to love, exerted no little influence in turning his mind to a heart-felt evangelical Christianity. When Dr. Tholuck first commenced his labors in the University, there was but one man who would associate with him, or have the least intercourse with him. The professors were Rationalists, and all pointed the finger of scorn at him. They exclaimed, with one voice, "O that pietist, that mystic; we will have nothing to do with him!" But the tables have long been turned, and Tholuck now enjoys, not only the love of every student, but the respect of every professor.

His manner in the lecture-room is, in some respects, the same as in the pulpit. He does not adhere strictly to his manuscript, but frequently grows earnest, forgets his notes, and becomes absorbed in his subject. It is only then that he is truly eloquent: the students drop their pens to look at him, and listen to his burning words. I know of no German professor who is so enthusiastic in his manner, so wrapped up in his subject, with the single exception of Professor Umbreit, of Heidelberg.

Dr. Tholuck never gives exactly the same lectures twice. His course is almost the same every year; but every time he delivers them, he changes and improves them. On speaking to a couple of his American students with regard to the American professors, one day not long ago, he asked them if the American professors labored as hard as those in Germany. One of us told him that he thought the American professors were better paid, and performed less labor. We have to labor, said the doctor, night and day to make our lectures popular and instructive; for if they are not, nobody will want to hear them. The American told him, too, that the German professors lectured oftener in the day than our professors. "Lecture, lecture," said the doctor; "why I could lecture half a dozen times a day. There is not the labor, but it is preparing for a lecture. "How so?" inquired the student. "I supposed you had been giving pretty much the same lectures to the Halle students for over twenty-five years." "No, indeed," replied the doctor; "I must work on every one of them. I have been lecturing on Paul's Epistle to the Romans ever since I have been in Halle. My Commentary has gone through seven editions, and still I labor three hours to make each lecture better. But it is not in that particular course alone that I labor; it is the same with all. I could not give exactly the same things over again; they would be dull thoughts, and, what is more, they must be improved."

Whatever may be the subject of his lectures, practical truths and precepts always find their way into them, and his teaching of religion is no sublimated, incomprehensible theorizing, but truth, plain truth, and the Bible doctrines in their strictest sense. But these are not the only means which he employs to instruct and encourage the Halle students to lead a strictly Christian life. He has not such ideas of professorial dignity as will keep him from having frequent and friendly intercourse with the students. Every day he takes a two hours' walk, and he always has one or two students with him. He so manages, in the course of a semester, as to have a walk with a great many of them, and to get from them their ideas on religious subjects; dispute certain points with them; show them their errors, and before the walk is finished, he gives such practical hints and ideas, as save many a

student from the errors of skepticism. He tells them what books to read for light on certain doctrinal points; and in his next walk he never forgets what was said before. Besides a daily walk with some of the students, he has a two hours' talk every other Wednesday evening to all the young theologians in his own house. They are all invited, and all are expected to come. The door to the room is opened some time before he enters, and all the prominent books that have appeared in Germany during the last two weeks are laid upon the table. These are for the students to look at and examine before he enters. Here he talks to them on different subjects. It may be history, travel, or the religious tendencies of the day. Whatever topic he talks to them about, has connection with theology and the progress of religion. Last winter, for instance, one of his topics was a foot-excursion which he made in certain portions of France; another was the history of Leipsic University; and thus he interests and improves the general knowledge of the Halle theological students. He does all the talking, and he is familiar in his manner and style, as much so as at his own fireside.

In his own family Dr. Tholuck is most pleasing; and it is there that one is most apt to love him. He is unreserved and communicative, but unostentatious. You forget that he is a great man; you only think of that after you have gone to your room, and reflect upon what he said. It is scarcely necessary to say that he is acquainted with a great many Americans. His name has too long been familiar to us not to be known by us, and not to be acquainted with us. Our great men, in visiting Germany, I mean our theologians, consider it almost a duty to visit him. He never demands letters of introduction, and always considers it a compliment when you pay him your visit without one. An American visited him last year without any letter whatever. "I am glad," said the doctor, "that one American has come to see me without a letter of introduction." He does not soon forget those who pay him visits, but remembers all his former American students. On one occasion he spoke in the highest terms of a prominent minister in the American Presbyterian Church. "He has a great mind," said the professor; "but, although I have associated with him a great deal, I never saw him laugh in all my life."

Tholuck, as was the case with our own Olin, can unbend occasionally; and he enjoys a piece of pleasantry, or a sally of wit.

It is a well-known custom in Germany to have a Christmas-tree in every house on Christmas eve. The peasant and the prince all reap real enjoyment from the same source. On going through a market-place in any German town on the approach of Christmas, you get an idea of the love which the people have for such a beautiful custom that will never fade from your memory. The old peasant women bring the green trees into town, and stand them up in different parts of the market-place for sale. The base of the tree is a little box with straw in it. The little box of straw represents the manger where Christ once lay. Then the boughs of the tree are hung with artificial fruits. That, then, is the Tree of Life springing from the birth of Christ. Poor, indeed, is that German peasant who cannot gladden home with a "Christmas-tree." Dr. Tholuck's manner of celebrating the custom is peculiar, and on a larger scale than any other in Halle. He invites forty students, and if there are any Americans in Halle, they are sure to be in the number, provided they ever paid the doctor a visit. The forty guests enter the room in company, so that all can get a view of the tree at the same time. A band of singers are singing when the guests enter. The singers represent the choir of angels who celebrate with their songs the birth of Christ. When the Christmas song is finished, the doctor steps out and says a few words by way of welcome and congratulation. A long table extends the whole length of the reception-room. There are forty places at the table corresponding with the number of guests. On each plate is some confectionery, together with a book, or a pamphlet, with the name of him for whom it is intended, and a line or two of advice written by the doctor himself. The students walk around the table until each finds his own name in the plate, and sees the present for him. The books are often the doctor's own productions, some of his commentaries or sermons, in most cases. In front of each plate is a long round cake, which each student takes home with him when he goes. This is

the reception-room. That communicates with another room by two large folding-doors, which are thrown open. This smaller room is still more interesting. In the center of it there is a large square table, and on it is a farm scene. A beautiful miniature barn and stable occupy the most of the table. There is also on it the farm-yard, with sheep and cows. The whole scene is complete. All this represents the manger where Christ was born. The four singers stand on one side of it and sing Christmas melodies several times during the evening. It is a beautiful sight to stand by the table and look through into the large reception room. There rises from the middle of the long table a beautiful Christmas tree, and from its boughs flame up many a beautiful light, which makes the whole a dazzling and beautiful scene.

On one of these occasions there happened to be two or three Americans standing together admiring the novel and charming sight. The doctor saw them and came to them. "What would one of your American professors think," he asked, "if he were to see this? I am sure he would consider it a very childish affair of mine." "We are not accustomed to these things," said one of the Americans, "but we can appreciate it better on that account." Toward the last, as the evening grows late, the four singers take their places by the side of the square table, and sing some beautiful Christmas song. Last winter the closing song happened to be one of Luther's, as touching a one as he ever wrote. The doctor then advanced and made some beautiful remarks relative to Christmas day. He made a practical application of the festival, and no one present could forget how eloquently and touchingly he dwelt upon the blessings we receive from the Saviour's birth.

Dr. Tholuck has been preaching ever since he commenced the labors of a professor. Even before he went to Halle he was the minister to the Prussian embassy (Gesandschaftsprediger) in Rome. It cannot be said of him as of a large portion of the German ministry, that he is cold in his labors, or at all fearful to touch his congregation on those points where they are most sensitive. One or another of the great national sins of Germany forms the theme of many of his sermons. His manner is exceedingly impressive, and he conforms to the pulpit rule in the Lutheran Church, to preach without a manuscript. In appealing on one occasion to the coldness and indifference of the Protestant Church in Germany he said, "What more do we bring from our hearts than a poor, feeble, half-whispered 'yes or no?' The joyful yea and amen of the bleeding heart never finds its way into any of our congregations when they listen to the word of God." It is a fact, and his heart bled when he told it to his audience. In speaking of the German ministry on the occasion of the annual Reformation sermon he said:

"Where once the pure doctrine was preached, not with the lips alone, but with warm, believing hearts, the people took the preacher for an angel of God. Then the dead arose under their sermons, and hundreds beat their breasts with their hands, and exclaimed, 'Man of God, what shall I do to be saved?' But now, though there are not a few of warm, believing witnesses of the word, when do we ever hear of the dead arising under the influence of their preaching? The great crowd scarcely ever comes into the church, and if it ever happens to come, there it remains, dumb and cold. The Lord himself can preach with his judgments, with the pestilence and cholera,* with the pangs of hunger and the terrors of war, but dumb and impenetrable is every heart. Our hearts are just as the stones in the streets; the rain falls upon them, they are trodden by the foot, the sun shines again upon them, and they are just what they were, stones."

Very recently a selection of his sermons has been made and translated into English by a young Scotchman, who was some time one of Dr. Tholuck's students. They are published in Edinburgh, and I hope an American edition of the volume will soon appear, for it is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to our theological literature. Dr. Tholuck is the university chaplain, (Universitätsprediger,) and the students listen to him as to an oracle. The citizens of every social class take the same interest in his sermons, and I am sure the veriest stranger could walk the streets of Halle on a Sabbath morning and be able to tell from the countenances of the people whom he meets whether or not Dr. Tholuck is to preach that day. An old woman who once heard Dr. Clarke preach, said on her return from the

*The cholera had just put the town of Halle in mourning for hundreds of her sons and daughters, and the war-cry of the Revolution was just dying away in the German towns and cities.

church that she did not think the doctor had preached a great sermon, because she understood every word he said. Whether Dr. Tholuck's capacity for preaching is ever measured by the same standard is a question; but certainly he lies open to the same charge. He preaches to the people, not to the student alone, but to the humblest mechanic. He never preaches on disputed theological questions, and his appeals are always more to the heart than to the head. Of his other published works I may mention his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," the first edition of which he gave to the world when but twenty-three years of age. Then commenced a battle which he has been waging ever since against that spirit which has been trying, by criticisms and cavils, to oust the Deity from the Old Testament, to resolve all miracles and prophecy into myths and natural circumstances, and to set up reason as the judge in all matters of faith.

His "Hours of Devotion" is a book that can be read with religious profit and improvement by every class of society. Many of the German theological students read it regularly with the Bible, and from the success it has met with among the laity, there can be no doubt that it is read in many a family circle throughout the length and breadth of the Protestant world. In a book entitled the "Teaching of the Sinner and the Pardoner," he gives his own religious experience and the happy result from his intercourse with Neander. He has also published commentaries on the "Evangel of St. John" and on "Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews," a "Practical Commentary on the Psalms for the Laity," several volumes of sermons, an "Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount," besides a number of practical works, to say nothing of his philological treatises, which were his first efforts in authorship and the fruits of his earliest studies. His exegetical works possess the rare quality (especially among the German scholars) of containing many practical teachings, and his books for the general classes are really an *adaptation*.

The engraving that stands at the head of this sketch is copied from the English portrait of Doctor Tholuck. He was much younger when it was taken, but it is better than the one most common in Germany. His health is better now than when this portrait was painted. His face is broader, and perhaps has more flesh on it. He is not waiting for death to come to him, but toils on with all the elasticity of youth. His greatest labors are past, but the good he has done will long continue to bless the German people. A man of his talents seldom takes such a hold upon the popular mind as he has done. I believe it is an error to suppose that the greatest uninspired books are the most read, and as a proof of it we have only to inquire how few (not how many) of the uneducated classes make a study of Milton, or Shakspeare, or Pope's translation of Homer. The labors of the greatest men seldom suit the taste of the great masses of people, but Doctor Tholuck has made it a point, as Wesley did, to apply his knowledge to the wants of the people, and to give it to them in such a way that they can be interested and improved. His labors in exegesis have been to meet the Rationalistic school on their own ground, and not from any innate predilection. His commentaries prove him the thinking scholar. They all assert, ay, they make you believe it, too, that there is something *more than natural* in the Bible. The mantle of Neander fell on him, and well did it fit him, and well does he wear it. Those two names are inseparably connected with the great war with Rationalism in Germany. The influence which he has been exerting upon the students in Halle for nearly thirty years cannot be without its benefits on this side of the Atlantic. More than one American student by his kindness and advice has been saved from the dark abyss of skepticism and rationalism. When he dies there will arise hundreds of young Germans, lovers of the *Holy* Bible, to assert the truths that they have heard from Doctor Tholuck's lips, and to labor in the same beautiful vineyard where he has spent such a useful lifetime. It will be a sad day in the old town of Halle when the bells toll his death and the number of his years. But may that number be large, and may he live to see more of the good that he has already done.

THE time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.—*Margaret Percival.*

YAMACOTO.

THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES.

OF all the objects in nature, none strikes the soul with more wonder, delight, and sublimity than mountains. Nowhere, in the vast continent of this Western world, can the mind acquire such conceptions of vastness and infinity, as upon the summits of the everlasting Andes! About the equator, too, our globe affords in the smallest space the greatest possible variety of impressions from the contemplation of nature. Among the colossal mountains of Quito and Peru, furrowed by deep ravines, man is enabled to contemplate alike the families of plants and the stars of the firmament. Here, at a single glance, the eye surveys humid and rich forests, and majestic palms, while above this growth of tropical vegetation appear oaks, the sweet-brier, and the umbelliferous plants. Here, the traveler, turning his eyes to the intensely blue vault of heaven, at a single glance beholds the constellation of the Southern Cross, the Majellanic clouds, and the guiding stars of the Bear, as they circle around the Arctic pole. In the New World the summits of the lofty Cordilleras penetrate the confines of the aerial ocean which surrounds our globe, and here still remain the subterranean forces which once upheaved these towering monarch mountains, still shaking them to their foundations and threatening their downfall.

On the contrary, the chain of the Himalaya is wanting in the imposing and awful phenomena of volcanoes, which amid the Andes often reveal to the inhabitants, under the most terrific forms, the forces which pervade the interior of our earth. Chimborazo, with its everlasting fires, presents a height twice that of Mount Etna, and although the mountains of India surpass the Cordilleras by their astonishing elevation, they cannot, from their geographical position, present the same inexhaustible phenomena which mark the latter. On the southern declivity of the Himalaya, at an elevation of eleven or twelve thousand feet above the sea, the region of perpetual snow begins, and thus limits the development of organic life in a zone nearly three thousand feet lower than

that where it is found in the equinoctial region of the Andes.

Upon those burning plains that rise but little above the level of the sea are found the families of the banana and the palm. To these succeed, in the Alpine valleys, and the humid clefts of the Cordilleras, the tree ferns with their lace-like foliage, and the cinchona, from whose febrifuge bark we obtain the world-renowned quinine. The medicinal strength of this remarkable bark is said to increase with the moisture imparted to the tree by the light mists forming the upper surface of the clouds which rest over these elevated plains. Next come the cold regions, and here are the grasses, one vast savannah covering the immense mountain plateau, and reflecting a yellow, golden tinge to the slope of the Cordilleras, and here graze the lamas with the cattle domesticated by the European settlers. Then succeeds the region of perpetual snow, which, resplendent in their own purity and whiteness, crown the summits of the Cordilleras.

Our illustrations are derived from Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon's Report to the United States Government of their explorations in the valley of the Amazon, and its inhabitants, during the years 1851 and 1852. They started upon mules from Lima on the twenty-first of May, 1851, for the mountains where the Amazon was supposed to take its rise, and in two days reached Yanacoto, a village built on an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the Pacific. Still at this height there were cases of chills and fever, the people, for a cure, drinking spirits just before the chill, and during the fever, the juice of the bitter orange, with sugar and water. A little beyond Yanacoto terminates what is called the coast, and the *Sierra* commences, and there is no tertian fever above this point. The climate is one perpetual spring, free from frosts as well as the damp fogs and sultry heats of the coast. This is a delicious climate for invalids, many of whom resort here. So fine is the evening air that the stars sparkle with intense brilliancy, and a pocket spy-glass distinctly discovers the satellites of Jupiter.

Soon the traveler reaches the silver mines of San Mateo, situated on both sides of the Rimac, and at an elevation of ten thousand two hundred feet above the level of the ocean. Two miles west are the silver mines, and approached by a frightful zigzag road, along the side of a mountain. One of them, Santa Rosa, has a perpendicular depth of five hundred and twenty feet. The miners are Indians, and labor hard amid the wet and cold for sixty-two and a half cents per day; and the ore, when refined by mercury, yields twenty-two per cent.

Lamas are employed to carry the ore to the grinding mills. They are admirably adapted by nature for these abrupt mountainous regions, safely traveling where the mule would not venture, but by short stages not over ten miles a day. Seven hundred and thirty pounds are a load, and he will carry no more, nor even move when overloaded and tired.

A large portion of the silver which constitutes the specie circulation of the world is dug from this range of the Cordilleras, and most of it is mined out of that slope drained into the Amazon. The introduction of steam upon that noblest of rivers, with Christian civilization and commerce, may one day turn this stream of the precious metals from the Pacific to the Atlantic side of the continent. Thus would our great city become the distributer to the world of the precious metals from California and the Andes.

In these lofty ridges are also found the copper mining haciendas, which metal is closely mixed with silver. A miner will get out about one thousand pounds of copper per day, and it is worthy of remark that the ore is melted in furnaces built of brick imported from our own country.

Three miles from Morochota the traveler obtains a view of the mountain Puy-puy, which is said to be higher than Chimborazo. To reach this lofty eminence the road crossed a range of lower hills from seven hundred to eight hundred feet high, and running diagonally, with a most toilsome ascent on foot and with mules. From its summit the view is most splendid. Cone-shaped, it rises in solitary majesty from a cylindrical base, running up into the blue vault of the heavens fifteen thousand feet above the sea. When the sunlight, bursting from the clouds, rests upon its summit, it appears transcendently beautiful and grand. Lieutenant Gibbon almost froze while taking the sketch of which our plate is a copy. It is remarkable that snipe, ducks, with other aquatic birds, are found in these high regions.

LAMAS TRAVERSING THE ANDES LADEN WITH SILVER.

Romanism has sway in the Cordilleras, and Sunday is the day for mass, markets, and intemperance. The men are dressed in tall straw hats, ponchos, breeches buttoned at the knee, with long woolen stockings. Blue woolen skirts open in front, a white cotton petticoat, and the shoulders covered with a gay colored plush mantle, compose the dress of the women. Ladies of higher quality wear skirts from colored prints or muslins. The hair, particularly on Sundays, is perfectly arranged, and, parted in the middle, hangs down gracefully plaited behind. It is surmounted by a very neat, low-crowned straw bonnet, and she is always *bein calzada*, well shod. The women exhibit amiable, frank, and agreeable manners.

The cura has a busy time, as nearly every day there is some "Fiesta" of the Church, which is usually celebrated with ringing of bells, music, the firing of rockets, and Indian dances. A dozen low fellows, dressed in the supposed costume of the ancient Indians, red and white blankets from the shoulders, short blue breeches, and sandals of raw hide, march through the streets. Stopping now and then, they perform a sort of a dance to the dull and monotonous music of a reed pipe and a rude flat drum, both played by the same performer. Each man carries a stick, with a very small wooden or hide shield, which he strikes to the step of the dance. They also wear small bells on their knees and feet called *cosobelês*, which jingle with the dance. With this custom there is a great deal of riot and intoxication.

Tarma is a small town of Peru, with some seven thousand inhabitants, and beautifully situated in an atmosphere of high mountains, clothed almost to their tops in summer with waving fields of barley. Its latitude is 11° 25′ south, and the place is nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, between the Andes range on the east and the lofty Cordilleras west. The valley in front of the place is half a mile wide, two long, level, and covered with the greenest and richest pasturage. At the farther end the stream which runs through it plunges over a beautiful rocky cataract thirty feet high. The climate is delicious and invigorating, the sick from Lima and the cold inclement mining districts resorting for health to its pure, mild, and equal temperature.

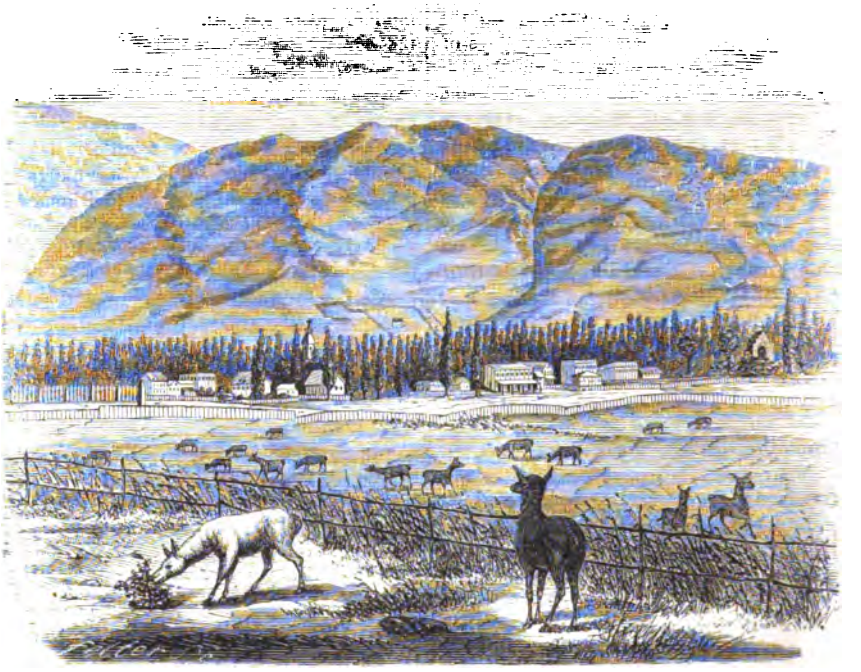
Maize, wheat, barley, and potatoes are the principal crops, cultivated upon the mountain sides and in the rocky valleys of this country.

In nearly all cases the land is cultivated by the aborigines, and their wages average from ten to twenty cents a day. The small estates, *chacéas*, are owned by the descendants of the Spanish Indians, or Mestizos, the last a cross between the two former. The Indians celebrate harvest with great merry-making, cooking their meals, at the time, in the fields, with music and dancing amid the barley stubble. They are very modest, civil, and unassuming in their manners to strangers. The men carry heavy loads of barley or wheat on their backs, while the women drive the loaded mules, slinging the children over their shoulders. All are employed; the father reaps, the mother gathers, the boys tending the flocks, while the girls take care of the children and the cooking, and spin woolen yarn by the hand.

When the crops fail on these table-lands the suffering among the Indians is very great. Before the rains commence is their seeding time, and hard frosts in February are generally the forerunners of a famine. Black cattle are numerous at the foot of the mountains, and shepherdesses follow thousands of sheep and lambs. During the harvest the tax-gatherers go among the thrashers with silver-headed canes, levying a measure of grain instead of contribution money. They are old Indians, well dressed, with broad-brimmed hats, and a respectable Quaker-like air about them. The priests also are active at the same time for their share of the crops.

Men reach a good old age in this climate; seventy, eighty, ninety years are common, and some reach one hundred to one hundred and thirty, the Indians living longest. Mestizo and Spanish girls have been known to be mothers at the early age of eight or nine years. The Spanish Creole population is small, and are generally the shop-keepers and the only dealers in foreign goods, which they purchase at Lima. These they pay to the Indians for work in the silver mines, the natives preferring blue in their dresses to any other color. The demand for wax in the Romish churches is considerable. Eggs and wool are the chief exports of Lima, and are carried across the Cordilleras on the backs

MOUNT PUYPUY.



TARMA.

of mules. Travelers wonder why they find so many bad eggs on the sea-coast, and it arises from the custom to pass them through the country, as current money, for some time before they are sent away to market. Three eggs will purchase a glass of brandy or sixpence worth of anything in the markets. The Mestizos are the shoemakers, blacksmiths, and saddlers of the country, and lord it over the honest Indians.

Inaja is one of the great valleys amid the snowy peaks of Peru, and has a population of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. The houses are one story, built of unburned bricks, with tile roofs. Its streets are well paved, and a neat little whitewashed church ornaments the plaza. The snowy peaks of the Cordilleras are in full view from the town. No section of Peru is more densely populated than the valley of Inaja. Here, close under the mountains, on the east side, stands the little town of Ocopa, with its convents and schools. From this point Roman Catholic missionaries have been sent in different directions to the forests and plains, at great risk of life and comforts, for the conversion of the savage red man. Some have been successful, others murdered, and their settlements destroyed by fire, and some never tire!

The Inaja River, rising to the north of Tarma, flows in a serpentine course through the whole length of this elevated valley, and creeping through the Andes, suddenly and rapidly rushes by the Ucayali and Amazon to the Atlantic Ocean.

Huancavelica, a Peruvian town celebrated for its quicksilver mines, has a population of eight thousand, and is situated in a deep ravine, amid a cluster of lofty peaks. It is the capital of the department, and was named by the Incas, boasts of six churches, an hospital, and college, in which are taught physics, chemistry, and mineralogy. A cathedral stands on the side of the Cinnebar Mountain, which contains the famous quicksilver mine of San Barbara. It is truly a wonderful place, and its entrance resembles a railroad tunnel. The eternal glaciers are seen at the very door, six hundred feet below the top of the mountain; icicles hanging over head, with sheets of ice under foot. Old brick-colored columns support the ceilings of the mine as they are excavated by the workmen, who, with hammer and chisel, are literally

honey-combing the mighty Andes. Turn which way the explorer may, he finds a road to travel. In the midst of this dark, wide, and deep excavation, San Rosario Church is reached, rotunda-shaped, with a ceiling one hundred feet high. Over the altar is carved, in solid cinnabar, the Virgin Mary, with the Infant Saviour in her arms. As the Indian miners pass, they turn, and kneeling under their heavy loads of ore, cross themselves, offer a short prayer, and proceed onward by the light always burning at the sacred altar. The mining Indians seldom leave these gloomy regions, but when the church bell invites, they attend its call, and pray for protection from the dangers to which they are exposed. On Sunday evenings they meet their fellow-laborers in this sacred rotunda for religious services. The peak of this mountain is said to be almost a solid mass of quicksilver ore, and this is carried out in bags of raw hide, on the backs of boys; at the furnaces near by, men break the ore into little pieces, and the women make small cakes of the dust. These are heated for

QUICHUA INDIAN FAMILY AND HUT.

eight or ten hours, when the condensed vapor falls in quicksilver upon the floor. When washed and dried, it is sold here for one dollar per pound, and sent to the silver mines of Peru.

Huancavelica lies on the route from Lima to Cusco, and distant seventy-three miles, and although this is not the shortest road to the coast, still it is the best, and to the best seaport. Freights arrive from Lima in ten days; mules travel the distance with mail boxes in six.

Chica is the favorite drink of the Peruvian Indians, and is thus made: A party, generally old women, seating themselves around a wooden trough with the maize, each of them takes a mouthful, mashing the grain, and then casts it back into the vessel. The mass, with water, is next boiled in large coppers, fermented in earthen jars, when it is sold by the brewers. It is an intoxicating drink, but the Indians say very healthful. Chupe is the national dish of the Peruvians, and may be made almost of anything related to soups, but is usually composed of mutton, eggs, rice, and potatoes, all highly seasoned with pepper and spices.

Lieutenant Gordon, in his explorations of these regions, met a man in a poncho and traveling dress by the name of Sage, with an Indian girl behind his saddle, and although from one of these mountain valleys, he spoke *plain English*, and was born in New Haven. He was proprietor of a circus company, but had now been many years in South America. Often, he had thought of returning to New England, "but nobody knows me now," he said. "Years ago I heard of the changes there, and don't believe I should know my native place. I have adopted the manners and customs of these people. I have worked in this country for years, and am worth nothing at last." He had navigated the Mississippi in a canoe. Every now and then his English ran off into Spanish, when he would beg pardon for not speaking his native language as well as when he was a boy in his own land.

During this conversation, down the sides of the mountain slowly advanced Sage's traveling circus. A little dark Guayaquil girl, a neat rider, accompanied a fine-looking Peruvian, whose fat wife, with sunburned face, followed. Then came a pony and his playmate, a dog, with a beautiful Peruvian girl, servants, and a long train of baggage mules. At the same moment, the Indians were gathered at an old church in the valley, to celebrate the Saint's Day of San Iago. Attired in green costumes, they marched in procession, with drums and fifes, through crowds of women dressed in all colors; some were masked in cow's horns and black, others wore cocked hats and gold-laced coats, while the young Creoles dashed about on horseback. The master of the place had just returned from church, a little intoxicated, and the whole crowd was *high* from chica. After morning prayers there was a grand procession, headed by the priest. Such is Romanism in the Andes. The scene was beautiful and strange; the church below, and the people lining the road of the valley, while drums mingled their rattling with the shouts and singing of the women.

As the traveler descends the eastern slope of the Andes, the scenery changes rapidly with the climate; humming-birds of the most brilliant plumage buzz among the flowers; potatoes, beans, figs, and peaches are for sale by the road-side, and Indian girls offer their chica drink. The quiet little ring-dove builds her nest in the clusters of the evergreen cactus, and the partridge sends forth her well-known call from the barley-fields. One day you are shivering, high up the mountains amid a midwinter's snow-storm; the next, you pass people seated by shady brooks in their midsummer costume.

The *arrieros*, or mule drivers, are an important class of the people. Whenever they meet with difficulties, their rule is to take a seat, and pulling from the pocket a small piece of paper, or a corn husk, they light a cigaros, and consider the case in so cool a manner, while the smoke is curling upward. Unless you saw the mule and baggage through the broken bridge, or down a precipice, you would not know anything had happened to the train.

The Peruvian mail from Lima to the southern departments is carried in two small hide boxes, on the back of a mule, with a swallow-tailed red and white flag flying from a short pole fastened between the trunks. Well mounted and armed, the conductor rides after the mail, while the mounted arriero trots ahead, blowing a horn. Letters and remittances are safely sent by this conveyance.

There are robbers among these mountain heights, who make their own terms when meeting travelers at night, in lonesome, uninhabitable roads. Their modes of attack differ; when they see the party, and know the number, in the daytime, they boldly make their demands. If in doubt, their guide comes alone, inquires about the travelers' health, requests a light for his cigaros, and expresses a wish to make purchases. Then he returns with a report of his discoveries; and whether the party is attacked or not, the chance is that the mules at pasture will be stolen during the night. The robbers use short, thick clubs, knives, and slung stone balls, but seldom firearms, which they greatly dread. Intent on plunder or murder, the savage, the negro, or the Peruvian robber may approach boldly with his dagger, but the click of a revolver makes him disappear quickly.

In some of these valleys are sugar plantations, where the Indians may be seen, with hoe in hand, leading the snowy waters of the Andes between the rows of the young plants, with their rich and yellow leaves. With this beautiful arrangement of nature, he plants and garners a crop every year; and destitute of it in these regions both man and plant would

pine and perish. A little further up upon the mountain side there is another climate, with its dwarf clusters of cactæ, rocks, dry bunches of grass, a dusty soil, deserted almost by animal life, excepting the green lizard, now and then seen basking in the scorching rays of the sun. Ascending a little higher, the surface becomes covered with a lead-colored grass, greener as the eye looks upward; when suddenly a streak of dark earth is capped by the purest white snow, until the prospect is entirely bounded by pyramids of eternal whiteness.

Such is the glare of the sun and its reflection on the snow here, that, for the protection of the eyes, it becomes necessary to wear green spectacles, or vails. Without this precaution, a very painful inflammation, called *suerumpe*, is often the result, which the Creole population, and especially the gentlemen, dread.

How wonderful, and gracious, and wise are the provisions of Divine Providence in the varieties for human sustenance! In New Guinea, the native rubs the sago palm to a powder, and by a hot mold bakes it into a hard cake; two and a half pounds will suffice a man for a whole day. The Chili pine, the splendid *Auricaria imbricata* of the Andes and Patagonia, from the fruit of a single tree will maintain *eighteen* persons *per annum*. Its fruit is the large seed of the cones, and as rich in gluten as the common beech, chestnuts, or acorns. Humboldt calculated that the one thousand square feet which would yield four hundred and sixty-two pounds of potatoes, or thirty-eight of wheat, would, in less time, produce four thousand pounds of bananas! The real bread-fruit-tree (*Artocarpus incisa*) of the South Seas and Indian Archipelago is a beautiful object, bearing eight or nine months, in close succession. Its fruit is cooked in various ways, and three trees will support a man eight months.

Upon these table-lands of Chili and Peru, at the immense elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and where barley and rye refuse to ripen, the natives grow their *quiona*, and before the arrival of the Spaniards, thousands amid these elevated regions lived principally on this small seeded bread grain, whose composition is nearly that of oatmeal. Without this providential plant, the plateau of the everlasting Andes would be only a cattle pasture, like the summer fields of the beautiful Alpine valleys!

HUNGARY.

FOR almost a century after their first appearance the Magyars were the terror of Europe. In their nomadic wanderings westward they had overwhelmed the Bulgarians and Moravians; the Slaves and the Daco-Romans had been driven to the mountains, and hardly had Arpad pitched his tents on the plains of Hungary before Germany, France, and Italy felt the terrible force of the Magyar invasions. The appearance of the host was, indeed, such as to excite terror even in those barbarous times. On horseback, always on horseback, and armed with bows, lances and sabers, the wild chivalry of Asia marched before a confused multitude of women and children. Then followed immense herds of cattle, and rude wagons, some of which were already filled with booty, while others awaited the fruits of future victories. The terror-stricken nations of Europe recognized in the grim-visaged Magyars the descendants of the "scourge of God." They were regarded as the bands of Gog and Magog, spoken of in the Apocalypse, whose advent was immediately to precede the destruction of the world.

Germany at length rose in a mass against the ravagers of Europe, one hundred thousand of whom were slain before the walls of Augsburg, in the year 955. Having been thus arrested in their course of conquest, the Magyars returned to their encampments on the plains of Hungary, and left off the adventurous expeditions which had brought them in contact with the more civilized nations of the West. From rude warriors they soon became shepherds and tillers of the soil, learning the elements of agriculture and industry from the prisoners they had taken in war and from the original inhabitants of the country.

The religion which the Magyars brought from Asia was a species of pantheistic naturalism. They worshiped the air, water, and especially fire, which was personified in the sun. They addressed hymns to the earth, whence comes the harvest and the flowers, the useful iron, and the sparkling diamond. They admitted in their faith the dualism of the Persians, the eternal conflict of Ormuzd and Ahriman, or the spirits of good and evil Sorcerers and astrologers obtained

ST. STEPHEN.

oracular credence. To the Supreme God, embracing in himself all other divinities, to "Magyarok-Istene," the god of the Magyars, they never sacrificed human beings, but immolated upon his altars pure white horses and other animals. Their respect for the dead proves that they believed in the resurrection of the soul. As many enemies as the valiant Magyar had slain in battle, so many servants would he have in the future world. Faithful to the religion of their ancestors, they continued to worship their Asiatic god, without, however, any decided aversion to the practices of Christianity, for the vanquished among them were permitted to cherish, without molestation, the faith of Jesus.

But how were the Hungarians converted to Christianity, and by whom? The Greeks, the Latins, and the Poles, all claim to have made the first baptism. Here is the Catholic legend:

When the victors of Augsburg imposed peace upon the Magyars it was stipulated that Italian and German missionaries might go and preach among the latter without opposition, and that the priests might build churches and establish convents. Pilgrim was charged with the command of the pious expedition,. and under him were Bruno and Wolfgang, two lieutenants selected by the pope. The three apostles set forth, charged with extraordinary powers, and followed by an army of monks and priests. Their success was tardy. A small band of neophytes was gathered, but the chiefs had to be converted before the people would embrace the new religion. Geyza, the leader of the Magyars, was not hostile to the movement. The "glad tidings" had only to be delivered in the proper manner in order to meet with ready acceptance.

It so happened that Geyza was the willing slave of a beautiful female named Beleknegini, who, however, was not his lawful wife. Though a bold Amazon, who, without bit or saddle, could tame the

wildest steed, and rushed into the bloody mêlée with as much coolness as the bravest Magyar, Beleknegini was tender and amiable enough to bring to her feet a man less enthusiastic than Geyza. One day the "beautiful mistress," for that was her name in Slavish, took a fancy to hear the missionaries, to be converted to Catholicism, and also to make a convert of Geyza. How could the love-sick chief refuse to bow down with her and receive the holy water? Thousands of Magyars followed their example, and among them Vaik, the son of Geyza, who, upon baptism, received the name of Stephen, afterward to be crowned with the double honor of a saint and king. During the long reign of the latter there was, however, more than one revolt in consequence of attempting to force Catholicism upon those of the Magyars who thought that they saw in the new order of things the destruction of their nationality. At last his successor, Bela I., seeing that neither decrees, wars, nor persecutions would induce all of his subjects to give up the idolatrous worship of Istene and the forces of nature, convoked a general diet at Alba-Royal, where even peasants and serfs were admitted to share in the deliberations. Every village was to send two aged men of experience and ready speech. The delegates assembled. But the constituents, pretending that they wished to watch over the acts of those whom they had sent, presented themselves also, and gathered round the palace of the king in a tumultuous mob. Here is what they demanded. The right to live like heathen; the privilege of stoning the bishops, exterminating the priests, strangling the vicars, hanging the collectors of the tithes, of burning the churches, and breaking the bells. The king desired three days to deliberate with his ministers. The three days passed, and there was no response.

"What shall it be? what shall it be?" demanded the mob around the palace. The king did not make his appearance, but in his place a band of soldiers rushed upon the clamorous heathens, who were armed only with sticks and stones, and by a horrible slaughter permanently established Catholicism in Hungary.

The Magyars venerate St. Stephen both as an apostle of Christianity and their first king. During his reign monasteries were established, which have since grown into rich and powerful institutions. He framed a constitution for the government of the people which survived eight centuries. It was St. Stephen also who first divided Hungary into comitats, or counties, each of which was a miniature state regulating its own affairs. This municipal institution was always so dear to the Magyars that their historians claim for its origin a Divine inspiration. The form of government adopted by the Hungarians was a constitutional monarchy, the elective principle having been brought with them from Central Asia. When pasturing their vast herds of cattle and horses on the steppes of Scythia they enjoyed the privilege of choosing their leader and sharing with him the government. And more than once in their long migration westward did they assemble on the plains or in the forests to select those who should lead them to conquest; to distribute the burdens of war or the spoils of conquests. In this manner, during the barbaric period, Magar, Almos, and Arpad were created chiefs; and when St. Stephen became their king, it was by the consent of the people, and not "by the will of God." He submitted his new constitution to the assembled nation, who joyfully accepted its wise provisions, and handed them down unimpaired to their descendants.

These great gatherings of the Magyars ultimately became known as the national diets. They were the stronghold of Hungarian liberty. Omnipotently they discussed, when called together on any great emergency, the acts of the sovereign, determined the subsidies in the case of war, gave or withheld the crown when the throne was vacant, and before them the king was obliged to swear that he would respect the national laws and customs, and defend the realm against invasion from without or civil contests within.

Magnificent assemblages were the ancient diets of the Hungarians held in arms on the plain of Rakos! Speak of them to-day to a Magyar; his eye will brighten and his heart beat quicker, for they recall to his mind the most glorious pages of his country's history, her illustrious kings, and heroes, and conquerors. Aside from historical associations, the field of Rakos, where these national gatherings were usually held, is one of the most interesting places in Hungary. On one side the eye sweeps over an immense plain, dotted

CATHEDRAL OF STRETZEN.

here and there with herds and hamlets, and losing itself in the hazy distance; on the other, the ceaseless flood of the Danube, flanked by the terminus of a chain of mountains. Here is the classic land of the Magyars. These mountains, one of which is crowned by the citadel of Buda, were the ancient boulevards of Hungarian liberty, and overlook the region which was the center and pivot of her greatness.

The national Diet has assembled; it may be to choose a king, or to decide upon some new policy of the government. What agitation in the city! How various the physiognomies! How different the idioms and costumes of those who come together! Behold, moving in solemn dignity through the crowded streets of the metropolis, the long processions of prelates and priests, of barons and magnates, with their gorgeous banners and equipages! The balconies and windows are gay and glittering with female beauty, but the men are serious and thoughtful in view of the great issues to be decided.

They arrive at the gates of the city. You would say that an army had assembled on the field of Rakos, about to be ranged in order of battle. Squadrons of hussars, with bows and quivers on their shoulders, with lances and crooked sabers, move here and there upon gorgeously caparisoned steeds, which touch the earth daintily in their curvetings and prancings. The wind sports gracefully with innumerable ensigns, embroidered and painted in every conceivable manner, and wafts far beyond the long lines of snowy tents retreating in the distance, the acclamations of the multitude. Here are represented all the picturesque costumes of the Magyars, all their curious weapons and equestrian finery of standards and trappings. The round hats and simple dress of the country nobles, render all the more brilliant the rich vestments of the great magnates of the kingdom. The polished cuirasses and coats of mail, the gleaming helmets and gold-laced "Attilas," the "kalpaks" with eagle plumes, the skins of the tiger and panther glowing with brilliant colors, horse and rider burdened with golden ornaments, and blazing with diamonds—it is Oriental magnificence married with European luxury.

A voice is heard; few and pointed are

the words. They are heralded and repeated from group to group. Is the proposition favorable? joy illuminates the faces of the cavaliers, and thousands of voices rend the air with their ready response. Is it unfavorable? their faces darken with anger, the heavy squadrons move, the rattling of sabers is heard, and perhaps a bloody mêlée ensues. A word follows; silence is restored, the discussion terminated. "Eljén! Eljén!" Long live Hungarian Liberty, rings upon the clear, sunny air, and the national Diet terminates, until again called together.

Such were the ancient assemblages of the Magyar chivalry on the plain of Rakos. It was there that, in 1299, the magnates of the kingdom protested against the assumed right of the popes to impose a sovereign upon them against their will: there, in 1308, Charles Robert was obliged to declare the papal intervention null; it was on the plain of Rakos that brave Jean Hunyad was named captain-general of the kingdom, in order that he might save it from the Germans and the Turks; and there also, in grateful recognition of his services, the crown of

LOUIS II. ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MOHACS.

Hungary was decreed to his second son, Matthias the Just.

Liberty, however, fled from Hungary on the fatal day of Mohacs, when Louis II. and the flower of the Magyar chivalry fell before the Moslems.

Since the ascendency of Austrian influence in Hungary, these great national assemblages have ceased to be held. Rakos is now silent. The soil, consecrated by so many souvenirs of Hungarian liberty, is torn by the plow, even as the hearts of the Magyars have been afflicted by their unmerited misfortunes. When they visit Rakos, the blood leaps in their veins, they dream of the great days that are no more; they think, they hope. Yes, the Hungarians, although crushed down to the earth, still hope.

From the misfortunes of Hungary we turn for a moment to her royal insignia, of which the crown of St. Stephen is the most important, having, for eight centuries, been venerated as the palladium of Hungarian liberty. Of immense value, it is also unique in construction, consisting of a hemispherical cap, which rests upon a broad circular band, the crown proper,

in such a manner, that the two parts form a whole. The material is gold, set with pearls and jewels, and ornamented with enamel paintings of the Saviour and his apostles. The jewels are also arranged so as to form the names of some of the saints and of two or three of the Greek and Roman emperors.

The lower, or Greek crown, is of Byzantine origin, while the inner and upper part, called the Roman crown, came from Italy. The Roman is the older, and is the identical crown sent by Pope Sylvester in the year 1000 to Stephen I., King of Hungary.

The lower, or Greek crown, as appears from the inscriptions, dates its origin in the year 1075, and was about that time sent to Geyza, Duke of Hungary; but up to the year 1306, when Otto, of Bavaria, assumed the name of Bela V., and used the crown at his coronation, its history is obscure. About that time, however, it underwent an interesting episode in connection with Otto and King Wentzel, of Bohemia. The Arpad branch of the royal family having terminated with Andreas III., the royal dignity was offered to Wentzel in the year 1301. He did not accept it in person, but his son, of the same name, then twelve years of age, was crowned King of Hungary a few months afterward. The choice of Wentzel, however, was not pleasing to a majority of the Hungarians, or to the pope; consequently, he was speedily deposed, and Charles Robert, of Naples, selected in his stead. The old Wentzel conveyed his son back to Bohemia, and with him the Hungarian crown. After the death of his father, in 1305, young Wentzel abandoned his claim to Hungary in favor of Otto, of Bavaria, and gave up to him all the royal insignia. The latter soon after disguised his person in such a manner as to reach Hungary through the territory of his enemy, Rudolph, Duke of Austria.

He carried with him the crown, concealed in a large wooden wine bottle, which was once lost from the wagon in a swamp, but fortunately found again by Otto, who re-crossed the Danube in search of the missing treasure. He was crowned the same year, and soon after carried the royal insignia into Transylvania, whither he went to ask a bride of Ladislaus. But instead of marrying, as he desired, he was thrown into prison by Ladislaus, who at

THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.

PETERWARDEIN.

once took possession of the crown and regalia. Ladislaus thereupon strove to become king of the Hungarians, but they preferred Charles Robert, who was crowned with a diadem prepared for the purpose. Such, however, was the veneration of the Magyars for the old Græco-Roman crown, that Charles was not really regarded as their king until the year 1310, when, after many entreaties, Ladislaus was induced to give up the old crown, with which Charles underwent a second coronation. From that time until 1440 the royal insignia remained in Hungary. Elizabeth then carried them to Vienna, but in 1464 the crown was returned to Buda for the coronation of Matthias. After the battle of Mohacs, where bold Louis fell, and the crescent prevailed over the cross, curious fortunes were again in reserve for the diadem of King Stephen. During the contest between Ferdinand of Austria and John Zapolya, the crown changed possessors two or three times, and ultimately fell into the hands of Jeremy, who, in place of bringing it back to Visegrad, as he had solemnly promised, carried it to Kaposvae, whither he fled before Solyman, the Emperor of the Turks. The crown then came into the possession of the Sultan, who afterward gave it to his vassal Zapolya. Having returned again into the hands of the Magyars, its possession underwent various changes until the year 1849. Upon the sad termination of the Hungarian insurrection, Kossuth and his noble followers buried this cherished idol of the Magyar race, and took refuge in Turkey. Would that the earth still retained it in her bosom!

The history of its discovery in 1853, after a prolonged search of four years, indicates how high an estimate Austria places upon the royal trophy. Görgey having utterly prostrated the hopes of the Hungarians by the treachery of Vilagos, Kossuth, fled toward Wallachia, carrying with him the royal insignia. Finding, however, that he would be intercepted by a large Turkish force on the Danube, he determined to secrete them, and after making several false movements to mislead his enemies, he finally disappeared in the direction of New Orsova. These movements of the Magyar chief had not escaped the attention of the Austrians, and on the termination of hostilities Major Kuger was commissioned by the emperor to recover, if possible, the lost treasure. He found that Kossuth had carried it to Orsova, but that not being able to secrete it there, had taken it to the baths of Hercules, a few miles distant. Having met, however, with no better suc-

cess at the latter place, he had been compelled to return to Orsova, where, for a time, the crown had been concealed in the house of George Theodore, one of his confederates. Kuger also learned that Kossuth, with the assistance of trusty friends, had left Orsova by night, and, after crossing the river, proceeded on horses of his own purchase toward Wallachia. The same night also his companions had purchased digging utensils at Old Orsova, and set out for the Eiser. It was well known that Kossuth had not conveyed the crown to Kutayah, though, according to the Austrian authorities, he had displayed at Widdin a paper crown with false jewels, which led many to believe him still in possession of the real crown.

When the snow and ice had disappeared the next spring no traces of an excavation could be discovered in the vicinity of Orsara. Equally futile was the diligent search in the fastnesses of the neighboring mountains. For two years all the efforts of the indefatigable Austrians were entirely fruitless. It was then determined to renew the search in the vicinity of Orsova. The chest containing the insignia had now been buried so long that all hopes of finding any traces of the excavation were past, and Kuger turned his attention to a minute examination of every tree, and shrub, and hill-side in the woody district about Orsova. He soon discovered in an isolated corner of the Allion-Au, by the side of an old and long since abandoned highway, broken branches and other indications that incited to a most careful examination. The limbs had evidently not been removed by a person in search of fuel. The handle of a hatchet was found, and also an elegant watch-key. The soft light soil, the disturbed underwood, the proximity of the spot to the Danube and the Turco-Servian shore, convinced the commissioner that the place of concealment could not be far distant. The examination was prosecuted diligently until the morning of September 8, 1853, when one of the laborers struck upon the long-wished-for iron chest. In this manner, after a search of four years, the earth was compelled to yield up, though reluctantly, one of the noblest treasures ever concealed in her bosom. Some of the Austrians appear to have believed that the inspiration of a higher power induced Kuger to renew his search in the vicinity of Orsova, but Austrian gold and Hungarian treachery had more to do with the matter. Were it not for these the royal insignia would doubtless still remain where they were concealed. The traitor was no less a person than Szemere, one of the republican ministers of Hungary, and since a violent enemy of Kossuth. Let his name be spoken only with aversion.

The chest containing the insignia was completely covered as well as lined with rust. Under the mantle of King Stephen were the lesser insignia used at the coronation of the Hungarian kings. In one corner stood the long-sought crown, still retaining its pearls and jewels, and by its side lay the scepter, the sword covered with rust, and the imperial globe. It is singular that Kossuth and his companions did not remove the royal jewels from the crown previous to its concealment, and secrete them upon their persons, since they are of immense value, and, indeed, the chief ornaments of the trophy. Had such been the case, even though the jewels had fallen into the hands of the Turks, the éclât attending the discovery of the crown would have been far less. One is also surprised that Kossuth and his followers did not take refuge in the almost impregnable fortress of Peterwardein, in Lower Hungary, instead of seeking a refuge among the Turks. We were in Vienna when the royal insignia were brought there in 1853. Immense preparations had been made for the proper reception of those mementoes of down-trodden Hungary. The Emperor Francis Joseph, who has never yet ventured to wear the crown of Stephen, made it convenient, however, to be absent from the city. We saw no expressions of joy whatever, much less of enthusiasm. A deep and death-like silence pervaded the immense crowds on the ramparts in the Graben and St. Stephen's Square that, indicated more sadness than delight. Even the minions of Francis Joseph seemed to look upon the cherished idol of the Magyars as something they were unworthy to possess, while here and there the dark and earnest face of a Hungarian spoke of burning thoughts that his lips could not utter. It is now kept in the royal castle of Buda. That, O reader, is one of the few diadems worthy to be worn; nor will it many years remain a trophy in the hands of the young Nero of Austria.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—No. II.

LIKE the wars of Napoleon, the American Revolution brought together a great number of talented military leaders. It may be doubted, however, whether there were as many really great generals in the American war as fought in the various campaigns of the mighty Corsican, and whether the greatest won, in every instance, the fame which they deserved. In war success is the test of merit. I shall not attempt to undervalue success, that unspiritual god, the mammon of the worldly-minded; but I question whether the greatest men are ever immediately successful. That they are not so in art and literature, witness the lives of many noble artists and poets. The battle-field, however, is not the world of art; for being of the earth, earthy, its successes and defeats are more immediate than those of thought and philosophy. Art conquers slowly and silently; war marches on to the sound of its own trumpets, and plucks its conquests from the flying moments. We respect the prudent and sagacious general, whose plans are so well matured that defeat is out of the question, but we admire the bold and dashing soldier, who turns defeat into victory. Washington and Wellington are eclipsed in vulgar estimation by Napoleon and Murat, and even Mad Anthony Wayne. Mad Anthony is an unusual favorite with all who admire *nerve* and impetuosity. His capture of Stony Point was one of the most brilliant achievements of the Revolution, and is worthy of the fame which it gave him.

Anthony Wayne was born on the first of January, 1745. His grandfather, from whom he was named, was a native of England, who quitted the land of his birth in 1681, or thereabouts, and established himself as an agriculturist in Ireland. He entered the army of William of Orange, and in the contest for supremacy between that prince and the exiled James fought at the battle of the Boyne, and at the siege of Limerick, and, like Othello, did the state "some service," which was acknowledged at the time, but afterward forgotten, much to the chagrin of doubty

Anthony the elder. Displeased with the government, and dissatisfied with the country of his adoption, the old soldier started off at the age of sixty-three, and began the world anew in another land. He pitched his tent in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1722, and there, in due time, Mad Anthony was born. Few memorials of his early years have come down to us; or else his biographers have neglected to make use of them. The one from whom I draw the materials of the present sketch, which, by the way, comes from Sparks's "American Biography," even omits the name of his father! He mentions incidentally that Anthony was an only son, and that he was sent to school with his uncle, Gilbert Wayne, who was a thorough pedagogue, and had but a mean opinion of his new pupil. We forgive Gilbert, however, since the only account that we have of Anthony's boyhood is contained in one of his letters to Anthony's father.

"I really suspect," says the scholastic Gilbert, "that parental affection blinds you, and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be qualified for I know not; but one thing I am certain of, that he will never make a scholar. He may make a soldier; he has already distracted the brains of two thirds of the boys under my direction, by rehearsals of battles and sieges, etc. They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and harlequins than students; this one decorated with a cap of many colors, and others habited in coats as variegated as Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads, and others with black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games and amusements, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc. I must be candid with you, Brother Isaac; unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

Thus far Uncle Gilbert to Papa Isaac. (I beg the pardon of my biographer for saying that he forgot to mention the name of Anthony's father. Not finding it in the proper place, I supposed it entirely omitted, for which I cry "*Peccavi!*" Speaking of omissions, it is not generally known, I believe, that Washington Irving in the first edition of his recently published "Life of Washington," omitted to state the year in which Washington was born!) Uncle Gilbert's letter seems to have created a stir in the Wayne mansion, for Anthony was brought up to the paternal bar, and arraigned on several heinous charges, the chiefest of which was neglect of study, and ingratitude to his parents. He was severely lectured, and it was left with him to decide whether he would return to school and give his attention to study, or be condemned to immediate and lasting labor on the farm. As might have been expected, he chose the former alternative, and returned to Uncle Gilbert, and "the Pierian spring." He "drank deep," as the poet directs, and was received again into his uncle's favor. There were no more rehearsals and sham battles in that neighborhood for many a year. Instead of attacking mud forts he attacked the outposts of science, and gradually carried them, to the great joy of his now admiring relatives. At the end of a year and a half he not only satisfied Uncle Gilbert that he possessed a capacity for scholarship, but drew from him a confession that he had acquired all that *he* could teach him, and merited the means of a higher and more general instruction. His father coinciding in this opinion, he was sent to the Philadelphia Academy, where he remained until his eighteenth year, studying mathematics and astronomy, and with such success, that when he left school he returned to his native county, and opened an office as land surveyor.

He remained in Chester County two or three years, at the end of which time he left it for Nova Scotia. The peace of 1763 having given Great Britain a full and uncontested possession of Nova Scotia, she was anxious to colonize her newly-acquired territory. To attain this end, associations from the older provinces were encouraged to seek grants of the crown. The conditions were easy, requiring but a small investment of capital. A company of merchants and others in Pennsylvania engaging in this speculation, an agent was required to visit the territory offered for settlement, to inspect the soil for agricultural purposes, to ascertain the means of commercial facility connected with it, and, if the report were favorable, to locate the tract to be granted. Dr. Franklin was one of the company, and taking into consideration his natural shrewdness and business capacity, it is creditable to Anthony that, out of the many applicants for this agency, the doctor

should have especially recommended him. He was chosen, after a full trial of his qualifications, and in addition was appointed a superintendent of the settlements actually made. He was then in his twenty-first year. In 1767 the menacing character of the controversy between the colonies and the mother country put an end to the enterprise. He returned to Philadelphia, and, marrying the daughter of Benjamin Primrose, an eminent merchant of that city, settled once more in Chester County, where he devoted himself to land surveying and agriculture. Six or seven peaceful but uneventful years passed, and found him on his farm. He sympathized deeply with the revolutionary spirit of the day, and what was still better, helped to enkindle it in the hearts of his neighbors; not by political declamations and windy braggadocios, but by deeds. He abstracted himself, says his biographer, from the political councils of the province, and gave his whole time and labors to the institution and instruction of military associations throughout his county. In the short space of six weeks he was able to organize a volunteer corps, "having more the appearance of a veteran than of a militia regiment." In January, 1776, Congress conferred upon him the rank of colonel, and the command of one of the four regiments, required from Pennsylvania, as re-enforcements for the Northern army. His regiment was soon raised, equipped, and marched to Canada. It formed a part of Thompson's brigade, then stationed at the mouth of the River Sorel. Hearing that the British commander-in-chief had hazarded a detachment of six hundred light infantry as far westward as Trois Rivières without any sustaining corps, Major-General Sullivan, the American commander, resolved to strike at this detachment and recapture the post. He accordingly dispatched Thompson with three regiments, among others that of Wayne, on the expedition. Owing to some blundering on the part of Thompson, who was a tactitian of the old school, it was unsuccessful, and the Americans were forced to retreat. Morning broke while they were maneuvering and revealed them to the British, by whom they were overmatched. Thompson and those who adhered to him were driven into a morass, where they were captured, and Colonel St. Clair, the officer next in command, being disabled by his wounds, the command fell to Wayne, who conducted in safety the mass of the brigade to the western side of the River Des Loups, whence it made its way along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence to the village of Berthier, and thence back to the American camp at the mouth of the Sorel. Wayne was severely wounded, but he saved the remains of the brigade. About this time a heavy British column marched in the direction of Montreal. The alarm produced by this fact, and by the obvious facility with which Carleton could now get possession of Chambly and St. John's, and thus completely cut off the retreat of the American army, induced General Sullivan to order the evacuation of the post on the River Sorel, and an immediate retreat to Lake Champlain; to Wayne and the Pennsylvania regiment was assigned the duty of covering this movement, and an arduous duty it seems to have been; for they were so pressed for time that the last boats were not beyond the reach of musket shot when the head of the British column entered the fort. On July 17th the army and its hospital, baggage, and stores were safely lodged at Ticonderoga, the point selected for future defense.

The British general was ready to renew hostilities in October; but after reconnoitering the American fortifications, he concluded it would not be advisable to invest them so late in the season, and withdrew his army to Canada for the winter. The defeat of Washington on Long Island, and his consequent retreat through the Jerseys, left him so ill provided with men that General Gates marched eight regiments to the aid of his commander-in-chief, leaving Ticonderoga and two thousand five hundred men in charge of Colonel Wayne. Congress approved of this arrangement, and conferring on the colonel the rank of brigadier-general, continued him in command of the fort until the ensuing spring, when, at his own request, he was called to the main army. Arriving at head-quarters on the fifteenth of May, 1777, he was placed at the head of a brigade, "which," Washington remarked on the occasion, "could not fail to be soon and greatly distinguished."

The leading objects of the British in the campaign of 1777 were the expulsion of Congress from Philadelphia, and the capture of that city. To withdraw Wash-

ington from his position at Middlebrook, General Howe sent two heavy columns in the month of June to Brunswick; they maneuvered for several days in succession, alternately threatening the American camp and the city. Failing in these demonstrations, he feigned to be alarmed for his own safety, and counterfeited a hurried retreat to Staten Island. Not perceiving his design, Washington dispatched Generals Sullivan, Maxwell, Wayne, and Morgan, and their respective corps, in pursuit, reserving himself and the main army to sustain an attack, or cover a retreat. Sullivan and Maxwell failed to arrive in time, consequently what was intended to be done by the four corps, fell upon the two commanded by Wayne and Morgan. "They displayed great bravery and good conduct;" (so ran Washington's letter to Congress;) "constantly advancing on an enemy far superior to themselves in number, and well secured by redoubts."

In the meantime Washington, who had left his camp at Middlebrook, reached Quibbleton, and pushed forward Sterling's division to the neighborhood of Matuchin meeting-house. Learning of this disposition of the American forces, Howe determined to march against Washington, while Cornwallis should endeavor to seize the heights of Middlebrook. His plans were discovered by a reconnoitering party, who apprised Washington of his danger, enabling him to regain and secure his former position. Having lost the only chance his wary antagonist had given him, Howe hastened back to New York to begin his preparations for approaching Philadelphia by sea.

On the morning of the eleventh of September he arrived at the southern bank of the Brandywine, where Washington had made his dispositions for trying the fortunes of a battle. The defense of Chad's Ford, the point most accessible to the enemy, was committed to Wayne, who had the second brigade and a portion of Proctor's artillery added to his command.

On his left, at two miles' distance from him, lay Armstrong and his division; on his right Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen. Greene kept in the rear as a reserve. Leaving Knyphausen at the ford to engage Washington by a series of demonstrations on his rear, Howe dispatched Cornwallis with the bulk of the army to the forks of the river, ordering him to gain the northern bank, and, marching downward, to take Washington's position on the rear, while Knyphausen, forcing the ford, should attack it in front. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before General Wayne was apprised of the strength and probable object of Cornwallis's column; finding a new disposition of his army necessary, he directed the three divisions forming the right of his line to change their front and move rapidly in the direction of the expected attack. The change was made, and the movement began, and for a time was well sustained, but now occurred one of those causeless panics which occasionally seize the bravest; the right of the American line gave way, and was soon followed by the flight and disorder of the center and left. Greene and his reserve came up, however, and compelling the assailants to halt, covered the retreating corps. In the meantime Knyphausen had attacked Wayne, but he defended himself bravely till near sunset, when, learning the defeat sustained by his rear, he withdrew his division to the main army.

On the sixteenth the two armies again approached each other with the mutual design of fighting another battle. Wayne was assigned the post of honor, which was to lead the American attack. The action, which was close and sharp, commenced near the Warren Tavern, and would soon have become general, but for a heavy fall of rain, which separated the combatants. The whole stock of ammunition belonging to the Americans having been spoiled by the storm, Wayne ordered a retreat to Parker's Ferry, where a fresh supply could be obtained.

Washington posted himself on the eastern bank of the Schuylkill, and learning that Howe still intended to occupy his former position, he dispatched General Wayne to watch his movements and to cut off his baggage and hospital train. He immediately re-crossed the Schuylkill, and on the twentieth placed himself and his detachment three miles in Howe's rear. Night coming on, and Smallwood, who was to have joined him with the Maryland militia, not having arrived, he planted his pickets and sentinels, and threw forward patrols of horse on the different roads leading to the camp. Between nine and ten o'clock he learned

that the British intended to attack him that night, so he multiplied his pickets and patrols, and directed his men to repose on their arms, and, as it was then raining, to put their cartridge-boxes under their coats. At eleven o'clock he was apprised of the enemy's approach; he ordered Colonel Hampton, his second in command, to wheel the line and move off by a road leading to the White-horse Tavern; while with the first Pennsylvania regiment, the light infantry, and the horse, he should post himself on the right, and cover the retreat. Hampton bungled, either from negligence or misapprehension, and failed to put his troops in motion until thrice ordered to do so. The result was a loss of one hundred gallant men. To shield himself Hampton accused Wayne, who was tried by a general court martial, and honorably acquitted. On the twenty-sixth Howe crossed the Schuylkill, and, detaching the *élite* of his army against Philadelphia, encamped at Germantown. Learning that he had drafted at least seven of his regiments for duty in Philadelphia and the neighborhood, Washington resolved to attack and carry by surprise the British camp at Germantown.

His plan of attack consisted, in its general outline, of a night march and a double attack on both flanks of the enemy's right wing; while a demonstration, or attack, according to the circumstances, should be directed on the western flank of his left wing. The American army began its march at seven o'clock on the evening of the 3d of October. The right column, composed of the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, with Conway's brigade, and assigned to the attack of the left flank of the enemy's right wing, took the Chestnut Hill road, followed by Sterling's division as a reserve. The left column, composed of Greene and Stebbin's divisions, with M'Dougall's brigade, and fourteen hundred Maryland and Jersey militia, destined to the attack of the right flank of the same wing, took the two eastern roads, while Armstrong's division of Pennsylvania militia pursued the Ridge Road.

On reaching Chestnut Hill, the head of Sullivan's column, consisting of two regiments, was detached at daybreak to carry the enemy's picket-guard, stationed at Mount Airy. The attack was brisk; but the picket being re-enforced, the defense became obstinate, nor was the position carried till Sullivan had brought up Conway's brigade and his own division. Colonel Musgrave, the British commander at this point, unable to maintain the contest in the field, threw himself and six companies of the fortieth regiment into Chew's house, a large and strong stone building. He poured an incessant and galling fire on the advancing American column, but Wayne and Sullivan pressed forward, and were soon engaged with detachments of the enemy from Germantown. The skirmishing was close and sharp; at some points it was decided by the bayonet, always a favorite weapon with Wayne. The English availed themselves of every house, hedge, and yard on the route, but were driven back to the village. The question now arose, whether it would be safe for the Americans to go forward until they had reduced the force in Chew's house. The military pros and cons were argued in very short order, and the result was a pause in the march of the reserve and other corps, amounting to nearly one half of the army. A battery of six pounders opened a fire on the house, but without making any great impression, either on the walls or the garrison. The next attempt, made by muskets and bayonets, was equally unsuccessful. They then tried to negotiate, and sent a flag with a summons to surrender; but the bearer being fired upon and killed, this also was abandoned. As a last resort, they were about to invest the house, but the flight of the advanced corps, and the near approach of the British, under Grant and Grey, compelled them to retreat. The retreat was covered by General Wayne, who seized an eminence near White Marsh Church, and establishing a battery on it, opened a well-directed fire, which checked the enemy's career, and enabled the remnant of his men, some four hundred in all, to escape. The defeat of this enterprise has been ascribed to various causes, but still remains in the dark. Washington, who was great enough to acknowledge a mistake, as good as confessed that it was his fault. Speaking of the affair in his official report, he says: "In justice to the right wing of the army, (composed of the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, and Conway's brigade,) whose conduct I had an opportunity of observing, as they acted immediately under my eye, I have the greatest pleasure to inform you

that both the officers and men behaved with a degree of gallantry which did them the highest honor." So ended Wayne's share of the battle of Germantown.

The winter of 1778 found General Wayne engaged on a necessary, but thankless duty—that of commanding a foraging party. He was detached with a part of his division and a few Jersey militia to the eastern side of the Delaware; he was so successful in his expedition that, by the middle of March, he returned to the camp at Valley Forge, bringing with him several hundred head of fat cattle, a large number of horses for cavalry service, and an abundant supply of forage. We next find him at the battle of Monmouth, fighting under Lafayette. It is not necessary to detail the various maneuvers practiced by the contending parties; suffice it to say, that Wayne was highly commended for his bravery on that occasion.

His next achievement was the famous storming of Stony Point. This fort, which had recently been taken by the British, was considered one of the most important positions on the Hudson. They, therefore, sought to render it impregnable. In addition to its being washed on two of its sides by the river, and covered on the third by a marsh, which was regularly overflowed by the tide, the hill on which it stood was encircled by a double row of *abatis*. Its summit was crowned with high and strong breast-works, abundantly supplied with artillery, and defended by a garrison of six hundred veteran soldiers. It was the 15th of July, 1779, and about mid-day, when Wayne and his brave band started from Sandy Beach. They reached Stony Point, a distance of fourteen miles, at eight o'clock that evening. The roads were rough, running across mountains and morasses, and through narrow defiles; they were often obliged to proceed in single file, Indian fashion. Not a dog, says Irving, whose account of the storming is by far the best I have seen, not a dog barked to give the alarm; all the dogs in the neighborhood had been privately destroyed beforehand. Bringing his men to a halt, a mile and a half from the fort, Wayne and his principal officers went nearer, and carefully reconnoitered the works. Having made their observations, they returned. Washington had recommended a midnight hour as the best one for the attack; so, at half past eleven they moved forward, guided by a negro of the neighborhood, who had frequently carried in fruit to the garrison. He led the way, accompanied by two stout fellows disguised as farmers. The countersign was given to the first sentinel, who was posted on high ground west of the morass, and while the negro talked with him, the men seized and gagged him. So far all was well. On arriving at the morass, over which they were to march, in order to reach the fort, they found it overflowed with water. The certainty of wet feet could not damp their ardor; they marched noiselessly across. There were six hundred men, or thereabouts, engaged in the expedition; three hundred of these, commanded by General Muhlenberg, were left on the western side of the morass, as a reserve. At the foot of the promontory the remainder were divided into two columns; they were to storm the fort simultaneously on opposite sides. The vanguard of the right column consisted of one hundred and fifty men, the van-guard of the left was but one hundred. In advnace of each was a forlorn hope of twenty men, whose duty it was to remove the piles of rubbish that were stretched around the rock. Not a gun was loaded; everything was to be done by the bayonet. In order to distinguish each other from the enemy, they wore something white on their caps: Irving says a white cockade, or feathers; Headley, pieces of paper. They were close upon the outworks before they were discovered. At length the British sentinels saw them. In an instant their muskets were discharged, lights flashed through the fort, the drums rolled to arms, and the terrible artillery opened. Not a shot replied; the forlorn hope plied their axes vigorously, facing the shot and shell with unflinching courage. Behind stood the two columns waiting till they should make a breach in the *abatis*. At last the breach was made, and in they rushed; the two detachments met in the center of the fort, and the work of death began; sixty-three of the garrison were slain, and the rest, numbering five hundred and fifty-three men, were made prisoners. "The humanity of our brave soldiery," said Wayne, in his dispatches, "who scorned to take the lives of a vanquished foe when calling for mercy, reflects the highest honor on them, and accounts for the few of the enemy killed on the occasion."

The American loss was fifteen killed and eighty-three wounded; seventeen of these belonged to the forlorn hope. Wayne himself was wounded at the head of his column. He received a contusion on the head from a musket-ball, but his aides caught him, and kept him from falling to the ground. "Carry me into the fort," said the brave heart, "and let me die at the head of my column."

On the 1st of January, 1780, while he was stationed in winter-quarters at Morristown, Wayne's corps broke out into a state of insurrection; and abandoning their post at midnight, marched in the direction of Princeton. The cause of this revolt, according to a specification of grievances made out on that occasion, was grave. The clothing of the soldiers was generally bad in quality, and always deficient in quantity; their wages were irregularly paid, and in a currency far below its nominal value; besides, their services were greatly prolonged beyond the legal term of enlistment. Wayne followed his men on the 2d, in the hope of bringing them back to their duty; or, failing in this, to impress upon them the advantage of marching in order, and respecting the rights of others. He overtook them at Vealtown, and negotiated with the non-commissioned officers. The British commander-in-chief soon learned the news, and threw out strong inducements to the insurgents to join the British cause, indicating the route which they could join him, and promising to pay all the debts due them by Congress. His proposals were proudly rejected, and the bearers of them put into confinement. The transaction was communicated to Wayne, with a solemn assurance, that should any hostile movement be made by the British, they would immediately march under their old and beloved commander to meet and repel it. Wayne adroitly availed himself of this patriotic declaration, and made it an instrument in bringing about the amicable adjustment which soon followed.

In the spring of 1781 Wayne and the remains of the Pennsylvania line were dispatched by Washington to Virginia. The British were at that time at Jamestown, which they were preparing to abandon. On the 5th of July, intelligence reaching Lafayette that the main body of the British army had already crossed the ferry, leaving behind it a rear-guard of ordinary force, he directed Wayne to advance and attack this supposed rear-guard. Wayne drove in the pickets, and unexpectedly found himself within forty yards of the whole British army. It was drawn up in order of battle, and a flank corps was already pushed forward to envelop him. He saw at a glance the danger, and with that daring courage which always characterized him, ordered his men to charge. The charge disconcerted the enemy; the flank movement was recalled, and while the whole center was in a state of uncertainty, Wayne retreated as rapidly as he had advanced, giving the whole movement, which was but the inspiration of the moment, the effect of a pre-concerted maneuver, intended to draw the British army into an ambuscade. Cornwallis checked all pursuit. Wayne's loss was small, being but one hundred and eight men.

On the 1st of January, 1782, Wayne was sent by General Greene to Georgia. His whole force consisted of only seven hundred men, yet in the short space of five weeks he drove the British from all their interior posts, cut off the Indian detachments marching to their aid, intercepted the forays of their main body, and pursued them on the land side within the narrow limits of Savannah. "During that time," wrote Wayne to a friend, "not an officer or soldier has once undressed, except for the purpose of changing his linen." Truly, those were indeed the times that tried men's souls. "We are cooped up in Savannah," (so the British wrote,) "by about three hundred rebels, while we can muster two thousand five hundred men fit for duty." The British commander invoked the aid of his Indian allies, and early in May a party of Choctaws and Creeks set out for the British camp. The Choctaws, who were the first to reach the environs of Savannah, were intercepted and nearly all captured by Wayne. He kept two or three of their principal chiefs as hostages, and dismissed the rest with a lecture. To prevent the Creeks from falling into the hands of Wayne, the British commander detached a strong party of horse and foot to meet them at Ogeechee, and convey them to the British camp. Wayne laid in wait for the combined host, which had to pass through a defile before they could reach the city. He gained the defile at midnight, and found the enemy approaching. He instantly ordered his men

to charge the advancing column. "They obeyed," he says in his official statement of the affair, "with a vivacity and vigor which, in a moment, and without burning a grain of powder, defeated and dispersed the whole of it." His terrible bayonets were again successful. The leader of the Creeks, who was not with his braves at the time, but detained elsewhere, resolved to avenge the defeat. He confined himself and the portion of his tribe who were with him, to the woods and swamps three whole days, gradually stealing near the American camp. He arrived in the neighborhood of Wayne's picket guard on the 24th of May, and creeping through grass, and weeds, and bushes, reached, at midnight, an out-lying sentinel, whom he instantly and silently killed. He then burst upon a corps stationed to protect the artillery, and compelled it to fall back. The camp was now alarmed; the dragoons mounted, the infantry brought up, and bayonets and sabers were brought into play. As a matter of course the Indians were routed. In the mêlée their chief was slain. The British evacuated Savannah in July. The evacuation of Charleston followed, and shortly after came the treaty of peace, which permitted the revolted colonies to be free and independent states, and restored Wayne to his home. He could now follow his occupation of land surveying, and feel that the land he surveyed was free.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain did not extend to the Indian allies of the latter; several tribes continued hostilities for about ten years. Negotiations were opened with them without effect. In September, 1791, a military expedition, consisting of fifteen hundred men, was sent into the Indian territory against the Wabash and the Miami tribes. It proved unsuccessful; so a second army, commanded by Major-General St. Clair, was dispatched on the same errand. It suffered a total defeat on the 4th of November. Shortly after General Wayne was appointed to the command of the army of the West. Two or three years elapsed before the necessary troops were prepared to take the field. The winter of 1794 found them encamped near what is now Cincinnati. They reached the Indian settlements in August; Wayne erected a fortification at the junction of the Au Glaize and the Miami, and made another and final overture of peace. It was evaded. He accordingly advanced to Roche-Debout, where he erected a dépôt for his stores and baggage; he then marched against the enemy, who had taken a strong position. Its right flank was covered by a dense thicket, its front by a strong *abatis*, while its left rested on the Miama River. The battle was commenced by the Indians, who attacked his advance guard from a thicket of tall grass and underwood. He dispatched his cavalry to turn their left flank and rear, and ordered the front line of the infantry to rouse them from their lair with the points of their bayonets, and, when up, to fire upon their backs. The bayonet charge was so successful that both the Indians and their Canadian helpers were routed before the cavalry could reach them or the second line of infantry could get up to take part in the action. Wayne remained in the neighborhood three days and three nights, during which time he burned their houses and destroyed their corn. Fort Miami was within a pistol-shot of him, but the English garrison made no attempt to sally out to the aid of their Indian friends. The battle of the Miami was fought on the 19th of August. On the 24th the American army began its march for Greenville, burning on the way Indian villages and provisions for the distance of fifty miles on both sides of the river. The settlement on the Au Glaize suffered the same fate. This carrying the war into Africa brought the Indians to their senses, and they soon sued for peace, which was granted them.

The preliminary articles were signed on the 1st of January, 1795, and on the 7th of August, of the same year, just a year and a day from the time of Wayne's reaching their settlements, a definite treaty was confirmed. Congress being in session at the time, adopted a series of resolutions highly complimentary to Wayne and the army. On his return to Pennsylvania a public ovation awaited him. His entry into Philadelphia was greeted by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, martial music, shouting, and the usual signs of republican admiration. Appointed sole commissioner for treating with the Northwestern Indians, and receiver of military posts, he resumed his duties in the West, but was attacked by gout while descending Lake Erie, and died at a military post in December, 1796.

SKETCHES OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

FOURTH PAPER.

CHAMPLAIN, whose administration in New France was the subject of our former sketch, was the most marked character in the early history of that colony. He commenced his career in it when it was a wilderness, occupied by untutored savages, without a beginning of the institution of civilization. In establishing and maintaining the colony, he surmounted difficulties which few men would have had the courage to encounter. He succeeded in securing and retaining the friendship and confidence of the principal tribes of Indians in the immediate vicinity of the settlements he established, and instituted a policy which, if successful, would greatly advance the interests of the colony, and in time raise it to eminence and power. And he so molded everything appertaining to it, that it bore in all subsequent time the impress of his hand. But he erred in provoking the hostility of the Iroquois; and by this error he brought much difficulty upon himself, and upon the colony, and all interested in it after him.

His career under the new charter, by Richelieu, was brief. The Iroquois were incessant in their depredations upon the settlements above Quebec, and pressed him hard on all sides. He was reduced to the greatest extremity in consequence of the want of arms and ammunition to carry on a warfare against them, and was almost destitute at the same time of every means of support. To complete his distress, the ships sent out from France with provisions and ordnance for his relief, were captured by an English vessel commanded by Sir David Kircht, who afterward took possession of Fort Royal for the English. In these circumstances, he was surprised by the appearance of Sir David's squadron before Quebec; and the easy terms proposed by the British commander induced Champlain to capitulate, and surrender the fortress of Quebec, with all Canada, to the crown of England. Three years afterward, in 1632, all Canada, with Acadia, was, by treaty, restored to France; and Champlain resumed his office as governor. But two years after this, he was accidentally drowned in the lake which bears his name, and on the shore of which he fought his first battle with the Iroquois, more than twenty-five years before.

This sketch of the early history of Canada, embracing the administration of Champlain, is important in its bearing upon the hostile attitude which the Iroquois Indians always maintained against the French in Canada, and all who were in connection with them. They remembered his murderous and unprovoked attacks upon the Mohawks and the Senecas, at the beginning of his career, and thirsted to be avenged for the wanton cruelty with which he treated them. And as they justly inferred that he represented the spirit of the nation who continued him at the head of the colony, they entertained the same hostile feelings toward all who came to them as agents or emissaries of the government of New France, in whatever capacity they might come. This may account, in part at least, for their treatment of the Catholic missionaries, when they essayed to establish themselves among them.

The Marquis de Gamoche, who at this time commanded the establishment of the Jesuits at Quebec, was succeeded in 1638 by the arrival, in Canada, of the Marquis de Argerson, with the commission of governor-general; and the following summer, Abbé de Montigny, titular Bishop of Petrie, landed at Quebec, with a brief from the pope constituting him apostolic vicar. Curacies were at the same time established in Canada.

While such was the secular and political condition of the country, a foundation was laid for bringing the religious element into more vigorous action, and using it as an instrument to aid in subjugating all within the vast territory indicated in the charter granted by Cardinal Richelieu to the dominion of the French king and the Pope of Rome.

Everything at this juncture seemed to favor the prospect, that by these means the dominion of the French government might, with little opposition or difficulty, be spread over all the country occupied by the savages, which was not included in the territorial possession of the English and others, and the colony of New France be established on a grand scale, which would constitute it the controlling political power in North America. An ardent enthusiasm prevailed throughout the French empire for the conversion of the Indians, and many persons of rank and fortune were ready to consecrate their

property and their influence to sustain missionaries among them. The government manifested a disposition to throw all the weight of its influence on the side of the Roman Catholics, and against tolerating in the least degree any form of Protestantism. The Catholic priests had already been successful in bringing under their influence many of the Indians in the Huron country. Mrs. Willard, speaking of the success of missions commenced by the Rev. Fathers Brebeuf and Daniel, says:

"The wilderness east of Lake Huron was the country of these savages, and there they erected the chapel of St. Joseph. Throngs of native Hurons came to be instructed, and were soon numbered as converts to Christianity. The Christian villages of St. Louis and St. Ignatius soon arose amid the forest. . . Within thirteen years (succeeding 1634) the wilderness of the Hurons was visited by sixty missionaries, mostly Jesuits. Making the Huron settlement their central station, they carried the Gospel to the surrounding tribes; and thus visited and became the first European explorers of the southern portion of Upper Canada, of which they took possession for the French king."

The agency of these, and others that might be converted by the missionaries, promised to become an increasing collateral aid in subduing such of their enemies beyond the limits of Canada, as might hold out for a time to resist the progress of the French arms in extending the colony, and establishing its dominion over their native soil. The French Protestants in Acadia, who had vindicated their claim of the rights of trade and religious freedom, and caused much trouble to the Romish traders in Canada during the administration of Champlain, were now brought under circumstances, by the dominion the French had obtained over that section, and the requisition contained in the charter granted by Richelieu that they should be excluded from the colony, which neutralized their influence and rendered them impotent. The most formidable difficulty in the way of accomplishing the utmost of their wishes, consisted in the inveterate hostility of the Iroquois. To subdue these, therefore, was an object of the utmost importance.

At this time, though the Catholic missionaries had found their way into different parts and among distant tribes in the colony, none had yet ventured among the Iroquois, or in any part of what is now the State of New York. The first who did so became a martyr among the Mohawks. This was a Jesuit by the name of Jogues. He was a Frenchman, born at Orleans, in France, on the 10th of January, 1607, where he received the rudiments of his education. According to an account furnished to the Regents of the University of the State of New York, by Rev. Father Martin, Superior of the Jesuits in Canada, this pioneer Popish missionary among the Iroquois Indians, entered the Jesuit society at Rouen, in France, in 1624; removed to the college La Fletcher in 1627; and completed his divinity at Clement College, Paris; and was ordained priest in February, 1636. Partaking largely of the spirit which at that period so generally animated the French Roman Catholics, and particularly the Jesuits, for the conversion of the Indians, the very year after the Marquis de Gamoche ordered the establishment of the order of Jesuits at Quebec, he embarked as a missionary for Canada, and arrived at Quebec on the 2d of July, 1636, where he remained a few weeks, and then proceeded to the Huron country, the field of his first labors, where he arrived in September. In 1641 he visited the Falls of St. Mary, being invited there by some Ojibways, but remained only a short time, and then returned to Quebec. In August, 1642, he set out again for the Huron mission; but on his way he was captured by a band of Mohawks who had lain in ambush for his party, and was taken a prisoner to the enemy's country. Here he is represented to have been treated with much cruelty, suffering every torture short of the stake; and, what was worse, witnessing the death, by savage hands, of many of his companions. After a year's captivity, in July, 1643, he succeeded in making his escape, and fled to Fort Orange, (Albany,) where he was most cordially received and kindly treated. The Indians followed him to this retreat; but the Dutch ransomed him, rather than give him up; and he was sent to New York, where he was received and provided for by Governor Kieft. He remained in New York a year or more, during which time he acquainted himself with the condition of the colony, and wrote an account of it, which he furnished to the French. Being furnished by Governor Kieft with the means necessary for his voyage, he left for France, but was shipwrecked on the coast of England, and stripped of all he had. He finally reached the French coast, but in utter destitution.

He was received with much attention at court, and by his religious superiors; and, after recruiting his shattered strength, returned to Canada, and was stationed at Montreal. On peace being concluded with the Mohawks, Father Jogues was selected as embassador to their country to exchange ratifications. He set out 16th May, 1646; passed through Lakes Champlain and George, (to the latter of which he gave the name of *St. Sacrement,*) and reached Fort Orange on the 4th June, and proceeded thence to the village of *Onewgiwre*. He tarried here but a short time, having left on the 16th, on his return to Three Rivers, where he arrived on the 29th.

He set out again, on the 27th of September, for the Mohawk country, in his true character of a missionary of the Gospel, with a deep presentiment of not returning. He entered Gandawage, or Gannawage, the scene of his former captivity, on the 17th of October, and was received with blows! A revolution had passed over the savage mind. Jogues, on his departure in June, had left a box in one of the lodges, containing some trifling necessaries. Harvest came, but it was discovered that the worm had visited the Indians' fields, and devoured the crop. Jogues's box it was, to their humble capacities, that contained the evil spirit that thus laid waste their country; and in revenge the Christian missionary was doomed to die. In the evening of the 18th he was invited to sup in one of the cabins. On entering the door, he received a blow on the head, and fell dead to the ground. His lifeless body was at once decapitated; the head fixed on the palisades of the village, and the trunk cast into the Mohawk River.

"Thus fell," says Father Martin, "in the 40th year of his age, the first Catholic missionary in New York. It is supposed he was slain at Caughnawaga, in Montgomery County, which, in the annals of religion, was afterward known as the 'Mission of the Martyrs.'"

By this account of Father Martin, several mistakes which have found their way into other histories of those times are corrected, particularly that which represents the missionary as going voluntarily among the Mohawks when he was taken prisoner. Nor is it clear that even Father Martin is correct in imputing the cause of the missionary's death to a suspicion of the Indians that his "box contained the evil spirit that thus laid waste their country." He fell by the unabated malice of the Mohawks against the French, and the missionaries on account of their connection with them. In their wars against the Hurons they found the missionaries among them as friends and allies, and accordingly treated them as enemies. Shortly after they murdered Father Jogues, four other missionaries who were found among their enemies, Fathers Brebeuf, Daniel, Lallemand, and Charles Garnier, fell victims to the vindictive animosity of these savage foes, with no other imputation against them than that they were French missionaries. When Father Jogues was first among the Mohawks he was a prisoner, whose destiny, if he had not made his escape, was quite uncertain. His second visit was in the capacity of an embassador; and policy would induce the savages to treat him as such. But when he came as a missionary, to introduce among them a system of religion which they saw to be so interwoven with politics that it could not be tolerated without danger of causing divisions among their people, and bringing them under the dominion of the French, they signified their determination to resist this first open attempt to establish a mission in their midst by dispatching the missionary. Had Champlain treated the Iroquois at the first, and during his administration, with a spirit of amity and kindness, as he did other tribes, or had the missionaries gone among them free from all appearance of political maneuvering and designs, and labored for the conversion and salvation of their souls as their exclusive work, they might have succeeded. But by a contrary course they erected a barrier against these savage tribes, which they were never able to surmount.

The death of Father Jogues was the signal for the renewal of the war. The invincible Mohawks carried their conquests triumphantly against the Wyandots and the Hurons, and marked the missionary stations of the Jesuits for destruction. In 1648, they destroyed the chapel of St. Joseph, burned the village, and barbarously murdered the Jesuit Father, Daniel, in the act of administering the consolations of religion to his perishing flock. The next winter a thousand warriors of the Iroquois attacked the village of St. Ignatius, another station of the Jesuits, and surprised and

murdered its four hundred sleeping inhabitants. St. Louis was the next object of their infuriated malice, and was destroyed in like manner. Two missionaries, Brebeuf and Lallemand, were made prisoners, and subjected to such torture as savages are accustomed to inflict, one three hours, the other seventeen, before death released them from their sufferings.

Emboldened by their success, the proud Mohawks now turned their warfare against the French, and carried off a governor from Three Rivers, and a priest from Quebec. But their impetuosity was temporarily abated by a combination of circumstances which occurred about this time. A number of prisoners of the Iroquois and their allies were detained in Canada, and liable to be destroyed by the French in case of a continuance of hostilities against them. The Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas, and Cayugas inclined to measures of peace with the French, which they indicated by effecting the release of a distinguished prisoner, probably the governor of Three Rivers; and by expressions of a willingness to receive missionaries among them. These nations sometimes experienced inconvenience in passing through the territory of the Mohawks to trade with the Dutch on the Hudson, and meditated a release from this dependence by trading with the French, if they could do it on equally advantageous terms as with the Dutch. Under these circumstances the Mohawks found it impossible to secure the co-operation of the other confederated nations in the prosecution of their wars with the French, and were quiet for a season. Of this state of things the Jesuits took advantage, and in concert with the governor and civil authorities, determined on negotiations of peace with these nations, and the establishment of an institution of their order among them. The embassador selected to effect this was Father Le Moine, the particulars of whose mission were the subject of a previous sketch. It is referred to here only for the purpose of calling attention to the fact, that in the council with which this venerable embassador negotiated, the Mohawks, whose conduct in reference to the French is the subject of our present remarks, took no official part. They steadily opposed any terms with the French which would give them a foothold within their territory, either by means of a missionary establishment or otherwise; and, therefore, not only refrained from taking part in the council, but, according to Father Ragueneau, quarreled with their brethren of the other nations, and fought "even unto polluting the earth with blood and murder," to "thwart the scheme."

The attempt of the Jesuits to effect a permanent establishment of the order among the Iroquois was, as has before been noticed, defeated by the Onondagas themselves. To their final determination of violently breaking up the establishment of the Jesuits among them they were probably influenced by the counsel of the Mohawks, who never lost sight of the treatment they had received from the French at and after Champlain's first attack upon them, and of the more sagacious chiefs of the other nations, who had sufficient discernment to discover the true character of these missionary operations, by observing their effect upon other tribes, and their probable tendency to despoil them of their country and their independence as a free people, and bring them under the dominion of the French government.

How far this aspect of the work in which the Catholic missionaries were employed might influence the minds of these pagan savages, to reject them with so much violence and barbarity, is matter of conjecture only. But there were facts connected with their system of operations, which could not fail to elicit the attention of these independent lords of the forest, as bearing upon their rights and privileges in a way to excite their jealousy and put them on their guard.

The historical reader will remember that when Spain was engaged in her predatory wars against the aborigines in South America, for the ostensible purpose of propagating the Catholic religion and subjugating the natives and their country to the Spanish crown, as the French were now endeavoring to do respecting the Indians of North America, the priest with the cross was the precursor of the magistrate to govern, or, if unsuccessful in subduing by the cross, the herald of the conquering sword. The case of the unfortunate Attahualpa, the illustrious prince and master of all the Peruvian provinces, is an example in point.

When Pizarro, the Spanish commander, arrived at Caxamalca with his army, At-

tahualpa, being at the imperial palace at the time, immediately sent them some fruits, corn, emeralds, and several vases of gold and silver; and intimated at the same time, through the interpreter, his desire that they should quit his territories. But he promised to visit them the next morning. He went without suspicion to the place appointed, being attended by some fifteen thousand men. He was carried on a throne of gold, and the arms of his troops sparkled with the same shining metal. To his principal officers he said: "These strangers are the messengers of the gods; be careful of offending them." When the procession drew near the palace which was occupied by Pizarro, a Dominican friar with a crucifix in one hand and a breviary in the other, advanced to meet the emperor, stopped him in his march, expounded to him the doctrines and mysteries of the religion he was sent to teach, pressed him to embrace it and the form of worship it prescribed, and concluded by proposing to him to submit to the King of Spain, to whom the pope had given Peru. The emperor, who had patiently listened to all he had to say, replied: "I am very willing to be the friend of the King of Spain, but not his vassal; the pope must surely be a very extraordinary man to give so liberally what does not belong to him. I shall not change my religion for another, and if the Christians adore a God who died upon the cross, I worship the sun who never dies." He then asked the priest where he had learned all he had said of God and the creation. "In this book," replied the monk, presenting his breviary to the emperor, which he examined on all sides, putting it to his ear, and then, bursting into a laugh, he threw the breviary away, adding, "This book tells me nothing at all."

At this, Valverde, the monk, turned toward the Spaniards and cried out in a loud voice, "Vengeance! my friends, vengeance! Christians, do you see how he despises the Gospel? Kill the dogs who trample under foot the law of God!" The Spaniards instantly obeyed the summons, and rushed upon the Peruvians, who fled with such precipitation that they fell upon one another, and a dreadful massacre ensued. The Spanish commander advanced toward the emperor, ordered his men to put to the sword all that surrounded his person, and took the monarch prisoner. Those that fled were pursued by the Spaniards. Princes and ministers, the flower of the nobility that composed the court of the sovereign, were massacred. The crowd of women, old men, and children that were present were not spared. While this carnage continued, Valverde, the zealous monk, "ceased not to animate the murderers, who were tired with slaughter, exhorting them to use not the edge, but the points of their swords, in order to inflict deeper wounds. When the Spaniards turned from this horrible massacre, they passed the night in drunkenness, dancing, and all the excesses of debauchery."

Although the Indians in the western wilds of New York cannot be supposed to have had any distinct knowledge of this or any other similar transaction in the wars of the Spaniards, by which they conquered the nations of their brethren in South America, they had probably learned by tradition enough of those wars to fix in their minds a general impression that they were prosecuted in the name of the King of Spain, and for the purpose of bringing their country with its inhabitants under the dominion of that monarch, and that Romish priests were employed to aid in these expeditions, and established themselves in all the conquered districts.

But if the Iroquois Indians knew nothing of what the Catholic priests did to aid in the subjugation of the South American provinces to the dominion of Spain and the spiritual control of the Church of Rome, to excite their apprehensions of what might be the result if they should tolerate permanent establishments of the Jesuits among them, what they had witnessed during their struggles against the French colonists, of the active part taken by the priests, and the influence they had obtained over the converted Indians to bind them to the French by a tie that could not be broken, was sufficient to induce them, from considerations of political prudence, to admit them, if at all, with due caution, without any expression on their part of designs other than to seek the salvation of their souls. There were some things, however, in the intercourse which these missionaries had with them that might well, and probably did, excite their suspicions that something more than the apostolic work of saving the souls of the people was intended. They came to

them, now as embassadors for the government and negotiating agents of the society of Jesuits, established and sustained by the authority of the French king to act in concert with the government, and now as ministers of the Gospel of Christ, professedly laboring for the conversion and salvation of these savage tribes. Wherever, as ministers of the Gospel, they were permitted to establish themselves, they set up some monument or token, usually a cross, as evidence of taking possession of the place in the name of their sovereign, or superior, or both; and over those Indians among whom they had been permitted thus to inaugurate the authority of the King of France and the Catholic Church, a control was exercised, even to dictation as to the places where they should trade, which left their condition little better than that of vassals. Such these sagacious Iroquois saw to be the condition of the Hurons and Algonquins, who had committed themselves to the instructions and control of these spiritual guides. This design of taking possession of the places where missionary establishments were allowed was not disguised even among the Onondagas. Father Le Moine, who seems to have been sent among them as a negotiator for the establishment of a missionary settlement, when about to leave caused a council to be convoked, and in the presence of the principal chiefs, gave two presents, which, according to their custom, serve as a record of the transaction immediately following, and then planted, in the name of Achiendassé an appellation, by which the superior of all the society's missions in those countries was known, the first post on which to begin a cabin, which was, as he says, "like laying the first stone in France of a house one intends to build; and completed the significant act of taking possession by throwing down the first bark that was to cover it."

The light in which such acts were understood is plainly stated in a notice subsequently published of the abortive attempt to sustain an establishment of the Jesuits among the savages. Speaking of Onondaga the writer says:

"We have been formerly received there as friends, and treated as enemies, which obliged us to abandon the post, where we remained two years, as if in the center of all the Iroquois nations, whence we proclaimed the Gospel to all those poor people, assisted by a garrison of Frenchmen sent by Monsieur de Lauzon, then governor of New France, to take possession of those countries in his majesty's name."

Whatever it was that influenced the Iroquois to resist the establishment of a missionary station among them, the result was an arrest of the extension of the colonial limits of New France in that direction, and the introduction of a series of military operations and expeditions that did not terminate until the colony was subdued by the English.

CROCKERY.

WHEN we estimate valuable things lightly because they are common, it is instructive sometimes to fancy them away, and calmly ask ourselves what the consequences would be were we deprived of them. Suppose, then, the touch of some magician's wand should suddenly deprive the world of all its crockery. I shall base our speculation on the widest foundation of which it is susceptible. Every particle of crockery I will suppose gone, and the materials for making it gone too; not only every cup and saucer, dish and plate, Sèvres ware and majolica, but likewise every brick and tile, chimney-pot and clay ware drain-pipe; in short, every particle of material which learned people term ceramic, let us suppose to have vanished forever. If any reader by the force of imagination can succeed in realizing this to himself, he will, I am disposed to think, agree with me that the tide of civilization would roll back on the strand of barbarism again further than the most imaginative mind could reproduce to itself, or the sternest reasoning demonstrate.

Presuming these preliminary remarks have induced a train of mind favorable to the contemplation of crockery, I will jot down some points bearing upon its nature and its history. And first, to justify the use of a common word, I may be permitted to state that "crockery" is the most correct representative of the learned term "ceramic" that our mother tongue furnishes. "Why not say 'pottery?'" I may be asked. Simply because "pottery" would not be correct. Pottery, for instance, would not include porcelain; would not only exclude the ceramic productions of China and Japan, but of Sèvres, Dresden, and Berlin, to say nothing of the humbler ceramic wares, bricks and tiles. "Crock-

ery" is a word which, when accepted in its largest and most comprehensive sense, includes all these; wherefore, despite its vulgarity, there is a sufficient plea for using it.

The readers of THE NATIONAL will remember an article on the new metal, Aluminum, from the pen of Professor Johnston, which appeared in the number for May. Well, aluminum is the great progenitor of all crockery. And let us suppose the learned professor prevailed upon to give us a piece of this aluminum, to torture and experimentalize with just as we please. If we put it in a ladle and melt it over the fire, allowing the air to have free access to its surface, gradually a layer of white powder covers it; then another layer, and others again, until the whole of the aluminum loses its metallic form, and changes into the white powder just mentioned, which is clay. Clay would be, indeed, expensive were it only procurable in the manner I have supposed, from aluminum; the fact is, that aluminum is practically got out of clay; and until the master experiments of M. St. Claire Deville within the last few years made it come to light in all its metallic brilliancy, mortal eyes had never seen the glorious refulgence of aluminum. The white powder generated by arsenic when it melts under exposure to air, or when it is left for a long time abandoned to air and moisture, bears the same relation to the metal itself that the rust bears to iron. Absolutely pure clay, or alumina, to adopt the chemist's nomenclature, is the rust of aluminum.

Clay, as found in nature, is never so pure as this. Even the whitest china-clay contains a large per centage of flinty matter; and colored clays derive their color from the presence of metallic compounds, more especially iron-rust.

It is almost a waste of words to state that crockery-ware is made by forming the clay into shapes, either by the potter's wheel or molding, and subsequently burning and glazing the fictile products. Scarcely well known is the fact that nearly every country, whether civilized or savage, of which records have come down to us, has had its crockery. The Greeks had theirs, so had the Romans; and as for Etruria, its name is the very symbol of crockery. The Mexicans and Peruvians were acquainted with the art of making it; and when the South Sea Islands were first trodden by Europeans, the islanders were found to have their crockery. I will not insult our enemies the Celestials, although they *are* enemies, by stating how, from the remotest periods of antiquity, they have made crockery: everybody knows that, so we need not insist upon it; but I wish to draw attention to the fact, and a very important fact it is, that for many hundred, ay, some thousands of years, while every nation else made the poorer sorts of ceramic ware, which we may lump in one genus, and call "pottery," the Chinese and Japanese made porcelain. The distinction between pottery and porcelain will presently be made apparent.

To a certain extent, we moderns are able to make clay artificially; extract it artificially would, perhaps, be the better expression. Much china-clay, for instance, is actually extracted at this time from granite-rock. This, however, is quite a recent affair; so, practically, we have to regard the crockery of different nations as determined by the sort of clay wherewith nature had spontaneously supplied them. The Chinese and Japanese happened to find in their dominions clay absolutely white, containing the due relative amounts of flinty matter for baking into crockery. Their clay being white, the resulting crockery was white also; it was, moreover, semi-transparent; it had the character, in point of fact, of the variety of crockery which we now agree to call porcelain. Less fortunate were all other nations. Not Greece, in her highest glory, nor Etruria, nor Rome, could produce white crockery. The ceramic ware of one and all was a sort of red crockery, something resembling what our pitchers are made of, but more close-grained, the color brighter, and the shapes very elegant. As regards colored ornamentation of crockery, the Greeks alone of the three succeeded; and the art was limited to periods before the time of Alexander the Great, who having introduced from Asia the use of vases of gold and silver, the art of making painted vases declined, and soon afterward died so completely out, that in the early days of the Roman Empire they were already sought after as curiosities, and treasured in museums just as we treasure them now. The utmost extent of colored ceramic ornamentation to which the Greeks progressed was the

painting of black figures on a red ground, or leaving red figures on a black ground. Simple as the process may appear to be, we moderns have not the least idea how it was conducted. The Samian potters were the most famous among those of Greece; and they would marvel not a little could they but revisit the earth a while, and see the varied and beautiful colors with which modern crockery is now ornamented. The classic ancients did not possess the varied colors to use; and even had they, a red ceramic surface would have been an ungenial ground for setting off the tints. In point of fact, the thinker will be at no loss to perceive, from the very nature of things, that, in order to give effect to the employment of varied pigments in crockery ornamentation, one of two things must be accomplished; either the crockery material must be prepared of clay so white and pure that the kiln-burned result shall be also white, or some opaque white glaze must be discovered for covering the red surface of common pottery and hiding its defects. The former plan had been adopted by the Chinese from times beyond the scope of history; it is the plan adopted now by all manufacturers of porcelain, and ceramic wares which compete with porcelain; such, for example, as what is called Staffordshire ware. The latter plan, however, was first introduced into the Island of Majorca, *if* not discovered by the Spanish Saracens; whence the peculiar crockery-ware which resulted acquired the name of "majolica." "Wherefore," some crockery *virtuoso* may demand of me, "wherefore do you write that emphatic 'if?' Are not the Saracens universally acknowledged to have discovered the opaque white enamel of tin-oxyd, which gives the white surface to majolica-ware?" So it is said; but in reply, it may also be said, that, treasured away in an English Museum, is a brick taken from the ruins of Nineveh. That brick is glazed, and the glaze is oxyd of tin; the very same as the glaze of majolica-ware! Long before any variety of porcelain was manufactured in Europe, majolica-ware gave scope to such European artists as would impart the charm of color to the surface of crockery.

At length, in various countries of Europe, but more particularly in France, the prolonged aspirations of those who admired porcelain, and strove to find out the secret of its manufacture, led to the discovery of a spurious but very beautiful substitute, to which the name of false, or soft, porcelain is now applied. All the old specimens of Sèvres manufacture are of this description; and those who are familiar with old Sèvres ware need not be told how beautiful they are; more beautiful, indeed, in some respects, than specimens of real, or hard, porcelain. Soft porcelain was not only made at Sèvres, but in England. A comparatively small portion of clay entered into its composition; besides which, there were powdered glass, soap, and numerous things besides, which the reader would hardly expect to exist in the material of crockery. The European discovery of real porcelain was effected in Saxony by an alchemist, named Böttger; and the discovery was brought about in a manner so curious, that we must not omit to particularize it. Böttger wore a wig, and powder in the hair of his wig, as was the fashion then for well-conditioned gentlemen to do. One morning Böttger, on putting on his wig, felt it to be so remarkably heavy that he determined to know the reason. Sending for the barber, he asked, "What have you put into the hair of my wig?" "Powder, may it please your worship," was the reply. But Böttger, being a chemist, knew well enough that hair-powder of such specific gravity never came out of wheat. Closely questioning the barber, the latter was constrained in the end to divulge a secret which he had hoped to conceal. The substance of his revelation was to the effect, that galloping one morning over a hill, his horse stumbled and fell. Looking for the cause of the accident, he found it to be occasioned by one of the horse's shoes having become clogged with a white earthy mass. This the barber thought would make good hair-powder; so, having discovered a considerable vein of the material, he dug from it little by little as his business required, mentioning his secret to no one. Böttger no sooner became aware of the nature of this hair-powder than the idea struck him of trying it as a material for porcelain-making. He tried and succeeded; and to this very day the clay employed in the Saxon manufacture has been extracted from the locality discovered orginally by the barber.

The ancient Greeks and Romans did not know the process of manufacturing

porcelain, as we have seen. Did they ever succeed in obtaining specimens of real Chinese china? This is a disputed question. Some authorities are of opinion that specimens of real china were occasionally brought overland, and purchased in the classic West, under the name of Murrhine Vases; others think Murrhine Vases were not of ceramic ware at all. Indeed, this question of the nature of Murrhine Vases ranks—for the controversies which it has begotten, and the futile nature of the controversies—with the authorship of the Junius Letters and the identity of the man with the iron-mask.

SOLOMON SARTOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

EVERY person has, no doubt, noticed the fact that there are individuals that, in company, monopolize the conversation. Some of these grand monopolizers are led to their course by an infinite quantity of that quality which induces them to fear that "wisdom will die with them," while there are others that occupy that position from real force of intelligence.

Almost every person has noticed, too, that many of the most entertaining conversers cannot produce articles for the printed page. Their wisdom is comprehended in paragraphs that as newspaper items would escape notice. They lack that power of extenuation and attenuation that draws out an idea over half a dozen pages, and hence they never attempt to get into print. Hence much wisdom is lost to the world.

Our friend Solomon Sartor is a man bearing the description given in the last two items. At our dinner-table he is the chief speaker, not from pedantry or pride, but from the fact that all bow with deference to his opinions. I am afraid, however, Sartor will never get into print—the ethereal part of him I mean—unless some friend undertakes the task of editing his thoughts. The public must pardon the present writer for undertaking that auspicious task.

It is the dinner hour; appreciating friends beset Sartor and bring him out. "As to my *theory* of balloon travel, Mrs. Bantam," said Sartor, "I have no theory at all. We may laugh at the idea; it is an easy matter to do that; but, notwithstanding, some ardent genius may yet come flapping his ethereal wings over our heads. But, by the way, I am getting almost out of patience with the very sound of the word 'theory.' The practical; the *practical*, that is what we want, Mrs. Bantam. I have no theories either in science, religion, or politics. The great questions with me are: Will it work? Is it in accordance with every-day working? You will find here, Mr. Hoagland, the very error of all reformers, ancient or modern. They get up fine theories, and bedazzling the world with them, set their magnificent machineries at work, and find, generally too late, that while their notions are fine enough to *dream* over in shady walks and in moonlit balconies, they will not stand the wear and tear of the friction of this world. Take socialism as an instance, with all its ramifications of communities, or what not, it is founded upon the most beautiful set of 'theories' in the world. The imaginative portion of the creed is this: We are of one family; there should be one magnificent consolidated brotherhood, with 'love' as the band of unity, *liberty*, *equality*, *fraternity*. We will unite around one home a circle, and redeem the race by mutual improvement. The practical part of the theory is this: Here are a dozen families; in each a woman's time is required to do the work; one woman can do the work for six about as well as for four; unite these families, and three women will do the work of the whole set. Twelve families have twelve cooking-stoves, twelve wash-tubs, and twelve cellars, one of each will do as well as the dozen. These theories are fine enough to begin with, and it is no wonder so many people from Hopedale to Nauvoo have tried the alluring scheme. But in the real practical test the thing wont work. The whole batch of *social* wigwams, from Fourrier to Dale Owen, have gone over before the tread of practical enterprise and manhood's independence.

"Many of our public libraries are to-day burdened with the cumbersome tomes of learned lore, called 'Lardner's Scientific Lectures,' in which the grave man who had learning enough to be an authority anywhere, oversets the idea of Atlantic steam navigation, and proves its impracticability, and yet the Cunard line, the Collins line, and who knows how many other 'lines' of steamers, plow the Atlantic and go gloriously over all the theoretic rocks

that Dr. Lardner may have placed in the way. Our talented countryman, Livingston, writing many years ago, in a commercial letter, asserts that railroads will not pay, from the undoubted fact that four miles an hour will be the greatest speed that can be obtained! Why, our locomotives, with their airy trains, dash on over all such theories at the speed of thirty miles an hour, and make nothing of it! Theories, I tell you, Mrs. Bantam, will not stand before the genius of practical workings.

"All this will apply also to your fine 'theories' of religion, Mr. Clingman, which are so effulgent to the first view. Bring them, sir, to the plain matter-of-fact test of Bible truth, and they will soon enough vanish, like rainbows in the spread of sunlight!

"In the fascination of beautiful theories lies the fact that so many fall in with the rampant errors of the day. Even Mrs. Freelove, whose name ought to bring up accumulated blushes, even Mrs. Freelove, who lectured the other night, carried us away and confounded us with her 'glorious' truths! 'A man,' said she, 'becomes, by foul means or fair, united in what they call lawful wedlock with a woman with whom he has no affinity. He lives on like a caged bird pining for a mate. He finds at last one whose soul beats in unison with his own. A pure and holy union of soul binds them together. God, looking down from heaven upon those souls whose emotions beat in unison, cannot but approve their harmonious, enrapt affinity!' Bah! O that the name of Deity should, on human lips, be coupled with such slanders on humanity!

"You remember the *Tribune* article, Mr. Clingman, wherein it was asserted that many of our painters and poets are Swedenborgians? At first it seems a hard matter to account for, and we almost bow to theories that win such minds. But how comes this? Why, such ethereal minds as poets and painters have, whose souls ever look out for the beautiful, seldom take the trouble to look into a theological truth, and they, for the most part, receive at second or third hand, their notions of religion. Is it to be wondered at that such minds are carried away with such poetic fancies as make heaven a bright Elysian field, a flowery land, where earth-born emotions of the soul may ever find fitting employ? What but a land of shadows, where tropical climes prevail, can satisfy the natural etherealness of a poet's heart? But the world is not by any means made up entirely of these. Nay! The world, the greater portion of this earth's crowding millions, are of a practical turn, and want realities, not shadows! To this great mass of mind the Bible comes with its realities and hopes! Progression, progression, that is what you plead, is it, Mrs. Bantam? I understand you. The world has been progressing. The ideas of eighteen hundred years ago are not equal to the wants of this day; nor are the men of even a hundred years ago fitting men to preach to us of to-day. To be sure, improvements go on in the outer world, but man in his radical nature is ever the same. The same sins and passions that prevailed to curse the world three thousand years ago prevail to-day; and the same salvation that saved a publican and the dying thief is requisite to save the sinners of these days.

"Eighteen hundred years ago one exclaimed: 'O wretched man that I am,' and there is not a man or woman of this day but has uttered the same groan of despair; and the same expression that the confiding heart of Paul made use of has gone out from many a heart of these days as a glorious exultation: 'Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"The mind has in its constituents memory, judgment, imagination; was not the mind of David or Isaiah made up of these? And if I still speak of emotions, passions, will, as they did two centuries ago, will you all, for that reason, call me old fogy? Why, then, am I such, when I speak of the soul's needs in language of the past?"

At this point Mr. Bantam took up the *Westminster Review*, and read: "'We believe that the law of progress goes on through all eternity, that the highest philosopher of our time will be but the common staple of the time to come.'"

"That is not a correct idea," said Sartor. "Did man live on earth forever, it would be possible, even probable; but he dies, and every new-born soul commences at the bottom of the ladder and dies before arriving at the altitude of the great ones who have passed away.

"But there are more facilities, you say?

As facilities increase man loses energy, and lassitude of mind prevails. The nations are like the tides of the sea, which ever vary. Circumstances will at times take a nation far up on intelligent cliffs, and then come on ebb tides, whereby the same people rolled on by supineness and luxury go backward to barbarism. Witness Italy, the land of Cicero, and Greece, the birthplace of Demosthenes. I have no doubt but the commingling races of this land will yet produce some of the greatest giants of intellect the world ever saw. No circumstances, it seems to me, have ever been so favorable to the production of giant minds and cultivated powers. Never was there a nation with so intelligent a host of mothers, never a nation with so much of energy of will; and yet the causes are already at work that in the oncoming ages will blast as with an east wind all this fair heritage of ours. The very gold of our mines will one day sink us beneath the waves of oblivion.

"'Westward the course of empire takes its way!'

"What do I think of Mrs. Fry's idea of woman's mind in the December *Ladies' Repository?* Well, I confess she, for the moment, confounds me. 'Of what gender is intellect? . . . In the world of intellect mind is common and soul is sexless.' Those are her words, and it does really seem at first sight as though she had the right of it. Mind is mind—so runs the argument—whether in a female or a male body, and woman should claim equality in the world. It does really seem plausible, as you say, Mrs. Bantam; still I think there is a solution for the difficulty. And I will make woman inferior? Not exactly; but there certainly is a difference in the scope of the powers and aptitudes of the mind of the female sex and that of man. I do not at all undertake to say which is the superior any more than I would judge between a gold watch and a purse of gold eagles, but I have adopted a theory which is at your pleasure. There are no two men alike. The world needs and finds men of all manner of mind. There are logicians and men of commerce; men of swaying eloquence and poets of ethereal minds; men of judgment and men of overpowering emotions. All these have their place, and I will not take it on myself to decide which cast of mind fulfills the noblest mission in God's world. A Howard and a Milton had their God-given mission.

"In looking at these different casts of mind we find that, independent of the doubtful science (so called) of phrenology, every quality has its peculiar organization, and the difference is for the most part the work of nature. A man at all accustomed to deal with his fellows will detect the manner of man he has to deal with at a glance into the unmistakable countenance. What is it, then, but that to the female form belongs by nature that peculiar organization of intellectual force that makes her the being she is, differing from man in most respects where the mind is concerned. The intellectual organization of woman is, it seems, such as develops more fully than man's does, love, emotion, and an appreciation of the beautiful. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with its touches of life, 'Jane Eyre,' with its overpowering emotion, and any quantity of pathetic poetry have fittingly come from the mind of woman; but where is your *Novum Organum*, your 'Locke on the Mind,' your *Principia*, your 'Euclid,' from the mind of woman? It never has been, and I deem it never will be, the mission of woman to enter the arena where such logical combats are fought. The poetic organization of Byron, of Dante, of Buchanan Reed will never produce us *Principias*, nor will the emotional soul of woman, bent as it is to its flights by the ethereal wings nature has given it, ever bring us such productions as 'The Old Red Sandstone,' 'Testimony of the Rocks,' or the 'Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.'

"But, as you say, Mrs. Bantam, there are women in our day who vie with the other sex in the arena of mind. To which I only make answer, that whenever you see such a woman you will see one that fully exhibits what is called a masculine mind, and will get married, if at all, under 'protest,' as Lucy Stone did. I have not as yet seen, smile as you may, Mrs. Bantam, a woman on our lecture platforms who was not by some freak of nature incased in a masculine organization, and this fact so unfits them for the place woman so gloriously fills, they are scarcely ever found in that endearing relation called wife, which woman so ardently desires.

"Then you want to know my opinion," Sartor continued, "on the proportion of pride in the sexes? Rather a difficult matter to be entered into, Mrs. Bantam.

I would say, however, in the beginning, that I am out of patience with all such twaddle as having *pride* enough to keep one's self decent! I should say a person ought to have good sense enough (not pride) to keep him decent; and I have known of some of the proudest people who were very indecent. And another thing I will say; I never saw a person, ever so gay a highflyer, that had any idea that he was proud. 'People must be decent, you know;' that is ever the apology for all the superfluities of time, from ostrich feathers down to bespangled grass! Yet I like that saying of a friend who wrote the introduction to my book: 'Fine dress does not make the man, but when he is made he looks a great deal better dressed up.'

"But now to your question. All persons have some particular idol—some favorite idea of the soul, to which they give adherence. People are apt to be proud of whatever their hearts delight in most. The poet would die were the critics to berate his poetry and to praise his eyes, and would live if they called him hunchback and yet set him beside the Miltons; but a woman would be carried away in ecstasies could she read a dissertation on the beauty of her eyes!

"The fact lies here. Man looks out for honors, for office, and for wealth. Upon these he sets his heart's affections. A man's beautiful hair will never bring him a fortune, (unless it may be in shape of a woman who has the dimes,) but a woman's beautiful hair and eyes will!

"Whether the state of society be correct, or not we find in this world wealth makes the man and *beauty* the woman; and woman, knowing this, makes beauty her sole concern, and in consequence bedecks, and bejewels, and bedizens her mortal frame, that this her chief power may be omnipotent. And her joy being accumulated by outside show, this last appears more in view than is fitting for her reputation for humility. But man wraps himself in his consequential cloak, and dreams of wealth and sighs for fame, while we, the passers by, know nothing of the inward emotions. The passion for power is no doubt as strong in man, but more concealed; in woman it is seen and read of all men.

"And, by the way, Mrs. Bantam, beauty is nothing that a person should wish to be rid of. It is, in a worldly point of view, a misfortune to be homely, and one's influence is doubled by a handsome form and address; and because we are wont to be proud of whatever of beauty we possess is no more reason that we should disfigure ourselves than that we should remain in ignorance lest a little learning should exalt us too highly. I sometimes think He that made us intended the beauty, the wealth, the comforts of this life for us; and while none others suffer because of our plenty, we have a right to the flowers, beauties, paintings, poetries, and musics of this world of ours."

Mrs. Bantam and the other ladies left the table in fine humor, and each one took the very first opportunity of viewing herself in the glass, and all projected new means for accumulating graces, gave a few extra turns to the waving hair, and new ties to the ribbons that coquetted gently with the summer breezes. And if Sartor does speak forth pungent truths sometimes none need fear his influence, for he has a kind heart within him that will yet utter wholesome truths for readers of the inestimable NATIONAL.

ARISE YE, AND DEPART.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.—*Micah*, ii, 10.

Arise ye, and depart; for never more
Can shine the sun upon the darken'd cloud.
Can Life her Ishmael, lost Hope, restore
Unto the soul? That soul like Hagar bow'd
And gazing o'er the waste; weaving her shroud
From out the sorrow hived within her breast:
She lists to murmurs, utter'd not aloud,
To the wing-music of an angel guest—
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."

Arise ye, and depart; yon setting sun
Casts lengthen'd shadows down the stony way;
The shatter'd sunbeams, angels one by one
Are stealing; leaves are blushing o'er decay;
And Ocean moans his broken-hearted lay
In Nature's ear; and Nature worn, oppres'd,
With hearing all her wayward children pray
To her, but syllables that high behest—
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."

Arise ye, and depart; all steep'd in light,
That heaven-promised land lies far before;
The cloud by day, the pillar'd fire by night,
Shall beacon onward to that distant shore:
There every hope lost from the earthly store,
And wildly mourn'd, is garner'd to the breast,
And from the Tree of Life can fall no more
A wither'd leaf. Wayworn and care-oppres'd,
"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A TRUE WOMAN.

JUNE 3. — Once again I look upon green, growing, ever-fresh, and sweet trees and flowers. The wind, too; how softly yet cheerily it blows in at this window; even the wind has been a forbidden visitor, and I am thankful to feel its hand once more. I am like a little child; everything seems new to me, and bright, as though a mist of worldly cares had been wiped away since last I looked on nature.

When first thought of it seems hard that women have so much necessary suffering; that it is part of their daily life; not, as with men, an accidental circumstance. But, in reality, how wonderfully wise and beautiful a dispensation it is! Pure and youthful feeling is indispensable to a woman.. Yet, with her many wearing cares—small, it may be, but constant, and most difficult to remain noble under, because there is little that is great or glorious in the trials themselves, but only in the *bearing* them—how shall we keep this woman true to her own higher nature? Could we devise a better discipline than every fresh *child* brings to the busy mother? Death, awful, mysterious death, seems to stand waiting for her for many days before the child is born. She sees all things through his shadow. "It may be there is no to-morrow for me," is an ever-recurring thought. "On whom can *I* lean for comfort? To whom can I leave all these dear ones?"

What woman is a skeptic then? The darker and nearer comes the shadow of death, the brighter shines the Light of lights, till the darkness becomes glorified, and death is swallowed up in victory. None know the true rest in God so well as those who have spent days and nights in searching after what is best for the future happiness of the beloved, and have sought in vain. Plan after plan is laid *aside*, because it has some flaw in it; and then comes the thought, what chance is there that anything will happen as I have imagined? Look back, foolish soul, and see how different was the actual from the imagined or wished for! So struggles the spirit, and beats itself against the bars *of fate*, till, torn and weary, it drags itself to the feet of the All-wise, and *there* finds rest and peace.

My little baby sleeps softly in her cradle by my side. How seems the world to thee, my babe? One little fat fist is doubled, as though she already heard the fight of life; but did ever soldier wear so sweet a smile, or breathe so calmly!

Here come my two merry boys. I know it by the banging of doors and the shouting; it is like a rush of sea-breeze. Now they are "*hushing*" one another. "Dear little sister is asleep." Such *loud* hushing! And each rosy face comes for a peep at baby.

July 1.—Robert and I had a long, delightful walk last evening up our "glen." I found it rather steep; but then I had his arm to help me, and the breeze on that sweet green hill at the end of the glen was so refreshing.

We had a long talk about our children, and tried to settle how we were to educate them. When I see so many fail in that most difficult of all the tasks that God has set us, the making good men and women, I feel, O, so fearful for our dear ones, so pure, and sweet, and guileless *now!* I have one great comfort; I have noticed that want of unity between the parents is the greatest cause of want of success in training up children.

Children are very close observers, (I have seen that in mine,) and are more influenced by example than precept. Besides, when the heads of a household are at variance there can be no consistent plan pursued.

How thankful I am that we have not that misery to contend with! I could scarcely keep back the tears of joy and gratitude, when I thought of all that, last evening. Robert was busy groping among the soft moss and wild thyme for little shells for the children. I wonder what were his thoughts! and I wonder, too, why I did not ask him! and why, when he said I had been silent so long, he feared I was tired. I let him think *that*, and not great love and joy, made me silent and pale. That is the way I always do when I feel deeply. I wish I could show him my whole heart more easily; but he does not mind my not doing so, and it therefore does not matter.

July 29.—Annie Malitus is coming to spend a few weeks with us. I wonder if she is like her mother, sweet, unselfish, gentle Mary Malitus. I well remember her visits to our home. How happy she

made us all, with her cheery ways. "She is so thoughtful of others' feelings," my mother used to say.

August 14.—Annie Malitus and Robert have gone for a long walk, so I have time to write a little in my diary. She is not *at all* like her mother; but is a lively, pleasant girl. She is very pretty; I cannot keep from looking at her. It is a pleasure to watch her slight, graceful figure moving about the room, or to see the sun shine on her bright brown hair.

Baby has been ailing lately, and kept me more than ever at home. Do I sacrifice too much to my children? *He* said so yesterday. O, children, children; there is the crack in too many households that lets discord in! Yet, if husband and wife are *one*, that can never be. But is it possible for a man to fully sympathize with an anxious mother's feelings? Or can a woman, daily tried by small cares as she is, ever learn of him not to feel or fret about *little* troubles? O, what constant seeking to enter into the heart's bitterness, on each side; what tenderness for each other's special frailties it must need. God give us such abundant love and compassion toward each other. Often my husband is grieved or anxious about things that seem to *me* of no importance; and I often feel inclined to smile at his anxiety, (have done so, I fear;) but often the thought comes and stops me that *he* feels it a trial; *he* is troubled by it; my not feeling it does not make him feel it less, but adds vexation to vexation, or may make him hide his feelings from me next time, and so lay the first brick in that wall of partition which so many I now pity have built in that same heedless way. Often and often I think this; but, I fear, not often enough.

August 21.—My dear friend Mrs. Elliot was here this morning. It is always a pleasure to see her bright face. I never feel afraid of her; never am uncomfortable if the room is ever so untidy, or the children ever so noisy, which is fortunate; for our boys are so fond of her, I cannot keep them away.

"There, my dear," she said to Herbert this morning, "is my *best* gold pencil-case; and here," feeling in her pocket, "is *such* a clean piece of paper. Pray, draw me a picture." And so he was quietly set to work. "And what have I got here for my little pet? A biscuit, I declare! I wonder if little Robby could sit on that stool and eat it, and look at this funny pocket-book of mine. And now for baby!"

And so she managed to amuse them all, her tongue going fast to me between her chatter to them.

"I have not seen you these many days, my dear," she said; "and I feel as though all were not right if I have not had a peep at you. I don't know what I should do without you, Gertrude."

It is very sweet to be over-appreciated; makes me feel very amiable, and very humble. I told her so, and how she seemed to fill the place of a mother-in-law to me.

"Do I indeed, my dear?" she said; "and yet I over-appreciate you, you say; and I'm sure you do the same to me. That *is* strange. Well! it only shows my theory is right. And now I remember what I came for. I bring an invitation to your visitor (I hear she is *so* charming) from your father-in-law and his daughters, to spend a week with them."

I thanked her for Annie, and then asked what she meant by her *theory*.

"Why, my dear, I've come to the conclusion—now don't be shocked; looking round among my friends, and seeing that if you want a favorable idea of a woman, *don't* go to her mother-in-law, and *vice versâ*, well, my dear, I've come to the conclusion that it can't be either mother or daughter-in-law's fault."

"Indeed!" I said. "What is the cause, then?"

"It is, my dear, the putting mothers and daughters-in-law *down one another's throats;* that's it!" she said, laughing merrily at her idea, and giving baby a toss so high she looked almost frightened.

"Let a child see some jam, you know, my dear, and want it, and ask for it, perhaps steal it, and he thinks it very good. But *cram* that same sweet down his throat, and tell him he *must* eat it, it is his duty to like it, and how the child hates that same jam all his life! Don't you see the sense of it, my dear?"

I was laughing too much to answer; partly at my boys' looks of astonishment.

"So you see, my dear," she continued, without waiting for my reply, "my first way of reforming the world in that matter would be, to make every one understand that mothers and daughters-in-law

need not love one another unless they like. Shouldn't I raise a storm! Why, all the novels ever written would be thrown at me. But what a reformed world I should have! for you see, my dear, it is much pleasanter and happier for all concerned to love one another; and feeling this, each party would set about trying to *be lovable* to one another, just as they would to any one else they wished to please. And so, if they suited one another, and *could* love one another, (for you *can't* love some people, except as your *neighbor*, you know, my dear,) why, they would be very happy and grateful to one another; and if they couldn't, then neither party would feel it a grievance. While now, you know, or rather *I* do," she continued, not leaving me a moment's time to speak in, "you are too young to have seen so much; each party, or at least one side or the other, makes herself as disagreeable as she can, and says, 'Why don't you love me? How wicked you are and unnatural! It is your duty to love me; and you *must*.'"

I was going to try and get in a word of objection to her odd theory, which I put down here because, like most of her ideas, it has some truth in it, and *I* may be a mother-in-law some day; but, just as I began to speak, came a ring at the bell, and in came Miss Annie, laughing, and in high glee, from a ride with Robert, her face glowing with the fresh wind, her bright brown hair parted so smoothly on her pretty white forehead, her eyes dancing with delight, she was a bit of beaming youthfulness, pleasant to look upon; and so more eyes than mine seemed to think.

Robert said he could not stay; he had no more time to spare, and was gone almost without a word, only running back to tell me that Annie was tired and hungry, and I had better send the children away; and, throwing a pair of gloves into Annie's lap, with "Please mend these before this evening, and be sure and be in time," was gone. Well, when I write it down there seems nothing to be vexed about; I must have been in a cross humor, for I even sent my little darlings away angrily.

Annie soon told me what they had been planning for this evening. She thought I should go, too; but he will enjoy himself quite as well without me. And it was not convenient to me to go.

August 27.—Annie has gone to spend a week at Robert's old home; the dear girls want a little change. How cross and unreasonable I have been lately; but Robert has not noticed it. I will turn over a new leaf.

I must make everything very bright and comfortable this evening that he may not feel it dull. I think I shall put on my new dress; he said it became me. How foolish I am! I never felt afraid his home was dull before. There, I will put away those fancies, for fancies they are. What would Robert say if he knew? I seem to have hardly seen him lately. There again! I won't write any more, but fetch baby; all bad thoughts fly away when I look into her innocent eyes, or feel her soft face pressed to mine, in her pretty, loving way.

August 28.—Last night I waited and waited, but no Robert came. The boys went to bed crying, for I had promised them a game with "papa." It grew dark, and I sat waiting, imagining all kinds of accidents. I saw him lying, thrown from his horse, on the ground. "This moment," I thought, "he may be dying for want of help, and *I* sit quietly here!" I went out, and listened, but could hear nothing but my heart going thump, thump. I was just thinking I could bear it no longer, but must start off in search of him, when a messenger came to say he had gone to his *father's* on business, and I was not to wait up. And this morning, when I asked him what *urgent* business it was, he said, hurriedly, "O, only something he wanted to see his father and Tom about; and I must not be surprised if he were late to-night, as he might have to see his father again."

I am writing, for I cannot settle to anything else. I have worked till the tears dimmed my eyes too much; needlework is bad for a troubled mind; allows it to dwell on sorrows it had better forget; over and over again the same song goes in time to the needle. I have read, but I read my own thoughts instead of the book O, it is bitter, bitter! but it is a lesson that must come, sooner or later. It is sweet, it is the greatest joy this world can give, to know that one human being cares for you above all others; that there is one whose happiness is not complete unless you share it; but it is so great a joy, this world never gives it long. I see

that now. We should become too satisfied with earthly love; it is taken from us in its perfection to lead us to the only One who loveth ever. I say this to myself; but at present it does not comfort me.

September 4. — Soon after Annie returned yesterday, my friend Mrs. Elliot came to see me, dear warm-hearted woman. She has the usual fault of those generous natures; rather too plain a way of speaking her mind, and sometimes, when angry, of saying more than she means. She frightens poor me. She says at once, plainly, and, I believe, without *premeditation*, what would cost *me* hours of consideration to put into fit words, and weeks of cowardice and battling with myself to say them. It may lose her some friends, but it is more truthful, and therefore, I suppose, more right. After this preface, (it is well no one but myself has to read my long sermons,) I must put down what suggested it. I thought, by my friend's trembling lip, and her restless ways, she had something on her mind.

Annie was busy reading, but Mrs. Elliot kept looking at her every moment while we were talking about the children. I went out of the room to fetch my work, and when I came back the storm had burst.

"It is well," Mrs. Elliot was saying, "for young ladies to be friendly and at ease with gentlemen, instead of so foolishly shy that they are uninteresting and silly. No one dislikes such senseless nonsense more than I do. But really that is better, at least does less mischief than the contrary, when women forget their own proper retiring, modest behavior, and devote themselves, regardless of every one else, to any gentleman who may happen to please them."

Annie opened her eyes in astonishment. I could scarcely keep from laughing, though rather frightened, it was so like what I had been thinking.

"No one ever spoke to me in that way before," Annie said, flushing up.

"No, my dear," Mrs. Elliot replied; "but many have *thought* as I do, depend upon it, and therefore you may thank me for being honest enough to *tell* you. Woman, my dear, was sent into the world to *heal* broken hearts, not to make them. It is one of her especial duties to see that her own enjoyment is not built on another's unhappiness; not to be content that she does not *mean* any harm, but to look carefully, and see whether, meaning or not meaning, she is *doing* it. If any one entering a household leaves that household less happy by her means, that woman, I say, has done a great wrong, and, unless she makes up her mind to do differently in the future, had much better stay at home. There is plenty of sorrow in the world without giddy young girls adding to it, my dear."

"My dear Mrs. Elliot, what *is* the matter?" I got time at last to exclaim.

"O, don't you know? Has she not told you?"

"I don't boast of my sins, at least," said Annie, forcing a smile.

"Very right, my dear; but better than that would be, not to have them. My dear Gertrude, she has refused your brother, my friend Tom Somner, and when I ask her how it is she has done so, she says, simply because she does not care for him. She thinks him very amiable, and agreeable, and all that; but *marry* him! Think of it, my dear, after the way she has treated him; such walking together, such moon-gazing, such sweet private talks, such looking into one another's eyes! My dear, I saw a great deal, and heard more; so don't defend her."

"Mrs. Elliot, what else could I do? He was the only person there. I could not sit and mope all day, or refuse to go anywhere, for fear he should like me. How ridiculous! I liked him, and found him pleasant company. It is not my fault if he admired me; is it, Gertrude?"

"No one else there, Miss Malitus!" exclaimed my warm friend, before I could speak; "no young gentleman, you mean. Were there not his father and his four sisters? How many moonlight walks did you take with *them*, my dear? and how much of their company did you seek, nice girls as they are? Ah, Miss Malitus, there is the fault. If you had taken equal pains to please father, sisters, and brother, had thought of their pleasure as much as Tom's and your own, he would have made no such foolish and sad mistake. I am angry for his sake, my dear; he is too good to have his happiness destroyed by a silly girl's thoughtlessness."

And, bidding us a hasty "good-by," my dear, hot-tempered friend hurried away.

I must say I was glad; for, though

what she said was very true, as I know too well, yet it was not pleasant to hear it said so plainly. Poor Annie! she leaves us to-morrow.

o o o o o o

November 2.—Our baby, our darling, is *dead*. At last I have courage to write it. Perhaps I shall feel better now; perhaps the writing that will bring the reality of this life back to me. I must shake off this selfish lethargy; I must leave you, my sweet one, and come back to my many duties, and, yes, to those still so dear left to me.

I was sitting to-day, with my work in my lap, looking, looking, but seeing nothing but the great, great trouble; sitting as I know I have sat so often lately, when my youngest boy came softly, and, laying his head on my knee, sobbed as though his little heart were breaking.

"What is it, my boy?" I said.

But he only struggled with his sobs. I took him in my arms, and kissed him, and entreated him to tell me. At last,

"O, baby, baby!" he cried; "O, I wish it had been me, and then you would not mind so much."

I looked up at Herbert. He was trying to appear deep in his drawing, but every moment large splashes of tears came down on the paper. O, what a selfish wretch I have been! nursing my own grief, and never seeing or remembering that others felt almost as much as I; *almost*, O, not *quite*; they could not; and *I* have been adding to their grief the misery of doubting if I loved them! I have tortured them so, *I!* O God, forgive me! I took my boy to my heart, and prayed his forgiveness, and entreated him always to believe I loved him now as much as when he was a baby, like our sweet darling; whatever I might seem, to trust me, and O, to drive away, as a deadly enemy to all happiness, any jealous thoughts. Poor child! he sobbed himself to sleep in my arms; and I shed tears, refreshing tears, over him; the first, except in dreams, since baby left us.

November 18.—It rained and blew last night. I could not sleep. My tender little one! that I did not let a rough wind blow upon, who nestled so warm against my bosom all night, who, when the rain fell at nights, I drew closer to me, and thought pitifully of those poor mothers who are without shelter or warm covering for their dear ones, my soft, warm little darling! how could I bear to think of her; so cold, so cold; the rain coming down, down; pitiless cold rain! unloving, damp earth!

O, how I envied the houseless mother! for she clasps her baby warm in her arms. And *I*—I wandered from the window; I could scarce keep my hands from taking down my cloak and bonnet, and going to my darling.

I know that God will guard her better, O! far better, than I should. I know that it was right and best that she should leave us, or it had not been. I know, I am *sure* of all this; in time I shall *feel* it; I cannot yet; and He who sees into the mother's heart, and is so much more merciful than any earthly judge, will pardon me.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" Robert said, roused by my restless moving about the room.

"Only the windows want fastening, the window is so high," I answered, in as cheerful a voice as I could.

"You should have asked me, dear. Mind you don't take cold;" and he was fast asleep again.

O, when shall I be truthful about my own feelings! I, who would have given so much for his sympathy, will not let him know that I need it.

I took his hand, heavy with sleep, in mine, and kneeling down with it pressed to my bosom, prayed God to put away from us this dreadful cold wall of partition that has grown up in our hearts; for now my baby has left me, who used to comfort me with her sweet love, I feel it more and more.

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December.—I have been selfish, blind, wicked. I will write it down. I have owned it; I have said it; and a great load is taken from my heart.

It is not the sins of others that weigh the spirit down; we can forget, we can forgive *them*. It is when we see others' sins through our own that they become crushing. The other day, how long ago it seems! my husband came to me, with radiant face, yet tears standing in his eyes, and clasping me to his arms, thanked God that the trial was past. I was frightened. I feared I know not what, and fainted in his arms.

When I came to myself he was leaning over me, pale and anxious.

"It is only good news, my little wife," he said. "Be thankful it is so. I have dreaded each day to have a very different tale to tell."

And then he told me how he had feared a terrible loss of money. O, what a joyful bound my heart gave when he said that; *only* of *money*. But I must not even write here how it was; he has trusted me. This loss would have made us poor; "beggars," he said; but he did not mean that; he had even planned what we were to do. But a great deal he said I heard as if in a dream.

"O, why did you not tell me?" I cried. "You so anxious, and to tell me nothing!"

And then he said that "At first, I was so happy." Think of it, *so happy!* And soon after, when our baby left us, he did not like to add to my grief; and so waited till it was decided one way or the other.

"Happy!" I said; "I have not been happy for so long, so long. O, if we had only been trusting and confiding to each other!" And then I told him all.

"Do not blame yourself too much," he said. "I feel as though my love must be little what it ought to be, not to have known your thoughts better, or considered your feelings more. I was thoughtless, and perhaps," he said, smiling, "made more so by the flattery and attention of a pretty girl; and lately," he said, "I have been lost in keeping, as I thought, sorrow from you, forgetting on what true happiness depends. Full of my own anxieties, yours have often seemed small and trivial; and then, dear wife, I thought you so engrossed by your children, that what I did, or was, would not affect you."

"Ah, Robert! then you were distrustful too."

"Let us, then," he answered, "be more thoughtful, and more trusting, in future. Let us try to understand and feel for each other's anxieties and frailties; for only so can there be any lasting happiness in married life. I have always seen the importance of these things in others; and felt too sure that *we* should not fail. We shall be more humble in future."

Much more he said, which I shall never forget, but not even this just as I have put it down. For my husband sat silent long after I had ended my confession, his head in his hands, so that I could not see his face. I waited and waited, and almost repented having told him; knelt down before him, and, trying to take his hands away, prayed his forgiveness.

"Not mine," he said at last. "Let us ask God to forgive and help us."

And together, with tearful eyes, we prayed him to pity and forgive us. Afterward we talked, as I have said. I showed Robert all I had written here, that he might know my whole heart. Henceforth I shall write no diary.

My little babe! my sweet, pure, angel-child! I dreamed last night that she lay in my arms. With her tiny hand she took mine, and placed it in my husband's. When I awoke in tears, his hand clasped mine, and I was at peace.

THE DARK HOUR ERE THE DAWNING.

She rocks her baby to and fro,
Crying aloud in anguish wild:
"I cannot bear that deadlier woe,
So, God of mercy, take my child."
Poor soul! her act belies the prayer
She breathes into the midnight air—
It is before the dawning.

For while she speaks, her arms enfold
The babe with a still tighter clasp;
As fearing Death, so stern and cold,
Should hear, and rend it from her grasp.
She knows not—were that dark hour past—
Of hers, 'tis doom'd to be the last,
The one before the dawning.

You had not wonder'd at the prayer,
If you had seen that hovel poor,
And known what *she* had suffer'd there,
Since first the grim "wolf" forced the door:
But the prayer sped; the widow's pride,
Of sickness—not of hunger—died,
An hour before the dawning.

Half thankful, half remorseful, now
This only treasure, hers no more—
Tears raining on its marble brow,
She lays upon her pallet poor,
Then whispers: "Would *I too* might die,
And so together we should fly
To seek a brighter dawning."

The dawning came, and with it brought
Tidings of friends, and wealth restored;
They fell, scarce heeded, as she sought
The little corpse, and o'er it pour'd
Her wild lament, her ceaseless moan
That such had found her all alone—
No child to share the dawning.

A hungry bee will strive to sip
Sweets even from a faded rose:
Thus hangs she on the pallid lip
So long, one almost might suppose
That she is striving with her breath
To thaw away the frosts of death,
Which yield not to the dawning.

And now she murmurs day by day:
"O God, that I had learn'd to wait;
'Tis so much harder than to pray,
As I have found, alas! too late.
I might have deem'd the worst was past,
And that dark hour *must* be the last,
To one before the dawning."

FROM LONDON TO ROME.

WE write, not for the traveled few, but the untraveled many, to tell them what, after reaching London, can be done in a month, and to induce them to do likewise. Let them choose the month of May if possible, when the days are long and the great heats not set in, and, above all, when the stream of rich tourists has set homeward, and we can promise them as true a month's enjoyment as a light purse and a light heart together can bring. A small hand-bag, a purse with a sovereign to spend for every day you are out, and a foreign office passport, are the chief and only requisites. Provided with these, my friend and I made our way, on Thursday morning, the 30th of last April, to the London Bridge station, and took a ticket for Paris, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe.

The wind was fair and fresh, so the steamer flew to the French coast like a sea-bird, dipping her beak every minute or two in the crest of a wave, and then saucily flinging it back on the passengers aft. We nestled away as well as we could under our sea-bird's wings, for such the paddle-boxes of these small channel boats more resemble than anything else in nature.

But swift ships will heave as well as slow. The nauseating sea, says the poet, spares neither the noble trireme nor the hired galley.

"Conducto navigio æque,
Nauseat ac locuples quem duxit priva triremis;"

and so we ducked under every wave, and my friend had qualms—take it in whichever sense you please; so to quiet them, he started the theory that sea-sickness is not a stomachic affection at all, but one purely nervous. I resisted the paradox, partly to keep on deck, but principally because I had proof around me that sea-sickness is stomachic, not cerebral; and in the midst of the discussion we neared the French coast.

Dieppe is not a town to describe as either French or English. It is as much in the transition from the French to the English style, as Quebec or some town in Lower Canada. All that is old is French; all that is new is English. "Home-brewed beer," and "neat wines," are displacing the *Magazin des vins: vente en gros et en detail.* Modern English architecture is represented in a Crystal Palace kind of casino, just erected on the beach facing the sea; English money-changers abound; and we surprised the garçon in the café with an English vocabulary, trying to spell *Rosbif*, and to mispronounce *Villiams*, as the French persist in calling my friend. His real name is William Smith; but for motives of delicacy they drop the patronymic, and style him Villiams, as Cicero is Tully, and Horace Flaccus, in the language of some.

We are reminded we are in Normandy, if by nothing else, by the steep roofs of the houses, and the towering head-gear of the women. The roofs contain as many as four stories of windows, rising in a pyramidal shape, and the caps rise in as many conical folds of linen and lace; the head-dresses, in fact, are roofs, and the roofs head-dresses; but as we have never explored either the one or the other, further description would be presumptuous.

The police and douane were soon satisfied with an inspection of our passport and baggage. Not so the army of touters that lay in ambush for us outside. They stood their ground; but we charged and cut through them, amid a volley of cards showered thick around us, and so got safe to the station.

Not so the heavy horse of our expedition. As we afterward heard, an Englishman—we will call him Heavysides—with three helpless females, stood tongue-tied on the quay at Dieppe. Three trunks and thrice three bonnet-boxes lay round them, like stranded sturgeon waiting the fisherman's grab-net. In an instant a polite little Frenchman came forward, all smiles and sympathy. "You are English, monsieur; you desire to part by the next convoy. Ah, *malheur*, monsieur hears not, but mademoiselle speaks French. If you confide your baggage to me, I will transport them to Paris. You have the choice of the roulage at *grande vitesse*, or *petite vitesse*."

Now it happened that this heavy-horse Englishman had lost his luggage once already, so the offer could not be resisted.

Translated into plain English, it meant that for fifty francs he should resign all care of his trunks to the roulage agent. The money was paid, and a paper receipt folded in his waistcoat pocket, and so the Heavysides reached the station, and the train was off for Paris. Figure, if you can, the Heavysides' distress when, perusing the receipt ticket, it broke on them that the roulage *à petite vitesse* meant only a goods train, and that some days must elapse before the delivery of heavy goods in Paris. The Heavysides, we heard since, existed in Paris two days on a stocking and nightcap—a cap by night, a stocking all the day—and then, cursing their own credulity, went south to Nice. At *petite vitesse* the trunks and bonnet boxes journeyed south after them, accumulating costs as they went, and a month after date the Heavysides' luggage was delivered at their door at a cost of seventy-five francs a-head.

In a few minutes Dieppe was out of sight, we were steaming over the plains of Normandy; the night fell, and darkness and sleep came on together, and when we awoke we were amid the gaslights of Paris.

It was past midnight, but one half of Paris was not gone to bed, and before we were well asleep the other half began to awake, and we heard the rumbling of market carts in the streets below.

Four days in Paris slipped away as if time and we had a walking match which would tire the other down. From street to street we paced. Churches, domes, temples, and theaters were seen by us, while time told his tale of hours; and on the fourth morning, when we had not another sight to see, or time another minute to spare, we stood at the Lyons terminus and took a ticket for Dole and Geneva.

Pleasure-loving Paris! How all its associations are of one kind. If in London we make a pleasure of business, in Paris they make a business of pleasure. They have no city as with us, much less citymen. The bourse is opposite to the Theater des Vaudevilles—the Opera and *College des Gastronomes* are close by—and the same inventive genius that swallows monsters of asparagus and minims of oysters, speculates in shares, and makes credit rise and fall at its bidding. Plutus and Pleasure go hand in hand in Paris. The share-list and the "Journal pour Rire" are its staple literature; and the two most admired men of their day are the man who can make most money out of others, and the man who can spend most on himself.

Our route from Paris to Geneva was by Dijon and Dole, where we arrived about nine P.M. We then mounted the diligence, which slowly works its way to Geneva, over the Jura, in sixteen hours. The journey is tedious, but the views in some parts are magnificent, and the first glimpse of the lake of Geneva and the Alps beyond, from the summit, is unspeakably grand. Mont Blanc did not appear, as, indeed, he seldom does, but most of the surrounding peaks could be distinctly traced; while below, the blue lake spread out a great natural mirror like that in which Eve first caught a sight of her beauty.

We descended rapidly from the snow level where not a leaf had begun to bud, to the margin of the lake where the cherry-trees were in full blossom, and the corn stood thick and almost in ear, and reached Geneva about two o'clock in the afternoon, having made the journey from Paris in about thirty hours.

To make Geneva a halting-place on our way to Rome would have been to defeat our object, so we passed through the town as the arrowy Rhone is said to flow through its lake, in it, but not of it; Romeward we had set our faces, and would not turn aside even to look at Calvin's grave; so unwashed, unkempt, unfed, we rushed to the office to secure seats at once in the diligence to Chambery and Turin.

Out of bed into a cold bath, and out of a coach into a warm bath, is the wise experience of a traveling bachelor. We found its refreshing effects at Chambery—and so to breakfast. A stroll about this quaint old capital of Savoy would well repay trouble. But we cannot turn aside, so we climbed into the banquette of the diligence, and with our places secured to Turin, were put on the rails of the *Victor Emmanuel* line, which is to connect Lyons with Turin, and which is already open as far as St. Jean de Maurienne. The line winds through an alpine valley, with the cliffs towering two or three thousand feet high on either side, and with a torrent roaring beside it. In places the valley narrows, so that there is scarcely room for the road and the river. The river god claims the right of way, and so the rail god must

give way, and either play at leap-frog over the river. or bury itself in the mountain, and, like Arethusa, work its way through in darkness. Often the river rises against the rail as an invader of its rights; and in places we saw bridges swept away, and the whole line turned out of its course during repairs. The forests clothe the mountains; and we were told by our conductor, a talkative Frenchman, who undertook to describe the scenery to us, that the bears people the woods on one side of the valley, and the wolves on the other, and that they were never known to change sides, or interfere with each other.

On we flew, winding up the valley as far as Saint Jean de Maurienne, which is as far as the railroad works are carried as yet. Saint Jean contains a relic of its patron saint, which is shown on occasions to convince the unbeliever: Saint John's hand, a dry, leather-like relic, is kept in a glass-case in the church. Seeing is said to be believing, of the truth of which this is an instance; for as those only who believe see, so it results that all who see believe.

From Saint Jean de Maurienne to Lanslebourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis, is a drive of seven hours. At Lanslebourg the ascent begins, and ten stout mules drew our diligence up to the summit in less than three hours. Midnight on the top of Mont Cenis is a pleasure to be remembered, but not repeated without necessity. A cold wind seemed to blow the darkness in on us; at least it brought a mist with it which quite hid the moon. The road could just be traced out by the brown sludge trodden into a deep rut, while the virgin snow lay deep on either side, and rose high over the diligence like a wall of frozen water, as it were, through which a passage was cut. To understand the meaning of darkness visible, let the reader cross Mont Cenis at midnight, and he will descend as we did, cold, tired, sleepy, and with swollen eyeballs—swollen from staring into emptiness. The tunnel under the mountain will change all this. How soon this will be undertaken it is impossible to say. The surveys have been made, and the Sardinian Chamber have agreed to advance half the sum named in the contract. It is said also that some mighty boring machine has been invented by a Piedmontese engineer, which is to dig out the bowels of Mont Cenis, as a cheese-knife scoops out a ripe Stilton. We arrived at Susa, on the other side, about four in the morning, and after an hour's delay proceeded by early train to Turin.

Turin is a city of straight streets, and lies "four square," with a long Corso-like street leading direct from the railway terminus to the Royal Palace. It has either a church or a café at every corner, and lying midway between Paris and Rome, it seems a double-minded city, undivided whether to choose for pleasure or priestcraft. Until lately, the priestly influence was all powerful; but now it is not so, and the two interests seem very evenly balanced. The cheap press on the one hand, and the priests on the other, are straining every nerve. Rome is pushing out young France, and young France is pushing in on Rome, and the butting match is carried on on the frontiers of Italy. Newspapers for a halfpenny are hawked about on all sides; and, in reply, the priests put up on every door an "Invito Sacro," and offer plenary indulgences for every crime but daring to think.

It would not be easy to lose one's way among the straight streets of Turin. It is laid out like New York, with long avenues running parallel with each other, and intersected with smaller streets at right angles. One of these avenues conducts directly from the palace to the railway station. So after viewing the palace and chapel attached to it, in which are some fine pieces of sculpture, chiefly mortuary, we made our way to the railway station, and embarked, as foreigners say, for Genoa in a second-class carriage.

The plain of the Po, over which we skimmed at express speed, is as productive as nature and art together can make it. Everything that is put down grows, and the vegetables grow together like a happy family, not caged up as with us in separate fields or patches, but in open spaces, vines overshadowing vetches, and the vetches, unlike Diogenes, not desiring them to get out of their sunlight. Sunshine, indeed, is here managed on the same economic principles that heat is distributed in our kitchen range. The olives and vines are roasted in the noontide splendor. Wheat and Indian corn simmer out their summer existence as stew-pans placed on hot ovens; while those hardy plants that can grow in the shade are par-

boiled under the remaining sun rays, as the water in the tank is kept warm by the heat at the back of the grate. Thus, as there are three zones of vegetable life, that of olives, of wheat, and of green crops, and as the sun which would ripen the one would burn up the other, the husbandman who can economize heat and ripen under green leaves, as our market gardeners ripen under glass, may be said to turn roods into acres, and make of a little country a great one. Agriculture has many such advances to make over the world; and when the tropics are peopled as Piedmont now is, our Malthusian economists may at once restore the balance between population and food, by imitating the light and shade cultivation of Italy.

We passed Alessandria about midday, and remarked the earthworks that are being thrown up all round the town to strengthen the defenses of this outpost on the Austrian frontier. The spirit with which our Piedmontese fellow-travelers described to us the use of those deep ditches and high mounds, that reminded us of the cuttings of a railway more than of a fortress, was quite pleasing to remark. Patriotism, it is evident, is something different from the love of home. A Roman may feel a love of home as strong as the Piedmontese, but patriotism he cannot feel, for he has no country to be proud of. A people are generally not ashamed of their country when their country is not ashamed of them. Piedmont may not be strong enough to wrest Lombardy from Austria, but within her own frontier she has an element of strength to defy all the armies of Austria, led by that terrible old centaur, Radetzky himself. A united nation is a rampart no invader can pass—the wave of conquest may beat over it, but it is the wave that is broken, not the breakwater.

Between Alessandria and Genoa the road winds through the Maritime Alps, and after a series of cuttings and tunnels, takes a last plunge into darkness under the range of hills which slope down to the sea. In an instant we are in Genoa, and, taking a splendid sweep round the city, are landed at the water's edge, close by the new statue of Columbus, not yet completed, and facing the port.

It was a bright sunny afternoon in May when we paid our first addresses to the blue Mediterranean. The sea and the city both looked their best, the sky shone down on us at once warm and breezy, and though sorely tried by cheating porters and that worst of extortioners, the Papal consul, we would not lose our tempers. Formalities ended, and our passage on board the steamer for Civita Vecchia secured, we had the afternoon and evening to dispose of among the churches, squares, and streets of Genoa. Marble and muck are the two ingredients of superb Genoa. If stones could speak or marble rise and mutiny, it would cover the city in a night with that manifesto of English propriety, "Commit no nuisance." Here there is no respect of places, and the beautiful cathedral, with its curious inlaid marbles, striped white and black, down to the pavement, is defiled as of the commonest whitewash.

The decorations inside the churches are in the usual Italian style; those of the *Annunziata* are now being re-gilt and re-varnished, and already the roof is a blaze of gold-leaf, vermilion, and cobalt. Once for all, let us disburden our heart of its deep disgust at the tinsel of modern churches in Italy. As the churches of Genoa are but a sample of those in Rome, it will save repetition to say, that if harlotry from the days of Jezebel to our own is marked by painting the face, tiring the head, and looking out of the window, then Rome is the mother of harlots, and with so immodest a front we may judge of the heart within. Nor are we straining a metaphor to abuse a system we are not attached to. Putting dogmas out of view altogether, the use of art which the modern Church of Rome makes is a prostitution of all truth and beauty to the one base end of effect. Art may embellish what is already beautiful, but as the eyes of a handmaid should look to her mistress, so art should look to religion. But here art is tricked out with all her mistress-borrowed finery to show herself off, and, like Topsy reeling under Miss Ophelia's turbans, ribbons, and silks, art only makes a display the more ridiculous, because there is an attempt to look reverent. As the black skin and the jeweled ear, so profane art and holy emblems are ill assorted together, and instead of the art adorning the religion, the religion is reduced to wait upon art, to furnish subjects for its easel, or to give a pose to its statues. It is not what is *fact*, but what is *effect* that is sought after in the new principle of embellishment in Italian churches; gilding and

coloring are laid on to strike the eye, not to instruct and elevate. The use and abuse of art are nowhere so well taught as in comparing an ancient with a modern church in Italy.

Pictures are an anachronism in a modern church; they are delightful relics in an ancient. Before Guttenberg had set up his presses, pictures were our books, and because few and not easily multiplied, were put in holy places, as Bibles were chained to a public erection about the age of the Reformation. But the use of pictures in churches has gone by, and what was then a use is now an abuse, a superstition, a surviving of an effete institution when its meaning and origin are forgotten.

At sunset we went on board the steamer bound for Leghorn, and sailed through that beautiful Ligurian gulf past the headland of Spezzia, and the port still sacred to Venus. The sun set and the moon rose almost together, turning out, as we once heard an old sailor remark, to relieve watch in the sky. The night was so still that there was no sleeping below, and the deck was covered with mattresses and pillows. Our captain had been married the day before, and had brought his bride on board, a pretty Genoese girl, who seemed to wear her Paris bonnet as Irish girls wear their shoes—for show, not for use. Next morning she walked the deck without the useless headpiece, and her prettily-braided hair showed to advantage. The crew were given an extra allowance of wine on the occasion, and so kept themselves and us awake with their songs.

We arrived before sunrise next morning, and knew we were at last in Italy proper by being boarded by a police officer, who counted the passengers twice over, and spent two hours in studying our passports and other formalities before allowing us to land. At last we got on shore, and had leisure to look about us before the train started for Pisa.

Leghorn is a handsome seaport town. Its streets are wide and beautifully paved with square flag-stones, on which it is a wonder that horses can keep their footing. At nine o'clock we took the train for Pisa, which is distant about half an hour by rail from Leghorn. The wonders of Pisa do not need description. The Baptistery, Cathedral, and Campanile all lie together, and to the right is the Campo Santo. The Campanile is so beautiful a design that we have no patience with travelers who go away only with the impression they have seen a tower lean sixteen feet out of the perpendicular. To fasten upon that which, after all, is a blemish, is the same stupidity as to suppose Byron famous *because* club-footed. What shall we think of the critics who tell us that the architect erected it out of the perpendicular on purpose? The Chinese, who copy the crack as well as the pattern on a plate, did not show a more perverted ingenuity than these admirers of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

We cannot omit to notice the beggars in Pisa. They abound in the precincts of other holy places in Italy, but they literally swarm here in and around the Campo Santo. *Carità per l'amour di Dio* greets you from old and young. You look at an urchin at the street corner, and he pulls off his cap with a whine; a hag stretches out her withered arm, as if it had been dried up in an act of beggary half a century ago. Were the apostles to walk the streets of Pisa, they could not draw after them a greater crowd of sick, impotent folk, than a few travelers draw every day to the Campo Santo. The plague does not stop even at the cathedral doors, for within the beggars abound as well as without, and you are teased for a *carità* at the very steps of the high altar. The Church of Rome permits pauperism to show itself in church on the same pleas that the Mohammedans tolerate madmen. Some of her latest canonized saints are recorded to have supported themselves on street beggary for years. Pisa must be the most saintly of cities, and the claims of her beggars to a whole calendar to themselves must pass undisputed among hagiologists.

We took the train from Pisa the same afternoon, and returned to Leghorn, got on board the steamer, and were wafted away over smooth seas and under a bright May moon to Civita Vecchia, where we arrived early on Saturday morning.

Arrived at Civita Vecchia, and permitted to land, we found that the *diligenze priviligiate Pontificale* had deferred their departure till evening, as the horses had been impressed to draw the Grand Duchess Olga and suite from Rome to Civita Vecchia.

A vetturino, however, was easily secured, and six copper pieces thrust into my hand as *arrha* or pledge that the bargain was struck. We took ten hours to

travel the forty miles, and counted impatiently the mile-stones that are set up on the Via Æmilia, in feeble imitation of the lines when roads radiated from Rome over the *orbis terrarum*.

We drove to the Minerva Hotel, round the Piazza of St. Peter's, past the Mole of Hadrian, and over the Ponte St. Angelo, and then through a labyrinth of narrow streets, where the flare of oil lamps, (for gas is yet far from common in Rome,) and the smell of fried fish, and the cries of cooks hawking hot maccaroni were the principal sights, smells, and sounds that first saluted us in Rome.

We had got out of bed in Paris on Monday morning, and only turned into bed in Rome on this Saturday night, having, during six days, doubled our count of time on the plan suggested in the song,

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear."

The first sound that awoke us on Sunday morning was the roll of drums. We dressed and descended, and met a French regiment on their march to church. We followed past the gray Pantheon, and entered with them the Church of the French Embassy. The whole regiment marched into church as on to a parade ground, hats on, carrying their arms, and lined the nave two deep, with the drum-major standing before the high altar, and the drums beating a rappel as the general and staff entered. The band was stationed in the two transepts, and played operatic music while the priest went on with his service. The tinkling of his bell, every now and then heard amid the crash of cymbals and trumpets, was all that reminded us that we were in a church, not in a concert-room. At the elevation of the host every knee was bent and every head uncovered; and so with this one homage to the Most High, incarnated that instant in a wafer, the religious rites were over, and the musical performance went on as before. This mockery of worship must shock at first the Protestant, who is accustomed to think of religion as a transaction between God and his own heart, not a matter for the parade ground and drill sergeant. I have seen a Mohammedan spread his carpet and bow his face to the ground at the hour of prayer, and felt that here was a worship of God in spirit at least, if not in truth; but at a military mass there is neither spirit nor truth. At other services, there are devout women who kneel on the pavement, cross themselves, and, with help of their prayer-books, make out some show of "common prayer" between priest and people; but the religion of a French soldier is of the old Roman type—to worship their eagles, or greet a successful imperator with divine honors. The church seemed to us a temple of victory; and we forgot we were in modern Rome, with eighteen centuries between us and pagan times.

The churches of Rome are as many as the days of the year; but we should be sorry to waste a year in studying them. A week was all we had to give; but even in a week we saw enough to satisfy and moderate our regret at leaving so much unseen.

It is better to admit frankly that we were disappointed, and to be rated as Goths by admirers of Italian architecture, than to affect an enthusiasm we never felt. Not even the basilicas, always excepting Saint Peter's, could rouse us into hearty admiration. A description of one church will apply to them all. They all look as if they had dropped into their places in the street where they stand, and offend all sense of truth and proportion in this, that the façade is *always as high*, and *in many cases* higher, than the roof of the church itself. The dome is consequently hid from the street, and it is only when you ascend a height outside the city that you discover that Rome is studded with domes and cupolas. With the Pantheon before them, as a model of the proportions between the porch and the dome, Roman architects had no excuse. They have reversed these proportions, and ambitiously thrown up a façade of pillars and pilasters, two and three stories high, which, in many cases, is a sham front to deceive the eye, the real building itself being lower than its own front. Thus church after church rises above the neighboring houses on its right and left hand; but, "like a tall bully, it lifts *its head and lies*," for the real roof of the church is often lower than that of the surrounding houses; and as soon as you climb the first garret and discover this, you are disgusted with the trick, and turn away from an architecture in which the lamp of truth has been put out.

Saint Peter's, we said, was an excep-

tion to all this; but even here the façade is too high, and it is only at a distance that the eye can get the right angle of view to take in the whole church, from the pavement to the cross. It would be worth enduring the office of Pontifex Maximus, to sweep away the upper story of the façade altogether, and with it the name of Paulus Borghesius, who has there written his name in the same bad taste with which the French infidel inscribed on a church near Ferney, "*A Dieu, Voltaire.*"

But Saint Peter's is not to be criticised but enjoyed; so we will not stand any longer outside. On the pillars of the magnificent vestibule, which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest things in architecture, and as large and as lofty as some of the cathedrals of Europe, are some notices that drew our attention. One was *Badi, O Bestemmiatore*—a warning against profane swearing, in the style of a village tract. The advice was excellent, and, it must be confessed, much needed; for, having exhausted the saints, the modern Roman curses you by his gods—Bacchus being the chief deity invoked. Another notice was a kind of caution to the faithful. A certain Caterina had pretended to see visions of the Madonna, and to have performed cures. After inquiry, the Sacred College had condemned her as an impostor; and, just as at the bank lists of false notes are posted up, so, at St. Peter's, spurious miracles are denounced, that the faithful may give greater credit to the true. But the notice that hangs on the door, "No dogs admitted here," we take as a hint to lay aside a cynical spirit in the grandest temple on earth. The monuments around us at once suggest the design of the building. It is the Mausoleum of Saint Peter and his successors. What the pyramids were to the kings of Egypt, Saint Peter's is to the Popedom. It is the burial place of popes; other monuments are there on sufferance—those of the popes are erected here as a matter of course: the rule being, that the cardinals who have been created during the pope's lifetime should erect a marble monument to his memory on the largest scale. The holy place in Saint Peter's is not the east end, but the crypt under the dome, where Saint Peter is said to be buried. The side-chapels round the transept and aisles are not filled with images and pictures of saints, but the monuments of the popes. They are on the largest scale that marble can be worked, and generally represent the pope seated on his throne, supported by Religion or Valor, an Angel or a Lion, according as the holy father was a man of peace or of war.

The Vatican museum contains all that is exquisite of the remains of ancient art. Statuary in the fifth century seems to have met from the Christian Church a fall like that of Sisera from Jael. She put her hand to the nail and her right hand to the workman's hammer—and statuary was broken to pieces and cast in heaps, and buried as an accursed thing by a fanatical peasantry, led on by yet more fanatical monks. Even as late as the Middle Ages this iconoclastic spirit broke out on occasions. The Siennese possessed a pagan statue of Peace, and alarmed by their being so frequently defeated by the Florentines, they broke it in pieces and deposited it in the territory of their enemies. Lorenzetto's figure of Peace in fresco in the public hall of Sienna is said to have been modeled after this statue, which was discovered in his time buried in a garden.

It was fortunate for Italy, and perhaps for art, that statuary thus fell by a violent death in the fifth century, and was buried during the wreck of the dark ages. It is true that, like Sisera, the workman's hammer has stricken through the temples of many a choice statue or bust. The mutilation of noses and thumbs was so common, that not a statue is dug up that is not thus disfigured; but the mutilated parts have been so skillfully restored, that to all intents and purposes we look on the same marble whose smooth surface received its last touch from the sculptor's nail. We almost think that marble can bestow immortality, as we stand by the bust of the young Augustus, and touch that smooth cheek that was touched for the last time nearly two thousand years ago.

It was fortunate, especially for the Vatican collection, that the monks considered it a pious act to mutilate and bury these pagan images. Had they been preserved, they would have been dispersed over Europe, and have followed the fortunes of war or commerce into France, Germany, or England. As it now is, all that is choice is here. These marbles have been discovered only since the popes have become the patrons of art, and almost its high priests, (for art is the great goddess of modern Italy,) and therefore the Vatican

has had the pre-emption of all that was rare and precious.

The Gallery of Inscriptions taken from the catacombs is to a religious mind the most interesting thing in the Vatican. Our thoughts are better expressed in the words of Raoul Rochette, the great antiquarian. "I have spent," he says, "entire days in this sanctuary of antiquity, where sacred and profane art stand facing each other, in the written monuments preserved to us as in the days when Christianity and paganism were engaged in mortal conflict; and were it only the treasure of impressions which we receive from this immense collection of Christian epitaphs taken from the graves of the catacombs and now affixed to the walls of the Vatican, this alone would be an inexhaustible feast of recollections for a whole life."

Thronged down the Lapidarian gallery are the dying confessions of Christians and pagans. On the one side the motto, "Live while you can, the man of pleasure cries," is paraded as the sum of philosophy. The words are worth transcribing—"*Vixi dum vixi bene, jam mea peracta—mox vestra agetur fabula—valete et plaudite.*" On the other side, rudely carved, badly spelled, are the inscriptions of the not many wise, not many mighty, who composed the Church of Rome when Jewish strangers and runaway slaves hid in the catacombs. *Martyria in pace. Sevi locus.* One inscription reads thus: *Qui dedit et abstulit, Omini Benedi. Qui Bixit Ann Pace Cons.* The rest is effaced. We read it, Maitland beautifully remarks, as if *broken by sobs.* Time has not effaced the sorrowful words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," but the name and date are broken and gone. For the rest of the inscription we must wait till the book of life shall be opened and the names of buried saints in the catacombs be read out, when every one, we believe, in this Lapidarian gallery will be there to answer to his name.

The Sistine Chapel should be visited, if only to see what will soon be seen no more. The frescoes of Michael Angelo, on which criticism has exhausted itself, and which are said to be beyond praise, are dying day by day. Fresco painting is the fairest but frailest of beauties. Like those Italian *contadine*, who are lovely at fifteen, but at thirty are withered old women; so with those paintings with which Michael Angelo has vainly sought immortality. To feel keen disappointment we can only suggest to others to do as we did. Read an account of the "Last Judgment" and other frescoes in the Sistine, in some work on high art before you start for Italy. Whet your appetite on the road with Murray, and take a last refresher before you leave your hotel to visit the Sistine Chapel. Enter a narrow, lofty room, like a concert-room, with a throne at one end, and a recess for the orchestra at the other, and look up and around at the dusky faded figures that are said to be indecently nude, but which time has draped better than the "breeches-making" artist employed to put aprons on Adam and Eve by some modest pope.

Let a guide chatter in your ear the wonders of these frescoes, while you strain your eye and stiffen your neck in the effort to see what time has effaced, and you will have reason to feel that, unless the material be enduring, the conception, however sublime, must fade with it. Genius wedded to art is like Sinbad, doomed by a cruel law to be buried alive in the same pit with the corpse of his wife. In an evil hour Michael Angelo chose a bride of death in fresco art. As the color fades from her cheek, so his hopes of immortality fade also. In the Sistine Chapel the living and the dead are immured together, and we seem to stand in the living tomb of a genius made for immortality, but perishing because married to a mortal wife.

Rome was not built in a day, neither can it be seen in a day. We had only a week; so we resolved to visit a few things every day, and to leave many things unseen at all. Of all the things to be seen in a week take the following as the principal: The basilicas, of course, and of the churches four or five; the Ara Cœli, for instance, with its Jacob's ladder of steps by which you ascend to it, and curious Responsorium of St. Anthony of Padua affixed to the rail of his chapel on the left of the nave. The Minerva church, which has been lately restored, and contains the only stained glass we remember in Rome; and, above all churches new or temples old, the Pantheon, visited by us every day, and entered every time with fresh feelings of admiration and wonder. We dare not indulge in a description of that matchless *Rotonda*, as it is called by the common people in Rome.

The Vatican and Capitol we visited, of

course, twice, and the following palaces once; the Borghese, richest of all the private collections of paintings in Rome, the Doria, the Corsini, and the Barberini, famous for its one picture, the *Cenci*, so often copied, but so inimitable.

Of the ruins of Rome we walked over some dead men's graves, heeding them not; over others we bent long and patiently to reach the past. The Coliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Baths of Diocletian need no guide; they tell their own tale.

We spent one day at Frescati and neighborhood, where, *mirabile dictu*, a railway now runs from Rome across the Campagna. We climbed the hill of Tusculum, walked on to Marino, and then up the shady hill to the rocky ridge of Alba Longa, and the lake lying below.

These were the principal landmarks we sighted during our short stay in Rome, and which we record for the benefit of others as pressed for time as we were. As for the rest, for minor churches and out-of-the-way antiquities, we say to the ordinary tourist, avoid them. When a Mussulman has seen every sight in a town, has embraced his friends, and has nothing further to do or see, he crosses his legs, lights his pipe, and enjoys his *keff*. He puts his soul and body to sleep, and dreams on for a week until it is time to start. Now, rather than spend a season, as many do, in Rome, going from post to pillar, from one ugly pile of stucco to another, we would at once take a Mohammedan *keff*, and spend the rest of our time conjuring up gorgeous dreams of what we had seen.

Thanks to the Empress of Russia, we saw the two grandest sights of Rome to the greatest advantage. On Monday St. Peter's was illuminated from the pavement to the cross. The night was dark and mild, and the lamps, suspended four hundred and thirty feet in the air, were not once put out by the wind. As the bell struck nine the torches were suddenly lighted all round the roof, and it seemed as if the great pile was on fire, while the bells ringing a peal seemed like alarm bells rung at a fire. It was difficult to get the impression out of the mind that St. Peter's was on fire, and we awoke next morning almost inclined to ask had the whole pile been burnt down in the night.

We did *not* see the Coliseum by moonlight, so we are saved a description of what is the common stock of all travelers to Rome; we saw it instead by torch-light. At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, at the discharge of a rocket, the whole circumference of the Coliseum broke out in a blaze of light. Bengal lights, set behind every arch, sent out a glare of light which, for a few minutes, was as bright as day. Then thick columns of smoke rolled up, covering the great amphitheater as if with a curtain, like the awning which once stretched across it in the days of its glory. Then as the lights turned red, it seemed as if some great conflagration had happened in the city, and the crowds that elbowed their way out as the empress drove off, seemed to be flying for their lives, with the cry of fire in their ears. The outside was then illuminated in the same way as the inside. Each story of arches could be distinctly counted, the plants that grew in the crevices of the walls, and even the marble slab inserted here and there in the brick surface, with the name of the pontiff who had restored the Coliseum, could be distinctly read. It was a glorious sight. Artificial lights set off best the works of man, as God's two great lights alone can the works of God. A mountain by torch-light is ridiculous; the torches are seen, not the mountain; but the Coliseum by torch-light was effective; the building was not too vast for the illuminating power. By night, too, the great works of nature are hid from view; the distant mountains do not drag down our mole-hills of brick and stone, or our torches pale their ineffectual fires before the eye of day. We yield to the graceful delusion, and think for a moment there is nothing grander than man, or more surprising than his works. But Bengal lights soon go out, and sober reason resumes her sway. We turn our steps homeward, and next day laugh at our own childishness.

We had engaged a vetturino to start with us after the illumination to Civita Vecchia, to catch the steamer for Leghorn next day. So at ten P. M. we made our way through crowds of Romans who had turned out, like ourselves, to see the fire-works, to the office of the pope's privileged diligences, where our slow-coach stood with three lazy black horses harnessed to it, to crawl all night over the road from Rome to Civita Vecchia.

We threaded the narrow streets again in darkness; again crossed the Ponte St.

Angelo, and again passed the barrier as we had entered it seven nights before, and stole away up the hills, and out of sight of the lamps of Rome.

DOGS BEFORE MEN.

AT the old feasts of Isis, when men walked in grand procession, dogs walked first, and it was not unnatural that they should be received as household deities, who were set up by the priests as symbols of the supreme power, watching over people in their homes and driving evil from their thresholds. For a like reason the ancient Romans dressed the images of their Lares, or household gods, in dog-skin. In the present day even the very smallest dogs are to be found cherished as household deities.

Gunar, a Swedish tyrant, once upon a time, to inflict shame on his subjects, set a dog over them to be their king, and gave the dog bad ministers, in order that the public might be well plagued in his name. It also happened that when the people of Drontheim had slain the son of Oisten, Prince of Upland, Oisten bade them choose whether they would have for their king his slave Taxe, or his dog Saer. The Drontheimers chose to be ruled by Saer the First, because they hoped to make a good dog of him, and to enjoy much liberty under his chain. Saer had not long been seated on the throne before he was enchanted by his subjects, and became the wisest monarch of his time, having, it is recorded, as much wisdom as three sages. He also became able to talk, in every three words of a sentence, barking two and speaking one, very distinctly.

This story ought not to be doubted. For was not the famous shepherd's dog, of Weissenfels, taught by a boy who pinched his throat and put fingers into his mouth until he had learned to speak words like a man, and did not an Austrian travel through Holland in the year 1718, who could say his, or rather our, alphabet, except only the letters, L, M, N? Read Drechsler on the Speech of Brutes.

Among the old Franks, Suabians, and Saxons, a dog was held in small esteem; nevertheless, and, indeed, for that cause, he was not seldom set over the highest nobles of the land. If a great dignitary had, by broken faith, disturbed peace in the realm, a dog was put upon his shoulders, by the emperor. To carry a dog for a certain distance was, in the time of Otto the First, and after it, one of the severest punishments inflicted on unruly princes. Nobles of lower rank carried, instead of the dog, a chair; peasants, a plow-wheel.

Emperor Frederic Barbarossa went to be crowned by the Pope in Italy; and, when upon his way, found that there was murderous strife between Hermann, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the Archbishop Arnold of Mayence. By this quarrel the banks of the Rhine were stained with much blood. After his return, therefore, Barbarossa called a Diet at Worms, before which he cited both the disputants. They appeared, each expecting that his adversary was to be discomfited. The emperor, having heard the case, ordered the Count Palatine and ten counts, his allies, to march over the border, each with a dog upon his back; the other nobles concerned in the quarrel were to take the same march of a German mile, carrying stools, and the peasantry to go after with plow-wheels. The clergy were condemned to suffer a like punishment; but, saving their reverence, it was allowed to be performed for them by proxy. Soon after the year twelve hundred, Gerhard, a lord in Querfurt, had, with other nobles, fallen upon a pious man, Deacon of Magdeburg cathedral, as he journeyed on the highway, and deprived him of his eyes. Emperor Philip fined this Gerhard very heavily, and made him walk at the head of five hundred of his knights from the spot on which the outrage was committed to the gate of Magdeburg cathedral, each man with a dog upon his shoulders.

The ancient Persians symbolized Ormazd, their god, in the form of a dog; for, to a nomad race, there is no animal so dear, no type of a Divine watchfulness so true, as the protector of the herd. A thousand lashes was the punishment for maiming any able dog, and it was capital offense to kill one. The sight of a dog by dying men was said to comfort them with bodings of the conquest of all evil and of their immortal peace. In later times the Persians held it to be a good token for the dead if a dog approached the corpse and ate from between the lips a bit of bread that had been placed there; but, if no dog would approach the body, that was held to be a sign of evil for the soul.

SPRING.

The snow has left the cottage-top;
The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;
And eaves in quick succession drop,
Where grinning icicles have been,
Pit-patting with a pleasant noise
In tubs set by the cottage-door;
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window-pane,
Which children mark with laughing eye,
And in the wet streets steal again,
To tell each other Spring is nigh.
Then as young Hope the past recalls,
In playing groups they often draw,
To build beside the sunny walls
Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.

And oft in pleasure's dream they hie
Round homesteads by the village side,
Scratching the hedge-row mosses by,
Where painted pooty shells abide;
Mistaking oft the ivy spray
For leaves that come with budding spring,
And wondering, in their search for play,
Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis thrush, with wild delight,
Upon the orchard's dripping tree
Mutters, to see the day so bright,
Fragments of young Hope's poesy;
And dame oft stops her buzzing wheel,
To hear the robin's note once more,
Who tootles while he pecks his meal
From sweet-briar hips beside the door.

A VISIT TO WYOMING MONUMENT.

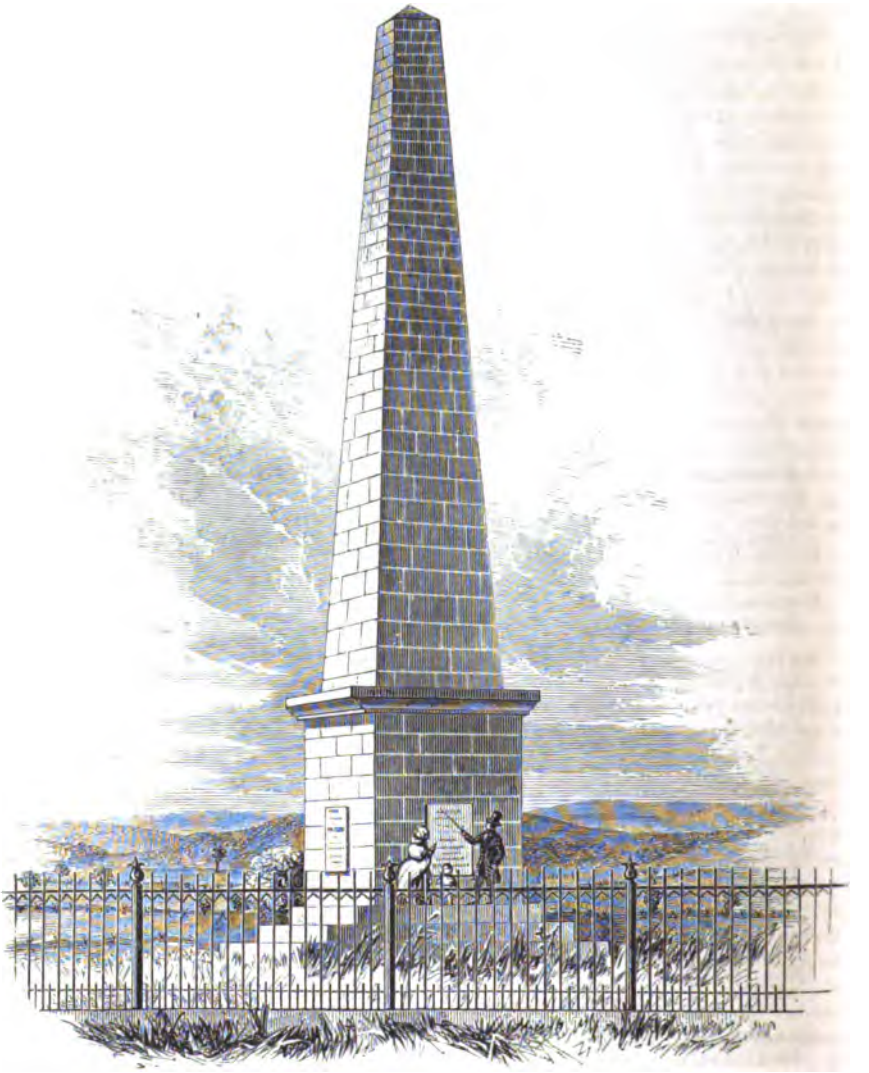
A FEW weeks since, while on my way home from the coal-regions of central Pennsylvania, I left the Wyoming dépôt to view the ground where the celebrated battle of Wyoming was fought. It was with peculiar feelings that I approached the monument erected to commemorate that interesting incident in our Revolutionary struggle. While there is nothing very picturesque in the granite pile before you, it refers one back to the time when this beautiful valley, where nature comes forth in all her loveliness to cheer the weary traveler, was running with human gore; when a combined British Tory and Indian force was slaughtering our patriotic countrymen, spreading devastation and waste on all sides.

In view of the courage of those who fought against thrice their own numbers with valor that deserved success, I thought if I could take any part to commemorate their bravery, by taking a sketch of the monument for publication, I would do it with all willingness.

It is of granite, sixty-three feet high, with a door on the side from the public road, and with marble slabs in the other three sides, with the following inscription:

"Near this spot was fought, on the afternoon of the third of July, 1778, the Battle of Wyoming, in which a small band of patriotic Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared from inefficiency by the distant ranks of the republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Dennison, with a courage that deserved success, fearlessly met and bravely fought a combined British Tory and Indian force of thrice their number. Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader, and wide-spread havoc, desolation, and ruin, marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the valley.

"This monument, commemorative of these events, and in memory of the actors in them, has been erected over the bones of the slain by their descendants and others, who gratefully appreciated the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors."



WYOMING MONUMENT.

Upon the slabs placed in the right and left sides were the names of the slain, of which there were two officers, ten captains, ten lieutenants, and six ensigns. I did not count the number of privates, for the shrill sound of the whistle was borne to me by the gentle zephyrs, announcing that the train was approaching; so I left in haste, arrived at the dépôt in time to get comfortably seated, and was swiftly borne from the beautiful valley of Wyoming.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

ABRAHAM, THE FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.

IT is said of Abraham, in the epistle to the Romans, that he believed God, and it, that is, his belief, was counted unto him for righteousness. The apostle quotes from the book of Genesis, thereby evincing not only that the New Testament teaching is the same as that of the Old, but that the cardinal doctrine of salvation by faith was no novelty even in the time of Moses. *He* tells us, not that Abraham merited anything by his obedience, by his diligence, or even by his love, but that he believed, and that his belief was counted to him for righteousness.

To a delineation of his character and to his personal history the sacred writer devotes more space than he has occupied with all who preceded him; and, throughout the Bible, frequent reference is made to his faith and his obedience. He is styled the father of the faithful and the friend of God.

Abraham was by birth a Chaldean, but the precise location of Ur, his birthplace, is unknown. It is supposed to have been in a district which lies above the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which afterward became the seat of the great Babylonian monarchy. The inhabitants were idolaters, and worshiped the stars of heaven. To these Chaldean star-gazers is traced the origin of astronomical science, and among them Sabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies, and other idolatries, had already greatly perverted the simple forms of the patriarchal religion, and obscured the great design of its typical ceremonies. It is probable that Abraham, in the early part of his life, was himself an idolater, for although that fact is not distinctly stated, it *is* said that his fathers served other gods.

He is first introduced to us when he had already reached his seventy-fifth year, and of his early life and of his conversion to the true religion we have no account upon which any dependence can be placed. The Jews fill up this space in the life of their great progenitor with many ingenious fictions. One of these, accounting for his conversion, I shall here subjoin as a specimen of their traditions:

As Abraham was walking by night from the grotto where he was born to the city of Babylon, so runs the story, he gazed on the stars of heaven, and among them on the beautiful planet Venus. Behold, said he within himself, the God and Lord of the universe. But the star set and disappeared, and Abraham felt that the Lord of the universe could not thus be liable to change. Shortly after, he beheld the moon at the full. Lo, he cried, the Divine Creator, the manifest Deity! but the moon sunk below the horizon, and Abraham made the same reflection as at the setting of the evening star. All the rest of the night he passed in profound rumination; at sunrise he stood before the gates of Babylon, and saw the whole people prostrate in adoration before the great luminary of day. Wondrous orb, he exclaimed, thou surely art the Creator and Ruler of all nature! but thou, too, hastest, like the rest, to thy setting! neither then art thou my Creator, my Lord, or my God.

While Abraham dwelt in Ur, the sacred writer tells us that the God of glory appeared to him, in what manner we are not informed, but certainly in a way that was satisfactory to Abraham, and said unto him, Get thee out from thy country and from thy kindred, and go into the land which I shall show thee. In unhesitating obedience Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went. He was accompanied by his wife Sarah, Terah his father, his brother Nahor, and Lot, his nephew, a circumstance which seems to indicate that they also had abandoned idolatry, and were now worshipers of the true God They pitched their tents, at first, in Haran or Charran, in Mesopotamia, an extensive tract of country, so called from its lying between the great rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, and after remaining there a few years his father Terah died, at the age of two hundred and five years.

Soon after this God again appeared to Abraham, and annexed to the command for his farther removal the promise that he should become the father of a great nation, and that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed. That the latter part of this declaration had reference to the Messiah, the promised seed of the woman, there can be no doubt. Your father Abraham, said Jesus to the Jews, rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad. How did he see the day of Christ? I answer, he saw it by faith in God's promise; he saw it, indeed, afar off as respects time, but, believing in the word of Jehovah, he was enabled to roll back the curtain of the future, and to rejoice in things to come as though they were already present.

In obedience to this second call, Abraham departed with his wife and nephew into Palestine, then inhabited by the descendants of Ham, and called Canaan. Unto thy seed, says the Almighty, will I give this land, and there, as in every other place where Abraham sojourned, he built an altar unto the Lord; that is, he avowed publicly his belief in the true God. He did this in the midst of idolatry and superstition, and is in this respect an exemplar of the wise man's injunction, In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths. It is comparatively an easy matter to appear religious in the presence of those who fear God, but, alas! how many act as if ashamed of their profession, ashamed of their Redeemer when thrown into the company of the scorner and the skeptic.

While dwelling in Canaan Abraham's faith was put to a severe test. The first *famine* of which history gives any account occurred in that land so renowned for its remarkable fertility; a famine sent by Heaven as a punishment for the wickedness of the inhabitants; as says the Psalmist. He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water springs into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein. It was, says Moses, a *grievous* famine; and a less lively faith than Abraham's would have been staggered at this unexpected event, and driven him back to his native land.

During the prevalence of this famine Abraham retired with his possessions, for a season, into Egypt; and while there, knowing the dissolute character of the Egyptians, he directed Sarah to call herself his sister, which assertion, although literally true, she being the daughter of Terah by another mother, was in fact and reality designed to make a false impression, and consequently partook of the essence and the guilt of an untruth. His conduct in this respect is not, of course, held up for imitation; and it is remarkable that *by the very act* he fell into the danger which he had hoped thereby to avoid. As appears from the history, if he had told the whole truth in the first instance, he would have escaped that danger into which both himself and his wife were plunged by his unmanly prevarication. The sacred writer relates the simple fact, with its consequences, leaving us to deduce from it a practical lesson for our own guidance; that lesson is that, in addition to the guilt of prevarication in the sight of God, it is always accompanied by danger more or less to all who indulge it. Truth is a straight line, a plain path; he who walks therein is safe, for God is there, while he who wanders from this path, by direct falsehood, by equivocation, or by the suppression of essential facts, entangles himself in a labyrinth wherein he may not hope for the protection or the blessing of the Almighty. Indeed, to leave out of the question the retributions of eternity; to say nothing even of peace of conscience, or the approbation of God, the plain truth is always most easy, most safe, most honorable.

Soon after the famine to which we have adverted Abraham returned to Canaan, where he again seeks and obtains the favor of God. He pitches his tent at Bethel, a city at that time called Luz, which word signifies an almond. It was so called, probably, from the number of almond-trees which grew in those parts. We shall see hereafter why the name was changed to Bethel. And there, says the sacred writer, where he had built an altar at first, he again calls upon the name of the Lord. Himself and his nephew Lot, for they still continued together, being blessed in their temporal affairs, and having become rich in the possession of flocks and herds a quarrel arose between their respective herdsmen. In this matter the character of Abraham appears in an amiable and instructive light. Let there, says he, be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between

my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we are brethren. *We are brethren!* A touching remark, full of benignity and kindness, and giving one of the very best arguments against contention and strife. How would peace and harmony be promoted in the world, and especially in the Church and in the family circle, by a recurrence, on the first buddings of alienated affection, to the simple truth, *We are brethren;* brethren, if not because seated around the same domestic fireside, still brethren because children of one common Father and destined for one common home. Let there, *therefore*, be no strife between us. It is one of the strange anomalies of human nature, too, that just in proportion to the nearness of the contending parties is the strength, the bitterness, and the endurance of their animosity. A lawsuit between children of the same parents is frequently protracted until there is nothing left for either; a family quarrel is proverbial not less for its folly than its severity; and when contention is fairly started among those who are united in Church fellowship, who have pledged themselves at the same altar to love each other with pure hearts fervently, it becomes very often a raging fire that many waters cannot quench. Examples are abundant both in our own experience and on the page of history. I need not, therefore, dwell upon them, but would, if possible, so fix upon your minds the conduct of Abraham in this matter, that it may prove a ruling principle in all after life. Let there be no strife between thee and thy brother, thy fellow-disciple, or thy fellow-man, but as far as lieth in thee, live peaceably with *all* men. But this will require sacrifices; I shall be obliged to yield sometimes, even when I know that I am in the right. Very likely. It is better, far better, in any supposable case, to suffer wrong than to do wrong, and patient endurance is godlike. Mark here the conduct of Abraham. Instead of contesting the point with his nephew, or even of inquiring into the merits of the quarrel between their respective herdsmen, he proposes an amicable separation, and he does this in a manner that exhibits in a pleasing light his humility, his moderation, and his love of peace. Behold, says he, the land is all before thee; take thy choice; if thou wilt take the left hand, I will take the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left. Abraham was the older man. On that ground, if on no other, he might have assumed the right to choose for himself first. If one must yield, the common courtesies of life would have said it ought to be the nephew, the younger. But the choice was offered to Lot, and he took it. He lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord; and Lot chose all the plain of Jordan; and he journeyed east, and they separated themselves the one from the other.

Soon after this event we are introduced to Abraham in a new character—as a man of war. Intelligence is brought to him that by a confederacy of the petty kings of the Euphrates and the adjoining countries Lot and his family have been taken prisoners, and carried into captivity. With great promptness he summons together his numerous attendants, and we behold, says Hunter, the good old man exchanging his shepherd's crook for the warrior's spear, and rushing with all the ardor and impetuosity of youth upon the insolent oppressor. In this important and interesting transaction we know not which most to admire, the strong natural affection which prompted him to fly to the rescue of his nephew; his honest indignation at violence and wrong; the skill with which he planned his enterprise: the boldness with which he executed it; the moderation with which he exercised his victory; or his disinterestedness in declining any share of the fruits of it for himself. Taken all together, they constitute unequivocal and brilliant proof of a mind truly noble and dignified. This is the same man, who, for the sake of peace with a brother, gave up a just claim to a junior and inferior, who now, in the cause of the oppressed and the injured, is not afraid to attack a numerous host, headed by princes and flushed with victory. With whom, then, asks a celebrated writer, does true magnanimity reside? Surely with the humble and condescending. The man who has subdued his own spirit is invincible. Behold in this the nature and the foundation of true courage. It is not to make light of life; it is not to rush like the horse into the battle. It is to fear God; it is to be calm and composed in danger; it is to possess hope beyond the grave; it is to be superior to the pride, and incapable of the insulting triumph of success. See, too, how the kindred graces

and virtues delight to reside in unity and harmony in the bosom of a good man! Is a man pious? Then he is humble. Is he humble? Then meek and condescending; then bold, then just, then generous, then merciful. The good man is aptly compared by the sacred writers to a tree, a tree which beareth fruit, and this fruit hangs in clusters, never solitary and alone.

The King of Sodom said unto Abraham, Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself; evidently intending that Abraham should thus be repaid for his toil and his success. But Abraham replied, I have lifted up my hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich. It was on his return from this exploit that Abraham was met by one of high dignity, yet of a mysterious character. He is called Melchizedec, and united in his own person the offices of priest and king. He was King of Salem, supposed by some to have been the same city which was afterward called Jerusalem, and a priest of the most high God. By this it would seem that even among the idolaters of that age there were those who retained the knowledge of the true God, and who worshiped Jehovah. Into the mysteries which surround this man's character I enter not. That he was a type of Christ, who is our great high priest, and king of Salem, or king of peace, as the word Salem literally means, is the general opinion founded on the express declaration of the apostle. Jesus, says he, made a priest forever after the order of Melchizedec; and in this he appears to have merely quoted from the prophetic declaration of the psalmist: The Lord hath sworn and will not repent. Thou art a priest forever, after the order of Melchizedec. The Scripture narrative informs us that on this occasion he came forth to congratulate Abraham on his success; that they interchanged mutual acts of courtesy and kindness. Melchizedec brought him refreshments of bread and wine, and, as a priest, pronounced upon the patriarch the benediction of his God. In return, Abraham acknowledged in him the authority of Jehovah; and, as a token of gratitude for his success, and an acknowledgment that he owed his all to God, he gave tithes of everything to Melchizedec.

Soon after this we are introduced to another transaction which shows in a striking light the intimacy subsisting between Abraham and his God. He had left, as we have seen, his native land, under a special promise that God would multiply his descendants as the stars of heaven, and that in him should all the nations of the earth be blessed. Years had elapsed since the giving of that promise; it was yet unfulfilled, and to all human appearance not likely to be fulfilled. And Abraham had ventured to question the Lord. Seeing, said he, I am childless, and a stranger, Eliezer of Damascus is likely to be my heir; what wilt thou give unto me, or how shall thy promise be fulfilled? In reply to this inquiry the *word* of the Lord, it is said, appeared unto him in a vision by night, and said, Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward; and he brought him forth and said, Look now toward heaven, and *tell* the stars, if *thou be able to number them;* and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. *Who was it* that thus appeared to the patriarch, and addressed him in this language? *Who* declared himself his shield, that is, his protector and defense, and his exceeding great reward? or, as the Hebrew might have been rendered, his superlatively multiplied reward? Moses says it was the *word* of the Lord who thus appeared and made these promises. In the New Testament, and especially in John's Gospel, we have the full explanation of this term. We are told there, that the *word* was God, and that the *word* was made flesh. And these assertions, taken in connection with the passage before us, at once attest Abraham's acquaintance with the promised Messiah, and the supreme divinity of Jesus Christ.

It was the *word* of the Lord that appeared to Abraham; it was the *word* that was made flesh: it was the *word* to whom Abraham addressed the language of supreme adoration, calling him Lord God: and, finally, it was in this same Lord that it is said Abraham believed, and it was counted to him for righteousness.

Having arrived at this period of our narrative, let us pause and dwell a moment on the plan of salvation by faith, now explicitly declared and revealed with still increasing clearness as the Sun of righteousness arose higher and higher in the moral heavens; and at length reached its

meridian glory, when there was a voice heard upon our earth proclaiming, I am the resurrection and the life; he that *believeth* in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and *believeth* in *me* shall never die. And what was Abraham's faith that was counted to him for righteousness? An answer to this question will settle another that has given rise to much controversy, and perplexed some minds which were honestly seeking after truth, namely, What is it to believe in Christ? Let us review for a moment the history of the father of the faithful. When he was called to go forth from the home of his fathers, he knew not whither he was going; whether his condition would be bettered by the exchange or not; whether he should meet with friends or enemies. Why, then, did he go? I answer, first, because he had satisfactory evidence that God called him; and, secondly, because he had confidence in the ability and the willingness of God to perform his promise. His view of the character of Jehovah gave him a tranquil assurance that He would do all things well. This was the faith of Abraham. How did he give evidence of its existence? I answer, in the only way in which it was possible to give this evidence, by obeying God. Let us apply the case to ourselves: we are sinners, condemned by the law of God, unhappy now, and likely to be unhappy forever. Unto us there is a voice that calls: Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Who is it that calls? It is the voice of the blessed Jesus, the same voice which Abraham heard in the plains of Chaldea. What does he require of us? Not to forsake our homes, to bid adieu to our native land, but to surrender ourselves into his hands, to give ourselves up entirely to him, and to consent to be saved by him in his own way. And this is faith—that faith which will be counted to *us* for righteousness, when we give evidence of its existence in the only way in which that evidence can be given.

COPIES FROM MODERN PAINTINGS.

THE art of engraving on wood has reached a high degree of perfection. Previous numbers of this magazine bear ample testimony to the fact, and still the motto of the artist is *Excelsior*. In the present volume we propose to exhibit the fidelity and the grace by which copies may be made from the best modern paintings, and their beauties, in every particular, save that of color, presented to our readers. For most of the selections from which our artist makes his selections we are indebted to a London publication bearing our own name, THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, but our junior by five or six years.

Our first copy is from a painting by J. Archer, on a subject which just now appeals with peculiar force to the people of England; a subject, indeed, always calculated to awaken thrilling emotions among all people, for of wars and rumors of wars the world is full. In time of war! What doleful words; how significant they are of suffering, endurance, terror, and death; how suggestive of sorrow, bitterness, disappointment, and anger! Hearing them, we must always think of a long track of agony and grief left behind, as after the passage of a fiery flood, coming as it were to clear a sullen and overladen atmosphere with a terrible purification and a burning relief. But most of us heed few of these things, rather regarding the pomp, the splendor, the glorious valor and victorious fortitude which accompany and characterize them, than giving heed to the low, still voices of bereaved ones at home; nor do we regard the sad following of all these superhuman triumphs, when men, recovering from wounds, lead lives of dull languor, passing through an existence weakened and exhausted by suffering, and sink with mournful gladness to an early grave.

The scene before us is a glimpse into a household at home, when the rumors of war and tales from distant battle-fields darken the homestead like flying winter clouds, beneath whose chilling gloom the flocks shudderingly huddle together. The painting suggests to us that the elder lady, into whose hands a letter from some beloved son (probably the husband of the younger, and father of the child before us) has fallen, conveying news of wounds or defeat, approaches the wife, and painfully hesitates to communicate the evil tidings. With faltering steps she has come down the long garden-paths, through the gathering gloom of the evening—gloom darkly in unison with her feelings—to the arbor where are the young wife and child of him whose misfortune has to be made known; a misfortune greater, perhaps, to them than to him. The child neglects its

IN TIME OF WAR.

toys to ask about that distant parent, whose portrait the mother holds in her hand. They appear unconscious of the approach of the beloved messenger of evil, her steps falling lightly on the path—more lightly than will the sorrow fall upon their hearts. Such is the subject.

Mr. Archer has contrived to invest the whole of his work with a most appropriate feeling of melancholy poetry, thereby showing how deeply he has entered into the subject, becoming so penetrated with it as to present us with all its sadness and prescient gloom. The shadow of sorrow seems upon the picture, and the melancholy luster of the twilight sky deepens and suggests the pathos of its subject; the heavy autumn leaves had fallen, and strew the grass in multitudes; the flaky bark of the pine breaks from its hold, and the lustrous white birch-stem seems half-ghastly in the evening light; behind, the heavy masses of foliage swing sadly in the wind.

In direct contrast with all this is the bright, confident expression of the child's face—confident with the joyous thoughtlessness of infancy, which, without anticipation of evil, goes on gayly as through a path in a garden of flowers.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the present year, and attracted very much attention to those qualities which we have endeavored to point out.

THE DESERT OF SINAI.

THE Desert of Sinai is commonly understood as embracing the triangle formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east—the two limbs of the maritime fork, known in ancient as well as modern times by the name of the Red Sea. If the region between the Euphrates took the name of Mesopotamia from its position; if the sea between Europe and Africa is called the Mediterranean from its boundaries; the Sinaitic Desert, were it large enough to take so dignified a name, might be designated the *Mesoceanic* Highlands of Arabia. But, perhaps, "the Sinaitic Peninsula" is sufficient for it; unless, from its curious resemblance to the Pyramids of Egypt, it may be called the desert or Arabian Pyramid, having as its apex the *Ras Mohammed*, and its base the mountains and desert of El-Tih. Though the vast tract between these two seas is properly one great region of barrenness and unpeopled desolation, extending from the promontory above named to the southern slopes of Palestine, yet it has, from the earliest times, been subdivided into smaller deserts, each with its own district name. From the southwestern border of Palestine to the Gulf of Suez, and beyond it a little, it was called the wilderness of *Shur;* then came the wilderness of *Sin;* then the wilderness of *Sinai;* then, turning north by the Gulf of Akabah, came the different deserts of *Paran*, *Zin*, and *Kadesh*, while in the center lay the desert of *Beersheba*. All these names have perished; but others have come in their place, and in several cases the new names have not altered the old limits of the provinces. The *Terâbin*, the *Tawarah*, the *Tiyâhah*, the *Haiwât*, the *Sawâlihah*, the *Aleikât*, are the designations of the desert tribes, taken from the names of the districts which they specially haunt. For though they are thorough nomads, they have their own independent domains, ruled by separate sheikhs. That domain may be small and barren—the poorest that ever owned a ruler; yet it is their birth-place and their burying-place. Though wanderers over a hundred hills, they count this their home. Here they were born; here they have known what life's affections are; here they hope to die and be buried.

It is of some importance to get a correct general view of the desert in some of its broader features; and it is worth while to correct one or two false, or at least one-sided ideas, in common currency regarding it. Few take the trouble to inquire what the desert really is. They are content to think of it merely as a sand-waste, a region of waterless desolation.

The desert is not one vast level area, stretching over an immense region, like a yellow sea, in unrelieved, unbroken monotony of plain. It not merely swells and undulates, but it heaves into wide table-lands, nay, bursts up in all directions into the magnificence of cliff, and ridge, and mountain. Though none of its hills reach the nobility either of Libanus or Anti-Libanus, yet they have a fierce grandeur peculiarly their own; and the eight thousand feet of *Jabel Katherîn* fall but little short of the ten thousand feet of *Jebel-esh-Sheikh*. There is far more of the mountain than of the plain in the desert; and for one broad plain or strath, such as *Debbet Ram-*

leh, there are at least a hundred hills, most of them truly Alpine. The hills of the African waste are low and rounded, but those of the Sinaitic highlands exhibit some of the grandest specimens of mountain scenery which earth contains.

The desert is not a region of mere scorching calm, without a breeze or a tempest. Even at noon, and in the heart of some valley, there comes a quiet breeze; not certainly "stealing and giving odors," as in the Shûbra gardens or the vale of Nâblus, but still bringing coolness to the hot air and the parched Arab, as it passes on its way. The storm, too, wakes up and tries its strength against the sharp peaks of *El-Benât*, or rushes through *Nukb-Howai*, "the pass of the winds," or loses itself in the mountain network of *Esh-Shubeikeh;* and while, in the plain below, the sand-drift is pouring along, like yellow hail, the snow-blast is sweeping over the hill-top, and reminds the traveler of Skiddaw, or Schreck-Horn, or Snee-Hatten. Yet the sand-storms of the peninsula, though they make the camels halt and the Arabs cower, and the traveler stop his ears and eyes, are not destructive like those of Eastern Arabia or Africa. The sand is not fine enough to admit of its being raised by the blast in sufficient quantities at a time to overwhelm its victims. A whirlwind in the Ghôr of the Jordan would be a more unpleasant assailant than any tempest that ever brushed along the white bluffs of Et-Tih, and lifted the clouds of sand from its base to deposit them on the steeps of Jebel Wûtah, or amid the slag-debris and scoriæ of Surâbit.

The desert is no mere sand-field, or series of sand-fields. You find sand in abundance certainly; on the hill-slopes, in the beds of the wadys, and in the broad plains that intersperse in all directions their yellow reaches or gray stripes. But there seems to be an immense amount of stone and rock overspreading the land, extending for miles between the hills, and in some places hiding the sand. Sometimes these are found in isolated blocks, (a large stone, having shot down from the cliffs into the valley,) as in the case of the Hajir-er-Rukkab, or Stone of the Rider, near the Ain Howârah; sometimes they are found in level patches, the debris of the hills having spread itself out, and bedded itself in the sand or clay; sometimes in rugged heaps, like Highland cairns, which appear at a distance like artificial mounds; sometimes rolled and pounded, as if some iceberg had once passed along, grinding the rocks to fragments, and spreading them out in fields of stone, to be afterward sifted by the winds and caked together by the rain-floods, so as to form a smooth, broad highway, extending for miles, and to present a vast plain or area of cyclopean mosaic, or a stripe of tesselated pavement, relieving the monotony of the waste by breaking up into variegated stripes the vast tracts of gray or yellow sand.

The peninsular desert is not a land without rain; and speaking generally of the East, we may say, that there seems to be much more rain than we usually give it credit for. In Upper Egypt, certainly, there is hardly such a thing as rain. That region—the region where the wondrous ruins of a hundred temples crowd together, embalmed, and so preserved by the hot, dry air, as effectually as their tenants are by spice and odors—may be called rainless. It is wholly at the mercy of the Nile. Middle Egypt has more rain, though little to boast of. Lower Egypt has considerably more; and in some places might do battle with the droughts on its own resources. But the desert has more than all Egypt together—only so regulated as to be useless, save for maintaining the thin-strewn dusky shrubs which so timidly sprinkle its wadys. It has its rainy seasons, during which the clouds pour down a deluge; but there is no such regular supply of water as to tell even upon its lowest hollows or most sheltered plains, save in the way of scooping out water-courses, or tearing up tamarisks, or cutting away the half gravelly, half sandy soil, into what the Bedouins call *Jurfs*, or abrading the more impressible parts of the sandstone steeps, or still more rarely helping (along with local springs, sometimes hot, sometimes cold) to rear up an oasis of palms and tarfas, such as that of Feirân, hard by Mount Serbâl, whose praises so many travelers have sung, and as many more likely to sing again. For, by all accounts, it is quite a gem of desert-verdure, a genuine "Palmyra," though without a city and without a queen. The rain meant for Egypt seems to be swept aside from that level region by the stormy west wind; and attracted by the mountains of the peninsula, it turns aside and pours itself

down in water-spouts upon the Sinaitic wastes. But it comes in such rushes that it brings no blessing to the soil, and is so unequally distributed, as to time, that even the spring gets no refreshment from the winter floods; nay, hardly can remember that they have been. If the traveler is bold enough to penetrate the peninsula during the summer months, from April on to August or September, he may with certainty count upon rainless skies; and he may pitch his tent anywhere, even in the low bed of the torrent; nor will he find a drier or safer place of encampment than any one of the hundred tarfa-groves that cover the bed of el-Arish, from the spot where it leaves the slopes of Et-Tih, to the place where it spreads itself out over the sands of Rhinocolura. But if he is bent on a winter tour, or travels even so early as January or February, he must be on the outlook, not for showers merely, but for floods. He dare not choose for his encampment that sandy hollow where the tarfa and the rittem are so invitingly waving; for though it should be in Wady Taiybeh, "the good," or in Wady el-Markhâh, the "Valley of Rest," he will find himself reckoning without his host. If the wind shift to the west during the night, bright as the sunset might be over the blue of Bahr Suweis, or above the brow of Abû Daraj beyond, he may find himself, tents, turbans, baggage, provisions, camels, fowls, and all, hurrying down a swollen river, which, ere the next evening's shadows have come down upon these sands, will have passed into the sea, or wholly vanished in the thirsty porous ground, leaving no trace of its exuberant flow save a few pools in the deeper hollows, or a few drops in a hole of yon flat stone, which the thirsty Arab or his camel stoops to drink up.

Travelers tell us, too, that the desert is not so absolutely bare and verdureless as we sometimes imagine. One traveler, indeed, speaks of a thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom withdrawn from the hill-sides and valleys; but the others do not concur in this, and while not refusing to do justice to its excellences, think that a "thin sprinkling" of vegetation would be nearer the truth than a "thin clothing." For certainly it would seem that, according to our northern notions at least, the desert may well be called unclothed, if not totally bare. Yet it has verdure of its own—fitful, coarse, and dingy as that may be. There are few parts where the Bedouin may not find shrubs sufficient, in quantity and size, to feed his camel for a night. In some places, no doubt, the region is so absolutely waste, that he has to carry provision for his camel as well as for himself, and he produces at night his bag of beans, as the drayman or cabman of our streets does his bag of oats for his horse upon a journey; but this is rather unfrequent; generally he finds a sufficiency of desert-herbage for his camel, and here and there (in some moister place) something less coarse for a small flock of sheep or goats. Musing over such passages as these: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together," the traveler wonders at the marvelous picture thus sketched in the unfailing word, and asks, "Has this ever been?" "When is all this to be?" Totally unlike to so fair a portrait do the terrific features of the desert at present seem. What forest does he see anywhere here, or what stream to water even the stray tree that might be planted? Is it conceivable that the savage ruggedness of El-Amârah can smile with verdure, or the wild but barren bends of Esh-Sheikh throw up the cedar or the myrtle? But there are some spots where not only the shrub struggles up out of the sand, but where *trees* show themselves, some of low stature, some of considerable size. There is the tamarisk or tarfa, with its thin wiry foliage; the wide-branching acacia or seyaleh, which is the shittim-wood of Scripture, and the tree from which gum arabic exudes; the rittem or broom, under the sade of which, in the wilderness of Beersheba, Elijah sat down in his desponding weariness; there is the fruitful nubk, which, with its tiny apples, feeds the dwellers in some richer wady till the date appears; then there is the palm-tree, with its shaggy stem in Ghurundel, or its well-pruned tapering stem in Feirân, towering above all the rest, and casting the shadow of its feathery crown, in sunshine or moonlight, upon the passive sand. So scanty, however, is this forest-verdure, that it can hardly be said to relieve the brown or yellow sterility of these cheerless wastes.

Besides, everything like grass seems to

be wanting. No carpet of green anywhere spreads itself under foot, or clothes the rugged steeps. Even in some bright oasis, where the palm-shadows cool the ground, and the air seems more genial, and the birds are singing, there is no verdure on the ground, and even the commonest weeds are awanting. The soil will support nothing which cannot strike its roots at least some six inches into it. There is nothing beneath your feet but the monotony of the endless sand, whose color, unlike the "universal green," fatigues, instead of refreshing the eye. The oasis is *adorned*, but not *clothed*.

But whatever one misses in the earth beneath you, you miss nothing in the heavens above you. The greenness of earth is awanting, but the blue of the heavens has become brighter and purer. The varied twinkle of flowers under your feet is gone; but the sparkle of the orbs overhead has doubled its luster. The flowers have folded up their blossoms, and hid them from the hot air beneath the sands; but the stars have unfolded theirs all the more freely, as if the desert sky, with its arch of matchless azure, were the soil in which they can best give forth their brilliancy. The north star has come down low in the heavens, and you feel that another two hundred miles to the south would make it drop out of sight, or only glimmer on the horizon; but other stars are ascending in the opposite horizon, and you feel that you gain as much as you lose by your southern latitude. Yet the brightness of sun, and moon, and stars, cannot make up for the want of other things. You miss the wreaths of village smoke rising from a hundred homes; for which the wild blaze of Bedouin fires, flinging up their gleam upon the rocks, is no equivalent. You miss the lark's song, the streamlet's murmur, the whisper of the woods; for which the scream of the eagle, and the torrent's rush, and the shrill echo of the cliff, are no compensation. You miss the mighty masses of cloud that give such splendor to our sunsets; and for which the round red blaze of an Arabian sun, dropping down like a fiery globe, is no equivalent.

In the Sinaitic latitudes, the length of day varies but little throughout the seasons. A little before six, when the sky is still darkly blue, a faint whitish glow steals up the east, and then strikes across to the west in pale, silky purple, while the zenith remains untouched in its star-studded blue. This is the signal that the night is done, and that the sun is coming up. In less than half an hour every mountain has taken on the golden radiance. The living glory slowly creeps down the cliffs, every five minutes altering the hue of the mountain-sides, which had hitherto remained a mass of shade, till it reaches the mountain-base, and shoots across the brightening sand. It is day: morning is at an end. So at sunset. Swiftly the sun drops down from the flaming firmament, and in half an hour all is night—with only the tall cone of the zodiacal light to tell where the sun had been. What a blank in the beauty of the fairest day is this absence of twilight—the time when it is neither day nor night, but something more grateful than either!

Seldom do travelers speak of seeing the face of man in their journeyings, and when they do see him, they think there is something worthy to be noted. Just once, perhaps, in two or three days, he meets a caravan on its way from Sinai to Cairo, or from Cairo to Sinai; or perhaps, still more seldom, he may meet a solitary messenger, or come upon the black camel-hair tent under which a family of Bedouin is sheltering itself from the wind, or sun, or rain. Little enough of man, and still less of woman, is to be met with in these sands.

No village, no town of living men, does he light upon. The ruins in some of the northern wadys, such as Ruhaibeh and Serâm, remind him that there had been once cities here; and those in Feirân speak of the six thousand monks that once had their abode in the convent or the mountain-cell of that more southern wady. But, save in the convents of Wady esh-Shueib, at the foot of Jabel Mûsa, or the khâns at Nukhl or Akabah, on the line of the Haj road, he sees no abodes of congregated men. But what he does not see of the living, he does see of the dead. In life the Bedouin wander; in death they come together, and are thus "gathered to their fathers" in the spots which, for ages beyond tradition, have been the tribal cemeteries. Traversing the more inland parts of the desert, he sees not unfrequently groups of stones, perhaps a foot high, which in the distance might be mistaken for way-marks, or the mysterious circles

of olden worship; but as he comes near, he sees that the stones are generally arranged in couplets a few feet asunder. The stones are unhewn and uncarved, without a name, a date, or line; fragments of debris from the neighboring cliff, inserted sufficiently in the sand to keep them erect. No church, no mosque, no minaret, no inclosing wall! But Moslems do not bury in or beside mosques. Here and there a saint's *wely* is built for and used as a mosque; for Mohammedanism, as well as Popery, ascribes sanctity, if not to dead men's *bones*, at least to dead men's *tombs*. Generally, however, Eastern graveyards are at a distance both from city and mosque. These Bedouin tombs are, by all accounts, strangely, sadly attractive to the passer-by from their rudeness and loneliness. Here and there the Arab has planted the green-leaved, white-blossomed rittem, the slenderest and most graceful of his native shrubs. And this he has chosen for affection's memorial. There it stands, in its evergreen beauty, braving the desert sun, or courting the desert breeze, above the quiet dust of centuries, at once the indication of desert poverty, and the unobtrusive expression of desert love.

A less attractive sight, the traveler tells us, are the remains, not of the dead, but of the living. Wearied with a long day's sultry march, during which his only shelter from the heat has been his white umbrella, for which he paid dear enough at Cairo, he comes up, about sunset, to some bright sandy level, such as El-Markâh, which, shaded from sun and wind, looks out upon the Red Sea in its blue stillness, or to some quiet nook, as Wady Esh-Sheikh affords, looking up to the not distant Sinaitic cliffs, he finds the ground covered with the filthy relics of a Bedouin encampment, which had yesterday or last week quitted the spot; half-burned shrubs, blackened stones, embers of extinct fires, torn sandals, shreds of old garments, fragments of rope, bones of animals, with numerous indentations in all directions, where men and camels had been lying. Or, approaching some wide-branching seyâleh tree, he is surprised to find its branches covered with rags of every hue and shape, like the mast of a ship on some gala-day. Have the rags been drifted in upon the breeze, or has a torrent passed this way and deposited its floating spoil upon the arresting branches? No. They are votive offerings of Moslem pilgrims or the Bedouin, hanging there as propitiatory gifts or thanksgiving memorials; the seyâleh or acacia being the only tree on which these memorials are found, as if it alone were sacred. Or he notices in the distance curious objects on the sand, which look like baskets of wicker-work, white as snow. On each side of the road between Cairo and Suez, traversed annually by so many thousands of beasts of burden; or in that region of the desert where Abbas Pasha built his palace, on the very peak of the mountain that adjoins Sinai, these strange basket-like objects appear every mile or two. He goes up to them, and finds that they are the skeletons of camels which the vulture has picked clean, and which sun and rain have bleached to the whiteness of ivory; for the camel is left to die on the spot when he falls down exhausted. No one throws a shovelful of sand upon him; ere his eye is closed, and life is gone, the vulture is there, screaming and tearing, till, in a few hours, only his bones remain, in a few weeks or months to be buried in the sweeping sand-drift.

In the desert, too, the traveler finds strange traditions, old and new, Mohammedan and Christian—traditions of love, cruelty, superstition, miracle—though none of daring deeds, true deeds for molding a nation's character, such as fasten their stories to the rocks of home. There is Jebel el-Banat, the "Hill of the Maidens," where two Arab sisters, "long, long ago," in the madness of disappointed love, twisted their locks together, and flung themselves from the double peak into the rocky ravines below. There is the grave of Sheikh Amrî in the northern region, between Hufîr and Neheyeh, where, beneath a rude cairn, lie the bones of a chieftain famed only for the blood he shed and the cruelties he inflicted; blood and cruelty which still bring down on his remains the hot curses of each passing son of the desert.

The *silence* of the desert has been frequently noted by travelers. There is no silence so profound anywhere, either by day or night. The little lizards, shooting like arrows from bush to bush, or from rock to rock, are wholly noiseless; the black ants burrowing everywhere in the sand, are unheard; the light foot of the gazellah amid the crags sounds not, save when he dashes down some stone into the

valley below. Even the wind, as it takes its way over the sands, moves along in silence, (as through some Æolian harp that has lost its strings,) having no outstanding object to break the smoothness of its course and draw out the sounds, save when it rouses itself into tempest. All is silence —silence even at noon—silence especially in moonshine or starlight—silence, whose profoundness, when long continued, ceases to be soothing or solemn, and becomes absolutely painful, if not appalling, oppressing the spirit with an indescribable sense of dreary desolation.

Once or twice in the course of ages has this silence been broken. Before the days of Joseph or Abraham, the kings of Egypt had their quarries and copper-mines in these solitudes. At Surâbit El-Khadem there are still the monumental inscriptions of the Pharaohs, as well as the relics of the smelting furnace. At Wady Magharah there are like hieroglyphical inscriptions on the soft sandstone, and slopes of debris down from the "Magharah" or Cave, where once a busy Egyptian population toiled in excavating stones and metals for King Gatcheres. At Wady Mokatteb there remain, upon a thousand rocks, the written vestiges of the multitudes that must once have taken up their abode in that most barren of all desert valleys.

Once again was its silence broken by the voices and footsteps, not of thousands, but of millions, when Israel, their chain snapped, their yoke shivered, fled from the oppressor. In a single day was the desert transformed into a populous city, and the voice of man and woman, of age and childhood, was heard amid these silent cliffs. Then the smoke of Israel's sacrafice, the notes of Israel's song, went up into these tranquil skies. For the first time, the desert had a history. And what a history! One only of forty years indeed; but one into whose brief years were crowded events, of which each one by itself would constitute an era, and make a nation or a country famous forever. That story opens with ten awful plagues that left the oppressor desolate—plagues which the divine accuracy of Scripture language forbids us to reckon less than supernatural. If ten battles such as Marathon had been fought, if ten sieges such as Troy had been endured, there could not have been a commencement of history half so glorious as that with which Israel's desert story began. Behind them, as they leave the land of their bondage, the sword of the avenger flashes; but the sea opens its green waves to welcome them, and then closes its depths over the enemies. And if the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand has of itself formed a history, what estimate may we take of that history of which the passage through the sea was but the opening scene? The desert receives them; the pillar-cloud leads the way; the bitter water is sweetened; the manna descends; the rock becomes a fountain; the old dwellers of the desert, the Amalekites, assail them in vain; Sinai is reached; the God of Israel, amid thunder and brightness, gives his law; for forty years the people wander amid these rocks and valleys which we have been sketching. Then the silence of the desert was broken—broken by miracle and mighty deed—broken by the tread and voice of millions—broken as it never had been before, or since. For into the silence out of which it emerged, has that old desert returned.

THE WHISPER'D SLANDER.

A WHISPER awoke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe;
Ah! might it only perish there,
No further go.

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear.

And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,
That throbb'd from all the world apart—
And that it broke.

It was the only *heart* it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reach'd that gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seem'd to others' ears,
It came a thunder-crash to *hers*—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said a lovely humming-bird,
That, dreaming in a lily lay,
Was kill'd but by the gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came.
And thus *her* heart, unused to shame,
Shined in its lily too;
Her light and happy heart that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard
It flutter'd like a frighten'd bird;
Then shut its wings and sigh'd,
And with a silent shudder died.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT.

THE Saint Bartholomew massacre took place at Paris, in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-two. It was the practical consequence of the hatred of the Papists for the members of the reformed religion, who desired nothing but to think for themselves on subjects which concerned their eternal salvation. The King of France and his mother were at the head of the conspiracy; and the signal for the beginning of the bloodshed was the tolling of a church bell, in the immediate neighborhood of the royal palace. Men and women of the reformed religion, and their innocent children, were assassinated, under the encouragement and superintendence of the Church and State, in all quarters of Paris. The chief man of the Huguenots, the famous Admiral de Coligny, suffered with the rest of the victims. He was officially murdered at night, in his own house, and his dead body was thrown from the window of his bed-chamber into the court-yard below. This atrocious massacre was perpetrated in the name of Christianity; and was invented and directed by men who were acquainted with the existence of the New Testament, and who, in the natural course of their studies, must have read the words of the Sermon on the Mount.

In those times of savage cruelty and of worse than pagan wickedness, there lived at Paris two brothers, who were Huguenots, and gentlemen of distinction in that day. One of the brothers bore his family name, and was called Monsieur de la Force. The other was known by the title of the Sieur de Caumont.

It so happened that some time before the day of the massacre, M. de la Force, the younger of the two brothers, had proved himself to be a good customer and friend to a certain horse-dealer, of whom he had purchased, on various occasions, nine or ten horses. Strange as it may appear, this person, although he was a horse-dealer, was really a sensible, humane, and honest man. A few hours before the massacre began, he happened to be in the neighborhood of Admiral de Coligny's house, and he there saw, or heard, something which gave him a suspicion of the murders which the Papists were then on the point of committing. He immediately thought of his kind patron and customer, and determined to warn him in time of the imminent danger to which he was exposed, as a man of distinction among the Huguenots. To do this, it was necessary for the horse-dealer to cross the Seine; M. de la Force living on that bank of the river which was opposite to the bank on which the king's palace and the house of Admiral de Coligny were situated.

The River Seine was crossed by ferry-boats in those days. When the horse-dealer reached that part of the bank on which the royal palace stood, and asked for passage in one of the ferry-boats in attendance there, he was told that they were all engaged on special service. He went a little further on, to try what he could do at the next station; but here the ferry-boats had all been removed. Knowing that the minutes were precious, and determined to succeed in his errand of mercy, the brave man took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle on his head, and passed the river by swimming. Once on the other bank, he lost no time in going straight to the house of M. de la Force, and warning him of his danger. The Huguenot gentleman, thereupon, immediately betook himself to his brother, the Sieur de Caumont, who lived near him; and the two called together all their friends of the reformed religion who were within reach, to consult on the best means of escaping the deadly danger which now threatened them.

After some discussion, the Sieur de Caumont, ignorant of the part which the king had secretly taken in organizing the massacre, proposed that all the persons assembled should go straight to the palace, and place themselves under the royal protection. This advice was adopted, and they set forth at once for the nearest station of ferry-boats on that side of the river.

Arrived at the place, they found that every one of the boats had been removed to the opposite bank. This circumstance aroused their suspicions, and forced them to the conclusion that the conspiracy against their lives was sanctioned in high official quarters. They resolved to return immediately; to get to horse with their families; to muster in a park in the neighborhood of Paris, called the Pré-aux-Clercs, and thence to escape to the safest places of refuge at their disposal in the country.

While they were preparing for departure, news came that the ferry-boats were approaching the side of the river on which they lived, all filled with soldiers armed to the teeth.

Upon this, the fugitives mounted without losing another instant, and made for the Pré-aux-Clercs. The horses were ready for M. de la Force and his brother. The Sieur de Caumont rode off with the rest. M. de la Force (who was a widower) was detained by some difficulty in getting his two boys safely on horseback, was detained so long that he gave up all hope of joining the fugitives; and, returning to his house, closed all the doors, and determined to defend his children and himself on his own hearth.

Defense, however, was hopeless against the number of assailants who were now approaching him. The street was filled with soldiers, who threatened to break in the door if it was not opened. It being only too evident that they could execute their threat in a few minutes, their demand was complied with, for the sake of not irritating them unnecessarily.

They rushed in at once, with their drawn swords, headed by a captain, named Martin, and all shouting together, "Kill! kill!" Their first proceeding was to disarm the master and his servants, and to place them, with the two boys, in a corner of the room. "Any one of you who likes may say his prayers, and had better be quick about it," said Captain Martin; "for you will all die together in five minutes' time."

M. de la Force, preserving his self-possession, replied:

"Do what you will with me: I am prepared to die, if need be, in five minutes' time. But have some compassion on these children, who have offended no one. By putting them to death you will gain nothing. By preserving their lives you may profit yourself considerably, for I have the means of rewarding your moderation by payment of a heavy ransom."

This last argument made some impression on Captain Martin and his men. They put up their swords, and dispersed to pillage the house. Being unable to find the necessary keys, (the person who kept them having taken to flight,) they burst open closed doors, and broke open locked boxes in the court-yard. In a short space of time, all the property of M. de la Force, in money, plate, and clothes, had passed into their keeping.

Having completed the pillage, Captain Martin and his men came back to their prisoners, and told them with many oaths that die they must, as the soldiers had orders to kill all the Huguenots in Paris, without sparing anybody. M. de la Force again appealed to them on their only weak point, the love of money, and promised to ransom the lives of himself, his children, and his servants at the price of two thousand crowns. Captain Martin looked at his men, pondered a little, and then said roughly: "So be it. Follow me, all of you."

Having got his prisoners into the court-yard, he made them tear up their handkerchiefs, and fix the strips in the form of a cross on their hats. After which he directed them to turn up their right sleeves as high as their shoulders. The cross on the hat and the turned-up sleeve were peculiarities of dress previously agreed upon to distinguish the Papists from their Huguenot victims. Thus protected from discovery, they were taken across the river by Captain Martin without delay.

They were altogether five in number. The father, the two boys, a man-servant named Gast, and a page named La Vigerie. On reaching the other side of the river they passed the bodies of murdered Huguenots, weltering in their blood, at every step. Captain Martin, without looking to the right hand or the left, led his prisoners straight to his own house; and, having bestowed them there in safety, made ready to go out again, and continue the work of murder and pillage in his own neighborhood. Before he went away, however, he addressed himself to M. de la Force, and insisted on that gentleman's pledging his word of honor that neither he nor his children would attempt to escape before the ransom was paid. Having been satisfied on this point, (for he knew well enough that M. de la Force was a man who held his promise sacred,) he took himself off, recommending the prisoners to be quick in getting the money, and leaving two Swiss soldiers to guard them in his absence.

M. de la Force, knowing the importance of losing no time, immediately sent his man-servant, Gast, to his sister-in-law, Madame de Brisembourg, who lived at the Arsenal. Gast was to tell her all that

had happened, and to implore her to raise the sum of money required for the ransom, as soon as possible.

On his return to his master Gast reported that the lady would undertake to raise the money and send it by the next day. She also sent word that the news of the lives of her brother-in-law and his children having been spared had already reached the ears of the king, and that the worst consequences were to be apprehended as the result of that unhappy circumstance.

Having delivered his message, the servant implored his master to seek safety by flight; the more especially as the two Swiss soldiers appointed to watch the prisoners were secretly horrified at the massacre, and were perfectly ready to let them go. But M. de la Force, with a dauntless sense of honor, which would have influenced few men at that moment, and which no words can praise as it deserves to be praised, steadily refused to profit by Gast's suggestion.

"I have passed my word to wait here till the ransom is paid," said that brave and admirable gentleman; "and I will not save my life by breaking my promise. Here I will stop till the money comes; and I will leave it to God in his wisdom to dispose of me and of my children as he sees good."

The rest of the day passed, and the night followed, and nothing happened. Neither Captain Martin nor any of his men came near the house. On the next day, when the ransom was due, there arrived, instead of the captain who was to receive it, a certain Papist nobleman, named the Count de Coconas, followed by a guard of forty soldiers. The count informed M. de la Force that the king's brother had heard of their being taken prisoners, and that he desired to speak with them immediately. While he was giving this message, he allowed his men to tear off the outer clothing of M. de la Force and his sons. Finding themselves used in this way, they suspected that the pretended message was a falsehood, and prepared themselves for the worst. M. de la Force appealed, as a last resource, to the count's sense of justice, pleading that his life, and the life of his sons, had been spared on condition of paying a ransom, and that the money was to be sent that very day. His youngest son, who had shown marvelous courage and coolness in the midst of deadly danger, joined M. de la Force in trying to touch the count's heart by his innocent entreaties. They spoke long; the boy, when he found his father getting agitated, trying to console and quiet him. When they had said all that it was possible to say they were driven from the house, with their guards all round them, and were led into a lonely by-street in the neighborhood. There the soldiers halted, drew their swords, called out all together, "Kill! kill!" and attacked their defenseless prisoners.

The eldest boy was the first slain; and his father was the next victim. The youngest son (the same who had shown such courage in pleading for his life) had the presence of mind to drop to the ground with them, and to lie there as still as if he too had been killed by the same sword-thrusts which had dispatched his father and his brother. Gast, the servant, was murdered last. All the clothing of the bodies was torn off them. The living boy lay naked in the blood of his nearest and dearest relations, to all outward appearance death-stained by his wounds, like the rest.

As the count and his men withdrew, believing that they had successfully accomplished the butchery of their four prisoners, certain poor Papists living in the street stole out from their houses to look at the dead bodies. One among them, a marker at a tennis court, staid longer than the rest on the scene of slaughter; and said to himself sorrowfully, looking at the younger son as he lay on the ground:

"Sad, sad! here is the body of a mere child!"

The boy, whose name was Jacques, hearing these compassionate words, ventured to raise his head, and said:

"I am not dead. For mercy's sake save my life!"

The marker instantly pressed him back to the ground again and whispered:

"Hush! Don't move yet, my little man. The soldiers are still in the neighborhood."

Having spoken those words of warning, he withdrew a few paces, and walked backward and forward for a little while, watching, on the other side of the street. In a few minutes he came back, and saying, "They are gone now; you may get up, my boy," put his ragged old cloak over

the naked body of Jacques, and led him away by the hand. They had not walked many paces before some people met them, and asked who that strangely-dressed boy was.

"My nephew," answered the marker. "The little rascal has been getting drunk, and I am taking him home to give him a good whipping."

The worthy man's home was a garret in a ruinous old house. Arrived there, he gave Jacques some water to wash himself, and some ragged clothing belonging to the nephew, whom the boy now personated. He was so poor that he had nothing to eat or drink; and seeing that Jacques had a little ring still left on his finger, he asked leave to go out and pawn it, to get some food. They supped and breakfasted the next morning, on the money obtained by the ring; and then the marker asked Jacques what he proposed to do next, and where he wanted to go.

Jacques suggested that they should go to the Arsenal, where his aunt, Madame de Brisembourg, lived. The marker was ready to undertake this expedition, though it was rather a long and dangerous one, provided they passed through no principal streets. Before they started, he took occasion to remind Jacques of his poverty, and inquired if Madame de Brisembourg was a likely woman to give as much as thirty crowns for the safe delivery of her nephew at the gates of the Arsenal. Jacques promised, in his aunt's name, that the sum should be forthcoming, and they started immediately.

Madame de Brisembourg having heard that her brother-in-law, and both his children, had been killed, was in bed, overwhelmed by the shock of that dreadful intelligence. Her joy and astonishment can hardly be imagined when she found her youngest nephew standing alive and well by her bedside. She immediately ordered proper clothing for him, and arranged that his bed should be made in her own dressing-room. Jacques did not forget his friend the marker, in the happiness of finding an asylum. He begged thirty crowns from his aunt, and sent them out, with the ragged clothes, to his preserver, who was waiting at the gate.

Jacques enjoyed two days of rest and security in his aunt's dressing-room. At the end of that time, Marshal de Biron (Head of the Artillery Department) was told that the king had discovered that certain Huguenots had taken refuge at the Arsenal, and that his majesty was determined to have them sought for without delay. This bad news the marshal communicated to Madame de Brisembourg, who immediately felt that her nephew was no longer in safety under her own roof.

The next morning, accordingly, she caused him to be dressed as a page in the service of Marshal de Biron, and placed him, with many tears, under the protection of the Sieur de Born, a lieutenant-general of artillery, in whose good sense and humanity she could put perfect trust.

The Sieur de Born took Jacques out of the Arsenal and brought him to a house in the neighborhood belonging to a person connected with the artillery department, named Guillon. "Be so good," said the Sieur de Born, "as to give this lad house-room for a few days. He is the son of an old friend of mine, and he is about to enter the service of the Marshal de Biron, in the capacity of page." Guillon accepted the charge readily. He was a sharp man, and he strongly suspected that the story about the Marshal de Biron's page was a mere invention. However, fortunately for Jacques, he was under obligations to the Sieur de Born; so he kept his suspicions to himself, and received the young stranger very kindly.

Jacques remained unmolested in the house of Guillon for a week. His host was accustomed to go out every morning to his duties, and to return to dinner, on which occasion the lad generally ran to open the door for him. On the eighth day the usual knock came at the usual time, and Jacques opened the door; but, seeing a stranger standing on the threshold, immediately clapped it to again in his face. Upon this, the man called through the door, "Don't be afraid, my boy. I am a messenger of your aunt's, and I am sent to know how you are." Jacques called back, that his health was excellent, and that he was very much obliged to his aunt; but he took good care not to open the door again. The deadly peril through which he had passed, had taught him to be as cautious as any grown man in Paris.

When the master of the house came back a little later, Jacques told him what had happened. Guillon, with a look of alarm, started up from his dinner, and ran to the Arsenal to make inquiries at the

apartments of Madame de Brisembourg. The information he received there, justified the worst suspicions. Madame de Brisembourg had sent no messenger to inquire after her nephew's health. The stranger was evidently a Papist spy.

There was no resource now for Jacques but to resign all hopes of finding an asylum in Paris, and to risk the danger of trying to escape into the country. His aunt's influence with the Marshal de Biron was powerful enough to give him another chance for his life. The marshal had a royal passport, intended for the use of two persons in his service; that is to say, of his steward, the Sieur de Fraisse, and of one of the pages, who was accustomed to carry his written orders to the commanding officer of a troop of soldiers, then in garrison in the country. It was arranged that the steward should make use of the passport immediately, and that he should take Jacques with him in the character of page.

At the gate of the city by which they passed out, they found the Sieur de Born waiting to lend them his assistance, in case of any difficulties. He introduced Jacques to the official persons who examined the passport, as a relation of his own, who had recently entered the service of the Marshal de Biron. Thanks to this recommendation, the passport proved effectual; and the steward and the page rode through the gate without hinderance and without question.

As soon as they passed the guard, Jacques asked where they were going to. "We are going into the country, if it pleases God," said the Sieur de Fraisse. "I hope from my heart it may please him," answered Jacques. And away they went along the high road.

After two days' riding they put up at an inn, where they met with a Person of Quality, who had arrived before them, and who rejoiced in a train of seven mounted servants. The Person of Quality was a zealous Papist, and talked in high spirits of the successful slaughtering of the scoundrelly Huguenots, as he called them. He also took a great fancy to Jacques, and proposed, as they were traveling the same way, to offer him the protection of his train of seven mounted servants. Jacques and the steward were afraid to decline this offer. So the next day they all traveled together.

When they put up again for the night, the Person of Quality ordered his dressing-gown to make himself comfortable after the journey. Jacques recognized the pattern the moment the dressing-gown was produced. It had belonged to his father.

Once wrapped up comfortably, with his boots off and his legs on a chair, the Person of Quality resumed his rejoicings over the massacre of the Huguenots. He said that only one mistake of any consequence had been committed in the execution of that righteous butchery, and that was caused by allowing the Sieur de Caumont (Jacques's uncle) to escape. This circumstance the Person of Quality sincerely regretted; but he was consoled by calling to mind that M. de la Force and both his children had perished, at any rate; and he was not without hope that he might yet find out the place of the Sieur de Caumont's retreat, and have the satisfaction of killing that detestable Huguenot with his own hands.

This discourse and the discovery of the dressing-gown had such an effect on Jacques, that he took the first opportunity of entreating the steward to find out some means of continuing their journey alone the next day. The Sieur de Fraisse was only too anxious to grant the request. He and Jacques rose the next morning before daybreak, paid their bill, called for their horses, and rode off, while the Person of Quality was fast asleep.

They encountered other dangers from stray Papist travelers, from which they escaped, however, with very little difficulty. The further they got from Paris the fewer risks they ran. On the eighth day after their departure, they reached a large building, situated in a very remote place, and called Castlenau. This was the end of their journey; for here the Sieur de Caumont had flown for refuge, after riding out to the Pré-aux-Clercs with the rest of the Huguenot fugitives.

"Nobody," says the ancient chronicler from whose pages these particulars are taken—"nobody would believe, if I tried to relate it, how the Sieur de Caumont rejoiced over the recovery of the nephew whom he had given up for dead. From that time forth he loved the boy as if he had been his son; and the first lesson he taught him was to thank God, on his knees, night and morning, for his deliverance from death."

A WIFE'S JOURNEY.

A TRUE EPISODE OF BACKWOODS LIFE.

SOME years ago, while in Canada, I was returning with two of my relatives from a visit to a friend whose property was situate at the upper end of Lake Simcoe. We had been traveling all day in a canoe, and when evening came were glad to find a house on the lake-shore, where we might seek shelter for the night; for winter was fast approaching, and our tents would have proved but a sorry protection against the cold bitter winds that were already sweeping the forest bare of leaves. But within the rude log walls of the lonely farm-house all thoughts of cold were banished by the huge fire which was blazing up the ample chimney. Welcome and hospitality were matters of course in that region; and our host, a worthy Scot, from Rosshire, received us as cordially as though we had been old friends whom he was delighted to greet once more. Others besides ourselves were his guests that night; settlers of both sexes, whom business had drawn to Toronto, whence they were now returning. Their quaint and rustic garments, seen by the bright blaze of the logs, which were piled high on the hearth, wore a picturesqueness harmonizing well with the tales of backwoods life to which we listened, as we sat there in the firelight. Rude as was their speech, and unpolished the minds of these men, there was a novelty and yet truthfulness in their ideas, and a vividness in their descriptions which imparted a double charm to the strange stories they told of peril and adventure. And the women, too, in their homely diction, painted as forcibly the wild scenes amid which their sex's virtues and affections grow to as strong and healthful a maturity as in the softest atmosphere of domestic life.

Among these narratives was one that impressed me very deeply from the singularity and wildness of the incidents it embodied.

The severe Canadian winter (so ran the recital) was drawing to a close, though as yet there was no sign visible of the approaching change. The earth was still covered by its spotless winter mantle, the icicles still glittered on the leafless boughs, and a lonely log-cabin that stood on the northwest shore of Lake Huron was so thickly piled with snow that it might almost have passed for a snow-drift, had not the dark wreaths of smoke issuing from the chimney announced it to be a dwelling.

From a window of this little cottage a woman was looking anxiously across the wilderness for the return of her husband. All day she had been watching for him, and making the many little preparations for his coming which love suggests, and which love alone knows how to appreciate. Eight years previously she had left her home and kindred, to cross the sea, and lead a life of toil and privation with him amid the Canadian wilds. Together they had labored, and hoped, and feared, had wept over the graves of the children they had lost, and dreamed of a future, blessed in the affection of the child still spared to them; and now it was with the yet deeper affection, that years of such companionship produce, that Elizabeth watched for her husband, who, accompanied by their nearest neighbor, had gone three days since to purchase powder and groceries at one of those isolated "stores" which are to be found established at intervals along the shores of the great lakes; emporiums of all kinds of goods, which are chiefly bartered for furs or the produce of the land.

The sun had set, and the sky grew darker. How eagerly she looked across the little ice-clad bay on whose borders the cabin stood; but in vain. It soon became so dusk that she could not have distinguished any one. Then, chilled by the night air, Elizabeth closed the door, and drew near the fire, beside which her child, a boy of six years old, tired at last of asking when his father would come, had sat down to mend a toy.

A few minutes passed; then to her quick ear a step was audible on the trodden snow near her dwelling. Elizabeth sprang toward the door; but ere she reached it, it was opened, and a man entered—but one, and he was not her husband!

She could not ask what had become of him, for, as she said afterward, "her very breath seemed to have left her, and her heart stood still." But James Barton saw her dismay, and at once attempted to reassure her.

"It ain't so bad, Elizabeth. Your goodman ain't here, but I hope in a little time he'll be as strong and hearty a man as ever he was."

"What has happened to him? for God's sake tell me!" gasped the trembling wife.

"Why, for that matter, not enough to frighten you so. You see, in coming down the hill between Beaver's Point and the Black Creek, Glover fell over a log and broke his leg. I carried him on my back to old Staunton's place, and left him there quite comfortable."

The suppressed anguish with which Elizabeth had listened, broke forth by this time, to Barton's great discomposure.

"Elizabeth! Mrs. Glover! There's a good woman, don't take on so! He's well cared for, I tell you; Staunton's a right good one at mending bruises and broken bones, and it ain't no use crying and fretting so over what can't be helped."

But she was not to be so comforted. The thought of her husband ill and suffering, without her being near, to watch and tend him, seemed agony beyond endurance, and her first impulse was to hasten to him. But Barton both opposed and ridiculed the idea. Forty miles in that wild frozen country! how were they to be trodden by her? It was madness to think of such a thing. And he argued and talked until the thought seemed given up; for Elizabeth's breast was too full for words, and she strove not to controvert the arguments which her heart in its fearless love denied.

But she did not permit her sorrow to let her forget the duties of hospitality. Barton refused, however, to pass the night in her dwelling, despite her remonstrance as to the darkness, and the distance to his own house.

"The moon will be up in an hour," he said, "and then what's six miles to a man like me? Kitty and the little ones will be looking out for me, and I don't like making my old woman anxious. Then let me have my supper at once, and I'll be ready to start."

So he took his supper and went his way, after many words of sympathy and encouragement to the sorrowing wife.

When he was gone, Elizabeth did not sit down to lament or weep, but at once began her preparations for the journey on which she had been resolved from the first moment that she had heard of the accident which had befallen her husband. She knew that fatigue and hardship, perhaps danger, lay in her path; but that could not deter her. She could not sit there grieving idly over her husband's sufferings, in the home which his absence made desolate, while he lay far away in pain, it might be dying. Her place was by his side, and by God's help she hoped soon to fill it. The thought of her child might have made her waver; but he was strong, and used to running about all day in the snow, careless of fatigue or cold, and could, therefore, withstand them better than a more delicately-nurtured child.

Elizabeth's eyes never closed that night. Yet she rose before daylight without a feeling of weariness, to commence her journey. The latest stars were still gleaming faintly in the cold pale sky when they left the cottage; the little Harry so delighted with the enterprise, that the knowledge of his father's illness and his mother's serious face could scarcely subdue his pleasure.

By keeping near the lake-shore, they could scarcely miss the way; besides, there was Barton's track, which there had been neither wind nor snow-fall to obliterate. All day they traveled onward, pausing only a short time for food and rest; and when the child grew weary, Elizabeth carried him, regardless of being already loaded with a large basket and a bundle; for there was on her an excitement that seemed to render her insensible to fatigue. When evening came she calculated that about half her journey was accomplished. Another day spent in toiling through the deep snow, and she might hope to look once more on that face which, rugged and weather-beaten as it was, wore ever a fadeless beauty in her eyes.

She had kindled a large fire of withered branches, and the cheerful blaze radiated heat and light, while it warded off all danger from wandering lynx or bear. Then close by, beneath the arching boughs of some tall trees, she hung a blanket in the form of a tent, within which she soon saw her child sleeping, wrapped in a warm cloak, as peacefully as if in his little bed at home.

For some time longer Elizabeth sat watching the rising moon, as it flooded the whole landscape with beauty, and thinking of the happy hours she had spent in the lonely log-cabin among the woods, which were perhaps passed away forever. Then remembering that strength had to be gained for the morrow's exertions, she laid herself down beside the sleeping child.

The next morning was calm and mild; remarkably mild for the time of the year, and there was a delightful softness in the air at which Elizabeth rejoiced, for it seemed to whisper of coming spring, and she had often heard that hard frosts were unfavorable to the cure of broken limbs. But the change of weather somewhat retarded her own progress, for the snow being softer than on the previous day, rendered her way heavier and more toilsome. Yet, she thought it was but to walk on more resolutely, and she might still reach her husband that same evening.

As day wore on, a breeze sprang up, blowing strong from the land, making the scene more beautiful as it broke the bright blue lake—for the center of those vast inland seas rarely freezes—into dancing waves, which shone and glittered in the sun rays as far as eye could see; and as brightly a large sheet of clear smooth ice lay flashing and gleaming before Elizabeth, as, having crossed near the extremity of a slender point, she reached the shore of a deep bay. For a moment she hesitated to cross, for she had never been able to tread firmly on what is termed "glare ice," such as now lay in her way, slippery as glass itself. But a glance round the bay, which stretched deep into the land, told her that the circuit would add six or eight miles to her journey, and she hesitated no longer.

What was almost terror to her was delight to the child, who, used to ice in every state, and rested from having been carried the last half hour, could scarcely be restrained from wasting his strength in untimely gambols. Elizabeth was little skilled in such matters, or she would have known that she was too near the mouth of the bay, especially for that season; but she was half way across when she perceived that a patch of broken ice lay before her. The next moment a terrific sound, louder, because nearer than thunder, burst forth around, and the ice yawned almost beneath her feet.

Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, but at once comprehending the danger, strove to grasp her child, and leap with him the chasm, ere it had time to widen. But he shrank back screaming with afright, and before she could clasp him in her arms it was too late: the violence of the shock had driven the mass of ice which bore them so far from the main body, that she dared not attempt to leap the gap between them. A few minutes more, and the strong current of the lake had caught the ice-raft, and was slowly sweeping it out from shore.

Still, for a while the hope was strong in Elizabeth's heart that it might be thrown against the firmer ice on the long tapering needle-point, which formed the further limit of the bay. Toward this point the current seemed to bear her steadily, and O, how her heart beat as she drew near it! With her child clasped to her bosom, she stood watching breathlessly the chances of escape. Nearer and nearer the current bore her to the point, off which lay a large rock. Surely it must, it would arrest the ice-raft which floated so close in-shore. Closer and closer it came; another minute, and they might be saved! That minute passed, and the treacherous current had swept the ice-raft free of the rock, and was bearing it out toward the center of the lake, whose waves danced and sparkled around it in mocking gladness.

Elizabeth sank on her knees, with a sensation of agony that was too intense for tear or lamentation. Not of herself she thought, but of the child that lay sobbing and trembling in her arms, and of the husband who would be left to mourn over their unknown fate, long after the waves would have buried or the wintery winds frozen them in death.

Hour after hour passed by; the white glittering shore faded gradually from view; the little Harry had wept himself to sleep, and still Elizabeth remained on her knees, and prayed in her heart the wordless prayers by which, in our deepest need, we often implore the aid of God. The day ended; and, wearied by exercise, and exhausted by grief, the child slept on, and she was as if alone—alone on the wide lake, with no land in sight, with no human help within her reach. Above her, the cold white glitter of the stars; around her, their beams broken into a thousand fragments by the restless waves, which tossed to and fro the lonely block of ice, as though playing idly with a toy that at their will they might dash in pieces or overturn.

Who can tell the horrors of such a situation? But passive suffering sinks at length under its own weight, until repose brings fresh strength to bear the burden;

and when the moon rose, she looked down on the lonely woman sleeping with her child on her bosom, amid the wild waters that murmured and dashed around their perilous resting-place.

Two days and nights wore on There was no land ever in sight; nothing but lake and sky; not even a water-bird to break the death-like solitude. What Elizabeth felt through those long hours of despair, they only who have so felt can fitly tell. She had to speak to her child of death; to strive to teach his young heart to meet calmly its approach. And then the wonder would come over her, in what form death would reach them. Should they, when their scanty stock of food was exhausted, die of hunger on the ice-raft? or would the wind's icy breath chill them into death, or the waves tear them from the ark of refuge?

It was the third morning, when a peculiar brightness on the lake attracted the gaze of Elizabeth, who was eagerly seeking for any change. After a while she perceived it was a mass of ice larger than that on which they floated; but on it was a dark object which moved. Was there then another human being in like extremity with themselves? Soon it appeared that the passenger on the other ice-raft observed them also; for, throwing himself into the water, he swam direct toward them. Elizabeth's heart beat violently with the emotion which almost suffocated her. Mental agony and want—for she had nearly starved herself that her child might have food—had prostrated her strength, and the thought of human companionship, though but in suffering, filled her with a strange joy.

But there was no such companionship for her. As the dark object in the water grew on Elizabeth's gaze, she discovered that it was no human being, but a large bear that was making straight for her floating prison. Long as she had seemed to stare death in the face, this discovery awoke an agony of terror well-nigh as distracting as though it had found them in the midst of life and all its hopes; and wild with terror, she cried aloud and waved her shawl to scare away the animal, if possible. But it was useless; the bear swam steadily to the ice-raft, and clambering on it with a heaviness that nearly overturned it, sat down opposite to the defenseless woman and her child.

In a moment Elizabeth regained her composure, together with the strength and energy which a few hours before had seemed deserting her; and placing the child behind her, to shield him from harm, the devoted woman stood confronting the dangerous intruder with all the boldness of a mother's love; for it was the season at which bears grow fierce and ravenous, and she knew not how long he might have been floating on the ice to increase his hunger and ferocity. But she had heard that a steady look and firm demeanor will sometimes overawe the beasts of the wilderness, and she stood there outwardly calm while her heart was full of terror.

Scarcely did she dare to turn her head, even while striving to soothe the fears of the trembling child; but in doing so once her eye caught a sight of distant land. A little while ago, and what joy would have rushed over her at the sight! But now, she knew not at what moment her own life or that of her child might become the prey of the powerful beast, that, wearied perhaps by long swimming, still sat there, with the water dripping from his dark shaggy coat, regarding her with a fixedness that seemed the precursor of some dangerous movement.

After a time, his lengthened forbearance began to inspire her with a sort of courage, and the thought came into her mind that it might be possible to propitiate their terrible fellow-passenger. She had heard of such things being done; and as soon as the idea took possession of her, she drew from her basket a biscuit, almost the last she had, and threw half of it toward the bear.

The animal growled, but not fiercely, as he came nearer to pick it up: Elizabeth's heart sank, and she almost repented her experiment. But he sat down quietly again, and proceeded to eat the piece of biscuit with a satisfaction which reassured her. When he had finished she threw him the other half, of which he also disposed quickly, and then sat looking at her in eager expectation. After a little while he shook himself impatiently; and, fearing what might follow, Elizabeth hastily took out another biscuit, which she threw to him likewise.

No sooner had the bear eaten this, than he rose and came toward her with a rolling gait. Harry screamed aloud, and the mother thought that their last hour had really come. But the bear merely walked

up to the basket, out of which he had seen the biscuits taken, and commenced fumbling at it with his nose and paws. In his awkwardness he pushed it every instant nearer the edge of the ice, and presently it rolled off into the water. Then he tried to fish it up with his paws, but it was of no use, and he stood looking at it longingly, as the dash of the waves carried it beyond his reach.

For a moment Elizabeth hoped that he would plunge into the lake after it, but the bear had no such intention. As long as the basket floated, he stood watching it; and when at last the weight of its contents caused it to sink out of his sight, he uttered a discontented growl, and once more sat down facing Elizabeth. How she dreaded lest disappointed hunger should wreak its fury upon her and her child! But whether it was that his own danger had somewhat tamed him, or that the gift of the biscuits inclined him to friendliness, the bear manifested no disposition to molest them.

Thus for hours these strange companions remained together on that floating fragment of ice; the anxious woman, the feeble child, and the soulless beast of the forest, alike partakers of the same peril, probably to be sharers of the same fate. Still, the land which she had seen grew larger and larger in Elizabeth's sight. At length she distinguished a cluster of islets, toward which the current bore them. As they drew nearer the bear raised himself on his hind feet, and looked eagerly landward. Then, after a time, he plunged into the lake, and swam to the nearest island, along whose white shore his dark form was soon to be seen rolling. Meanwhile, the current swept the ice-raft past, and the woman and her child were again alone on the blue lake.

What a feeling of relief was even in this! dreadful as was the prospect before them! for all the food Elizabeth had so hoarded had sunk in the basket, and now she must not only want herself, but see her child hunger before her eyes, and have not wherewith to give him to eat. But there came a reaction after the mental strain which both had in their terror suffered for hours. They had no present strength left even for fear, and mother and child were soon sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion.

It was bitterly cold that night; the wind lashed the lake into billows which tossed the ice-raft wildly, and dashed over it, as though they would ingulf it every instant, and the water froze as it washed over the helpless ones who had no shelter from wind or wave.

The next morning two men, who were cutting wood on the lake-shore, perceived a mass of broken ice entangled among some rocks, and on it they found a woman wrapped in thick mufflings which were cased in ice, with a child clasped tightly to her bosom. The child was still warm; sleep had not with him deepened into torpor; but the woman seemed cold as death. They were at once placed in the wood-sleigh, which bore them quickly to a house, where all that kindness, and the skill gathered by familiarity with such incidents, could do for Elizabeth Glover, was done for her by strangers as promptly and energetically as though she had been of their own kindred. And in a few hours the death-like form was instinct with life, the warm blood flowed through her veins, and she had voice to thank those who at her utmost need had succored her, and the one who was so much dearer than herself. But to one hand, which had been exposed in keeping the wrappings tight over Harry, neither power nor sensation could ever be restored.

Yet Elizabeth, in the depths of her woman's love, felt herself rewarded for all her sufferings. She learned she was but six miles from the house where her husband lay; for the winds and currents, though sweeping her hither and thither, had carried her no great distance down the lake. And, weak as she was, a few days saw her at his side, to find him, indeed, requiring her presence, though others nursed him carefully; for a violent fever had seized him, and her voice alone had power to soothe him, and only from her would he admit of care and tending.

At length he recovered, to learn and regret, yet bless her for all she had suffered in her desire to watch over him in his hours of pain. And when, years afterward, we heard the tale from Elizabeth's lips, and while every tone told that she had never repented that perilous journey, I saw the rough backwoodsman's eyes dwell on her with a look of deep gratitude and affection, until at last he turned away —I might have been mistaken, but I thought it was to hide a tear.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

AGED, BUT NOT OLD.

We remember to have heard, at a session of the Baltimore Conference some years ago, a venerable father, hale and vigorous, reply to an insinuation that he was nearly superannuated. His pithy remarks convinced his hearers that the assertion was not true. I am, indeed, said he, in comparison with some of you, an aged man, but I am not old! Truly has it been said that

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing something for himself, for his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be asked; but, is he active, can he breathe freely, and move with agility? There are scores of gray-headed men whom we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen, who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or frown.

THE RULING POWER,

What is it? Wendell Phillips thus answers; and the reader will perhaps agree with us in the opinion that there are men, in stature at least, as well as boys, who regard the walking-beam as the propelling power of the steam-engine:

The press is the ruling power of the times. The age of statesmen is over, the age of bullets is over, and the age of the printing-press has come. What the invention of gunpowder was to the art of war, making any man who could pull a trigger equal to the most powerful warrior, the press is in a reading age. We have invented the pamphlet. We have called into existence the fourth estate of the realm; it is *brains*. Men sometimes think that the great brows at Washington control the nation. So the boy who first sees a steamboat thinks that the walking-beam is the propelling power, but below there is a "fanatic" feeding the fires.

HARSH JUDGMENT.

Here is a startling rebuke to the almost universal propensity to sit in harsh judgment upon the conduct of the ignorant, a rebuke and a warning:

We think Rogers, like Carlyle, is too harsh in his language about these "scoundrels." We contrast his scowl with the look of the Saviour, as we conceive *Him* crossing the gulf inclosing this supposed miserable region, and preaching the Gospel to these "spirits in prison." We believe that Christ would feel more grieved amid an assembly of smooth-faced professors of religion, their cheeks clad with emulous lies, and their hearts full of malice and falsehood. No hell like a *rouged* hell. No damned like the jeweled and smiling damned. We are fond of speaking against the Sepoys, but, had we been trained like them, and had our passions been heated by as hot a sun, we might have been as bad as they. Let us not be high-minded, but fear, remembering the grand exhortation of Burke, "*to love all men, and fear ourselves.*"

UNIFORMITY AND VARIETY

Characterize all the works of God. There is enough of the former to demonstrate the unity of the Divine Being; enough of the latter to prove the infinitude of his power and wisdom. Nature, it has been well said,

Is gifted with something wonderfully like imagination; forever reproducing herself, but always in new forms, new combinations, new loveliness, and her humblest tree passes through as many phases as her fairest moon. Now the summit is crimson and gold; now it rolls a great billow of green, and now it stands dark as the folds of a storm-cloud. So nature busies herself all the day, and all the year long, in doing something new and something more for that tree; when it buds, when it blossoms, when it is full of summer glories. In the morning she amuses herself in laying its shadows all to the westward; in the evening she trails them, like a mourner's robe, to the east; and at noon she bundles them up under the tree. What mockery of sunset, of flame and of gold, when she touches it with frost. What a decoration for fairy-land, when the winter endows it with pendants of diamond and pearl.

THE POWER OF RIDICULE

Can scarcely be overrated. What sound argument cannot effect a sneer will frequently accomplish. Even a diminutive, disparaging adjective, employed at the right time, and in the right place, may be an overmatch for all the other parts of speech. Listen to Anna Lyle's experience:

A sentimental young lady became infatuated by a very devoted admirer; and not only engaged herself to him, but for his sake secluded herself from society, lived in what she considered an atmosphere of most exalted sentiment, and rather gloried in the thought of the many barriers which lay in the way of her union with the object of her affection, and of the possibility of her dying an "old maid" for his sake! Though constantly annoyed by hearing little anecdotes which conveyed an unfavorable impression of the beloved, she would not credit them, but clung to him all the more closely. At last—sad to relate—she one day fell into conversation with a lady, who, unaware of the cruel blow she was leveling at an idolatrous worship, mentioned the unfortunate Romeo, as "a nice little man!" Alas! alas! for Romeo! Though the idol did not at once fall to the ground, the pedestal began to give way. Vainly did Juliet think within herself, "It is all very well for her to call him '*little*'—she is so *tall!*" It would not do—the horrid word would haunt her; and, thenceforth, he was no longer an ideal, but a man! He was no longer "Romeo," but "Thomas," or "John," or whatever his name may have been. Let a notion of ridicule once enter a woman's mind, and affection

must be strong indeed to stand the test. In this case it had the most salutary effect on the lady's feelings; and that which not all his falsehood and ingratitude had been able to effect, was accomplished by that unfortunate diminutive. When once she began to regard him as a common, everyday mortal, his faults peeped out slowly, one after another; till at last she summoned courage to dismiss him altogether.

ONE FAGOT AT A TIME.

It is a common-place remark that troubles in anticipation are harder to bear than those through which we are passing at the present moment. It is our own fault. "Sufficient unto the day," said the great Teacher, "is the evil thereof;" and the idea is here quaintly and practically expanded:

We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo, in the course of this life, to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us, first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would take only the burden appointed us for each day. But we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and by adding to-morrow's burdens to our load, before we are required to bear them.

THE FASHIONS

Are impervious to ridicule. The more they are laughed at the firmer seems to be their sway. And then the ladies are so good-natured about it! They laugh, too, and then—enlarge their circumference. Listen to the cynic:

We think the New Zealander somewhat quaint in his apparel; the lady who luxuriates on the coast of Africa may seem rather scantily clad. But such exhibitions as these are not more ludicrous than the costumes we sometimes see in the streets of civilized London and Paris. Why blow up ladies like bladders or balloons? If the human form were by nature distorted and misshapen, this concealment of the real figure might be reasonable; but on what principles consistent with sanity ladies involve their graceful proportions in hoops that are fitter for herring-casks, and in petticoats inflated like a life-preserving cushion, it is impossible to say. If your little daughter wishes to decorate her doll in a fanciful way, very well; if you determine to dress up your monkey in a red jacket and blue trowsers, we have nothing to say against it. But that the divine image of a rational creature should be, without sense or shame, made the mere framework for bags of wind and hoops of whalebone, is an idea fitter for a chimpanzee than a human being.

PURGATORY.

That was a witty reply of Bishop Hughes to Dr. Bond, who had made some remarks about the popish dogma of Purgatory: "You may go further and fare worse!" Not easily, indeed, will the Romish Church give up purgatory, as saith the facetious Thomas Fuller:

No wonder if the papists fight for purgatory. It is said of Sicily and Egypt, that they were anciently the barns and granaries of the city of Rome; but now-a-days purgatory is the barn of the Romish court—yea, the kitchen, hall, parlor, larder, cellar, chamber, every room of Rome. When Adonijah sued for Abishag the Shunammite, Solomon said to his mother, "Ask for him the kingdom also." But if once the Protestants could wring from the papists their purgatory—nay, then would they say, Ask the triple crown, cross-keys, St. Angelo, Peter's patrimony, and all. In a word, were purgatory taken away, the pope himself would be in purgatory, as not knowing which way to maintain his expensiveness.

BIOGRAPHY

Is, in the general, too truly described by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The little boy unconsciously rebuked the prevalent spirit of book-makers when he said to his mother, "I don't want to be good." And why not? "Because," was the reply, "all the good children in my story-books are sure to die."

Who has not taken up lives and stories innumerable, and laid them down depressed and discouraged? Here are heroes and heroines innumerable, perfectly faultless, far beyond the human frailties of Abraham or Simon Peter. They breathe spirituality and nothing else; their whole conversation goes to a covenanting psalm tune; they, indeed, confess their sinfulness, but their biographers show us a character so faultless as to be utterly useless to sinners like ourselves. And then they expurgate their letters until they are pure sermons, morbid and monotonous, that put their finger on no practical want. Who does not know the model religious biographies of ladies who composed strictly private journals in periods so rounded as to be ready for the press. We need to see men and women made of the same clay as ourselves; weak, passionate, tempted, struggling, overcoming in fear and much trembling, no enemies of shadowy texture, but a living devil and living sins.

A TIME TO LAUGH.

There runs through the writings of Henry Rogers a vein of wit, and, occasionally, of satiric humor exceedingly provocative of laughter. At times, there is an apparent levity in his handling of the most solemn themes, which, to some readers, is objectionable. But, says a *Titanic* critic:

We do not join with these people in this objection. There is often a ripple on very deep streams, and a dimple on the waves of the mightiest oceans. The eagle does not pursue a direct course through the upper ether; she

"*Screens* the night-heaven till lost in the blue."

The leviathan "*laugheth* at the shaking of a spear," and the horse neighs amid his tremendous gallop. This curveting, caroling, rejoicing, is a sign of strength, not of weakness; of earnestness, not of indifference; of enthusiasm, rapture, and energy. Just as a man who has done a manly day's work will sometimes sing at its close, or as one who has climbed a mountain often leaps and dances in delight, so Rogers, with Pascal, Coleridge, and other thinkers who have reached

lofty altitudes, sometimes express their feelings at the far-stretching sight by shouts and lively laughter—laughter, however, speedily subsiding into seriousness again—as they see the "clouds and darkness" which mingle with, and shade the prospect from every mount of vision.

KNOW-NOTHINGS.

Tom Hood describes a variety of the genus "Know-Nothings" in his own whimsical style:

Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce; one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout or a half year of ague! how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic doloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply versed in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition?

IN HEAVEN LAST NIGHT.

The classical and the religious emblems are beautifully interwoven in these stanzas, which we copy from a London periodical:

"Last night there was a festival in heaven;
The sky burn'd with a most majestic light;
Orion, Aqua, and the mighty Seven,
Flamed like the banners of some awful fight.
The stars hung clustering like white ivy round
The oriel window of the curtain'd sky,
As though God had with festoons gayly bound
The cloud-draped arch through which his angels fly.

Perchance the Master, in some distant place,
Had hung mid-sky a new created world;
Or with another sun had garnish'd space,
Streaming below like a gay flag unfurl'd.
Or it might be some great returning day,
When an archangel by a holy feat,
Gain'd for his mighty crown another ray,
By mastery at the games where angels meet.

The winds at sunset had an organ's sound,
And softly play'd a low religious tune;
It may be at that hour some saint was crown'd,
Who died when through his window look'd the moon.
Whatever was the cause, there was in heaven
A rare and grand display of pomp last night;
Perhaps the Saviour and the great eleven
Reveal'd themselves unto angelic sight.

THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

The victory has been gained. The grave is disrobed of its terrors. Even now faith sees the fulfillment of the promise. He will swallow up death in victory. The dead in Christ! What a sight! if we could behold them! the tears wiped away by their Saviour's hand, awaking up after his likeness, and satisfied with it. The last look of suffering mortality is changed into one of perfect peace. The fall of the coffin-lid makes no echo in our hearts now; the grave whether in the crowded cemetery, or the quiet country church-yard, where the dead lie festering in undistinguished masses, or where the spring and summer weave a funeral garland with grass and leaves, the grave has lost its victory; and the thoughts are chased away that wrapped it like the winter-snow, or hung over it like the shadows of night. For the great Easter-morning has come after the Sabbath of the grave, and the soldiers of Christ are mustering round the Captain of their salvation.

The National Magazine.

MARCH, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Figurative Language in Prayer.—No argument for the use of a prescribed Liturgy is so strong as the fact that many ministers, in their professedly extemporaneous addresses to the Almighty, indulge in tropes and other rhetorical figures, in misquotations of Scriptural language, and in emendations of the petitions taught us in the Bible. Even the Lord's Prayer, which every child is supposed to know by heart, is frequently heard from the pulpit, altered, but not improved. "Give us, day by day, our daily bread." "Forgive us our trespasses as we endeavor to forgive those who trespass against us." "Suffer us not to be led into temptation." Deliver us from all evil." These are a few of the most common variations. We do not care to discuss the question, Are they improvements? For even admitting that they are, which we do not admit, it will by no means follow that any man has the right to use them in leading the devotions of a congregation. But a worse fault than this is the omission of the Lord's Prayer altogether, especially by those whose Discipline expressly says, "Let the Lord's Prayer be used on *all* occasions of public worship in concluding the first prayer." Some disregard this injunction altogether. Its repetition so frequently, in their godly judgments, savors of formality; or, they are too full of matter of their own to allow time for its utterance. Others use it in the morning, on the Lord's day; but, overlooking the little word italicised above, deem themselves quite justifiable in its omission at any other time. It is possible that the omission of a few sentences of their own would be quite as edifying. It would certainly be more respectful, if not to Him who taught us the prayer, at least to those who enjoin its use on *all* occasions of public worship. There is a rule, too, with regard to the conclusion of Divine service. The apostolical benediction is to be used. That has undergone an almost endless variety of alterations. Some affect latinity, and invoke the blessing of the triune God. Triune is an expressive word, but not Scriptural. Others are not satisfied unless they

make the communion of the Holy Ghost comfortable: "The comfortable communion," etc. And yet others extemporize a benediction in which grace, love, and fellowship are strangely transposed from one to the other person of the Trinity, in a way, however ingenious and novel, certainly not apostolic. It is not wonderful that those who indulge in these and similar emendations of what is plainly printed should be led into high-sounding, figurative, and unscriptural expressions when professedly extemporizing. In addressing men such language is an offense against good taste. It is something more when a worm uses it in holding converse with the Almighty. By what authority, for instance, is HE addressed as "the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely?" The language is not in the Bible. There is a passage in Solomon's Song where the spouse is asked "What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou *fairest among women?*" She answers, "My beloved is white and ruddy, the *chiefest* among ten thousand." If this language must be applied to the Father, or to the Son, it ought to be quoted accurately. Let him be the "chiefest" among ten thousand, but the most poetic temperament would shrink from such an application of "white and ruddy." The request for "a kid to make merry with" is supposed to to be a prayer for the conversion of a sinner. There is no authority for such a violent figure; and the prayer that "we may make a Sabbath day's journey toward heaven," seems to imply that considerably less progress than we make on ordinary days will be satisfactory on Sunday. What kind of a window is a kind window? We have heard the Lord urgently entreated to open such a one, and have, perhaps, made a good guess at the petitioner's meaning; while "the droppings of the sanctuary," a phrase nowhere to be found in the Bible, but exceedingly common, conveys to our ears no meaning.

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PLAIN TALK. — To our friends in the free states who apologize for slaveholders, and who oppose any rule of discipline by which they shall be excluded from the Church, we commend the plain and forcible language of a zealous Southern periodical. The *Richmond South* declares that it has "*no confidence in any man north of Mason's and Dixon's line. They cannot be our friends and be honest.* The interests of the two sections are antagonistic. The Northern man who goes for our interest necessarily goes against the interests of the North, his country, and I can have no confidence in a traitor, no matter how high is his price." The tone of the Southern periodical press is pitched on the same key. Reverend divines, as well as political editors use similar language. Doctor William A. Smith, in his book on the philosophy of slavery, divides the religious world at the North into two parties. They are the abolitionists and the anti-slavery men. He declares most unequivocally that if the latter are right in their theory that slavery is an evil, the former are right in their proposed measures. Nay, he declares expressly: "I AGREE WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS." Like a consistent man, and one not afraid to follow where the legitimate consequences of an adopted theory inevitably lead, he tells us why he agrees with the abolitionists. If, he says, "if the abstract principle be wrong," and that it *is* wrong almost every Northern Christian professes to believe, "then," says the learned divine, "the institution is wrong." "All who grant the antecedent are bound to admit the consequent!" Most assuredly they are, if they have any regard for consistency, or even any respect for sound logic. The alternative, the only alternative so far as we can see, is to take the position that the abstract principle is NOT wrong; that slavery is NOT a great evil. Rather a bitter pill that; but, suppose it swallowed. What then? Have you gained anything? By the very men for whose sake you have taken this nauseous draught you are regarded and held up to the scorn of the world as a dishonest traitor. You are told very plainly in the extract above quoted that you "cannot be our friends and—*be honest*," and that the South "can have no confidence in a *traitor!*" The simple straightforward way out of this dilemma is apparent to all who do not willfully close their eyes, and we could not hope to benefit those who do by pointing it out.

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ALONE WITH THE DYING.—It would be difficult to find in the whole range of fiction a more affecting incident than is contained in the following extract from a letter written by a British seaman to his wife. It was his first service as a soldier, he having been sent on shore with a boat's crew of marines to silence a fort and take some guns:

We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear, while the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the — went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarcely tell how. I felt as though I must go up to *him*, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him, lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It is a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me. I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and-twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell: but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand, and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closed when a gun was fired from the — to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass,

and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of every thing I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them; but *all that* seemed *so far off* and the dead man *so near*."

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A SNAKE BETWEEN THE PILLOWS.—A missionary's wife, giving an account of her travels in India, says:

On one occasion, when traveling in a palanquin, I stopped at a bungalow to get some refreshments, and told the bearers to take out the mattress and pillows, to make it comfortable for us the remainder of our journey. They did so; and to my horror I saw a live snake coiled up under the second pillow, as warm and comfortable as possible.

It had traveled with us thirty-five miles, and from being unconscious of its nearness I had felt no fear. Had we been very restless, and disturbed it, the probability is that it would have stung; but, not being roused, it remained asleep, and thus we were providentially preserved from harm. I confess I felt a little nervous at getting in again, lest where there was one there might have been another; but it was not so; and we arrived at Negapatam in safety.

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Protracted meetings and revivals have been more than usually numerous during the past winter. All evangelical denominations have shared in the glorious results. Our Roman Catholic friends have also turned their attention, in their own peculiar way, to the necessity of doing something for the upbuilding of popery. When the sons of God, on one occasion, came to present themselves before the Lord, it is said that Satan came also among them, and *The Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic) tells us that protracted meetings have been held in various churches in Brooklyn by the Rev. Father Gaudentius Rossi, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Anthony Calandri and Luke Baudinelli, all belonging to the Passionist Monastery of Blessed Paul of the Cross, Birmingham, Pa.

The results of these meetings, as gravely announced in the paper referred to, are almost enough to induce us to modify our opinion that the grosser kinds of superstition cannot flourish on American soil. Father Gaudentius, with his holy relics, seems to have played his game boldly, and to have found as devoted believers as if he had been playing his pranks in Ireland or in Italy. The *Journal* says:

When this first mission was promised, it was expected that Father Gaudentius would have been assisted by Fathers Albinus Magnus and Anthony; but Father Albinus meanwhile found it his duty to accept another destination, and shortly after the commencement of the mission, Father Anthony fell grievously sick. The great burden of the mission fell, therefore, upon Father Gaudentius, as Father Luke is too imperfectly acquainted with English to engage in the task of public instruction. The religious interest excited by this first mission was of the most remarkable character. The church was thronged at every service; more than five thousand went to communion, and at the close of the mission some twelve or fifteen non-Catholics, some of them persons of superior education, were received into the Church. In the course of this mission, it is asserted on credible authority, that God was pleased to manifest his favor by special graces of an external character. The rumor, some way, went abroad among the humble people who mostly compose the parish, that bodily diseases were cured by some of these missionaries. The blind, the lame, the afflicted with various chronic diseases, were brought to the church in great numbers. The sensation created by this movement among those unprepared by their education for such "signs following them that believe," was intense. Father Gaudentius blessed those that came to him with the relics of the holy founder of his order, Blessed Paul of the Cross, and in some cases cures were effected on the instant. Others were popularly reported, but not so attested as to be cited here. A physician of Brooklyn was one of the number converted by the graces bestowed in this mission.

After three full weeks of the most arduous and body-killing labor, this mission was brought to a necessary close, while thousands from different parts of Brooklyn and its vicinity were still surrounding the church, and with tears and sobs entreating the Fathers to continue longer and hear also their confessions. The next mission was at Flatbush, of which a correspondent has kindly given a brief notice, in a note we publish in another column. There, too, it seems, a conversion to the faith has marked the progress of the mission.

These miraculous cures, it seems, were "properly attested." Of course the *Freeman's Journal* would vouch for no others. Next we shall have "the holy coat of Treves," the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and winking madonnas, just as rapidly as the gullibility of the worshipers increases.

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A DELICATE AND TOUCHING LESSON.—Ostentatious persons who make a practice of showing off all they know, and sometimes endeavoring to convince others that they know more than they really do, would do well to read the following beautiful and simple lesson, and to ponder well upon it:

I happened to stroll into the little church, when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register.

The bridegroom, to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same.

Now I had known the girl when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her eyes:

"He's a dear good fellow, miss, but he cannot write yet; he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world."

Why what had I to fear where there was this nobility in a laboring man's daughter?

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A VALUABLE HINT.—The London *Builder* mentions a "simple disinfectant:" Cut two or three good-sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, etc., in the sick-room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purpose. They should be changed every six hours.

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A PEEP INTO THE CRIMEAN SUBTERRANEAN SEPULCHER.—In Dr. McPheron's "Antiquities of Kertch," we find the following interesting narrative:

There was no confusion here. The floor was covered with the same beautiful pebbles. On the niches around, all the objects remained as they had been placed twenty centuries ago. It was a sight replete with interest to survey this chamber; to examine each article as it had been originally placed; to contemplate its use, and to behold the effects of time on us proud mortals. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," was exemplified here to the letter. There, in the stillness of this chamber, lay the unruffled dust of the human frame, possessing still the form of man. The bones had all disappeared, or their outer surface alone remained. The space occupied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand; yet the position of the features could still be traced on the undisturbed dust. There was the depression for the eyes, the slight prominence of the nose, and the mark of the mouth, the teeth being the only portion of the entire frame which remain unchanged. The folds in which the garments enveloped the body, nay, even the knots which bound them, could be traced on the dust. A few enameled beads were found in the right hand of the dead, and some walnuts in the left; and the green mark of a copper ring, into which a stone had been fixed, was on one finger. On each niche one body

had been placed. The coffins, crumbled into powder, had fallen in. At the head was a glass bottle: one of these still held about a table-spoonful of wine; the nuts and wine being doubtless placed there to cheer and support the soul on its passage to Paradise. There was a cup and a lachrymatory of glass, and an unglazed earthenware lamp stood in a small niche above the head. This tomb was sufficiently spacious to permit ten of us to stand upright.

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KNEELAND'S INFIDEL COLONY.—A community of Atheists cannot exist. It must change its views, or be dissolved. The well-known Abner Kneeland, who, more than twenty years ago, went from Boston to the West, to establish his monstrous system, made a careful experiment at Farmington, Iowa, but utterly failed. A recent visitor to the place says that he formed quite a colony of infidels, and made vigorous efforts to extend his unholy principles; but now his name is fast falling into oblivion, and but few of his followers survive him. All public infidel meetings have long since been abandoned, and scarce an attempt is now made to uphold the wretched system. Mr. Kneeland's family still reside in the homestead where he died, and still adhere to the principles which he taught them. The immediate neighborhood —which Mr. Kneeland named Salubria, about a mile below Farmington, on the Des Moines River—contains several infidel families; the district school of the neighborhood is under the charge of a Christian teacher.

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SOUTHEY'S OPINION OF WOMEN AND MARRIAGE. —Robert Southey, in a chapter on "Marriage," delivers himself as follows:

A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side: women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying that there are more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

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Our Wesleyan brethren in England are heartily discussing the re-enforcement of the East India missions. "Fifty or ten?" is now the question: it is not difficult to decide which alternative Wesleyan philanthropy would choose. It is doubtful whether it will send out fifty, but we are quite sure it will send more than ten.

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A writer in *Blackwood*, about to enter on a story, thus makes a TRUTHFUL BEGINNING:

History, we know, is apt to repeat herself, and to foist very old incidents upon us with only a slight change of costume. From the time of Xerxes downward, we have seen generals playing the braggadocio at the outset of their campaigns, and conquering the enemy with the greatest ease in after-dinner speeches. But events are apt to be in disgusting discrepancy with the anticipations of the most ingenious tacticians; the difficulties of the expedition are ridiculously at variance with able calculations; the enemy has the impudence not to fall into confusion, as had been reasonably expected of him; the mind of the gallant general begins to be distracted by news of intrigues against him at home, and, notwithstanding the handsome compliments he paid to Providence as his undoubted patron before setting out, there seems every probability that the *Te Deums* will be all on the other side.

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STEAM IN CHURCH MUSIC.—A writer in the *Religious Telescope* approves the recent introduction of steam in "propelling" church organs, because "steam never winks at some one across the room just before the piece is started; never titters and laughs at each turn of the music; never blushes nor sticks up its fan before its face, nor hangs its head; never whispers during the sermon; never turns over the leaves of the note-book to find the tune during prayer, nor gazes over the congregation to see who is kneeling; never writes notes and passes them while the minister is preaching." For these reasons, says the writer, "if our singing is to be done by proxy, let us employ steam."

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"HIS HORN SHALL BE EXALTED."—From Lady Falkland's "Chow-Chow" we clip the following:

Continuing our ride to Banias, we toiled up steep rocky paths, where we found trees and shrubs very abundant, particularly on grassy table-land. We met people traveling; women on horseback wearing the curious horn, which is fixed on the front of the head, and fastened behind. This *tantur* or horn is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. Some are a yard long, shaped like a speaking-trumpet. It rises from the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head by a band. A large vail is thrown over it, and falls down the sides of the head and shoulders. It is usually worn only by married women; but I believe unmarried women also occasionally wear it. There are many references to this horn in the Old Testament. It was sometimes worn by men. Job says: "I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust." Job xvi, 15; and David, alluding to the righteous, says, in Psalm cxii, 9: "His horn shall be exalted with honor."

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THE FACULTY OF FEIGNING DEATH.—In his "Phantasmata," Dr. Madden says:

There are cases on record of persons who could spontaneously fall into a death-trance. Monti, in a letter to Haller, mentions several. A priest, of the name of Cælius Rhodaginus, had the same faculty. But the most celebrated instance is that of Colonel Townshend, mentioned in the Surgical Works of Gooch, by whom, and by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Beynard, and by Mr. Shrine, an apothecary, the performance of Colonel Townshend was seen and attested. They had long attended him, for he was an habitual invalid; and he had often invited them to witness the phenomenon of his dying and coming to life again, but they had hitherto refused, from fear of the consequences to himself. Accordingly, in their presence, Colonel Townshend laid himself down on his back, and Dr. Cheyne undertook to observe the pulse; Dr. Beynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Shrine had a looking-glass to hold to his mouth. After a few seconds pulse, breathing, and the action of the heart were no longer observed. Each of the witnesses satisfied himself of the entire cessation of these phenomena. When the death-trance had lasted half an hour, the doctors began to fear that their patient had pushed the experiment too far, and was dead in earnest, and they were preparing to leave the house, when a slight movement of the body attracted their attention. They renewed their routine of observation, when the pulse and sensible motion of the heart gradually returned, and breathing and consciousness. The sequel of the tale is strange; Colonel Townshend, on recovering, sent for his attorney, made his will, and died for good and all, six hours afterward.

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DR. JUDSON'S BURMESE TESTAMENT.—The story of the preservation of this precious work, related by Mrs. Judson, might adorn the page of romance. It was taken to Ava in manu-

script; and when Mr. Judson was thrown into prison was secretly sewed up by his wife in a cushion too hard and unsightly to tempt the cupidity even of his jailors, and used by him as a pillow. When, at the close of seven months, he and his fellow-sufferers were so rudely thrust into the inner prison, the old pillow fell to the share of one of the keepers, but, finding it probably too hard for his use, he threw it back, and it came once more into the owner's hands. It was again lost when he was driven to Oungpen-la; and, being stripped by one of the attendants of the mat which was tied around it, the roll of hard cotton was again flung back into the prison. Here it was found by Moung Ing, who took it home as a memorial of his teachers, without suspecting its priceless contents. Several months after, the manuscript, which now makes a part of the Burmese Bible, was found within, uninjured.

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The Vesper Signal in the Alps.—In some of the more remote pastoral districts of Switzerland, from which the ancient simplicity of manners is not altogether banished, the Alphorn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper-bell. The cowherd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun has set, pours forth the first four or five notes of the psalm, "Praise God the Lord;" the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing, uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison; after which the cattle are penned in the stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest.

SMALL CHANGE.

A Regular Knock Down.—A young married man was in the constant habit of complaining to his rich father-in-law of the horrible bad temper of his wife. Tired of these endless complaints, the old gentleman at last replied to him: "You are right, son-in-law, her humors are not to be borne. If ever I hear any more complaints about her I'll disinherit her, and I don't care if you tell her so." The husband never was heard to complain again.

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Calling Negroes "Brethren."—A Northern Methodist minister, on a visit to Maryland, thus writes:

My host being leader of the colored class, I took pleasure in occasionally accompanying him and leading the class. I termed them "brothers and sisters," but the good brother told me he *did not apply* these filial and fraternal terms to the members of his colored class; he did not think it proper! Said I, "What do you call them, brother?" "Well, I call them aunts, uncles, Tom, Dick, or Harry!" reminding me of the words of Clement IV., who, having ascended the papal chair, returned the bow of the congratulating embassadors and others. When the master of ceremonies told His Holiness that he should not have returned their salute, "O! I beg your pardon," said he; "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

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The *Christian Intelligencer* falls under the censure of the *Churchman* for "irreverence to a sacred name" in speaking of the disposal of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* as "Old Knick sold." The *Churchman* says, it is being "profane with Satan," to call him Old Nick at all.

A Drove of Bulls.—The following was written half a century ago by the eccentric Sir Boyle Roch, a member of the last Irish parliament. The letter was addressed to a friend in London, and it is old enough to be new to nine out of ten readers:

My Dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from those blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other.

I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed scarce a mail arrives without being robbed. The bag had been left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Tuesday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here, under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

Immediately every man in the place, including men, women, and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but at it we went, and began to be alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, but pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul escaped, except some that were drowned in the adjacent bogs, and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are stationed all aroond the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in a great hurry.

P. S. If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write and let me know.

One of the last acts of this strange individual was to introduce a bill into the British Parliament entitled "A bill to provide that every quart bottle shall hold a quart!"

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"My dear colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon time, last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, colonel, to take a little *snuff*, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little *snuff in the sermon?*"

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Quack Announcements.—A correspondent of the *Central Christian Herald* makes the following hit at the announcement of queer subjects, made by preachers in the pulpit and in the papers, for the purpose of drawing a crowd:

Suppose a godly man was to advertise that he should preach, next Sabbath morning, "on the Necessity of Regeneration;" in the afternoon, "on Grieving the Holy Spirit;" and in the evening, "on Faith in Christ." The community would laugh at his simplicity and stay at home. But if it should be noticed that Rev. Mr. B., or Rev. Dr. B., would preach "on War in Heaven, and the part that Young Men and Young Women were to take in it," or "on Paul, the Christian Gentleman," or "a Parallel between Washington and Moses," or "a Parallel between the Dancing of David before the Ark, and the Dancing of Herodias's Daughter before Herod and the Chief Estates of Galilee," there would be a rush to hear this new Gospel. City papers

are full of these quack Gospel advertisements. Now what must be the state of a minister's heart who craves such notoriety? and what must be the result to himself and his hearers of gratifying it?

—

THE HOOP QUESTION.—A gentleman lately conversing with a lady friend, claimed that he could parodize on the hoop question any verse she might choose to repeat. She accordingly rehearsed the following verse from "The Old Sexton:"

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Lean'd a sexton old on his earth-worn spade:
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate:
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin,
"I gather them in, I gather them in."

Whereupon the graceless scamp took his pencil, and thus wrote on a scrap of newspaper lying by:

Nigh to a church that was newly made,
Stood a lady fair, and thus she said:
"Too bad, too bad; I here must wait
While they measure the breadth of this open gate;
Ah! it is only *mine* by *eir*, I see!
Too narrow, too narrow, alas! for me;"
And she sighed from her quivering lips so thin,
"I cannot get in; I cannot get in!"

—

On the marriage of Reuben Wise to Matilda Cheevis:

At length she seized the proffer'd prize,
(A happy one, believe us,)
For matrimony made her Wise;
Before she was Miss Cheevis.

—

A Boston paper tells the following anecdote, in which the editor states a college "chum" of his was the principal actor:

H., a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly waggery than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the brain-coined currency of others as his legitimate "tender." One Monday morning he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A. "smelt a rat," and as H. finished and sat down in the pride of conscious innocence, asked, "Is that original, H.?" "Yes, sir." "Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. "Why, yes, sir," replied H., with imperturbable gravity, and that paste-board countenance he always wore, "it had original over it in the paper I took it from!"

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The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

"Subjecks of Diskusion:
"Is Dansin morralle rong?
'Is the reeding of fictishus wurks commendible?
"Is it necessary that femails should receave a thurrough literary educashun?
"Ort femails to talk parts in pollytix?"

—

HOOD'S VERSION OF SPRING.

"*Ham.*—The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.
Hor.—It is a nipping and an eager air."—HAMLET.

"Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness*, come!"
O! Thompson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows*, as if they came
From Spring, the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows;
From me they cannot win a single stanza,
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
O! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring, mild and gentle!—yes, a Spring-heel'd Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes, too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

—

WHAT WAS I SENT FOR?—An Emerald-islander made his appearance the other day at a general hardware establishment. He was evidently in a state of utter mystification. Turning to the counter, and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, he thus addressed the shopman:

"Why, thin, would your honor be plased to tell me what it is I was sint for?"

"That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?"

"Ah, thin, wouldn't your honor try and make out for me, for the misthress'll be mad if I face home without it."

"What is it like?"

"Why, thin, on the top of it, 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small-pox."

"And what do you do with it?"

"Why, the women pats it on their finger when they're working."

"O! a thimble, I suppose?"

"Yis, to be sure, that's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!"

And so, having been supplied with the required article, he departed in triumph.

On another occasion the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste, exclaiming:

"Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes, as quick as you can!"

"I don't know at all what you want," replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. "We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events, I can't tell what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument."

"Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an' there's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I'll be late for the Macroom car."

"What on earth *do* you want?" cried the

thoroughly perplexed shopman. "What is it for?"

"Wisha, don't be delaying me this way, axing me what 'tis for; but give it to me out of hand, or the masther 'll be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no ase from, only when he's sucking them same bagpipes."

"O!" chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, "I know what he wants—this *Bath pipe*, is it not, my good fellow?" And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in our locality as an excellent remedy for coughs.

"Ah, yes, that's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted!"

Beau Brummel was once sitting at a table with one Bligh, who was known to be insane. The Beau, having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out: "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which, Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said: "Mr. Brummel, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means, without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may be easily imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman, who had loaded weapons about him.

Recent Publications.

Memories of Gennesaret. By the Rev. John R. Macduff. (*Carter & Brothers.*) Mr. Macduff is the author of several evangelical volumes which have been published anonymously. Among them we may mention "Altar Stones," "Words of Jesus," "Footsteps of Saint Paul," and "Memories of Bethany," already favorably noticed in our pages. His name is now, with the volume before us, first given to the public. His aim has been, in pointed and practical style, to group together the varied scenes which give an undying interest to the shores of Tiberias, and he has succeeded in making an attractive and instructive volume. We copy a portion of the chapter entitled "The Sinking Disciple:"

Judging from his peculiar temperament, perhaps when the mysterious phantom form was first seen on the waters, Peter may have been the most craven-hearted of all. While the calm John, or the cool, cautious Thomas, may have looked their danger sternly in the face, he may have seen, in the shadowy figure, nothing but the spirit of the tempest, or the wings of the angel of death, and fled, cowering in terror, to the hold of the vessel. But no sooner does he listen to the comforting, "It is I," than shame and sorrow overwhelm him that he had been so "slow of heart," and in the very rebound from faithlessness to newly awakened joy he resolves by an heroic act to atone for these moments of unworthy pusillanimity. "Lord!" says he, "if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water."

Even yet, however, his voice trembles as he speaks. Neither his faith nor his motives will bear rigid scrutiny. The very word with which he begins his bold and presumptuous request implies a secret *doubt*, "*if* it be thou."

Ah! how often does that guilty word mingle still in our deep midnights of trial; questioning God's voice, God's way, God's will, God's loving wisdom. How apt are we to indulge in unkind, unrighteous surmises; saying, like Martha of Bethany (the "Peter of her sex.") when the Master came to her in the midst of a still darker tempest, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died?" Let us "be still and know that he is God." There is no room for an "*if*" or a "*why*" in all his providential dealings. Shall we own the voice of God, as we stand in the outer world in the loaded air of summer noontide, when from the heavy clouds there issues bolt after bolt of living thunder? and in the moral world shall we refuse to acknowledge and adore the same? Nay; when out, buffeting the sea of trial, "neither sun nor star appearing, and a very great tempest lying upon us;" while others may only hear the rougher accents of the storm, be it ours to recognize the soft undertones of covenant love, and to exclaim, with one who had alike nature, Providence, and grace in his eye when he penned his words: "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters. The God of glory thundereth. The Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful. The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. . . . The Lord sitteth upon the flood, yea the Lord sitteth king for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people. The Lord will bless his people with peace."

But to return to the narrative: While there was doubt and misgiving on the part of Peter, in illustration of that strange union of opposites to which I have referred, there was in conjunction with these, boldness and presumption.

His own thought, doubtless, was to make an avowal of his *faith*; but what he *did* display was *not* faith, but a base counterfeit. It was a degenerate semblance and figure of the true. Rightly named, it was forwardness, fool-hardihood, the haughty spirit which is inevitably succeeded by a fall.

Let us always be careful to give things their proper designation. Let us be specially on our guard against looking at vice and virtue through a distorted medium, giving the name of gold to what may, after all, be base alloy; confounding great heavenly principles with hollow semblances; calling evil good and good evil; putting darkness for light and light for darkness. How often do we hear revenge misnamed honor; passion, spirit; prodigality, generosity; free-thinking, liberality; blasphemy, wit, and *presumption, faith*. In the case before us we may be apt, at first sight, to confuse and confound two feelings and emotions, in themselves widely different. Peter in *appearance* is very magnanimous, nor do we deny (his Lord himself owns it) that there was in his bold deed a certain amount of faith and confidence in Christ's ability and power. So far his conduct was commendable; but there was more of the reverse, more of pride, ambition, rashness.

His faith in his Divine Master would have been tempered with a wiser discretion, and a kindlier regard for the feelings of others, had he simply joined with his fellow-apostles in inviting Jesus into their ship. But he lorded it over them. There was an implied assumption of superiority in the personal request, "Bid *me*." We could not even have quarreled with his conditional "if," had he put it in the form, "If it be *thy* will, Lord." But with a rashness similar to that which drew down an after rebuke, when unbidden he cut off the ear of Malchus, he utters, on his own authority, and more in the tone of a mandate than a proposal, "Bid *me* come." There is a struggle for pre-eminence, a craving to win the highest encomium from his Master, He would wish to make himself out the boldest and bravest of the apostle crew. It is the saying and the falling of a future occasion put in another form and other words, "Though all be offended, yet shall not I."

Doubtless had an injunction to leave the vessel emanated from the lips of Christ it would have been alike his duty and his joy to obey; there would then have been no sinking, no faltering. If the Lord had "given the word" he would have made Peter's "feet like

had been Madame's messenger, and after their acquaintance had ripened, said to him, "Come into my office; I can teach you more in a year than you can learn in ten in an ordinary way." The proposition being submitted to Madame Jumel, she, anxious for the young man's advancement, gladly and gratefully consented. He entered the office. Burr kept him close at his books. He did teach him more in a year than he could have learned in ten in an ordinary way. Burr lived then in Jersey City. His office (28 Nassau street) swarmed with applicants for aid, and he seemed now to have quite lost the power of refusing. In no other respects, bodily or mental, did he exhibit signs of decrepitude.

Some months passed on without his again meeting with Madame Jumel. At the suggestion of the student, who felt most grateful to Burr for the solicitude with which he assisted his studies, Madame Jumel invited Colonel Burr to dinner. It was a grand banquet, at which he displayed all the charms of his manner, and shone to conspicuous advantage. On handing to dinner the giver of the feast, he said: "I give you my hand, Madame; my heart has long been yours." This was supposed to be merely a compliment, and was little remarked at the time. Colonel Burr called upon the lady; called frequently, became ever warmer in his attentions; proposed, at length, and was refused. He still plied his suit, however, and obtained at last, not the lady's consent, but an undecided No. Improving his advantage on the instant, he said, in a jocular manner, that he should bring out a clergyman to Fort Washington on a certain day, and there he would once more solicit her hand.

He was as good as his word. At the time appointed, he drove out in his gig to the lady's residence, accompanied by Dr. Bogart, the very clergyman who, just fifty years before, married him to the mother of his Theodosia. The lady was embarrassed and still refused. But then the scandal! And, after all, why not? Her estate needed a vigilant guardian, and the old house was lonely. After much hesitation, she at length consented to be dressed, and to receive her visitors. And she was married. The ceremony was witnessed only by the members of Madame Jumel's family, and by the eight servants of the household, who peered eagerly in at the doors and windows. The ceremony was over; Mrs. Burr ordered supper. Some bins of M. Jumel's wine cellar, that had not been opened for half a century, were laid under contribution. The little party was a very merry one. The parson in particular, it is remembered, was in the highest spirits, overflowing with humor and anecdote. Except for Colonel Burr's great age, (which was not apparent,) the match seemed not an unwise one.

The lurking fear he had of being a poor and homeless old man was put to rest. She had a companion who had ever been agreeable, and on her estate a steward, than whom no one living was supposed to be more competent.

As a remarkable circumstance connected with this marriage, it may be just mentioned that there was a woman in New York who had aspired to the hand of Colonel Burr, and who, when she heard of his union with another, wrung her hands and shed tears! A feeling of that nature can seldom, since the creation of man, have been excited by the marriage of a man on the verge of fourscore.

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A few days after the wedding, the "happy pair" paid a visit to Connecticut, of which state a nephew of Colonel Burr's was then governor. They were received with attention. At Hartford Burr advised his wife to sell out her shares in the bridge over the Connecticut at that place, and invest the proceeds in real estate. She ordered them sold. The stock was in demand, and the shares brought several thousand dollars. The purchasers offered to pay *her* the money, but she said, "No; pay it to my husband." To him, accordingly, it was paid, and he had it sewed up in his pocket, a prodigious bulk, and brought it to New York, and deposited it in his own bank, to his own credit.

Texas was then beginning to attract the tide of emigration which, a few years later, set so strongly thither. Burr had always taken a great interest in that country. Persons with whom he had been variously connected in life had a scheme on foot for settling a large colony of Germans on a tract of land in Texas. A brig had been chartered, and the project was in a state of forwardness, when the possession of a sum of money enabled Burr to buy shares in the enterprise. The greater part of the money which he had brought from Hartford was invested in this way. It proved a total loss. The time had not yet come for emigration to Texas. The Germans became discouraged and separated, and, to complete the failure of the scheme, the title of the lands in the confusion of the times, proved defective. Meantime, madame, who was a remarkable thrifty woman, with a talent for the management of property, wondered that her husband made no allusion to the subject of the investment; for the Texas speculation had not been mentioned to her. She caused him to be questioned on the subject. He begged to intimate to the lady's messenger that it was no affair of her's, and requested her to remind the lady that she now had a husband to manage her affairs, and one who would manage them.

Coolness between the husband and wife was the result of this colloquy. Then came remonstrances. Then estrangement. Burr got into the habit of remaining at his office in the city. Then, partial reconciliation. Full of schemes and speculations to the last, without retaining any of his former ability to operate successfully, he lost more money, and more, and more. The patience of the lady was exhausted. She filed a complaint accusing him of *infidelity*, and praying that he might have no more control or authority over her affairs. The accusation is now known to have been groundless; nor, indeed, at the time was it seriously believed. It was used merely as the most convenient legal mode of depriving him of control over her property. At first he answered the complaint rigorously, but afterward he allowed it to go by default, and proceedings were carried no further. A few short weeks of happiness, followed by a few months of alternate estrangement and reconciliation, and this union, that begun not inauspiciously, was, in effect, though never in law, dissolved. What is strangest of all is, that the lady, though she never saw her husband during the last two years of his life, cherished no ill-will toward him, and shed tears at his death. To this hour, Madame Jumel thinks and speaks of him with kindness, attributing what was wrong or unwise in his conduct to the infirmities of age.

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English Hearts and English Hands; or, The Railway and the Trenches. As the title indicates, this is an English book, which has been reprinted by the *Messrs. Carter*. It is compiled from a diary kept by one who sought to do good by imparting Scriptural advice and instruction to a class of men little cared for by the generality of Christians, in England or America. They are known there by the name of "Navvies," a word which has not yet been naturalized on this side of the water. Navvies are the men who do the hard work, with shovel and wheelbarrows, on railways, and who appear to be treated even worse in England than in this country. But of this we cannot speak with certainty. No one, that we are aware of, has guaged the depth of the ignorance and depravity of *our* "Navvies," nor sought to alleviate their sufferings. It were well if Christians, earnestly seeking for some field in which to do good, might be incited to look in this direction, by a perusal of these simple records of toil endured and good effected.

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An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, with an Outline Treatise on Logic. By Rev. E. V. GERHART, D.D. The aim of the author is to blend Christianity with philosophy, and to show that they are internally and necessarily connected. In his own language, "As Christ is the principle of Christianity, it follows that he is himself the highest concrete form of the method of thinking, which must underlie and pervade every process of legitimate ratiocination." He admits the difficulties which beset him at every step in the solution of problems that present themselves in the course of his discussions; but he grapples with them resolutely, if not always successfully, and his book cannot fail to promote the end steadily kept in view. The Treatise on Logic is a translation of Beck's work,

which was first printed at Stuttgart in 1845. It is brief, but comprehensive, and is well adapted as a text-book for students.

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Marcus; or, The Boy-tamer, is the title of one the "Aimwell Stories," from the press of Gould & Lincoln. Like the rest of the series, it describes the natural scenes of every-day life, in city and country, at home and at school, in a manner that cannot fail to amuse and profit the youthful reader.

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We have before us the third volume of *The Spanish Conquest in America*, by ARTHUR HELPS. It fully sustains the author's claim to painstaking fidelity and original research, so manifest in the two preceding volumes. *Harper & Brothers.*

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

THE WEATHER.—The winter has been so remarkable for mildness, as to be a subject of remark with everybody. So far as we can learn, nothing like it has been known since the year 1816: then, as now, the preceding summer was a cold one, Indian corn ripening badly. On the 10th of January we saw swarms of the common house-fly enjoying themselves in the open air, and spiders, "sour" bugs, and other insects running out of their hiding-places, apparently at a loss to know whether spring had really come. A week or so later, shoots of roses, in warm exposures, were pushing through the ground, to the length of five or six inches; and in some cases the old wood was breaking into leaf. In the last week in January spiræas were actually in leaf and showing their flower buds, and grape-vines in some places seemed ready to break forth. Vegetation generally seems ready to push into growth, and should the weather hereafter prove cold, we anticipate disastrous results.

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A NEW CHOROZEMA.—We recently dropped in at Mr. Crane's to see a new variety of the chorozema, and were well rewarded for our trouble. It is said to be a seedling from *C. cordata*, and is named *splendens*, a name which it well deserves. The flower is much larger than the parent plant; the colors are bright pink and orange, with a white eye, and the form is very symmetrical. The plant has a robust habit, and blooms freely. We commend it to the attention of our amateur friends.

We alluded, in a former article, to Mr. Crane's grapery. We will add here that the crop ripened off well, and the new wood is all that could be desired. If the experiment in its details should hereafter prove as successful as it has up to the present time, grape growing under glass will have been much simplified.

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ROOM PLANTS.—These will now need frequent exposure to fresh air in mild weather, which may be done by throwing up the sash. Plants making a new growth must be kept near the light, and receive as much sunshine as possible; they will also need additional supplies of water. Insects will begin to accumulate, and should be assiduously destroyed. Fuchsias and some other plants now growing rapidly and breaking into flower, may need re-potting, which must be done without breaking the ball of earth.

APPLES, SELECT LIST OF.—We last month gave a list of pears, containing twenty-five leading varieties; we now present a list of twenty-five varieties of apples. We have prepared it with care, and have embraced in it only such kinds as are known to be first rate. The quality of each kind is briefly stated, so that the reader may suit his taste in making his selection. With the exception of the Newtown Pippin, they are mostly adapted to general cultivation.

American Summer Pear, a medium-sized apple, valuable for all purposes; ripe in August and September; flesh tender and rich flavored. *Early Harvest*, a very useful apple, ripening about the first week in July; flesh tender, juicy, crisp, with a rich sub-acid flavor. *Newtown Pippin*, doubtless the best of all apples, in season from December to May; flesh very juicy, tender, and crisp, with a fine aroma, and a delicious vinous flavor. *Northern Spy*, a splendid apple, in season from January to June; flesh tender, fine grained, with a delicious sub-acid flavor. *Baldwin*, a popular and well-known apple, in season from November to March; flesh juicy and crisp, with a rich sub-acid flavor. *Esopus Spitzenberg*, a handsome and popular apple, in season from December to February; flesh crisp and juicy, with a rich, brisk, delicious flavor. *Vandevere*, an old and favorite variety, in season from October to February; flesh tender, crisp, and juicy, with a rich, sprightly, vinous flavor. *Autumn Sweet Bough*, a fine, sweet, dessert apple, in season from September to October; flesh tender and sweet, with a fine rich flavor. *Yellow Belle Fleur*, a large and handsome fruit, in season from November to March; flesh tender, juicy, and crisp, with a fine sub-acid flavor. *Fall Pippin*, an old and favorite variety, in season from October to December; flesh tender and melting, with a rich flavor. *Jonathan*, a very good and productive orchard fruit, in season from November to March; flesh tender and juicy, with a fine sprightly flavor. *Lady Apple*, a small but exceedingly beautiful fruit, in season from December to May; flesh crisp, tender and juicy, with a pleasant flavor: always brings a high price. *Large Yellow Bough*, a good early fruit, in season from July to August; flesh very tender and sweet, with a fine sprightly flavor. *Melon*, a recent but excellent apple, in season from October to March; flesh tender and juicy, with a rich sub-acid flavor. *Hubbardston Nonsuch*, a

fine, large fruit, in season from October to January; flesh tender and juicy, with a fine flavor. *Gravenstein*, a large and handsome apple, in season from September to November; flesh tender and crisp, with a fine flavor. *Peck's Pleasant*, a large and first-rate fruit, in season from November to March; flesh tender, juicy, and crisp, with a delicious flavor. *Smokehouse*, a superior apple for culinary purposes, in season from September to February; flesh juicy and crisp, with a fine sub-acid flavor. *Rambo*, good for both table and kitchen, in season from October to December; flesh tender, with a rich, sprightly, sub-acid flavor. *Rhode Island Greening*, a most valuable and popular apple, good for all purposes, in season from November to March; flesh tender, juicy, and crisp, with a pleasant sub-acid flavor. *American Golden Russet*, a small but very fine apple, in season from October to January; (must not be confounded with the English Russet;) flesh tender and juicy, with a rich spicy flavor. *Boston* or *Roxbury Russet*, a fine, long-keeping market fruit, in season from January to June; flesh moderately juicy, with a good sub-acid flavor. *Ladies' Sweeting*, the best of winter sweet apples, in season from January to May; flesh very tender, juicy, and crisp, with a delicious perfumed flavor. *Swaar*, a fine large apple, in season from December to March; flesh tender and fine-grained, with a rich aromatic flavor. *Williams's Favorite*, a large and handsome apple, in season from July to September; flesh tender, with a mild, agreeable flavor.

We might add not a few good apples to the above list, but we know of none we should be willing to substitute for those named. A few might be added for cider, such as the *Winesop* and *Harrison*, the best of their class. Fruit must always, especially near large cities, be a profitable crop; and we therefore say to all, Plant fruit trees, if not for market, at least a few for your own domestic use.

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Hot-Beds.—Where a suitable exposure and material can be had, a hot-bed is an "institution" not to be dispensed with. Few, comparatively, know its value for forwarding early vegetables and tender flowers, or its luxury in enabling us to enjoy the more tender and delicate vegetable productions, both in and out of season. There are several ways of making a hot-bed, differing, however, only in detail, the principle in all being the same. The best material, for a permanent, uniform heat, we have found to be leaves from the woods; the most common material, however, is recent manure from the stable. Our brief limits will not allow us to describe both methods at this time, and we therefore confine our remarks to the latter. The hot-bed is sometimes made below and sometimes above ground; for ordinary purposes the first is the best, but the latter where a brisk heat is required for rapid forcing, since the heat is more rapidly renewed when it gets low. The frames should be made of sound plank; the back of the frame may be two feet high, and the front about fifteen inches, the difference between the two forming a suitable slope. The frame may be of any desired length, and the width six feet; the sashes may be six by three feet, which is a convenient size. The frame may be made into compartments, or narrow slips may be nailed on to support the sashes. The frame having been prepared, dig a pit of the same size in some dry spot open to the south. The pit should be about two feet deep. When dug, set the frame on, and fasten it securely; then fill up the pit to the depth of two feet with fresh stable manure, spreading it out evenly; then cover the manure with some six or eight inches of good mold, and put on the sashes. In two or three days the rank steam will have passed off, when the mold should be stirred to destroy such weeds as may have begun to grow. After this the seed may be sown either broadcast or in drills; the latter is to be preferred. It will be necessary to destroy the weeds as they appear, and protect the frames from the effects of sudden changes in the weather, especially at night. This is readily done by covering the frames with mats. If the heat should run down, it may be restored by watering the bed a few times with warm water. A hot-bed like this is well adapted to growing early lettuce, cabbage plants, tomatoes, radishes, melons, etc.; and it will also do to forward tender annuals. The plants intended to be pricked out should be gradually hardened by the admission of fresh air, and occasional exposure to the direct rays of the sun; and as the weather grows warm the sashes may be entirely removed.

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Poultry.—Some of our friends complain that their hens do not lay in winter. One reason of this may doubtless be found in the absence of suitable shelter; it may also be owing in some measure to the want of good judgment in the selection and preparation of food. In regard to the first, the poultry house should be so constructed as to afford light and warmth, with ventilation, and room for exercise. It will be necessary, in very cold weather, to shut the poultry in; for they are naturally so impatient of confinement that to avoid it they will expose themselves to the severest weather. The house should likewise be kept clean and free from vermin; an occasional coat of whitewash, applied hot, will effect this purpose. In regard to food, it should from time to time be changed, or be of a mixed nature, such as corn, oats, buckwheat, scraps from the table, etc.; and in winter the food should frequently be given warm. Boiled potatoes, fed warm, are one of the best provocatives to "laying" that we have any knowledge of; they should be given two or three times a week. These precautions, with a large yard to run in, supplied with a heap of wood ashes and gravel, will generally insure good health and an abundant supply of eggs, even during the winter. But there may be another reason why our friends' hens do not lay in winter, which the above directions will fail to meet; we allude to the degeneration of poultry by injudicious and long-continued breeding "in and in." There are some who take a peculiar delight in breeding distinct such varieties as please their fancy, and we are among the number; but we find it necessary to introduce new blood occasionally, which sometimes is a matter of much trouble. Where the different varieties are allowed to mix, the trouble is very small: an exchange of

poultry can be made with some neighbor with mutual advantage. None but the best laying hen should be selected to breed from, and the male bird should be possessed of great courage and stamina. Attention to these matters will insure an excellent breed of fowls. It may be stated as an axiom, "that hens that lay well in summer *ought* to lay well in winter," and *will*, if judiciously cared for.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—Cowper.

Intelligence received from Utah states that the Mormons are constructing blockhouses, ditches, etc., along a deep and narrow defile through which the Salt Lake City road passes, called Echo Canon, and that this canon is now occupied by three thousand Mormons, who are anticipating our approach. Serious apprehensions are entertained as to the fate of several parties of California emigrants who passed through Salt Lake City during the past autumn, as a report had reached Washington that they had been attacked and massacred by an armed band of Indians, led on by a Mormon bishop and several saints. General Scott has completed the arrangements for the spring and summer campaign against them, and the War Department has asked Congress for an appropriation of one million two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, to pay for four millions eight hundred and eighty thousand rations for the subsistence of the Utah expedition for twenty months from the 1st of July next—that amount being required for five thousand six hundred and six soldiers, two hundred women, three hundred servants, and one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four employés. There was a report current in Washington that M. Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate, had made proposals to our government to purchase the city improvements in Salt Lake City, when the Mormons would vacate Utah, and colonize on some of the islands of the sea outside of the jurisdiction of the United States. . . . *We learn from Greytown* that the treaty between Nicaragua and Costa Rica has been signed, and that President Martinez and quite a number of superior officers of the armies of both republics were enjoying themselves at Greytown. They had visited the Wabash and thanked Commodore Paulding for dispersing the filibusters. . . . *The commission of Hon. Nathan Clifford*, as Associate Judge, was read in the Supreme Court, on the 21st of January, when Chief Justice Taney administered to him the oath of office. After receiving the congratulations of his associates, Judge Clifford took his seat. . . . *The President* has issued a proclamation for the sale of a very large quantity of public lands in Iowa, in June and July, at the various land offices in that state. Some of them lie each side the line of the railroads. . . . *A bill* has been introduced in the Senate of the State of New York to enable aliens to hold real estate. . . . At the election in Kansas, on the 4th of January, the Free-State party were triumphant, electing all their candidates by an average majority of four hundred and fifteen. . . . *A homestead bill*, on the old model of a quarter section of land to each head of a family who will occupy and cultivate it, has been introduced in the Senate . . . *The Rhode Island Banks* resumed specie payments last month, according to previous arrangements made with the great New England regulator, the Suffolk Bank of Boston. . . . *A resolution* has been introduced into the United States House of Representatives, calling for a committee of five to the investigation of the bribery charges made in connection with the Middlesex Mills, (Mass.,) and to know who, if any one, were the receivers of the money. . . . *Six thousand six hundred dollars* were taken up by contribution for the American Board of Foreign Missions, in Rev. Nehemiah Adams's church, Boston, last month, after a sermon by the pastor. . . . *The tippling law* of 1845–6—a very stringent one—has been enacted by the Legislature of Tennessee at its present session. It provides for any quantity of fines and small imprisonments. . . . *The insurance* of one thousand five hundred dollars upon the life of Bishop Henshaw, of Massachusetts, who died in Maryland, in 1852, has been resisted, and will probably not be paid by the State Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Worcester, on the ground that the change of climate brought on his death, and that he had no right to go so far South without their consent. . . . *William Strickland*, who was driven out of Mobile two years ago on the charge of selling abolition books, a few days ago returned to that place to settle up his business, was at once again ordered to leave the town without delay, and did so. A great country this! . . . *A steam corvette*, the Wanjoor, built for the Russian government, and to be used on the Amoor River, was launched at East Boston recently. . . *Late intelligence* from the Sandwich Islands states that in the case of a sailor who deserted from the American whale-ship *Condor* to the British ship *Vixen*, claiming protection as a British subject, the man was returned, after a legal struggle, on the ground that the flag of his vessel fixed his allegiance for the time being. . . . *The new treaty* made between the United States government and Senor Yrisarra had reached Nicaragua, but action upon it would be delayed until the arrival of the new American, English and French ministers. The arrival of Walker at San Juan del Norte had hurried Nicaragua and Costa Rica into arranging their differences and making a new treaty of peace and boundaries, by which the territory of Guanacaste, so long in dispute between the two governments, is definitely ceded to Costa Rica, which thus obtains a joint jurisdiction over the San Juan River. In case the contract made by Senor Yrisarra with the Interoceanic Canal Company should fall through, no new contract is to be made by Nicaragua without consulting the other Central American governments. Mr. Allen had entered a protest against this contract.

The Rev. John Knox, D.D., of the Reformed Dutch Church in this city, died on the eighth of January. On the Tuesday preceding he fell, having by some mistake lost his balance, from the back piazza of his house. He was taken up, motionless and unconscious, and remained so until his death. He was a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Dickinson College, and entered upon the pastoral office in this city in 1816. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age. . . . *The Rev. Elijah Hebbard*, for more than half a century a preacher of the Gospel, died at Geneva, New York, on the twenty-fifth of January. He was born at Coxsackie, in this state, in September, 1788. . . . *The interments* in the four principal Northern cities for the past year are stated to be as follows: New York, 23,370; Philadelphia, 10,950; Baltimore, 5,524; and Boston, 4,005. . . . *A fire* took place in one of the public schools in Brooklyn, in January, and before the children could be taken out an alarm was given when they became terror-stricken and rushed for the doors in such numbers that six of them were suffocated and taken out dead.

Several others were much injured. . . . *The dry goods* imports at this port for 1857 reached $90,534,129; against $93,862,893 in 1856; $64,974,062 in 1855; and $89,842,936 in 1854. . . . *A Bequest* of five thousand dollars was made by Isaac M. Ireland, of Salem, Massachusetts, who died in January, to the Crombie-street Church of that town. . . . *Chapman School Building*, East Boston, took fire on Thursday, January 21, but by the presence of mind of the teachers all the school was dismissed without the scholars being aware of the cause. The fire, which was confined to the basement, was then extinguished. . . . *Mormon Emigration* from Europe has been stopped by the agents of that sect abroad during the pending difficulty; as it is uncertain where they may be called to emigrate. . . . *Jeremiah Spencer*, now living at Torrington, Connecticut, is said to be the last survivor of the massacre of Wyoming, made sacred by history and by Thomas Campbell. . . . *The people* of Fall River, Massachusetts, last month held a public meeting to consider the propriety of petitioning the State Legislature to repeal their city charter, and to restore their town mode of government. The amount of taxes is supposed to be the cause of the movement. . . . *The Supreme Court of Judges* of Pennsylvania have memorialized the Legislature to abolish the General Court Districts, and fix the sessions of the Supreme Court at some one accessible point. . . . *Hydrophobia*, caused by the bite of a dog fifteen years ago, occurred in Massachusetts a few weeks since, and the victim died in consequence. . . . *Eli Thayer's Colony* at Ceredo, Northwestern Virginia, is said to be exhibiting symptoms of decay and dissolution, and a considerable number of the colonists have returned to Massachusetts in want and disgust. . . . *A claim* worth two millions of dollars, covering nearly all the central part of Dayton, Ohio, has been established in favor of a lady residing at Rahway, New Jersey. . . . *Seventy-five thousand dollars* of the two hundred thousand necessary for the purchase of Mount Vernon, have already been raised and put out at interest. The work of gathering the remainder is progressing fairly. . . . *The Fishing Bounty* due to the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the first of January, was seventy thousand dollars, evidencing that the season had been one of the most productive on record. . . . *Governor Pollock's last act* before vacating the gubernatorial chair of Pennsylvania was the pardon of John Capie, who six years since killed Emmons in a street fight in Philadelphia. . . . *A Rebellion* has broken out in the Red River Country (British possessions) against the Hudson's Bay Company's government; the people desiring to be annexed to Canada as a means of preventing the absorption of the district by the United States.

Financial affairs in England and on the Continent are rapidly improving. . . . *A court circular* reiterates the report, that the hand of the Princess Alice is to be asked for the Prince of Orange, though no official information of such a demand has yet transpired. . . . *Lord Harrowby* has resigned the office of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal on account of ill health, and had been succeeded by the Marquis of Clanricarde. The Earl of Spencer is dead, and Lord Althorp, his son, who has just returned from this country, succeeds him in the earldom. . . . *Intelligence* has been received in England of the partial burning of the steamship Sarah Sands, while on her way from England to India with troops. She burned for fifteen hours, and until she was very nearly a shell; but the unrelaxed efforts of all on board finally succeeded in conquering the flames, and put in, with no lives lost, to Mauritius for repairs. . . . *No prize-money* is to be allowed to the British soldiery for the property of British subjects retaken in the India rebellion; an announcement which has created much dissatisfaction in the army. . . . *One hundred vessels*, that had tarried too long at Cronstadt, trusting to the late closing of the Baltic, have been caught in the ice there, and cannot be released before May next. Some twenty of them are American. . . . *The launch* of the Leviathan progressed rapidly, the vessel having moved thirty-five feet forward in two days. She had seven and a half feet of water under her at high water, and in fifteen feet she would float. . . . *The English garrison in Lucknow* was relieved by the troops under command of Sir Colin Campbell on the 19th of November, and the sick and wounded and women and children sent in safety to Cawnpore. The British commander-in-chief reached Alumbagh on the 12th of November, and engaged the Sepoy army next morning. The rebel forces fought with such energy and determination that the conflict, or series of fights, endured for six days, when the mutineers were routed, and General Havelock, with his command, saved. During these engagements Sir Colin Campbell was wounded slightly, and had four of his officers killed and forty others wounded. It was said that Sir Colin had twenty-two thousand men under his command, with which force he would march to the conquest of Oude. English re-enforcements were pouring in daily. The Sepoys had been dispersed at Musserabad, Mehidpore, Malwa, and Rohilcund. Twenty-four members of the royal family of Delhi, with a powerful rebel chief, had been executed near Delhi. The Punjab was quiet, but there was a slight rising in the southern Muratha country.

We learn from India that General Havelock died at Lucknow, on the twenty-fifth of December, of dysentery, induced by mental anxiety and exposure. General Wyndham, with his division, consisting of a little over two thousand men, attacked a force of the Gwalior mutineers, numbering eight thousand, on the twenty-seventh of November. The rebels were marching from Calpee toward Cawnpore, and fought desperately, causing the English troops to retreat, with the loss of nearly the whole of the sixty-fourth regiment. Sir Colin Campbell, however, completely routed this body of mutineers on the seventh of December, destroying all their ammunition, bullocks, and grain, and capturing sixteen of their guns. These Gwalior mutineers were the great obstacle to the tranquillity of Central India. . . . *Additional dispatches* from India, dated at Calcutta, state that on the twenty-fourth of November Sir Colin Campbell evacuated Lucknow in the presence of the whole force of Oude, and retired to Cawnpore, carrying with him all the treasure of the former place and several prisoners of state. The Gwalior contingent was regarded as annihilated after the attacks of Generals Wyndham, Campbell, and Grant. . . . *We have*, besides the death of General Havelock, to record the deaths of three other celebrated personages, Madame Rachel, Field Marshal Radetzky, and Redschid Pasha.

The French Senate was convened on the 18th of January. All the exiled generals have received unconditional permission to return to France. . . . *An attempt* to take the life of Louis Napoleon was made by several Italian conspirators, as he was entering the Opera House in Paris, by the explosion of projectiles, one of which pierced his hat. The explosion was so terrific that five persons were killed and sixty wounded, eleven of whom are in a dangerous condition. Many arrests had been made.

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THE

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APRIL, 1858.

BISHOP WAUGH.

ONE by one the links that bind us to the heroic age of Methodism are breaking. There still survive a few of the men who shared the toils of Asbury, and who can tell us, from personal knowledge, of the grand deeds, the noble sacrifices, and the splendid triumphs of the fathers and founders of the Church. But every year diminishes the number of the patriarchs that join us to that glorious past; and soon we shall know it only by tradition. God grant that, whatever else betide, the Church may never lose the power of the Holy Spirit which nerved the arms and strengthened the hearts of the heroes of Methodism in its first half century in America!

BEVERLY WAUGH was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the 25th of October, 1789. Of his early history we have not been able to get any accurate information in time for this number of THE NATIONAL; but doubtless full accounts will appear hereafter. He obtained a good and substantial education, and was employed, at one time, as a clerk in one of the government offices at Washington. His early experience in business was of great use to him in after life, especially in the Book Agency. Among other things he acquired a clear, bold, and yet peculiar handwriting, which he retained to the last year of his life.

At an early age he was brought within the influence of Methodist preaching, and he was converted while yet a boy. At fifteen he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He thus escaped the common follies and vices of youth; from the beginning he was "of good report," both in the Church and out of it. It is seldom, indeed, that such a character as Bishop Waugh's is built upon any other foundation than that of early piety. It is but rarely that those who spend their youth in sin are able in after life to gain a Christian life so pure and so symmetrical. The old wounds may be healed, but the scars remain. In those early days of Methodism every young man of mark and promise was watched by many vigilant eyes. The Lord of the harvest needed laborers; his servants thought it no small part of their duty to find out helpers for the field, and to thrust them out. No young man was allowed to rest long after his conversion without having his "gifts" tested in the class-meeting, in the prayer-meeting, or on the exhorter's stand. The itinerant preacher of those days, though the servant of all, was yet looked upon as the leader of the flock; and he commanded with authority. Enoch George was presiding elder of the Alexandria district in 1804 and 1805; William Watters was stationed in Washington and Seely Bunn in Georgetown. These were not the men to let young Waugh escape. It was soon clear to others, if it was not to himself, that a dispensation of the Gospel was committed unto him. But he was then, as always, endowed with feelings tender, but strong, and sometimes overmastering. His physical system was that which accompanies and subserves powerful passions and an energetic will. Brain, and heart, and veins were large; the tide of life flowed strong and vigorous in his masculine organization. As is usual with such natures, his conflicts were great. A scrap from his diary, written, we believe, when he was about nineteen years of age, gives a slight glimpse of his state of mind in view of his probable entrance upon the work of the ministry:

> But, O my soul! there is yet another duty required; and must I take up the cross and follow Jesus? Must I give up my dear relations; my father, his house, his lands, my brothers and sisters, and must I give up my own will and be directed by God to call sinners to repentance, or I cannot be his disciple? I *must*: the word of truth declares I must. Good Lord, I want to live and be thy disciple. But how can I declare the word of God to man? Serious and solemn calling! Lord, and must I go? Have I been saying to my soul I will not? If I have, Lord forgive me. I want to be a faith-

ful and obedient servant of God! Yet O! the greatness of this work; to preach the Gospel, who is able? Lord, if I must speak for thee, and declare thy will to men, speak, O speak through me, and by me, or rather let me never attempt it. I pray thee, O God! to qualify me for this work.

In 1809 he was received on trial into the Baltimore Conference, and sent to Stafford circuit as junior preacher. His first field of labor was thus in the immediate neighborhood of his birth-place; but so excellent had been his reputation that there was no peril in sending the youthful prophet to "his own country," to preach among his own kindred. In 1810 he was sent to Greenbrier circuit, where he had Christopher Frye for a presiding elder, an inestimable advantage at that early period of his ministry. In 1811 he was admitted into full connexion and ordained deacon. So greatly had his reputation for capacity and discretion grown in these two years of service that it was thought safe to station him, in the third year, as preacher-in-charge of Washington City; and, two years later, he was appointed junior preacher in the city of Baltimore. Forty-five years have passed away; again and again within that time do we find him on the Minutes as stationed at Baltimore or Washington; and now that he has laid down his life among that same people and their descendants, his name in all their borders is "like ointment poured forth." Among the people before whom he walked from his childhood unto the day of his death, there was none to bring aught against him when he stood up among them, like Samuel, old and gray-headed, a prince and a judge in Israel; and when he died they gathered together, from their homes in city and country, they and their children, to follow him to the grave with tears and reverence.

We need not follow him through his successive years of pastoral service; it is enough to name his appointments: In 1814 and 1815 he labored on Montgomery circuit, and in 1816 on Berkley. In 1817 stationed again in Washington, and in 1818 returned to Baltimore city. In 1819 and 1820 he had charge of Fell's Point, Baltimore. In 1821 and 1822, Georgetown, District of Columbia. In 1823 and 1824 Frederick, Maryland. In 1825 and 1826 in Baltimore city station, and in 1827 East Baltimore. This was his last appointment to the pastoral work. In all these years he gave full proof of his ministry by abundant labors and by the great success which, under God, attended him in his work. How early, and how completely he secured the confidence of his brethren in the ministry appears from the fact that, in 1816, when he had only been three years an ordained elder, he was elected a delegate to the General Conference. The same mark of confidence was shown to him in 1820 and 1828. He would doubtless have been elected also in 1824, but for the party spirit awakened by the famous "Presiding Elder Question," in which he took sides with Hedding, Emory, Griffith, and others of the noblest ranks of Methodism, in favor of making the office elective. He was especially a vigorous advocate of the resolutions of 1820, which passed the General Conference of that year by a majority of two thirds, and which read as follows:

Resolved, That whenever, in any annual conference, there shall be a vacancy, or vacancies in the office of presiding elder, in consequence of his period of service of four years having expired, or the bishop wishing to remove any presiding elder, or by death, resignation, or otherwise, the bishop, or president of the conference, having ascertained the number wanted from any of these causes, shall nominate three times the number, out of which the conference shall elect by ballot, without debate, the number wanted; provided, when there is more than one wanted, not more than three at a time shall be nominated, nor more than one at a time elected; provided also, that in case of any vacancy or vacancies in the office of presiding elder in the interval of any annual conference, the bishop shall have authority to fill the said vacancy or vacancies until the ensuing annual conference.

Resolved, That the presiding elders be, and hereby are made the advisory council of the bishops, or president of the conference, in stationing the preachers.

It is well known that these resolutions, after having passed the General Conference by the large vote above-named, were suspended for four years, chiefly through the influence of Bishop M'Kendree and of Mr. Soule, who was elected bishop in that year, but not consecrated. The subject was agitated largely in several of the annual conferences between 1820 and 1824, and not without heat and bitterness. The advocates of the change were charged with disloyalty to the institutions of the Church, and especially with designing to weaken, if not to destroy the episcopacy. It is not a little singular that three of the foremost men in the movement (Hedding,

Emory, and Waugh) were themselves afterward elected bishops.

The party with whom Mr. Waugh acted were in a minority in the Baltimore Conference in 1824, and, consequently, he was not elected to the General Conference of that year. The subject soon lost its importance amid the greater agitations of the so-called "radical controversy," which convulsed the Church in the Middle States between 1824 and 1828. In this time of strife and peril Mr. Waugh stood up with Emory, Hanson, Bond, Griffith, and other noble defenders of the institutions of Methodism, to maintain the old landmarks, and to save the Church from falling into the hands of the incompetent men who prided themselves on being the leaders of "reform," but were, in reality, only agents of an attempted revolution. In 1828 he was elected to the General Conference, and by that body he was chosen Assistant Book Agent, John Emory being the senior.

Accordingly, in June, 1828, he removed to the city of New-York, and resided there for eight years, four of which he filled as assistant and four as senior agent. These years were the most laborious, and perhaps not the least useful, of his whole life; but we have also reason to believe that they were among the most painful and unhappy. For a minister of the Gospel the post is an irksome one, at best, and one only to be filled from a sense of duty to the Church, in guarding the fountains of our literature, which has been so powerful an adjuvant to the labors of the ministry, from the beginnings of Methodism until the present day. But Mr. Waugh's peculiar temperament, and the circumstances of the business itself during the time of his connection with it, combined to make its labors distasteful to him in a more than common degree. He had, undoubtedly, special aptitudes for the work, in his natural talent for business, and in his early training; and his administration of the office was eminently faithful and successful.

The writer of this article was bookkeeper of the establishment during part of Mr. Waugh's term of service, and had, therefore, ample opportunity of observing his business habits, as well as of learning his personal character. At half past seven every morning Mr. Waugh could be found in his office, and his work only ended with the closing of the buildings at night. His conscientiousness in attending to the details of business was perhaps extreme; at one time he had even undertaken to keep the books himrelf, and at that period the book-keeping of the Concern was perhaps as laborious and complicated a task as that of any business house in America. His anxiety about the affairs of the Concern amounted even to nervousness; every mishap, every error or neglect of clerks, printers, or binders, annoyed him like a personal injury. Yet no man could be more gentle and patient with subordinates; true gentleman as he was, he never domineered over an inferior. But his gentleness was obviously the fruit of self-control and of Christian culture; naturally, as has been said, he was a man of strong passions. To see him, as the writer has seen him, under circumstances of rare and unusual provocation, was a lesson worth studying. You could see the blood mounting to the brain, and gradually suffusing and darkening the face up to the roots of the hair; and you could not mistake the signs of the strong struggle that was going on within. But no word passed his lips till this struggle was over: the broad forehead would gradually whiten before the reproof, the regret, or the command would be uttered. The Book Concern has had among its agents many eminent and excellent men; but of them all none has ever more fully secured the respect, and at the same time the sympathy of the *employés* of the establishment than Beverly Waugh.

The eight years of his term of service were nearly at an end, and the Book Concern was perhaps enjoying the highest degree of prosperity ever known in its history up to that time, when, on the 18th of February, 1836, it was destroyed by fire. The loss in buildings, stock, material, presses, plates, etc., amounted to nearly three hundred thousand dollars. As many of our young readers have grown up since this event, we give the following extract from Dr. Bangs's account of it:

> I was awakened about four o'clock, A.M., by a ringing at my door, and a voice which apprised me that the Book Room was on fire! I sprung from my bed, dressed, called my two sons who were at home, and repaired with all possible speed to the scene of conflagration. I hoped, at least, to save the library. But the smoke

was already issuing from the windows of my office, and the flames from other parts of the house! Here I found the agents, who were on the spot before me. The hydrants were frozen, and the waters were thrown but feebly, though all exerted themselves to their utmost. We saw that all was gone. Suddenly, and with a tremendous crash, the roof fell in! The flames seemed to ascend in curling eddies to the heavens, carrying with them fragments of books and papers, which the winds swept over the city to the eastward, as if to carry the news of the sad disaster to our distant friends. Indeed, a leaf of a Bible was found about three miles from the place, on which the following verse was but just legible: "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Isa. lxiv, 11.

While standing upon the smoking ruins, about ten o'clock in the morning, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church informed me that this leaf had been picked up in the city of Brooklyn, and that it was in the possession of a gentleman in the lower part of the city, a bookseller, in Pearl-street. I requested a friend to call and ascertain the fact, and if possible to obtain the relic, which seemed precious in my estimation. He accordingly called, and found it was even so; but the gentleman, wishing to preserve it as a memento of this disastrous event, and as an evidence of the truth of his own statement, declined to surrender it to another.

Our "beautiful house," and all our "pleasant things"—our books and printing and binding apparatus—were indeed "burned up with fire!" But the fire-proof vault had, by the skillful management of the firemen, preserved the account books, and most of the registry books for subscribers were saved by the timely exertions of the clerk of that department. The rest was gone, except about three hundred dollars' worth of books, and some of the iron work, stone, and brick about the building.

The writer of this paper stood, on that bitter winter morning, beside Mr. Waugh, looking upon the fearful conflagration. The dark cloud was upon that noble face; a cloud of deep sadness, almost of despair, and no wonder. The flames had gone so far that it was clear little or nothing could be saved, and, to add to the weight of the disaster, there was but a small amount of insurance, as most of the companies had been wrecked by the great New York fire two months before, in which twenty millions of property had been destroyed. Mr. Waugh was greatly depressed; at a meeting held in behalf of the Concern in the Greene-street Church, on the Monday following, he said that "by Almighty grace he had ever been able to prevent temporal matters obtruding themselves on the sanctity of the day of rest, but he must candidly admit the recent calamity so overwhelmed him, that anxious care had harassed him on the preceding Sabbath."

That meeting showed how strong a hold the Concern had upon the heart of Methodism, and how strong, also, was the public confidence in the editors and agents. Able and effective speeches were made by Dr. Bangs, Francis Hall, Esq., and others, but the weight of the occasion of course fell upon Mr. Waugh, the senior Book Agent. His weight of character gave additional authority and power to his clear statements and urgent appeal; and twenty-five thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot. The news soon spread throughout the land, and contributions rapidly flowed in from every quarter of the country. The sum raised amounted, at last, to about one hundred thousand dollars, and as the establishment, through the excellent management of the agents, was free from debt, this amount of cash capital, with the unlimited credit at the command of the Concern, soon placed it upon a better footing than ever.

During his stay in New-York, Mr. Waugh was not only indefatigable as Book Agent, but also instant, in season and out of season, in all Christian labors. Every Sunday, when in health, he preached in one of the churches of the city or vicinity; and always with general acceptance. He was accustomed to say, however, that he could not preach at this time with the freedom and power that marked his ministry while in the regular pastoral work; and we may well believe it. It was only now and then that New York audiences had a true specimen of his preaching; under some special manifestation of the Holy Spirit, and in seasons of revival, his preaching was unsurpassed in point of earnestness, unction, and effect. This was especially the case in the great revival of 1831 and 1832; and the writer can well remember the almost terrific power of some of Mr. Waugh's exhortations to sinners in that time of awakening. But perhaps his greatest power lay in the gift of importunate and believing prayer; it was the wrestling of an earnest and forceful nature, imbued thoroughly with love to Christ and love for souls, taking hold fast and firmly of the promises of God. It seemed, sometimes, as though these potent prayers of his would take heaven by storm. Mr. Disosway speaks of one of these occasions when, after Mr.

Waugh's preaching had produced wondrous awakening, and crowded the altar with penitents, who had in haste fled to it while he preached, he continued preaching from the pulpit down into the altar, where, lifting up holy hands over one after another of them, as though he possessed the keys of the kingdom, he cried out, "Lord, bless this soul;" and one after another arose, as if the life of God had entered into their souls, giving thanks for the unspeakable gift!

At the General Conference of 1836, held in Cincinnati, Mr. Waugh was elected one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this capacity he is so widely known in all parts of the land that no general eulogium of ours is necessary; while as to the details of his service, neither our limits nor the materials within our reach will allow us to dilate. His episcopal labors will find a more fitting chronicler hereafter. A brief but comprehensive memoir of him by Bishop Morris, published in the *Western Christian Advocate*, states that

> He shared with his colleagues the toil and responsibility of the general oversight, and of presiding over five sessions of the General Conference, some of which were the most laborious and stormy ever known in the history of our Church. He presided, on an average, over about seven conferences a year, or say one hundred and fifty in all; and so tenacious was he of performing his whole duty, that, sick or well, he seldom called an elder to relieve him from the chair a moment. The number of days he spent in presiding and carefully watching over and directing the proceedings of ecclesiastical bodies must have been over a thousand.
>
> The rule requiring the bishops to appoint the preachers annually, under certain limitations and exceptions, was carefully and faithfully executed by Bishop Waugh for nearly twenty-two years. The average number of preachers appointed by him per annum, was, probably, five hundred and fifty, or say twelve thousand in all. What a fearful responsibility was involved! How many hard cases were decided! How severely were his sympathies taxed! How many disappointed expectants, both among preachers and people, to worry him with complaints, or petitions for relief not in his power to afford! But his principle of action under the rule was the good of the work first, and the accommodation of parties second. To this principle he adhered under all circumstances to the best of his judgment, and in doing so maintained at once the integrity of the Episcopal administration and the confidence of his brethren generally, both in the ministry and laity. The number of deacons and elders ordained by Bishop Waugh during his entire superintendence was, probably, from two thousand five hundred to three thousand.

In the discharge of the episcopal duties Bishop Waugh was perhaps as fully acceptable to the Church, in all its length and breadth, as any of our bishops have been. None doubted his devotion to the cause of Christ, his loyalty to the Church, or the impartiality and integrity which he brought to the administration of his high functions. His noble and commanding frame, the firmness, tempered with benignity, indicated, in the strongly-marked, yet fine features of his countenance, the depth and fulness of his voice—all these physical elements combined to add dignity to his calm demeanor in the chair. Of late years, after his hair had been whitened by time and suffering, there was a grandeur in his presence rarely seen; combined with a simplicity so unaffected, it was rarer still. While he was generally strict in enforcing the rules of order, he carried forbearance as far as was consistent with duty. His self-control was rarely ruffled. At the memorable General Conference held in New-York in 1844, the debates, as is well known, were earnest, heated, and sometimes almost stormy. In the height of the excitement, two members rose at almost the same moment—a Northern and a Southern man. Bishop Waugh gave the floor to the Southern member; the other, with some warmth, said that "the eye of the chair seemed always directed toward the South." The bishop said nothing till the speaker on the floor had finished, and then quietly remarked that "the brother was mistaken; the member from the South had first caught his eye." This simple explanation satisfied the whole body, and doubtless even the member who thought himself aggrieved needed no further apology.

In the discharge of his official duties, prudence was one of Bishop Waugh's most marked characteristics. He took no important step in haste, or without weighing, as far as possible, all its bearings upon the interests and feelings of others, and of the Church. This quality, cultivated by long habit, gave him, in his latter years, great weight in the counsels of the Church; and all who went to him for advice knew that if he gave it at all he would give it with wisdom and with judgment. His cares and solicitudes were more and more centered in the Church as he grew older; and of late his anxieties for her welfare, in view of the elements

of distraction at work, became sometimes excessive.

For many years before his death Bishop Waugh suffered greatly in his physical health. The symptoms were alarming; difficulty of breathing, pain in the chest, and occasional syncope, all indicating that the heart, the center of life, had been invaded by disease. These indications would have been sufficient to justify, in the eyes of the Church, his retirement from active duty; and it is possible that rest and quiet might have prolonged his life for many years. But it was not in his nature, nor within his sense of duty, to cease from toil while toil was possible. And so he went on, suffering, yet uncomplaining, from conference to conference, braving pain with calm endurance, and working up, amid his weakness, almost to the standard of other men's strength. During the last year (1857) he presided over six conferences, from Vermont in the east to Indiana in the west, besides assisting his colleagues at several others. Those who attended these last conferences with him, speak of an unusual tenderness and Christian gentleness in his deportment, as well as of marked fervor and unction in his preaching and in his prayers. He was evidently ripening for heaven. It was his habit, generally, to dismiss the conferences—sometimes leading the singing himself—with the lines:

"'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come;"

and the trustful spirit of this beautiful stanza grew in him more and more to the end.

During the early part of the winter he was able to preach and to attend the services of public worship regularly in Baltimore. About a fortnight before his death he was invited to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where a great revival of religion was in progress. He was always deeply interested in the prosperity of Dickinson College, of which he was a trustee; and he always rejoiced to hear of the spread of religion among the students. This invitation, therefore, touched special sympathies of his, and he accepted it. He preached several sermons with apostolic zeal, in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; but in preaching the two last he had great difficulty in pronouncing his words distinctly. The hand of death was on him. Still, on the night before his departure from Carlisle, he gathered the young converts about the altar and gave them a parting address, full of wisdom and of love. What a privilege! How will those Christian converts treasure up these last utterances of the aged Christian bishop, who blessed them in the name of his Master, and then went home to die!

On his arrival at home he was taken with violent erysipelas, but through the skill of his attending physician, Dr. Dulin, the disorder had fully yielded, so much so, indeed, that he was able to sit up and converse a little with his friends on the day before his death. On the morning of that day he led the family devotions, his now widowed consort reading the Scriptures, and he in his bed offering up to God the daily orison of a devout and trusting heart. On the evening of the same day a brother clergyman being present, he desired him to perform the family service, in which he was joined by our deceased brother in exclamations of thanksgivings. On the night of his demise those in his room heard him constantly engaged in a low and feeble voice in prayer. He first prayed for the Church, asking a heavenly blessing on the labors of the ministers of Christ; and then he pleaded fervently and earnestly for the prosperity of the missionary work; and then, with the heart of a Christian parent, interceded with his heavenly Father for his family.

He shortly after retired for sleep, and in a brief interval sounds of distress were heard, and even before his family could be summoned, or medical relief be procured, he ceased to breathe, and rendered up his spirit to the God that gave it, his last words indicating that calmness and resignation that had been one of the most beautiful features of his life.

In a conversation with a brother shortly preceding his demise, the subject of "death" was introduced, the brother remarking that "dying" was not the proper expression, but that "falling asleep" was the most suitable one. The bishop replied, "Yes! that is the proper expression—falling asleep." A few moments after, so calmly, so relying on the promises and mercies of God, he fell asleep—"fell asleep in Jesus."

THE SURE WITNESS.

The summer woods had spread
Shadows around my head;
Curtains they are, I said,
Hung dim and still about the house of prayer:
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I heard the winds, and ask'd if God were there!
No voice responded while I listening stay'd,
But peace made holy hushes when I pray'd.

With open, pinky hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
And pulling at her dress,
I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distills?"
Between the askings, listening, long I bent,
Till her wild beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone;
She walketh heaven alone,
And seeth all things, to myself I mused;
Hast thou beheld Him, then,
Who hides himself from men
In that great power through nature interfused?
No speech made answer, and no sign appear'd,
But in the silence I was sooth'd and cheer'd.

Weeping one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night;
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinner never plann'd,
The finest wool was never wash'd so white:
"Hast thou been in his hand?" I ask'd the snow,
But never voice made answer, yea, or no,

Then said my heart, to me,
Vanity, vanity!
The wind, the snow-storm, the fair hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides Him here and there
Bears the sure witness, He is everywhere.

OPOSSUMS AND KANGAROOS.

THE marsupial animals are distinguished from all others by the sack or pouch in which they carry and nourish their young. This pouch is, in fact, but a folding of the skin below the stomach, but is supported by two bones attached to the pelvis, and these mark the scientific classification, in spite of all other points of difference. The greater part of the marsupials are peculiar to New Holland; consequently at the discovery of America very little was known of them, and the opossum was the first to introduce them to the notice of the civilized world. Audubon's description of first impressions on seeing this singular creature is too good to be omitted:

"Here was a strange animal, with the head and tail of a pig, sometimes hanging on the limb of a tree, and occasionally swinging, like the monkey, by the tail. Around that prehensile appendage a dozen sharp-nosed, sleek-headed young had entwined their own tails, and were sitting on their mother's back. The astonished traveler approaches this extraordinary compound of an animal, and touches it cautiously with a stick. Instantly it seems struck with some mortal disease: its eyes close, it falls to the ground, ceases to move, and appears to be dead. He turns it on its back, and perceives a strange, apparently artificial opening. He puts his finger into the extraordinary pocket, and lo! another brood of a dozen or more young, scarcely larger than a pea, are hanging in clusters to the teats. In pulling the creature about, in great amazement, he suddenly receives a gripe on the hand. The twinkling of the half-closed eye, and the breathing of the creature, evince that it is not dead, and he adds a new term to the vocabulary of his language, that of 'playing 'possum.'"

A full-grown opossum is some seventeen inches long, exclusive of the tail, which measures eleven inches. Its height is seven or eight inches, or about that of the ordinary cat. Its principal color is a dirty white; the back and limbs are black; the tail is scaly, and the ears naked and black. The hands and nose are naked; the latter glandulous; its eye is small, black, and lively. The opossum is disagreeable in appearance, partly because its hair, neither smooth nor curly, is of a dirty, dead color, as if the animal were sick. It exhales a fetid odor, which, however, does not hinder the negroes from eating its flesh and finding it delicious. This fetidness, which is much stronger when the creature is provoked, is its only means of defense, as it does not seem to know how to bite, though armed with teeth; nor can it flee, as its gait is not much swifter than that of a hedgehog.

In a savage state the opossum inhabits all North America as far up as Pennsylvania. During the day it retires to its burrow, which is dug in a thicket at some distance from the abodes of men, where it sleeps curled up dog-fashion. At night it is out hunting for its food. It easily climbs trees, where it catches birds on the nests. It seems to have an epicurean taste for birds' flesh and birds' eggs, and spends much of its time in hunting them. The berries of the persimmon tree are

THE OPOSSUM.

great favorites in their season, and other berries, nuts, reptiles, and insects are not refused. Sometimes it commits depredations in the poultry yard, sucking the blood of its victims, and leaving their dead bodies behind.

Nearly allied to the opossum is the Spotted Martin, or long-tailed Dasyurus, of New Holland. The body of this animal is a foot and a half in length, and the tail about as much longer. The hair is a beautiful maroon marked with white. It has a little of the physiognomy of the genet, and many of the habits of the martins. The structure of the feet does not allow it to climb trees; but after passing the day in sleep in some hole of the rock, it comes out at night and goes in quest of birds, little animals, and insects, on which it feeds. As it preys mostly upon the young of the ornithorhynchus and kangaroo, it sometimes falls short of game and fares quite poorly. At such times it descends to the seashore, and voraciously attacks the half-putrid carcasses of dead fish thrown up by the waves. Sometimes it crawls into the yards of the colonists, and kills off all their poultry. All the other species of dasyurus have the same habits as this. Gaimard gives us a few observations upon another species, Dasyurus Maugei, which is somewhat smaller than the preceding. He says:

"We kept one alive five months on board the Urania. This elegant animal tried to bite only when tricks were played upon it. Fleeing from too bright a light, it seemed best pleased with a little niche that had been provided for it. Though not vicious, we could not perceive that it was susceptible of any attachment to the person who fed and caressed it. The hours for its meals were always times of much interest to us. It seized the strips of flesh, raw or cooked, with great eagerness, and while eating it would occasionally toss them into the air, and then catch them with much dexterity, apparently for the purpose of giving them a more convenient direction. It also used its fore paws in eating, and when it had finished a meal it would sit upon its haunches and rub its fore paws together precisely as we do our hands, passing them occasionally over its smooth, humid nose, its ears, and the top of its head, as if to remove any particles of aliment that might have lodged there. These indications of excessive neatness always followed every meal."

The Koala, or Womrat, is classed among frugivorous marsupials. Its toes have the peculiarity of being divided into two groups, of the thumb and index on one side, and the remaining three fingers on the other. Its tail is but a mere rudiment. It frequents the neighborhood of the Wa-

paum River in New Holland. It is about as large as a medium sized dog, and its thick body, short head, small ears, and stout limbs, all of nearly the same length, give it very much the appearance of a small bear. Its hair is long, thick, and coarse, of a clear chocolate brown above, and white beneath. This almost unknown animal passes a part of its life on trees, probably in pursuit of insects. It is partial to fruits, but we are doubtful whether it can subsist on them alone, in a country where they are so very rare; though it may eat leaves, as do the kangaroo and the potorou.

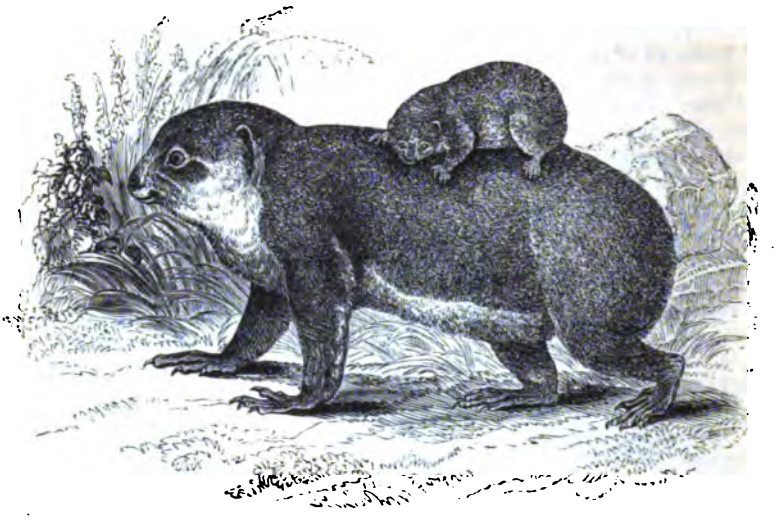
In a neighboring genus we find the spotted Couscous, an animal about the size of a large cat. It is found in the East India Islands. Its coat varies with age and sex, but it is usually whitish, spotted with brown. The couscous is a nocturnal animal, slow, lazy, and stupid, as are also all its congeners. Its large, prominent eyes wear the expression of imbecility, while its movements indicate more of laziness than of inability to act, and even anger will hardly produce animation. In the latter case, however, it growls like a cat, and tries to bite, but is not otherwise pugnacious. In captivity it shows a mournful, gentle disposition; hiding itself in the most obscure corners during the day, because the excessive light pains its eyes. By night it comes out and feeds

THE SPOTTTD MARTIN.

on bread and flesh. It laps in drinking, and rubs its paws and face incessantly to clean them. It seems to be fond of unrolling its tail and sitting upright on its haunches.

While the traveler is passing through the immense forests of New Guinea and the Moluccas, the olfactories are sometimes struck with a strong and excessively disagreeable odor, announcing the presence of this animal concealed in the foliage. This odor proceeds from a glandular apparatus situated around the anus. In spite of this detestable odor the natives feed on its flesh with great gusto, and hunt the animals incessantly. The natives of Praslin, in New Ireland, have a singular preference for the flesh of the couscous, roasting it upon the coals, and rejecting only the intestines.

They make girdles and other ornaments of its teeth, and so great is their abundance that strings of them have been seen many yards in length, showing the great destruction made of the animals. It is said that an unarmed native can bring down one of these climbers by a glance of the eye, and, if we may credit Buffon and Cuvier, the thing is thus explained. The couscous, which spends most of the time in the trees in the pursuit of fruits and insects, is so surprised at the sight of a man



THE WOMBAT.

that, suspending itself to a branch by its tail, it continues gazing at him. Whether this be from lassitude, or a sort of fascination resulting from fear, it is ended by the dropping of the creature to the ground, where it becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

The Kangaroo is the largest of the marsupials, and, according to the elegant description of Shaw, its general size is at least equal to that of a full-grown sheep. The upper parts of the animal are small, while the lower are large, yet such is the elegance of gradation that the kangaroo may justly be considered one of the most picturesque of quadrupeds. The head bears some resemblance to that of the deer, and the visage is mild and placid. The ears and eyes are large, and the mouth rather small, the neck thin and finely proportioned.

The kangaroo is found in wooded countries, in the vast forests of New Holland, but it will do well and propagate in other countries if at all cared for.

These singular animals were first obtained by Captain Cook, in 1779. When some of the party went out to shoot pigeons for the sick, they saw an animal as large as a greyhound, of slender make, of a mouse color, and exceeding swift. We may readily imagine the anxiety of the explorers to get a nearer view of this new species of animal, for among the party was the illustrious Banks, whose name is closely linked with more than one department of natural history. A delay of weeks brought doubt to some, but only added to the ardor of others, and then a few more of these beautiful animals were seen in the distance, as if they had appeared purposely to dispel the doubts of the former and increase the ardor of the latter. At length the perseverance of the party was rewarded and flushed with victory; their eyes wandered over the panting form of this wonderful stranger. There at their feet, with its large eyes turned pleadingly toward them, it lay pouring out upon the savage soil its heart's blood, the first tribute of its race to the genius of all conquering science.

Its fore feet are very small, furnished with five fingers, each armed with a sharp, strong claw. They do not appear to be much used in walking, but serve as hands to convey food to the mouth, after the manner of the squirrel. The paws of their hind legs are very long, having four long fingers, of which the second external is much the largest, and has, for a nail, a veritable hoof. Its conformation shows the vertical position to be the most natural, and in this position it rests not only upon its long limbs, but upon its strong triangular tail, which also gives the spring in leaping. The hoof on its hind foot is a weapon offensive and defensive, but in their combats with each other they use their fore feet, and give quite severe wounds

with their claws. The kangaroos confined in menageries have sometimes been known to attack their guardians in this manner when they have been maltreated by them.

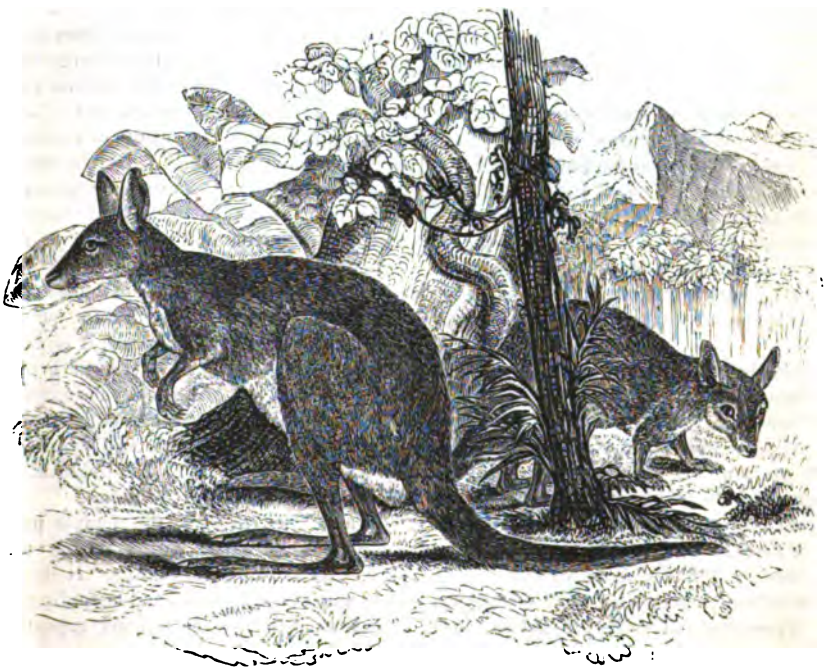
The leap is said to be their natural gait, but Quoy and Gaimard assert that when followed by dogs through the bush they go on all fours, and only leap when they come to obstacles which they wish to clear. They are said to clear thirty feet at a bound.

Kangaroos live in a small troop, or rather family, conducted by an old male, who leads the party, looks out their feeding grounds, watches against danger, and gives the signals for repose or for flight. The females have never been found accompanied by more than one little one at once, so it is supposed that this is the usual number of a birth. At first it is very small, and is placed in the pouch, and nourished in precisely the same manner as the offspring of the opossum. It remains there until large enough to graze, which it does by putting its head out of the pouch while the mother is grazing. Herbage is the natural food of this animal, but it does not refuse other aliment, and has been known to eat not only flesh, but old leather, and one individual in a domesticated state drank wine and brandy.

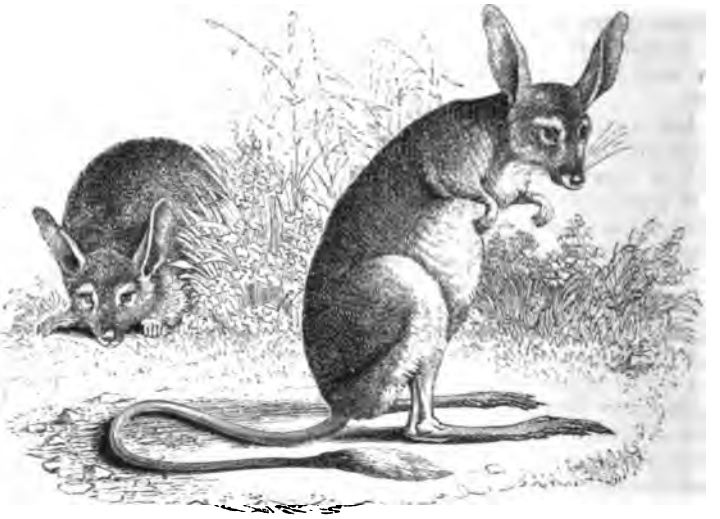
It is quite remarkable that the animals of New Holland, inhabiting a country quite meagerly supplied with alimentary substances, are nearly all omnivorous in spite of their dental conformation.

All the species of this genus are very gentle and timid, and scarcely think of defending themselves against the dogs in the hunt, until their flight is entirely cut off. Then the animal leaps upon a rock or stone, three or four feet high, and balancing itself upon its tail and one foot, it tries to ward off its enemies by powerful blows with the other foot. But this show of courage avails little; two or three dogs can easily pull it to the ground. Kangaroo flesh is quite savory, somewhat resembling venison. This species is the largest animal in New Holland.

To illustrate the striking similarity which in many respects exists between some of the marsupials and other animals of quite another class, we introduce one or two species of the Jerboa. In its general conformation, and especially in the relative size and use of its feet, this creature strongly resembles the kangaroo. It belongs to the class Rodentia.



THE KANGAROO.



THE JERBOA.

The Jerboa (*Dipus Jerboa*) inhabits the sandy places and deserts of Barbary, Arabia, and Syria, and is called *Jerbuah* by the Arabs. It is a timid, restless little creature, very gentle, and yet capable of only a small degree of domestication. Its fore legs are so very short as to be rarely used for walking, except when climbing along very steep declivities. Ordinarily it leaps, clearing at the farthest ten feet, though it is commonly satisfied with three or four.

Few things are more curious than the sight of this little animal when surprised in a field of tall grain, appearing and disappearing like a puppet, yet fleeing with such agility that the best hunter cannot overtake it. Its fore legs laid close to the stomach, its body bent forward, and its long legs stretching out behind, give to the creature a very singular appearance.

Jerboas live in troops, and burrow like rabbits, storing away a good quantity of provisions against the time of storms. During the winter they are torpid. They eat grain and grass, but little tuberous roots, and the bulbs of liliaceous plants, which they dig with great readiness, are their favorite food. They eat in the same manner as the squirrels, carrying their food to their mouth with their fore paws. In repose the latter are pressed so close to the stomach as not to be visible. They are nocturnal in their habits. During the fine weather of autumn they are busy in cutting the fine dry grass and moss, which compose their winter couch. As soon as the cold winds commence they retire, and only come out as necessity compels them.

The Alactaga, (*Dipus Jaculus*,) another species of jerboa, is about seven inches long, and the tail about eleven inches. It has often been confounded with the preceding, but differs from it in having less yellow in its coat, a longer head, and two little lateral fingers on the hind feet. The alactaga is found in the deserts of Tartary, the Crimea, and Tabriz. It hibernates twice in the year; in the winter, when it takes the precaution to seal its burrow with a little moistened earth, and in the summer during the great heats. It amasses no provisions, but contents itself with a little hay and moss for its winter bed. Like others of the genus, it is nocturnal in its habits. It feeds on grass, leaves, and roots, and sometimes insects and small birds, when it can catch them. It is a ferocious creature, and has been known to throw itself upon individuals of its own species and devour them.

It multiplies rapidly, the female producing several large litters during the year. Its natural gait is a leap. It clears quite a space at a bound, and according to Pallas its leaps are so quickly repeated that the best horseman can scarcely overtake it.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them!

While silent showers are falling slow
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To rove with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

FRANCIS MARION.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—No. III.

FRANCIS MARION was born at Winyab, South Carolina, in 1732. Gabriel, his father, was one of a band of Huguenots who migrated from France in 1690, or thereabouts, to seek in the New World that freedom of conscience which was denied them in the Old. Francis was his youngest child, the last of six, only one of whom was a daughter. He was a puny and diminutive infant, so much so that in the old Spartan times he would scarcely have escaped the horsepond. "I have it from good authority," says the Rev. Mr. Weems, one of his earliest biographers, "that this great soldier at his birth was not larger than a New England lobster, and might easily enough have been put into a quart pot." He was a sort of Tom Thumb Redivivus, if all accounts are true, and realized for a time the old nursery fable. But as the years flew on his physique strengthened, and by his twelfth birthday he was as large and healthy as most boys of that age. No anecdotes of his childhood have come down to us, which I dare say is no great loss, so apocryphal is the juvenile table-talk of your afterward celebrated man. His earliest inclination pointed to the sea. In 1747–8 he embarked in a small vessel for the West Indies. We are not told in what capacity he sailed, whether as cabin boy or before the mast; neither do we know the name of the vessel, or the port to which she was bound. It is enough to know that she foundered at sea, in consequence of injuries received from the stroke of a whale. Her crew, six in number, escaped from the wreck in the jolly boat, saving nothing but their lives. During six days and nights they lay tossing about on the waves, seeing nothing but the blank of sky and the gray and desolate ocean. They had neither provisions nor water.

> "Water, water everywhere,
> But not a drop to drink."

They lived as long as they could upon a dog, which swam to them from the wreck, eating his flesh, and drinking his blood. Two of them died before they were res-

cued. The survivors were picked up by a passing vessel on the seventh day, and finally restored to their homes. So ended Francis Marion's first and last sea venture.

For the next ten years he devoted himself to farming. We hear of him in 1758, near Frierson's Lock, on the Santee Canal, planting with his mother and his brother Gabriel. His father was then dead. In 1759 the brothers separated. Gabriel removed to Belle Isle, while Francis settled at a place called Pond Bluff, in the parish of St. John. It lies within cannon-shot of the battle-ground of Eutaw. Little did he then think, when he first settled there, an obedient subject of the mother country, that his valor would one day defend it against her tyrannies, and help to make it a famous spot.

In the same year that Marion settled at Pond Bluff, a war broke out between South Carolina and the Cherokee tribe of Indians. It is not necessary here to go into the origin of the war, nor to describe the various skirmishes between the contending parties. Suffice it to say that Marion was one of the first to take the field against the Indians, and that he was initiated into military life under the eye of one of his brothers, who commanded a troop of provincial cavalry. We hear nothing of him until the spring of 1761, when he belonged to another regiment of native troops commanded by Colonel Middleton. Some of the officers of this regiment, which, by the way, was one of light infantry, afterward distinguished themselves in the Revolution. Among these were Laureus, Pickens, Huger, and Moultrie. The latter commanded the company to which Marion belonged, and of which he was first lieutenant. Besides the colonists, the force was strengthened by a number of Chickasaw and Catawba Indians; in all there were twenty-six hundred men. On the 7th of June, 1761, they started from Fort St. George, a remote military port on the banks of the Isundiga River, about three hundred miles from Charleston, and took up a line of march for the Cherokee country. They drew near the town of Etchoee, the field of a hard fought battle in the previous campaign, and discovered the Indians waiting for them. They were in possession of a hill on the right flank of the army. Finding their position discovered they opened a sharp fire on the provincial army, and followed it up with a valiant charge. They were not armed with those romantic weapons, bows and arrows, but with good muskets and bayonets, which they knew how to use, and had already used, to advantage. Their charge was unsuccessful, owing to the vigorous manner in which the rear was supported; they were driven back, and resumed their old position on the hill. The line of March lay along this hill for some distance, and to continue it, without dislodging the Indians, would have been a murderous sacrifice of the troops. The red skins must therefore be dislodged. A forlorn hope of thirty men were chosen from the advanced guard, to force an entrance to the enemy. They were commanded by Lieutenant Marion. The most practicable ascent of the hill was a gloomy defile, through which the brave fellows marched following their commander. A considerable body of their comrades moved forward to support them. The war-whoop sounded as they entered the defile, and a deadly fire swept away twenty-one of them. The rest were saved by the advance, which hurried up and commenced the main action. The Cherokees fought bravely, disputing the ground inch by inch, now pouring a well-directed fire from their places of concealment, and now flying from the terrible bayonet. Dislodged from one position they took another, and defended it until again dislodged. The battle raged from eight in the morning until noon, and though many were slain on both sides, victory inclined to neither; about two o'clock, however, the Cherokees gave way, and the field was won. After that the provincial troops did as they pleased, wasting and spoiling the Indian settlements. Fourteen of their towns in the middle settlements alone were ruthlessly destroyed. Their granaries were burned, their cornfields trampled down, while the fugitives—those who were fortunate enough to escape from the sword—fled to their starving families in the barren mountains. That they had provoked and deserved punishment was certain, but scarcely to this extent. The retribution was too severe. So at least seemed to think Marion, who described the engagement in a letter to a friend:

"We arrived at the Indian towns in the month of July. As the lands were rich, and the season had been favorable, the corn was

bending under the double weight of lusty roasting ears, and pods of clustering beans. The furrows seemed to rejoice under their precious loads: the fields stored thick with bread. We encamped the first night in the woods, near the fields, where the whole army feasted on the young corn, which, with fat venison made a most delicious treat.

"The next morning we proceeded, by order of Colonel Grant, to burn down the Indian cabins. Some of our men seemed to enjoy this cruel work, laughing very heartily over the curling flames as they mounted, loud crackling, over the tops of the huts; but to me it appeared a shocking sight. 'Poor creatures!' thought I, 'we surely need not grudge you such miserable habitations.' But when we came, according to orders, to cut down the fields of corn, I could scarcely refrain from tears. For who could see the stalks that stood so stately, with broad green leaves and gayly-tasseled shocks, filled with sweet milky fluid, and flour, the staff of life—who, I say, without grief, could see these sacred plants sinking under our swords, with all their precious loads, to wither and rot untasted in their mourning fields!

"I saw everywhere around the footsteps of little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we were gone, thought I, they will return, and peeping through the weeds with mournful eyes will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes, and the happy fields where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers. 'The white people, the Christians did it,' will be the reply."

Is not that a noble letter? You could not find another like it, I will venture to assert, in the whole range of war-literature. The last paragraph is a poem by itself. Good old Francis Marion! would that more soldiers were like thee!

The Cherokee war being over, Marion returned to his plantation, where he remained until 1775, engaged in the peaceful and happy occupation of a farmer. We hear nothing of him during all that time; but he was doubtless a man of rank in his neighborhood; for we find him returned to the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, in the year just mentioned, as a member from St. John, Berkley. While Congress was in session several regiments were called for to resist the encroachments of the crown. Marion was elected to a captaincy in one of these, the second regiment; Moultrie, his captain in the Cherokee war, was made colonel. Marion was so eager to enter upon his new career, that he commenced recruiting while Congress was still in session.

His first active service under the new *régime* was on an expedition against Fort Johnson, which lay on James's Island, hard by the city of Charleston. The fort was taken without bloodshed, having been abandoned by the English. It was placed in Marion's charge, and he busied himself in completing its defenses. Several new regiments being on the *tapis*, he was promoted to a majority. Ere long he was removed to Fort Sullivan, or Moultrie, as it was afterward called, which stood on the island of that name, at the entrance of Charleston harbor. The fort was yet to be built; for when Marion and the second regiment entered it, it was little more than an outline. Its shape was traced out on the sand, and the palmetto trees of which it was to be constructed, lay around in rafts. They went to work diligently, but were unable to finish it before the British fleet hove in sight. It was a rude affair: a square inclosed with a wall of logs, laid one upon another, and dovetailed together with timber. The spaces between the logs were filled with sand. The garrison amounted to four hundred and thirty-five men; they had but thirty-one cannon, of small caliber. On the 20th of June, 1776, the British ships of war, nine in number, drew up in front of the fort, and began to bombard it. They had two hundred and seventy-six guns, and one bomb vessel. The garrison returned their fire with spirit; having no powder to spare, it was necessary for them to time their discharges, and to make every shot tell. The field officers trained the guns in person; their fire was fatal. They wisely directed their pieces against the largest ships. The "Bristol," a fifty-gun ship, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, the commodore, had seventy men killed and wounded; Sir Peter himself lost an arm. The "Experiment," another fifty-gun ship, had fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. The loss on the American side, was but thirty-six, only twelve of whom were killed. Their powder beginning to give out, a small party, headed by Marion, left the fort, and proceeding to one of the enemy's armed schooners, seized the ammunition, by which their supply was maintained until five hundred weight more was received from the city. Previous to this their discharges were so slow, that the British thought they had abandoned the fort. The fight was renewed furiously. It was a hot day, and the men were stripped to their work. They took

off their coats, and threw them on top of the merlons; sometimes the shot struck them, and away they went, fluttering in the air. Moultrie, and several of his officers, smoked their pipes during the engagement, only taking them from their lips when they issued orders. A shot from the enemy struck the flag at one time, and carried it away; it fell without the fort. In an instant, one of Marion's men, Sergeant Jasper, sprang out after it; he snatched it from the ground, and binding it to a sponge-staff, restored it to its place, and then climbed back into the fort unhurt. After the battle Governor Rutledge presented him with his own sword. The last shot which was fired on the American side came, it is said, from the hand of Marion. It was aimed by him at the commodore's ship, as a sort of parting salute. It penetrated the cabin, cut down two young officers who were cosily drinking grog, and then, ranging forward, swept three sailors overboard; after which it sank heavily and peacefully into the sea. The battle lasted eleven hours.

For the next two or three years Marion was shifted about as he was wanted; now he was in command at Fort Moultrie, now at Savannah, and elsewhere. He was at Savannah, or in its vicinity, in September, 1779, when Count D'Estaign, the American ally, appeared on the coast with a fleet of twenty sail. As soon as it was known that D'Estaign was there, General Lincoln put his army in motion for Savannah; but before he could reach it the French general had disembarked his troops, and, without waiting for the coming army, had summoned the British to surrender. The British commander asked twenty-four hours to consider the proposition, which he foolishly gave him. When D'Estaign first summoned the place, it could not have held out against him; but the day's delay, and the arrival of re-enforcements, enabled the enemy to put it in a very fair state of defense. Marion was enraged at the mistake of D'Estaign, as, indeed, were all the American officers. His forebodings of defeat were fully realized. When the time agreed upon had expired the French and American armies, having waited, besieged the place. They had to erect batteries, and bring cannon from the ships, which were several miles off. On the 4th of October they opened with nine mortars and thirty-seven pieces of cannon on the land side, and sixteen from the water. They did so little damage in the five following days, that they determined at last to run the risk of an assault. The morning of the 9th of October was fixed upon for the attack; the Americans were paraded at one o'clock; it was four o'clock before the head of the French column reached the front. The combined forces marched in a long line toward an open space, where they were to separate, and take the positions to which they had been assigned. But day breaking as the French column arrived at the open space, Count D'Estaign put himself at the head of his men, and rushed to the attack, unsupported. The British batteries poured such a storm of grape-shot against them as they advanced, and swept them down so when they reached the abatis, with grape-shot and musketry mingled, that they soon got into confusion, and broke. The second and third French column shared the same fate. The American column, headed by Colonel Laurens of the light infantry, and followed by the second South Carolina regiment, under Moultrie and Marion, was more successful. They pressed forward on the Spring Hill redoubts, succeeded in getting into the ditch, and even planted their colors on the berme. The parapet, however, was too high to be scaled in the face of the fire from the walls; and after a severe slaughter they were driven from the ditch. Part of this slaughter may be charged to their determination to save their colors, which had been presented to the regiment by a lady. Sergeant Jasper, who was the standard-bearer on this occasion, fell mortally wounded; and the colors were lost. Count Pulaski fell also. Altogether, the American and French loss was eleven hundred men; the British loss was small. It was a complete defeat; thanks to the chivalrous nonsense of Monsieur le Count D'Estaign.

General Lincoln retreated with the American army to the heights of Ebenezer, and thence to Sheldon: from the latter place he proceeded to Charleston, leaving Marion in command of the army. In February, 1780, he was dispatched to Bacon's Bridge, on the Ashley River, where Moultrie had established a militia camp. Marion was intrusted with the drilling of the new hands, a task which he performed to admiration. He was noted

for his patience with militia; a rare quality in an officer of the regular army.

About this time Sir Henry Clinton came down from New York with ten thousand choice British troops, and a large and heavy train of artillery, and invested Charleston. The Americans had but four thousand men to defend it with, half of whom were raw militia. To discourage them still further, the small-pox, always a dreaded disease, made its appearance among them. The city fell into the hands of the enemy, and a large number of American officers were taken prisoners; among these was Colonel Moultrie. Marion escaped, owing to an odd accident which had befallen him. While the city was invested he was dining with a party of friends at the house of an over-hospitable gentleman of the old school of hard drinkers; the which gentleman took it into his vinous fancy to lock up his guests for the purpose of making them drunk. Not being a disciple of Bacchus Marion opened a window, and threw himself out into the street. It was a second story window, and he broke his ankle. Being unfitted for service he retired to his residence in St. John's Parish. When the city fell the enemy set their hounds on his track, and he was compelled to take refuge in the swamps and forests. His friends carried him about from place to place, watched him while he slept, and sped with him from house to house, from swamp to swamp. He was several months in this helpless situation. As soon, however, as he was able to ride on horseback, he collected a few followers and set out for North Carolina, to join a continental force which was on its way from Virginia, under Baron De Kalb. Before he reached the army Gates had superseded De Kalb, and it was to him that Marion and his men offered their services. They were thus described by one of Gates's officers, in a letter to a friend:

> Colonel Marion, a gentleman of South Carolina, has been with the army a few days, attended by a very few followers, distinguished by small leather caps, and the wretchedness of their attire. Their number does not exceed twenty men and boys, some white, some black, and all mounted, but all miserably equipped. Their appearance is in fact so burlesque that it is with much difficulty the diversion of the regular soldiery is restrained by the officers.

Before the war was over, however, Marion and his ragged regiment proved themselves no laughing matter, especially to the British.

While Marion was in Gates's camp a messenger from the Whigs of Williamsburgh summoned him to be their leader. Governor Rutledge gave him a general's commission, and he set out to join his new companions in arms. His first step on reaching them was to sack the neighboring saw-mills in order to supply his brigade with weapons. He collected all the saws he could lay hands on, and turned his men into extempore blacksmiths. They hammered them into something like saber blades, and thus equipped waited for an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Nor did they have to wait long, for on the second day after taking command General Marion crossed the Pedee at Post's Ferry, and led them to Britton's Neck against a large body of Tories commanded by Major Gainey. They rode all night, and came up with the enemy just at dawn. Gainey was surprised and defeated; he lost a captain and several privates. Two of Marion's men were wounded, none killed. Learning that another party of Tories was in the neighborhood, he started off the next day to disperse them. As they outnumbered his own men he resorted to a stratagem which he frequently practiced afterward. He placed a portion of his men in ambush, and feigning a retreat with the remainder, drew the enemy from their stronghold, and cut them to pieces leisurely.

When Marion left the camp of Gates, that valiant general, confident of an easy victory over Lord Cornwallis, instructed him to employ his men in the destruction of all the flat-boats, screws, ferry-boats, barges, and other marine conveyances, whereby the doomed Britains might ateempt to escape. Instead of Cornwallis, however, it was Gates who was defeated. Not knowing that fact Marion dispatched Colonel Peter Harry, one of his best officers, with four companies, to execute Gates's order, to break up all communication with Charleston, and to obtain a supply of ammunition. To show how scantily off Marion's men were for the necessaries of war, it is said that they frequently went into action with less than three rounds to a man. Nay, half of them were sometimes mere lookers-on, owing to their lack of powder and balls. When a friend or an enemy fell they would be supplied, and

then *their* turn of fighting would come! They were glad to get even buck-shot in place of bullets. While Harry and his corps were on the way to Georgetown Marion marched to the upper Santee. Here he heard of the defeat of Gates, but fearing it would discourage his soldiers he prudently kept it to himself, and proceeded to Nelson's Ferry, a well-known pass on the great route from Charleston to Camden. Learning that a strong British guard was approaching, with a large body of prisoners taken from Gates, he made up his mind to fall upon them, which he did, on the morning of the twentieth of August. He routed them, and retook one hundred and fifty of bis own countrymen, continentals of the Maryland line, with the loss of one killed and one wounded. Only three of the one hundred and fifty continentals consented to join him. They could scarcely forgive his ragged regiment for having rescued them. Emboldened by his success at Nelson's Ferry he overran the lower districts, to the great annoyance of the British. He cut off their supplies, broke up the meetings of the Tories, destroyed recruiting parties, intercepted communications; in short, he was a perfect pest to the enemies of his native land. He inaugurated a new kind of warfare in the South, something between the Parthian and guerrilla style, a composite order of bush-fighting. He was a splendid guerrilla chief, bold, yet cautious. He knew when to advance, and when to retreat. He was like summer lightning; he struck suddenly, falling from a serene sky. His genius, for he had genius, now found its proper field, and he exercised it to the full, the guerrilla of the South.

Colonel Tarleton had long expressed a wish to "git at Mr. Marion." A good chance, as he thought, now occurring, he attempted to improve it. He set out for *Mr.* Marion's hiding-place, but being somewhat delayed, Major Wemyss, with whom he was to co-operate, rushed forward in advance, with the sixty-third regiment, and a large body of Tories under Major Harrison. Marion's whole force was only *one hundred* and fifty men; but he was in no wise daunted. Dispatching Major James with a select body to reconnoiter the enemy, he followed him cautiously, prepared to take advantage of any favorable circumstance. Notwithstanding the superior force of the enemy, Major James succeeded in taking a number of the Tories prisoners. He reported the British and Tories as amounting to eight hundred men, which induced Marion to give up his enterprise, and retreat. The men sat on their horses in anxious suspense while the officers dismounted and consulted together. The conference resulted in an order to march to Lynch's Creek, and no sooner was it given than a groan was heard along the whole line. They might well groan, those hardy, yet soft-hearted men, for such a retreat left their homes and families to the tender mercies of their foes. It was sunset when Marion commenced his flight to North Carolina. He kept with him only sixty of his band; the rest dropped off gradually into their hiding-places, in the swamps and forest. He marched night and day until he came to Army's Mill, on Drowning Creek. He finally pitched his camp near the head of the Waccamaw.

One of his biographers, who was at that time a boy of sixteen, described one of Marion's swamp dinners. It was set before the company partly on a pine log and partly on the ground. It consisted of lean beef and sweet potatoes, but was rather unsavory for want of salt. The boy had a small pot of hominy in his camp, and, as it was salted, he sent for it. The company ate it out of the pot, and voted it good because it was salted! Meantime the Tories had destroyed their farms and plantations. The region through which Major Wemyss marched was desolated. He burned the houses, plundered the inhabitants of all their possessions, and shot and bayoneted all their live stock. And this not in isolated places, but through a belt of country seventy miles long and fifteen broad. Such were the means adopted by the British to bring the rebels back to their old allegiance. Their atrocities worked wonders for the American cause, for when Marion reappeared his countrymen were ready to join him. He returned to South Carolina by forced marches; at Lynch's Creek he had a considerable re-enforcement. Hearing that a large body of Tories was at Black Mingo, he set out to surprise them. They were camped on a deep navigable stream, the passage of which they commanded. About a mile above their position was another approach. It was a boggy cause-

way crossed by a plank bridge. It was nearly midnigbt when Marion's men reached this bridge; as they were crossing it they heard an alarm gun from the Tory camp. They galloped over, and reaching the main road most of them dismounted. Marion ordered a body of picked men down the road to attack a house where the Tories had been posted. Two companies were sent to the right, and a band of mounted riders, acting as cavalry, to the left; Marion brought up the reserve. The Tories had withdrawn from the house to an old field hard by, and as the two companies came up, they poured upon them an unexpected fire. The Americans were surprised, and for a moment repulsed, but the detachment in the rear of the Tories soon turned the scale in their favor. The enemy gave way, and fled to the swamps of the Black Mingo. Their force was twice as great as that of the Whigs. But for their having heard the tread of Marion's horses on the planks of the bridge they would doubtless have been surprised. It was a lesson by which Marion profited, for ever after, when he crossed a bridge at night in the neighborhood of an enemy, he used to cover it with the blankets of his men. He marched to Williamsburgh, where he obtained tidings of other Tory gatherings in and about Salem and the fork of Black River. Colonel Tynes, by whom the Tories were commanded, had, it was said, lately been to Charleston, from which place he had returned laden with the materials of war, elegant as well as substantial, such as new English muskets and bayonets, broad swords and pistols, bridles, powder and balls. The patriotic mouths of Marion's men watered for the spoil. Marion came upon the Tories at midnight. They had taken no precautions against him. Some were playing cards, others were feasting, others were asleep. He fell upon them like a thunderbolt. Colonel Tynes, with two of his officers and many of his men, were taken prisoners; some were slain with the cards in their hands. It mattered little what cards they held, the game was against them. The survivors fled to the swamps. Marion did not lose a man.

This was too much for Tarleton, who rose from a sick-bed in Charleston to attack *Mr.* Marion. He set forward with a troop of horse, instructing his legion, which was at Camden, to meet him on his way to the Wateree. Marion was advised of his route, and planned to surprise him before he could unite with his legion, but he arrived at the Santee, where the attempt was to have been made, too late. Tarleton had crossed two days before. Marion pursued him, not knowing that the juncture had been made, but as he was about encamping for the night in the woods, a great light in the distance awakened his anxieties, and led him to suspect that Tarleton was in that quarter. He soon found that he was right, and the number of the enemy forbidding an encounter, he fell back, and crossing a dense swamp, halted six miles further off. Tarleton, who had been advised of his approach by a deserter, marched to the swamp to surprise him, but he in his turn was late. He commenced the pursuit next day, but Marion had again changed his ground. He pushed on through bogs and swamps, until he reached Benlow's Ferry, where he rested, and prepared to defend himself. It was a strong position, which he and his men were perfectly familiar with. From some unexplained cause Tarleton gave up the chase, within three hours' march of the American force. "Come, my boys," he is said to have exclaimed to his soldiers, "let us go back. We can soon find the Game Cock, [meaning Sumpter,] but as for this—[here occurs a profane expletive,] Swamp Fox, the devil himself could not catch him!" Perhaps not, my Lord Tarleton, but you could have caught him yourself, had you marched a little further.

Marion's next move was in the direction of Georgetown, which he attempted to take from the British. The attempt was unsuccessful, although Colonel Harry took a number of prisoners. To compensate for this stroke of good luck Marion lost his nephew Gabriel, who, having his horse shot under him, fell into the hands of the Tories, by whom he was put to death. Marion now retired to Snow's Island, where he made his camp. This island lay at the confluence of Lynch's Creek and the Pedee. It was an admirable fortress, the water around it being nearly choked up by rafts of logs and old timber. It abounded in live stock and provision. Dense cane-brakes guarded the lower tracks; the higher ground was covered with thick woods. A three hours' march would bring him into an enemy's country, where rank Tories and good forage were

abundant. It was from this place that Marion sent his brave fellows on those nocturnal forays which have made his name so famous in our Revolutionary annals.

In March, 1781, the British fitted out an expedition, commanded by Colonel Watson, to pursue Marion, and destroy his stronghold on Snow's Island. Apprised of Watson's approach, Marion made a forced march and overtook him at Wiboo Swamp, between Nelson's and Murray's ferries. A conflict ensued, and Marion thought it prudent to retreat. Watson encamped that night on the battle-field. and Marion a few miles below. The next morning the pursuit commenced, and for several days a sort of running fight was kept up between them. A sharp fight took place at Black River Bridge. Watson's artillery opened on the passage which led to the ford, but Marion's men were too well protected to be harmed by it. They picked off the enemy with their rifles as soon as they came within gun-shot of them. Astounded at the sharp-shooting of the Americans, Watson sent a dispatch to Marion, in which he complained of his mode of warfare, and urged him to come out on the field and fight him like a gentleman and a Christian. The next day day Marion posted himself on a ridge below the ford of the river, and baffled every attempt of Watson to cross. He pushed his riflemen over the bridge, and annoyed him so much that he retired further up the river, and pitched his camp on a plantation in the most open field that he could find. Here he remained for ten days in a constant state of alarm; day or night there was no rest for him; Marion's cavalry beat up his quarters when he slept, while the riflemen picked off his men whenever they exposed themselves. His supplies were cut off, and his progress was arrested. To hide the number of men that he lost in the continual skirmishing, he is said to have sunk their bodies in the river. Seeing that it was madness to remain where he was, he made a forced march down the Georgetown road, harassed all the way by light parties of the Americans. He reached Ox Swamp, but finding Marion in his path he wheeled about and dashed through the open pine woods for the Santee road. When Marion overtook him his infantry were on a run. A final skirmish took place at Sampet Bridge, and but that the American ambush failed to do their duty, Watson would have been killed or taken prisoner. As it was, his horse was slain under him. He reached Georgetown with the remnant of his regiment, totally discomfitted. In the meantime, however, a serious misfortune had befallen Marion. This was no less than the loss of his stronghold on Snow's Island. Intrusted to a small body of men, it was wrested from them by a superior force under the command of Colonel Doyle, and all Marion's stores were taken; his arms and ammunition, which were worth their weight in gold to him, were emptied into Lynch's Creek. As soon as he heard of his loss Marion turned the head of his column in pursuit of Doyle, and came up to him at Witherspoon's Ferry, on the north side of Lynch's Creek. A detachment of the British was on the opposite side, scuttling the ferry-boat. His rifles drew near, unperceived, and poured a deadly volley upon them. It was returned, but without effect. The Americans moved rapidly up the stream, and at the first favorable point, which was some five miles above Witherspoon's Ferry, swam over the creek, to find the valiant Doyle hurrying with all speed in the direction of Camden. He destroyed all his heavy baggage, and the road along which he marched was strewn with canteens and knapsacks. It was apparently a run for life.

Colonel Watson, whom we left defeated in Georgetown, had by this time recovered his courage, and having a force just double that of the Americans, and a fresh supply of provisions and military stores, he once more pushed for the Pedee. Marion was soon on his track, encamping at Warhees, within five miles of him. Having no powder, or at least not enough to justify an attack, (not two rounds to a man,) he had to content himself with a show of intimidation. The re-enforcement of a legion commanded by Colonel Lee would soon have brought matters to a crisis, but Watson again thought discretion the better part of valor, so he turned and fled, as Doyle had done before him, burning his baggage, and throwing his field-pieces into the river. He fled in the direction of Camden, but contrived to bring up at Georgetown. The instructions which Colonel Lee had brought from General Greene, who had now returned to South Carolina, required Marion to assist in a projected action against the British posts

below Camden. He accordingly pursued his march through Williamsburgh, and the day after his junction with Colonel Lee was before Fort Watson. This fort, which stood near Scott's Lake, on the Santee River, was built on an Indian mound, forty feet high. It was garrisoned by eighty regular troops and forty Tories. Neither the besieged nor the besiegers had artillery. Its steep sides and strong palisades forbidding any attempt to storm it, the Americans attempted to reduce the garrison by cutting them off from Scott's Lake, where they procured water. The garrison foiled their attempt by sinking a well within the stockade. Not far from the fort grew a small wood, from which, at the suggestion of Colonel Maham, of Marion's brigade, the Americans transported trees on their shoulders to within a short distance of the mound. This done, all hands went to work one night and piled the trees into massive and alternate layers, crosswise, until they had reached a sufficient height. The next morning the garrison found themselves wakened by a shower of rifle bullets which the Americans poured into the fort, from their gigantic wood pile. The fort being no longer tenable they capitulated.

Marion now proceeded to invest Fort Motte, on the River Congaree. This post was the principal depôt of the convoys from Charleston to Camden. It was not a fort, in common parlance, but a large new mansion-house, standing on a high hill, and belonging to Mrs. Motte, a glorious old Whig dame, whom the British had expelled, and exiled to an old farm-house hard by. It was surrounded by a deep trench, along the inner margin of which a strong parapet was raised. When Marion invested it the garrison numbered about two hundred men. For once the Americans had artillery; General Greene had sent Marion one six-pounder, which he mounted on a battery on the eastern declivity of the hill. The garrison was summoned to surrender, but being advised of the approach of Rawdon, with all his forces, they determined to hold out until he could join them. He was already so near that they could see his fires at night, blazing on the high grounds along his route. To batter the fort with his one six-pounder was now impracticable, so Marion hit upon an expedient to reduce it at once. This was no less than to set fire to Mrs. Motte's new house. The old lady gave her consent willingly, and brought forth an Indian bow and some arrows, by which the feat was accomplished. Balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were fastened to the arrows, three of which were discharged against the roof of the house. The shingles were soon in flames. The British commander ordered a party to the roof to put out the fire; but now the six-pounder came in play. The soldiers were driven down, and the fire spread. The white flag was soon hung out; the garrison surrendered.

After Fort Motte had yielded, Marion marched toward Monk's Corner, and hung on the skirts of Rawdon's army. He was joined by Sumter; and now the game cock and the swamp fox began to give the British commander trouble. They compelled him to establish a line of fortified posts, extending from Georgetown to Coosawhatchie, which so weakened the garrison of Georgetown that Marion resolved to make another attempt to capture that village. The enemy fled at his approach, taking to the water in their boats. As it was not in his power to man the fort properly, he demolished it, and removed the military stores up the Pedee. The taking of Georgetown, and the battle of Quirily which shortly followed it, left Marion at liberty to take charge of the country on the Santee. It was at this time that he defeated Major Fraser, the British commander, at Parker's Ferry, for which he received a vote of thanks from Congress. He also joined his forces with those of General Greene, and fought in the famous battle of Eutaw; a battle which the British gained, but which the Americans reaped the advantage of. It is too complicated to be described here. Suffice it to say that General Stewart retreated, after destroying his stores, and breaking up a thousand stand of arms, leaving his dead unburied. The Americans took five hundred prisoners. Marion went back to the Santee again, and resumed his predatory warfare. He was engaged in several hard-fought skirmishes, none of which are important enough to need a lengthened description. Indeed, if I should attempt to describe all the actions in which Marion and his men mingled before the close of the war, this sketch would expand into a volume. The volume from which I have drawn what has already preceded, a well-written "Life of Marion," by our

distinguished Southern novelist, William Gilmore Simms, consists of some three hundred and fifty odd pages, and is by no means full or minute. The tendency of all battle-literature is to expand and amplify. To be concise, and yet correct, is next to impossible. This must be my excuse for any lack of minuteness in these papers. To give a general idea of the achievements of my heroes, I am obliged to compress them.

In 1782 Marion was elected a member of the Assembly, from the Parish of St. John's, Berkley. He represented the same parish, the reader will remember, at the beginning of the war. The Assembly met at Jacksonborough, a little village on the Edesto, within striking distance of the British army and Charleston. This brought Marion back to the scenes of his first battles. He left his brigade in charge of Colonel Horry. It was not fortunate in his absence, being nearly cut to pieces by a strong party of the British. After the Assembly had transacted the business for which they convened, Marion rejoined his men. A series of skirmishes, differing in no essential particular from those already mentioned, succeeded, now in favor of the British, and now in favor of the Americans. Nowhere so much as in battle-fields does fortune display her impartial fickleness. But fortune is not the only power by which the destinies of a nation are molded. Beyond and above her blind dispensations rules the spirit and character of that people—the fiery souls of its men. Given the manly and independent character of the American colonists, no seer was needed to prophesy their ultimate success. In spite of their many defeats they continually conquered. While Marion was with his men at Watboo, the British evacuated Charleston, and the war, as far as the South was concerned, was virtually over. He called his beloved comrades around him, and bidding them a touching farewell, retired to his estate at St. John's. It was sadly out at elbows; for lying within a mile of the ordinary route of the British army, we may be sure they did not spare it. They took away one half of his negroes, and would have taken the rest, had they not followed his example, and fled to the swamps and forests. Ten workers came back to him when he returned; but all his plantation tools and household furniture, his stock, cattle, and horses, were gone. He was penniless, and over fifty years old; but he had a willing heart, and a cheerful spirit. He had lived through too many dark days to sit down and repine. So he went to work in his simple but heroic way, and began life anew. In 1784 he was appointed commandant of Fort Johnson, with an annual salary of five hundred pounds. This sum, beggarly as it was, was soon reduced to five hundred dollars per annum. Shortly after this truly republican reduction of his salary, he married, and was placed in easier circumstances. We know nothing of the lady of his love, except that she was a Miss Mary Videau, and came of the old Huguenot stock. She seems to have fallen in love with Marion, for the dangers he had passed through; and being too much a woman to conceal her sentiments, they became known to some of his friends, who told him of his good fortune. He proposed, and was accepted, and so the matter ends for us. They had no children. We hear nothing further of the old hero, except that he was in the habit of spending his summers among the mountains, and taking with him, on two mules, when he set out on the journey, his old military furniture, his marquee, camp bed, and cooking utensils. What warlike dreams he must have had on his old camp bed! He died at his plantation in St. John's, on the 27th of February, 1795. "I thank God," said he in his last moments, "that I can lay my hand on my heart, and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any."

COPIES FROM MODERN PAINTINGS.

ONE of those little rascals whose sprightliness mocks the woe-begone ruffianism or thoughtless gayety of the elder musicians (mechanical votaries of Apollo) who in such numbers wake the echoes of London streets with their harmonies, is here presented to us. Their beautiful countenances form the most powerful of appeals to the tender feelings of British women, who, heedless of political economy, delight themselves in giving liberal largess to the charming urchins.

The sheepskin *capote* he wears has probably been brought out of some far recess in the Abruzzi Mountains: for it is a curious fact that almost all those children

THE ITALIAN BOY.

who visit England without a regular calling or stock-in-trade—as working a hand-organ, or possessing a dozen of white mice—come, it is said, from the southern parts of Italy; their stock-in-trade is, in fact, the great gift of nature, beauty; one which serves them well as long as it endures. They seem to inherit this beauty as they inherit the sheepskin; and that often passes from one member of the family to another, we might almost say from generation to generation. The child's chubby little hands and *espiègle* face will interest the admirer of such natural charms. The broad-spread feather in his high-peaked and large-brimmed hat is part of the children's vanity of his age. The rest of his dress is in keeping with the rough and wholesome poverty in which he has been trained; a poverty so wholesome that one cannot but regret that children such as this should be brought to London, exposed to all the vices and risk of degradation which must inevitably befall them in such a capital. Scores of them lead lives there, the wretchedness of which can only be imagined; many die; and of the few who return home, the number that amass any trifle beyond what is barely sufficient to carry them to their own country, is extremely small.

REFORM OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

THE "ROUGH HOUSE" AT HORN.

AMONG the social problems which have tasked the intellects of the philanthropists of our age, none, perhaps, is of higher importance, or more difficult of satisfactory solution, than that which concerns the future of the vagabond children of our large cities. It cannot have escaped the attention of any intelligent citizen, that the fearful crimes the details of which fill the columns of our public prints, are not, for the most part, committed by villains of adult age, hardened by long experience in crime, but by boys from fourteen to twenty years of age, whose early depravity has no parallel in any former period.

To the dweller in great cities, the sources from whence this horde of juvenile desperadoes are drawn, are painfully evident: there are orphan children, left in infancy to the scant charities of a cold and cruel world, and who, by dint of begging and theft, have managed to wring from that world the pittance which has sufficed for their existence; there are the children of the honest and virtuous poor, many of whom, from the very poverty of their parents, have been compelled to undertake employments which have brought them in constant contact with the vicious and depraved; there are, too, the children of the vile and degraded, children whose birth and training have been in dens of vice, where it would seem that no trace of humanity was left; children instructed from infancy in every art of the beggar, the thief, and the harlot, till, though children in years, they are adepts in crime.

You may see them at any hour of the day, in any of the great cities of Europe or America, clad in rags, with keen, knowing, old-looking faces, faces which show no trace of the innocence, freshness, and joyousness of childhood, but which speak of scores of years of misery condensed into the days of a brief life. The eye, that expressive feature of the guileless child, is hard, cold, and glittering; the features are pinched with hunger and want, and there is often a firm closing of the mouth, and a look of desperation, which foretell, more strongly than language can utter it, that that child will soon become dangerous to the community.

What shall be done with these little vagrants? We cannot suffer them to grow up into hardened criminals. The burden of crime is already almost too heavy to be borne, and each day increases it. We cannot spare so many of the next generation for the hangman or the prison; they are wanted for honest employment, for the promotion, not the destruction of the interests of society, for the benefit, not the injury of the state.

We must seek their reformation; for vice is cumulative, and these abandoned children, if left unrestrained, will not only themselves become criminals, but they will influence a still greater number of still younger children to a life of crime.

What, then, shall be done for them? Prison schools, reform schools, houses of refuge, asylums for juvenile offenders have all been tried, and each has met with a measure of success.

All, or nearly all of these have, nevertheless, one objectionable feature. The child comes to them as a criminal, sent usually by the court, and his stay there is to some extent a punishment. High fences, strong walls, a cell dignified with the name of bed-room, into which he is locked at night, the employment of guards and sentries to prevent escapes, as practiced in some of these institutions, all savor too much of prison discipline not to be irksome to a child whose previous life has been entirely free from restraint. He may be reformed under this process; we are happy to know that some are; but the chances are greatly against it, and if not improved by his compulsory training he will inevitably be made worse.

This social problem has pressed quite as heavily on the benevolent in Europe as upon our own philanthropists. Crime is there more a matter of science than here, and the class of depraved children is proportionally larger. The *gamins* of Paris have always been foremost in the riots and revolutions of that city; the vicious children of London are more troublesome to its efficient police force than all the other criminals; and the same may be said of most of the other capitals of Europe. In none of these, however, is there a more formidable class of youthful evil-doers than in Hamburg, mainly, perhaps, because of its immense commerce, the result of its free trade, which has gathered there the vicious, as well as the enterprising of all

countries. With a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand these depraved children number some thousands.

In the year 1808 John Henry Wichern was born at Hamburg, of respectable parentage. He was educated at the best schools of Hamburg, and subsequently at Göttingen and Berlin, where he also studied theology. Returning to his native city in 1830 his sympathies were excited for the vicious children who swarmed in its narrow and filthy streets. He attempted to gather them into Sunday schools, and to instruct them; but he speedily became satisfied that they must be withdrawn from the evil influences which surrounded them before they could be materially benefited.

To accomplish this was a matter of considerable difficulty. His own patrimony was insufficient for such an undertaking; the city was indisposed to assist, and the friends of the enterprise were few and mostly poor; yet in October, 1832, they met, and, under the influence of the philanthropic spirit developed by the appeals of Wichern, resolved "that a house must be founded for the object of rescuing these children from sin and disbelief." Their subsequent success in obtaining the necessary means for accomplishing that which they had resolved reminds us of the formation of the Orphan House, at Halle, by Franke, a hundred and thirty-five years before. None of Mr. Wichern's associates possessed the means necessary for commencing such an institution, but, confident of the necessity of it, they resolved to do what they could, and as the means were needed they were provided. A man who was but slightly known to Wichem brought him three hundred dollars, with the request that it might be applied to aid in the founding of some new charity; a citizen of Hamburg, Herr A. W. Gehren, left a bequest of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for a house of rescue; others contributed smaller sums, and in 1833, after much anxiety and deliberation, they first hired, and subsequently purchased the thatched cottage known as the "Rough House," and the little farm connected with it at Horn, between three and four miles from the city of Hamburg. On the twelfth of September, 1833, they called a meeting of their friends, and dedicated their new home to the rescue of the vagrant from the dominion of vice. It was not, however, till the first of November ensuing that the school was opened. At that time Mr. Wichern removed thither with his mother and sister, and adopted, as his own children, three of the worst boys he could find in Hamburg. In three months he had increased the number to twelve. The grounds, when first purchased, were surrounded by a wall and high fence; this Mr. Wichem encouraged his boys to remove, and plant a hedge in its place. He desired that there should be no barrier but their affection for their new home to detain them with him.

The ensuing year the applications for admission were so numerous, and the desire on his part so strong to rescue as many as possible of these abandoned children, that he determined to erect another building, and thus receive two families. With but little assistance from abroad the work was commenced and carried on to its completion, the greater part of the labor being cheerfully performed by his family of boys. The house was dedicated in July, 1834, and named the Swiss House, from the fact that two young men from Switzerland, Baumgartner and Byckmeyer, had connected themselves with the institution while the edifice was erecting, and after its completion took charge of the first family, while Mr. Wichern himself adopted a second. In a year or two their place was again too strait for them, and they have been compelled to add building after building till they have now nine families, three of them for vagrant girls, all under Dr. Wichern's* direction.

The farm connected with the "Rough House" comprises about thirty-two acres, and includes two ponds of considerable size. Every part of the ground is laid out with admirable taste, and the whole forms one of the finest landscape gardens in the vicinity of Hamburg. Owing to the space occupied by the buildings and the ponds, the grounds, though cultivated altogether with the spade, do not furnish sufficient employment for the boys. It was deemed necessary, therefore, early in the history of the institution, to provide workshops, where they might be trained in some mechanic art. The variety of occupations now carried on in this busy hive is very considerable. There is a

* Mr. Wichern received the title of Ph.D., (Doctor of Philosophy,) in 1851.

printing-office, in which the *Fliegende Blätter*, (Flying Leaves,) the periodical devoted to the cause of juvenile reformation and the other interests of the inner mission, is printed, as well as a large number of school and reform publications; a book-bindery, a stereotype foundery, a wood engraving and lithographic establishment, a book-store, a factory for silk-weaving, joiner's shop, shoe-shops, etc. Some of the boys are also instructed in masonry, and most of the buildings on the premises have been erected by their labor. The course of instruction is not extensive. The boys are taught to read and write; they are well grounded in the elementary rules of arithmetic, and in the rudiments of geography, natural philosophy, chemistry, and botany. They have also instruction in agriculture, if they prefer that pursuit, or in mechanics, if they prefer a trade. Religious truths are taught both by precept and example.

It is not the object of the director to qualify them for stations beyond their walk in life; they are peasants, and the children of peasants, and although there are occasional instances of the development of rare and brilliant talents among them, the general plan is to qualify them for performing well the duties of the station to which they belong, and to inculcate the honorable character of honest labor and virtuous poverty.

Much attention is paid to the physical training of the children. The extreme poverty and degradation in which they have previously existed, is often manifested by the presence of scrofula and eruptive diseases, craving for improper and unwholesome food, morbid and gluttonous appetite, etc. When admitted many of them would eat mortar, clay, and even still more inappropriate articles, and seemed to have no appetite for wholesome viands; but by bathing, active exercise in the open air, plain but substantial diet, and regular habits, they soon lost this morbid craving, and have generally enjoyed good health.

It is wonderful how soon the influence of love and kindness, and the home feeling, so sedulously cultivated, wins these hardened and depraved boys from their waywardness.

They often come with a defiant temper, and a determination to be mischievous and troublesome; but they soon find that there is no one to contend with; that all around them are their friends, anxious to help them, and ready to love them; the past of their lives is unknown, or never referred to; and the boy who comes to the Rough House with the most malicious disposition, soon finds himself subdued by the all-conquering power of love.

Most of them, before coming to the institution, have been addicted to theft and falsehood; but when they find themselves trusted and reliance placed upon their statements, the feeling of honor begins to influence them, and theft and falsehood are very rare occurrences.

Occasionally a boy runs away; he is usually followed and persuaded, not forced, to return; his offense is forgiven if, as is always the case, his comrades request it, but he becomes convinced that his misconduct grieves those who are really his best friends.

Numerous examples might be given of the excellent results which have followed this mode of training; we will relate one or two. In the second or third year after the founding of the institution, a number of the boys had planned the erection of a hut for their own use, and had partially completed it; when one of them discovered that a stick of timber used in it had been taken without leave by the boy who had contributed it. Immediately upon this discovery the others demolished the building, in the presence of the offender, and would take no further part in its reconstruction.

On another occasion, when, owing to the admission of a large number of boys about the same time, there had been an unusual amount of prevarication, the director gave notice that the daily morning service would be suspended, until there was evidence of penitence on the part of the offenders. The effect of this measure was more powerful than he had anticipated. The pupils who had been longest in the institution gathered in secluded spots for private worship, and did not cease their affectionate entreaties till the offenders were brought to acknowledge their faults, and to ask for the restoration of the privileges so highly valued by all.

In 1842 the city of Hamburg was visited by a terrible conflagration, by which nearly a fourth of the city was destroyed, and more than thirty thousand people rendered homeless. A number of the children had friends in the burning district, and they

besought the director to allow them to go and render assistance. At first he feared that the temptations to plunder and escape would be too strong for them, but at length he yielded to their entreaties, on condition that they should go with him, keep together as far as possible, and return at his command. A band of twenty-two accompanied him, and their conduct was truly admirable. They exerted themselves with the utmost heroism and daring for the preservation of life and property, utterly refusing fee or reward, and after running at intervals to the rendezvous, to assure the director of their fidelity, they would dart away again on another errand of mercy. They continued to labor in this way until they were exhausted with fatigue, when they returned home, and another company took their place. So extraordinary were their services, that the Senate of Hamburg made public acknowledgment of them, and subsequently, in more prosperous times, granted from its treasury the amount necessary for the erection of new buildings at the Rough House.

But the self-denial and praiseworthy conduct of the pupils of Dr. Wichern did not end here. Among the thousands who had lost all their property in the great fire, not a few wandered to Horn, and sought shelter at the Rough House. With these poor wayfarers the boys shared their humble fare, and relinquished to them, for months, their beds, voluntarily sleeping upon the ground themselves, that they might accommodate their humble guests the better. We cannot wonder, that from that period to the present the Hamburgers have been prouder of the Rough House than of any other institution their city could boast.

The greatest difficulty Dr. Wichern has found in conducting the Rough House, has been in procuring suitable persons to take charge of the families which he organized. This difficulty led him, at an early period, to commence an institution for their special training. This has now grown to be a prominent feature of the establishment. Young men not under twenty years of age, of sound health and free from any hereditary tendencies to disease, giving credible evidence of piety, and of a special vocation for this work, possessing a fair education, and a knowledge of some mechanical business, or an aptitude for acquiring it readily, and having the approbation of their friends in their adoption of this pursuit, are received as "brothers" in the institution. Strict as these requirements are, the number of applicants is always in advance of the vacancies.

The course of instruction comprises four years, and is both theoretical and practical, the former embracing a partial theological training, history, geography, natural history, English, the art of teaching, vocal and instrumental music, and religious instruction.

For practical training, the student is required to connect himself with one of the families, as an assistant, working with the boys, teaching the youngest classes, taking his meals with them, and lodging with them. At the end of a month he changes his quarters, going to another family, and proceeding with the same routine. He is also required to assist the director or head teachers in the correspondence, and in visiting the parents of the children. In the third year he is allowed to take charge of a family for a time, under the direction of the head teachers, and if he shows special aptitude for the place, and a vacancy occurs, becomes a "house father." If there is no vacancy, he is soon called to a position elsewhere, as assistant or superintendent of a prison, hospital, or reformatory school, or becomes a home or foreign missionary. Quite a number of these "brothers" are toiling as missionaries among their own countrymen in our Western states. During their period of instruction they receive no compensation except their board.

An organization, of which Dr. Wichern is the acknowledged head, called the "Inner Mission," (*Innere Mission*) has, within a few years past, attained a powerful influence in Germany. Its object seems to be to promote and institute all those reforms which have for their object the social and religious improvement of the community. Temperance, the organization of ragged schools, juvenile asylums, houses of reform for abandoned women, sailors' homes, and orphan asylums; efforts to promote attendance upon public worship, and to encourage family devotion; to introduce religious instruction into the schools; to elevate the character and aims of teachers; to visit, comfort, advise, and instruct the lower classes; to improve the management of prisons, penitentiaries, and hospitals; to circulate the word of God and re-

ligious publications among the poor; these are some of the objects of the Inner Mission.

To the American mind, accustomed to subdivision of religious labor, it would seem better to have a dozen societies for these various objects; but it is no small recommendation of the German plan, that it has met with very great success; that under its influence a large and rapidly-increasing portion of the German people are awaking from the lethargic slumber of rationalism, and becoming active, practical Christians. It must be acknowledged that much of this is owing to the indomitable energy and extraordinary executive power of the master-spirit of the enterprise. Since the days of Loyola no man has appeared in the theological world who possessed the same influence over the minds of others, molding them to his will, and sending them forth imbued with his spirit. If among the brothers of the Inner Mission there shall not yet arise some Xavier, whose holy soul shall burn with a purer zeal and a love not less intense for the souls of the perishing, it will not be because the master lacks Loyola's power, but because the pupil has less than Xavier's heroism.

In person Dr. Wichern is tall and somewhat spare. His eagle eye and commanding manner indicate his executive ability; but, while born to rule, he rules more by love than fear. His influence is, perhaps, more powerful than that of any other private citizen in Germany; the royal families of the German States have not unfrequently sought his advice in relation to measures of reform, and the counsel he has given is almost uniformly followed. Long may he live to prosecute those measures of good to which his life thus far has been devoted.

SKETCHES OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERACY.

THE Christian reader will not fail to recognize God in history. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south; but God is judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another." In executing his purposes, he provides the instruments he chooses to use for their accomplishment. He takes the wise in their own craftiness, and destroys them by their own machinations. He delivers the oppressed, and exalts the lowly, by means they know not of. These, in reviewing their deliverances from the snares and devices of proud and potent enemies, are constrained to exclaim: "The Lord hath done all these things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten for us the victory."

The laws of Providence are not more evident in the physical universe than in the moral and political government of the world. In the one, the wisdom, power and goodness of God are displayed in the control of the unintelligent portion of his creation; in the other, his righteousness and holiness in his dealings with moral and responsible agents. This is the ground of our trust in him, in all our unequal contests against domineering and cruel oppressors. The principle of trust in God for success in a righteous cause was distinctly recognized in the declaration of independence by our revolutionary fathers That it was not a vain trust was made manifest in the history of their struggles, and their ultimate triumph. Who is so dull of apprehension as not to perceive an array of agencies and instrumentalities arranged all along the course of events and appliances which resulted in our national independence, each adapted to the exigences of time and place, for the accomplishment of the purposes necessary to carry forward the great work of revolution to a successful termination, which none but the infinitely wise Ruler of the universe could provide and place in such exact order? Men and means for all occasions, at all times, and in all places! How true, without exception! Adams, and Henry, and Washington, and Franklin, and their co-laborers in counsel and in war, were the men for the times! Without them, or men like them, liberty had perished in her struggle for emancipation. Such a race of men never appeared upon the stage, at any period in the world's history, when such a work did not demand their presence and their services. At another time they might have lived and acted as men of mark in the world, but accomplished no great end in molding a nation's destiny, for want of adaptation to the times. Nor would other great men, whose tread has caused the earth to tremble, have answered the purposes of those times. The occasion required just such men; and just such

men God raised up and preserved for just that work. So we believe. And the unshaken faith we have in the providence of God—embracing all the great and small agencies and appliances necessary to subvert the designs of wicked oppressors, and bring deliverance to the oppressed, to adjust them in order, and cause them to work together by his invisible hand, as a wheel within a wheel, in a vast and complicated machine—begets reverence and devout thanksgiving to him, as we trace the manifestations of his wisdom and power in the histories of great events that are past.

The early colonial history of our country furnishes large scope for such reflections as these. It was a vast wilderness, destined to become an empire. The civil and religious institutions which might be first established to an extent which would overpower and exclude others, promised to become universally dominant throughout the whole country, and to give to the European power which might succeed in obtaining an ascendency in the New World, an accession to its national greatness which would make it the proud mistress of the world.

The two principal conflicting powers in North America, at the time of which we are speaking, were the English in New England, and the French in New France. The former were Protestant in their religion and republican in their politics; the latter were devoted adherents to the Catholic religion and to the French monarchy. The former were settled in towns and villages on the seaboard and in contiguous districts, with their churches and school-houses, cultivating their farms and carrying on trade with the Indians and others who came to them for that purpose. The latter had their principal establishment at Quebec, where the governor, the lieutenant-general of all his majesty's forces in North and South America, the bishop and superior of the society of the Jesuits, and the intendant, had their residence, and united their functions in carrying into effect the plans and instructions of the French Monarch, to extend his dominion, monopolize the lucrative fur trade, and establish the Roman Catholic religion throughout the whole country. Such an array of civil, military, ecclesiastical and financial agencies would seem to set at defiance all opposition. Every advantage promising success appeared on the side of the French. The combined energies of the governor, the general, the intendant, and the Jesuits, aided and supported by the king, the court, and the Church at home, left nothing wanting that human calculation could supply, to insure complete success in the far-reaching design of making the future of this country what Lower Canada was when under the dominion of France, or the provinces and states of South America were under the government of Spain. That such a condition of society does not at this moment exist in our own free and happy State of New York, instead of our inimitable civil and religious institutions, which challenge the admiration of the world, is owing to interposing agencies and appliances working for the ultimate triumph of the cause of truth and freedom, which indicate a superintending Providence preparing and adjusting them in order for the accomplishment of that beneficent end. It is interesting to peruse the history of those times in view of this instructive truth.

It was remarked in our last paper, that the French found in the Iroquois Indians, commonly known as the Five Nations, the most formidable obstacle against the speedy accomplishment of their designs to bring the extensive country designated in the charter of Cardinal Richelieu under the dominion of the French government and the Pope of Rome.

It will be in accordance with the design of these papers, and illustrate the doctrine of Providence in the affairs of man as above suggested, to notice with more particularity than historians have been wont, the distinguishing features of character which marked this extraordinary class of the aborigines of the country, the position they occupied, and the part they took, during the conflicts of contending European powers for a permanent establishment of their institutions in it. None of the Indian tribes on the continent has occupied so important a place in the history of the early settlement of the country as the renowned confederacy of the Five Nations. And none took so decided a part as they did, or exerted so controlling an influence in all the wars which raged in the country, from the time that Champlain took part with the Hurons against them till the independence of the United States was achieved.

They formerly existed in distinct contiguous tribes or nations, and warred after their manner against each other. "Many of the ancient fortifications," it is said, "the remains of which are still visible through the State of New York, were built for defense while these tribes were disjoined and hostile to each other." They remained in this condition until, as is believed by those who have paid most attention to the subject, within less than a century of the time when Europeans visited these shores.

Even then there were those among their chiefs and leaders who gave evidence of rare intellectual endowments, qualifying them to conduct the affairs of the nation with a degree of wisdom not looked for among untutored savages, and secure to it a splendid future. They possessed the sagacity not only to perceive that their mutual animosities and perpetual warfare against each other, growing out of their broken and disjointed condition, threatened their ruin, but also to digest and adopt a system of confederation by which their strength might be united to repel every invading foe, and each separate tribe at the same time enjoy and exercise the independence and freedom which were necessary for its individual wellbeing.

They were essentially democratic in their views and feelings, and possessed intelligence enough to organize a federal compact, providing for their protection against invading enemies, for peace among themselves, and for the preservation of the democratic principle in securing individual and private rights. The political organization of the Iroquois Indians exhibited an exercise of wisdom and political sagacity in the projectors and framers of it, which would have done honor to the wisest statesmen of the most enlightened age or nation. Under its provisions these Indians rose to a degree of eminence among the tribes which rendered them the terror and the admiration of all others. It is said that long before the Revolution their chiefs and orators held up their own confederation as an example for the imitation of the English colonies. And it is not at all improbable that it had some influence in bringing about the union of those of New England.

Of the nature of this organization, and the laws and regulations adopted to preserve the union of the parties in their national compact, under its provision, a few things are worthy of note.

The powers and privileges conferred by the compact were judiciously distributed. Each tribe was represented in their national councils by one principal sachem and an indefinite number of associates. One of the sachems of the Mohawks, who were esteemed the oldest and bravest of the tribes, usually occupied the position of commander-in-chief of their active forces. Their capital for their national councils was located within the bounds of the Oneida tribe, in what is now the town of Stockbridge. And the civil ruler, or president of the confederacy, was from the Onondaga tribe. Their legislation was conducted with gravity and decorum, such as would be creditable to an English parliament or an American congress. And they always respected, in their decisions, the terms of their compact, and the rights and feelings of respectable minorities. It is said that in no instance were measures adopted which had the sanction of but a bare majority.

The superiority of these Indians over all others was manifest also in the brilliancy of intellect which distinguished a succession of their chiefs and leading men. No rude nation ever produced such a number of renowned warriors and orators as did the Iroquois confederacy. They were equal to every emergence, and in council and war, without the advantages of education, maintained their cause and the rights of their nation against the devices and attacks of their European as well as savage enemies. Cherishing a love of liberty and independence, the principles of which they seemed to understand far better than most of the enlightened nations of the Old World, they were brave and patriotic, and repelled with firmness every attempt to invade their rights or wrest from them their independence.

Their fame, as the most powerful and formidable nation among the native tribes, was universal throughout the country when Europeans first visited its shores. Their name was a terror to all the other tribes, even those who vastly exceeded them in numbers. Gookin, in his historical collections, written in 1674, states that the Mohawks, who had been for several years in hostility with certain New England tribes, were, in time of war, such a terror to those Indians, that, though

those tribes were far the most numerous, the appearance of four or five Mohawks in the woods would frighten them from their habitations and corn-fields, and drive them to take shelter in their forts. Their conquests were carried in all directions. Many of the New England tribes were reduced to submission and tribute by them. Their ascendency over those on the St. Lawrence, and north of the lakes, was felt and acknowledged. And having become skilled in war, they pushed their victories far to the south and west, subduing in succession all who opposed their progress.

Such were the confederated Five Nations, situated principally in the colony of New York bordering on New France, when the French matured the plan of subjugating the whole country to the dominion of the insatiable and bigoted tyrant, Louis XIV.

As has been seen, Champlain undertook their subjugation by uniting with their enemies in a merciless warfare against them. By this course he gained nothing, but lost much. It produced that worst of all ingredients in the opposition of an enemy, a subtle and vindictive spirit of revenge, and obstinate daring, at every possible hazard, in gratifying it, which precluded the possibility of reconciliation by the adoption of more conciliating measures. And having taught them the use of fire-arms, by which they were enabled to prosecute their warfare more effectually against both their old enemies and the French, their position was more formidable against the aggressions of the colonists at the period of Champlain's death than at any time before.

The Jesuits were no more successful. Their services as missionaries do not seem to have excited the opposition of the chiefs of the nation. They had no religious prejudices to influence them to acts of hostility against these "black coats," as they were wont to call them. But they had the discernment to discover that their work was more of a political than religious character. They saw that the converts they made were held and treated as subjects of the French government, and were found in the ranks of their enemies, under French commanders, in all their aggressive expeditions to subdue the savages and overrun the country. The converts they made of their own tribes at once turned against their native brethren, and instead of exhibiting the meek and peaceful spirit which the Gospel dictates, arrayed themselves, with bitter feelings, in opposition to them, and espoused the cause of their oppressors, following them into their dominions and connecting themselves with the hostile tribes in their service. They observed, too, that those who were influenced by the Jesuits to join them, were committed by the strongest pledges to do all their bidding, and share their fortunes. When Father Jouges was taken prisoner by the Mohawks there was a Huron chief among those captured with him, who, when put to the torture which their savage customs cause to be inflicted upon their conquered foes, addressed the missionary thus: "My brother, I made an OATH to thee, that I would share thy fortune, whether death or life; here I am to keep my vow." The discerning chiefs of the Iroquois confederacy did not fail to see that a conversion of their people by the Romish priests, resulting in detaching them from the interests and sympathies of their nation, and binding them by such strong ties and solemn vows to their enemies, threatened worse consequences to their political existence as a free and independent sovereignty, than even the arms of the French. It is due to those noble savages to allow that their severe and prompt measures in resisting the establishment of the Jesuits, with their pledged and bigoted adherents, in the heart of their country, was dictated by considerations of national policy, and not, as their enemies insinuate, blind impulses of passion. It was a measure of self-protection, which shows a degree of political sagacity not excelled by the proud nation with whom they had to contend. Situated between the colonies of two great contending nations, they were content to be on terms of amity with both, while their rights as an independent and free people were respected. But they would not submit to be the vassals of either. Hence their unconquerable animosity against the French, which never ceased while that nation continued to hold dominion in the colony.

Defeated in their efforts to reduce the Iroquois Indians by the means which were successful among other tribes, the French now determined upon a more regular system of warlike operations to effect the object so essential to their success in possessing themselves of their territory, and

the vast country beyond them included in the grant which their gracious sovereign so liberally made by charter to the company of New France. In 1664 an expedition, under the direction of the commander-in-chief, started from Three Rivers for the Iroquois country. "The plan entertained by this first campaign," says the official record, "was to erect on the route some forts, which were considered absolutely necessary, as well to secure the passage and liberty of trade as to serve as stores for the troops and retreats for sick and wounded soldiers. For this purpose three advantageous posts were selected. The first at the mouth of the Iroquois River; the second seventeen leagues higher up, at the foot of a current of water called the *Sault de Richelieu*; the third about three leagues above this current." These forts they severally named, Richelieu, St. Louis, and St. Therese. "It is still intended," continues the report, "to build there, [on the route leading to the Mohawk country,] next spring, a fourth fort, which will command those countries, and from which continual attacks can be made on the enemy, if they will not hear to reason." Monsieur de Tracy, lieutenant-general of all his majesty's forces in North and South America, caused Fort Richelieu to be garrisoned by five companies of soldiers, under command of Mons. de Chambly, and Fort St. Louis by a like number, under M. de Sorel.

After these preparations for an exterminating war against the Iroquois confederacy were completed, communications were made to the king of the state of the country, its value for agricultural purposes, the position and hostility of the Iroquois as an obstacle against acquiring possession of the most desirable portions of it, and the importance of reducing these obstinate and untractable tribes, which were calculated to enlist the co-operation of his majesty in the scheme set on foot to accomplish that object.

His majesty was informed particularly of the positions, comparative strength, and various dispositions of the renowned Five Nations. The Mohawks, he was told, who resided nearest the Dutch, and had four or five hundred men capable of bearing arms, had always been at war with the French, though they sometimes professed peace. The Oneidas, who resided west of the Mohawks, and had no more than one hundred and forty warriors, had never wished to listen to negotiations for peace, but, on the contrary, always embarrassed affairs when they appeared about to be arranged. Among the Onondagas, occupying a central position, the French, it was stated, had been received as friends and treated as foes. Their forcible expulsion of the missionaries settled among them, "assisted by a garrison of Frenchmen sent by the Governor of New France to take possession of the country in his majesty's name," was stated in a manner calculated to excite feelings of indignation in the royal breast of the monarch, whose confessor was a Jesuit, and prime minister a cardinal. The Cayugas and Senecas, in a still more westerly direction, were represented as never having openly made war upon the colony, but rather disposed to remain neuter; though as members of the confederacy they would stand or fall with it.

The country occupied by these hostile tribes was described, as compared with that occupied by the French, in terms calculated to call into requisition all necessary means at the disposal of the sovereign to wrest it from its native occupants. The report says:

> It is for the most part fertile, covered with fine timber; . . . interspersed by numerous lakes and rivers abounding in fish. The air is temperate; the seasons regular as in France, capable of bearing all the fruits of Touraine and Provence. The snows are not deep nor of long duration. The three winters which we spent there among the Onondagas were mild, compared with the winters at Quebec, where the ground is covered five months with snow, three, four and five feet deep. As we inhabit the northern part of New France, and the Iroquois the south, it is not surprising that their lands are more agreeable, and more capable of cultivation and of bearing fruit.

The means of conquering these savages by a competent military force, is also set forth in this communication as altogether favorable to the undertaking. Lake Ontario, into which an army might enter without opposition, is described as a sea where barks and ships can sail in all safety, so that communication could be easy between all the settlements which might be established on its borders, and from it all the Iroquois nations could be reached by various directions, except the Mohawks, whose subjugation was intended to be provided for by the erection of the forts already built and occupied by soldiers. This communication had the desired effect.

Additional re-enforcements, both of troops and settlers, were sent out from France. The king and court became more interested in the affairs of the colony, and manifested a ready disposition to second any efforts set on foot by their official agents in the colony to extend its dominion and promote its prosperity. Encouraged by the promise of such ample support from the mother country, the colonists lost no time in making a demonstration of their purpose to bring the brave Iroquois to terms by invading their territory with an armed force.

Meantime the savages indicated a disposition to preserve peaceful relations with the colony, and sent delegates to Quebec to negotiate with M. de Tracy, the military commander of the French forces, for that purpose. Though their embassy was conducted in a most conciliating manner, and all they seemed to desire was to be left undisturbed in the quiet enjoyment of their country and their freedom, their conduct was construed into a consciousness of their inability to resist the invasions of the French, and their haughty enemies took courage by it to prosecute their expedition against them with increased vigor, by which they hoped to bring them under their dominion and possess themselves of their country, not being satisfied with mere relations of amity with them. Pretending "that no advantage could be expected from these nations except in so far as they were able to injure them," and that no lasting peace could be otherwise concluded with them, they made speedy preparations for a military expedition against them; and on the 9th of January, 1666, M. de Courcelles, accompanied by his officers and Father Raffiex, a Jesuit, was ready to march with three hundred regular troops and two hundred Frenchmen, to scourge and subdue the Iroquois in their own country. The troops, with a superstitious confidence in the interposition of saints, first repaired to Sillary, to recommend the success of their enterprise to St. Michael, the archangel, the patron of the place. But the good saint did not see fit to preserve a portion of his humble supplicants from being so disabled, by having their noses, ears, and other parts of their bodies frozen, that they would have perished in the snow, had they not been carried to the place where they were to spend the night.

On the 24th of the month three other companies joined this main army, who had suffered so much by the cold that many of their number had to be sent back totally disabled. These losses, however, were made up by recruits from Forts St. Louis and St. Therese; and on the 14th of February the army, five hundred strong, were in the enemy's country, within a few leagues of their villages.

Here they were informed, by a few prisoners whom they had taken from their detached cabins, that the greater part of the Mohawks and Oneidas were absent, having left in their villages only the children and helpless old men; and concluding that the appearance of so large a number of his majesty's troops in the heart of their country, in the dead of winter, would produce such terror in these savages as to induce them to submit to any terms which might be prescribed to them, it was determined to proceed no farther. They did not fail, however, to make some demonstration of their valor by killing several savages who made their appearance along the skirts of the forests, and in their skirmishes with them they had one officer and several soldiers killed in return.

The effect they anticipated by this expedition was produced, and in the May following there appeared in Quebec embassadors from the Senecas to negotiate terms of peace. The haughty commander-in-chief, M. de Tracy, received them with a coolness bordering on contempt, and refused thirty-four presents which they offered him as introductory to a statement of the object of their mission. But perceiving that they grew sensitive, deeming his refusal of their presents as the greatest insult that could be offered to them, he changed his demeanor, accepted of their wampum belts, and availed himself of the occasion to declare to them the benevolent motives which actuated his gracious sovereign in endeavoring to reduce them to subjection. He said, with a gravity and solemn emphasis that became his high station, that "it was not their presents nor their goods that the king desired, but their true happiness and salvation; that they would derive all sorts of advantage from their confidence in his goodness, which should be extended to the other nations also, who might experience its most favorable effects by sending their embassadors forthwith."

Deputies from the other nations also soon came, with letters from the Dutch in their vicinity, (who had an interest in common with the savages to put a stop to these predatory excursions of the French among them,) certifying their good opinion of the Mohawks and Oneidas that they would faithfully observe any articles of peace they might enter into with the French. With so many indications of having brought the dreaded Iroquois within their control, the authorities at Quebec determined to avail themselves of the advantage to make everything secure in their own way. The Oneida embassadors were required to make themselves responsible for the Mohawks, and to give hostages for them; and a number of Frenchmen were sent with them into their country, strictly charged to inform themselves of everything carefully on the spot, and to learn if it were safe to confide in these savages, "so that his majesty's arms should not be retarded by an illusive hope of peace."

Soon after the departure of these embassadors from Quebec news arrived that some Frenchmen belonging to the fort of St. Ann, while out on a hunting expedition, had been killed by the Mohawks. The Oneida hostages detained at Quebec were not murdered, but humanely, as their enraged masters claimed, cast into prison; and M. de Sorel, who commanded in the section where the outrage was committed, proceeded with an army of three hundred men, by forced marches, into the enemy's country, with the declared purpose of putting all, everywhere, to the sword. But the execution of this cruel and indiscriminate slaughter was prevented by the timely evidence given on the part of the Indians, of their not sanctioning the act which had provoked a renewal of hostilities against them, by sending new embassadors with the French prisoners who had been taken by their offending brethren, offering every satisfaction for those who were slain, and furnishing new guarantees for peace; and by a council of the tribes who then had delegates at Quebec a treaty of peace was concluded.

As this treaty of peace proved to be the harbinger of a long series of the most desperate and bloody wars, involving the frontier settlements of the English colonies in their desolating ravages, it is relevant to the purposes of impartial history to present it entire to the public eye, as filed in the archives of the French nation in Paris. It is inserted in this connection as showing most clearly what it was the aim and purpose of the French to accomplish by their continued warfare against the Iroquois Indians. It reads thus:

On the seventh of the month of July of the year 1666 the Iroquois of the Oneida nation, having learned from the Mohawks, their neighbors and allies, and by the Dutch of Fort Orange, that the troops of Louis the Fourteenth, by the grace of God, most Christian King of France and Navarre, had in the month of February in the same year carried his majesty's arms over the snow and ice near unto Fort Orange in New Netherland, under the command of Missire Daniel de Courcelle, lieutenant-general of his armies, pursuant to orders which they received from Missire Alexander de Prouville, knight, Lord de Tracy, member of his majesty's councils, and lieutenant-general of his armies, both in the islands and main land of South and North America, as well by sea as by land, to fight and destroy the Mohawks, which probably they would have accomplished had not the mistake of their guides caused them to take one road for another, came down to Quebec to solicit peace as well in their own name as in that of the Mohawks by ten of their embassadors by name Soehres, Tsoenserouanne, Gannoukouenioton, Asaregouenioton, Asaregouaune, Tsendiagou, Achinnhara, Togoukouoras, Oskaraquets, Akouehen. And after having communicated by the mouth of their orator and chief, Soenres, the object of their embassy by ten talks expressed by ten presents, and having handed to us the letters from the officers of New Netherland, have unanimously requested, acknowledging the force of his majesty's arms, and their weakness, and the condition of the forts advanced toward them, and moreover aware that the three upper Iroquois nations have always experienced great benefit from the protection which they formerly received from the said lord, the king, that his majesty would be pleased to extend to them the same favor by granting them the same protection, and receiving them among his true subjects, demanding that the treaties formerly made as well by the said nations as by theirs, have the same force and validity for that of the Mohawks, who have required us to solicit this with great importunity, as they should themselves have done by means of their embassadors had they not been apprehensive of bad treatment at our hands, ratifying on their part all the said treaties in all their points and articles, which have been read to them in the Iroquois tongue by Joseph Marie Chaumont, priest, member of the Society of Jesus; adding, moreover, to all the said articles what the protest effecting in good faith what they offered by their presents, especially to restore all the Frenchmen, Algonquins, and Hurons whom they hold prisoners among them, of what condition and quality they may be, and as long as they are detained there, even on the part of the Mohawks, to send families from among them to

serve, like those of other nations, as the most strict hostages for their persons and dispositions to the orders of those who shall in this country have authority from the said lord, the king, whom they acknowledge from this time as their sovereign; demanding reciprocally among all other things the restoration to them in good faith all those of their nation who are prisoners at Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers; that French families and some black gowns, the Jesuits, be sent to them to preach the Gospel to them and to make known to them the God of the French, whom they promise to love and adore; also that trade and commerce be open to them with New France, by the lake *du Saint Sacrement*, (Lake George,) with the assurance on their part that they will provide in their country a sure retreat as well to the said families as to the trading merchants, not only by preparing cabins to lodge them in, but also by assisting to erect forts to shelter them from their common enemies, the Andastæronnons, and others. And that the present treaty, made on their part in ratification of the preceding may be stable and known to all, they have signed it with the separate and distinct marks of their tribes, after which what they solicited from the said lord, the king, was granted to them in his name by Missire Alexander de Prouville, knight, Lord de Tracy, member of the king's councils, etc., (as above,) in the presence and assisted by M. Daniel de Remy, Seigneur de Courcelles, king's councillor, etc., etc., and of M. Jean Talon, also councillor, etc., who have signed with the said Lord de Tracy; and as witnesses, Francis le Mercier, priest, member and superior of the Society of Jesus at Quebec, Joseph Marie Chaumont, likewise priest and member of the said society, interpreters of the Iroquois and Huron languages. Done at Quebec the twelfth of July, 1666.

It is doubted whether the deputies understood the terms of the treaty they signed; or, if they had understood it, whether any threats or coercion on the part of the French could have induced them to sign it. It made them acknowledge "Louis XIV., by the grace of God most Christian king of France and Navarre;" that the appearance of his arms in their country, to destroy the Mohawks, which they were prevented from doing by an error of their guides, and the erection of forts for his troops in prosecuting his wars against them had excited in them alarm and terror, and compelled them to confess themselves too weak to resist his demands, whatever they might be; that thus subdued and helpless they were then to submit, on the part of their people, to any terms his majesty might be pleased to prescribe for their protection against further aggression against them. By these terms they were made to reaffirm all former treaties made with the more tractable upper nations; to declare their tribes "the true subjects" of the King of France; to return all the prisoners, both Frenchmen and Indians held in captivity among their nation; to pledge themselves for the obnoxious Mohawks that they would faithfully observe and carry out these stipulations; to send hostages into the colony to remain as security for the prisoners among the Five Nations, who should remain until those prisoners were returned; to subject their persons and dispositions to the orders of those who should in that country have authority from said lord, the king, whom they acknowledge from that time as their sovereign, and to send families among the French as strict hostages for their servile submission to such orders and service; to receive among them the Jesuits to propagate and establish the Catholic religion, and promise to love and adore "the God of the French."

The French did not, of course, expect that the conditions of this unjust treaty would be fulfilled on the part of the Iroquois; but it would serve the purpose of furnishing a plausible pretext for carrying on a war against them, and wholly exterminating them, as they desired and purposed to do, on the ground of their neglect to respect and observe the stipulations they had entered into for the preservation of peace.

That such was the fact there can be no doubt, when we take into the account that before the embassadors had returned to inform the councils of their nation of what had been done by them, preparations were commenced by the intendant at Quebec for a new expedition against them; and M. de Tracy, pretending that the treaty had not all the effect which was expected, without assigning any reason for such pretense, placed himself at the head of six hundred soldiers, six hundred Frenchmen, and one hundred Huron and Algonquin savages, and marched almost upon the heels of the embassadors into the Iroquois country to insure their submission by the force of arms.

When within thirty or forty leagues of the fortress of the enemy they were discovered by some Indians, who gave the alarm to the villagers, which was at once abandoned by the inhabitants, who took refuge in the mountains. M. de Tracy found abundance of grain and provisions in the deserted villages; and the fortifica-

tions which the savages had erected, that were abandoned by them in their flight, indicated to his mind an antecedent purpose on the part of the enemy to resist his forces, which its formidable appearance had induced them to relinquish. He hoped, however, that he should find them concentrated at the last of these fortifications, where he might destroy them at a blow, and remove effectually this troublesome barrier against the progress of his majesty's arms in reducing the more distant tribes to his dominion. But in this he was disappointed. The wary savages had betaken themselves to the woods; and the ambitious commander-in-chief, with the Governor of Canada, and an army of thirteen hundred soldiers, found only a few old men, with the women and children, whom the Indians had left behind in all their forts and villages. But the object of the expedition was not to be wholly lost. M. Jean Falon, king's councilor in his state and privy councils, intendent-general of justice, police and finance in France, etc., in anticipation of a final victory over these Indians, had deputed the commandant, De Tracy, to take possession of the country in the king's name; and an officer of the artillery, collecting the troops "in battle array before the fort of Andaraque," by order of M. de Tracy proclaimed and declared, that he "took possession of said fort and all the lands in the neighborhood in as great a quantity as they might extend, and of the other four forts which had been conquered, in the name of the king; and in token thereof had planted a cross before the doors of said forts, and near this erected a post, and to these affixed the king's arms." The official record says:

> After having planted the cross and celebrated mass, and sung the *Te Deum* on the spot, all that remained was to fire the palisades and cabins, and to destroy all the stores of Indian corn, beans, and other produce found there. The other villages were again visited, where, as well as throughout the whole country, the same devastation was committed; so that those who are acquainted with the mode of living of these barbarians doubt not but famine will cause as many to perish as would have been destroyed by the arms of our soldiery had they dared to await them; and that those who survive will be reduced by terror to peaceful conditions, and to a demeanor more difficult to be obtained from them by mere sanguinary victories.

If this act of burning the huts and destroying the provisions in the villages inhabited by old men, women, and children, with the satanic purpose of subjecting them and the tribes on whom they depended for subsistence to a cruel death by starvation, was intended by M. de Tracy as a comment upon his asseveration to the deputies that "it was not their presents nor their goods that the king desired, but their true *happiness* and *salvation*," the Iroquois braves did not fail to understand it, and prepared themselves to decline in a becoming manner all subsequent proffers of such gracious favors.

INSPIRATION AND RESPIRATION.

IT is no easy matter to give to unseen things and unseen agencies the importance which belongs to them; and thus it is that people who do not set themselves resolutely to the task of studying the changes which go on in what I will call the "unseen physical world," remain ignorant of them to the last, unless some person should place the matter before them in a tangible sort of way.

Need I be formal enough to announce the well-known fact, that every living person among us breathes? From birth to death we go on breathing without one moment's intermission, except, perhaps, during a fainting-fit. Do all who happen to read this know what they breathe for, and how? I think not. I will not be content with such answers as, "Because I must;" "Because I couldn't live without air," etc. This is merely reasoning in a circle. I want a positive reply to the questions, why we breathe, and how we breathe; and as nobody seems to answer me as I like to be answered, I shall set about explaining the matter in my own way.

Firstly, as the air, which is such an important element in the process of breathing, is invisible, and consequently is apt to be invested with some of the usual difficulties appertaining to invisible things, let us surround ourselves as much as possible with visible, tangible representatives. Do as I bid you, then, and for the present ask no questions. Weigh out 13½ oz. of charcoal, and set it on a plate. Place yourself near a tub full of water, and, by means of a pint measure, dip out the whole of the water by pintsful at a time. Manage

to dip once every three seconds, or twenty times in a minute, so that at the end of a minute you will have dipped out twenty pints. You may now dip out three more pints, if you please, to add to the water already emptied, for, strictly speaking, our pint measure is hardly big enough; but I have assumed a pint measure to have been employed for the reason that everybody is well acquainted with the dimensions of it. We are not dealing with the invisible world now: a bulk of water and a heap of charcoal are tangible things. Let us now see what connection they have with the subject of breathing.

The connection is this; one great object of breathing is to remove charcoal from the body; and no less than 13½ oz. of charcoal are thus removed from every human individual, on an average, during each twenty-four hours; so you will perceive why I have thought proper to set before you the tangible object of 13½ oz. of charcoal on a plate.

Again: each human being, on an average, may be considered to take into his lungs and evolve from the same (by inspiration and expiration) one pint of air every three seconds, or twenty pints per minute; something more, indeed, so that if at the end of the minute we give three pints over, it will be something near the mark. Now, what a stupendous matter for contemplation is this! If the bulk of air we take into our lungs during the twenty-four hours, and give out from our lungs during the same time, were only visible, so as to challenge our attention, we should be startled at the immensity of it. The real quantity is about 666½ cubic feet; and in order to present to your mind a correct idea of this space, imagine a chamber nineteen feet square and nineteen feet high: such a chamber will correspond to that space almost exactly. Contemplate this fact, I say; realize to your mind these dimensions. Depend upon it, the Almighty does not oblige us to breathe and expire daily such an enormous bulk of air for nothing. The act ministers to some good end, you may be certain; and be assured, moreover, that if we violate the laws so obviously set before us, we suffer. Now, a room nineteen feet every way, is a pretty large room. Looking at our population, in the aggregate, how many do you think enjoy the benefits of a room so large?

Of course it may be said, and fairly said, that every room, however close, is supplied notwithstanding with some means of causing or permitting a circulation of air; a means, in other words, of ventilation. True, and fortunate that it is so. Even the largest room, were ventilative means not supplied, would in time become unfitted to support life; and a comparatively small room may have its air retained up to a good standard of purity by an efficient ventilation. But ventilation, be it remembered, involves a current of air, and a current of air, when strong, is a wind—a draught; and draughts are so disagreeable that, rather than incur their effects, people will often put up with bad ventilation.

Having created tangible, visible representatives of invisible things, I will now apply myself to answering the question, Why do we breathe? We breathe, in order to evolve from the system the charcoal which is there continually accumulating; we breathe, to add to our stock of animal heat; we breathe, to relieve the lungs of moisture. Such are the chief objects which breathing subserves. There are others, but they are complex; and the nature of a few being disputed, we may omit the consideration of them here.

Perhaps some novice in this line of thought will feel no little surprise that animal heat should be developed by the act of taking into the lungs *cold* atmospheric air. Did that novice ever set himself the problem of determining what would become of the heat of a common fire, if air were not supplied to it? That air is just as cold as the air which enters our lungs; still, the heat of a fire is enormously greater than animal heat. Well, but—the novice will remind me—"in the grate there is combustion, and without air fire will not burn." Granted; and so in the lungs, or breathing organs of animals, there is combustion too, although that combustion does not rise to the energy of combustion of fuel in a grate, there being neither smoke nor fire. But there are many grades of combustion, and respiration is a low grade of it. The difference between fuel combustion and breath combustion is, after all, less than any one who had not thought over the matter might suppose. In both cases we have atmospheric air playing a similar part; in both cases we have heat developed; in both cases

we have charcoal converted into gas, and evolved in an invisible form. Yes, the very same invisible gas which charcoal yields when burned in a fire, it yields when burned in the lungs; and, as I have said, from the nineteen cubic feet, or thereabouts, of gaseous matter which each human individual on an average discharges from his lungs in the course of twenty-four hours, the chemist, by his wonderful art, can extract no less than 13½ oz. of real charcoal.

And now for the second question, How do we breathe? All animals breathe, but not by the same apparatus. The backboned animals which suckle their young, however, all breathe alike. In the chest of each individual of this class, we find certain spongy organs, called lights, or lungs; organs admirably adapted to the end of bringing impure blood into the presence of pure air. When the chest expands, the lungs expand too, and air rushes in; when the chest contracts, so do the lungs contract, and the air rushes out. In such manner is breathing performed in backboned animals which suckle their young.

But whoever has seen the structure of a piece of lights, must be aware that it is a heavy and bulky structure, and requiring a large chest to hold it. This sort of arrangement would not have sufficed for creatures like birds, which have to pass so large a portion of their time in the air, supported by mere force of wing. Yet no system of breathing apparatus involving a lowering or a sluggishness of the breathing function, would have sufficed. Birds are exceedingly warm-blooded animals; their animal heat is considerably higher than the animal heat of human beings. Mark, then, how admirably the breath apparatus of these creatures has been modified to suit the conditions under which the feathered tribe have to exist. Far back against the spine of a fowl or other bird you may chance to be partaking of, you will find a little spongy mass, so much resembling in general texture the lungs or lights of a land-animal, that you will be prepared to believe that the two are corresponding organs. Lungs so very small must be turned to their fullest account, in order to evolve the amount of animal heat which a bird requires; and so, indeed, they are. It would be not very incorrect to say, that the body of a bird is *all lungs*, since all over the body there are cavities designed to contain air. The bones, too, are hollow and contain air; so that whenever the bird moves a muscle, a circulation of air is determined toward its little lungs; and when the bird begins to fly, the violent muscular exercise necessary to this act raises the air circulation to its highest intensity, and may be said to fan the breath-combustion to the highest pitch of which it is susceptible.

Pause a minute, now, and reflect how beautifully the teachings of philosophy accord with the teachings of experience and common sense. Who does not know that the more an animal moves or exerts itself, the faster it breathes and the hotter it becomes? Who does not know that exercise begets hunger and thirst; it gives an appetite? What marvel?

Again: who has not looked upon one asleep, and remarked the placid torpor of vitality characteristic of that state? The muscular system is all at rest, save the heart and a portion of the system which presides over the breath. Wear and tear of the materials of the body are reduced to a low grade. There is no wearing application of the mind; either lulled to oblivion altogether, or disporting itself in dreams, man's thinking part makes no call on his members or the things which minister to them, for stimulus or refreshment. Looking at these, the prominent conditions of sleep, it should be—if the principles which our philosophy seeks to establish be sound—it should be, I say, that proportionately with the lowering of lung-combustion during the state of sleep, there should be a corresponding diminution of animal heat, and a decreased necessity for eating and drinking. Does not experience correspond with these suggestions? How often must it have occurred to many who are now reading this paper, to go to bed on a winter's night, after briskly moving about, fancying they should be quite hot enough; to commit themselves to sleep, still feeling hot enough; but to awake, as the night advanced, under an unbearable sensation of cold, or, if not awaking, to dream of rolling in snow-drifts, or taking cold baths, or standing in a shower with one's clothes off, or some other painful expression, in sleep's own grotesque way, of the unpleasant sensation of cold?

Then, as to eating and drinking, everybody knows they are the natural alleviators of hunger and thirst; but next in

order, as an alleviative agent, comes sleep. People exposed to want of aliment, people on the verge of starvation, feel an almost unconquerable desire to sleep; and many a starving man or woman may pass in sleep a space of time, without eating and drinking, which awake would have been impossible. Think, too, of the following fact: we can draw a long or a short breath, as we will; but no effort of will can prevent our breathing altogether.

Mark, too, that during the whole period of sleep respiration goes on without our will having any conscious effort in the matter. Compare this with the heart. This organ is not subject to the will in any degree. No one by mere effort of volition can make his heart beat a long beat or a short beat, much less cause the heart to stop for a few moments. How beautifully is all this ordered! What benevolent foresight! Frequent occasions arise when it is necessary to interfere momentarily with the breath. If a cloud of dust blow past, it is injudicious to breathe it; and to avoid it, we cease breathing momentarily by the force of will. We may have to thrust our heads under water for a few seconds; in this case again it would be injudicious to go on breathing, and so we are permitted to subject the breath to the will within narrow limits. But under no conceivable conditions can any occasion arise for dictating to the heart at all: the sturdy little blood-pumper is boxed away inside the chest, and enveloped in a sort of leather bag: he is cut off from the external world, like the veriest recluse. The heart has his own appointed work to do, and the most imperious will can in no degree affect him.

And now it remains for me to say that the breathing organs of some animals are not modeled after the type of lungs; and that other animals, although they breathe, are devoid of any special breathing organs. Need I say that fishes do not breathe by lungs? how could they? They breathe by those red fringe-like things called gills, no less admirably adapted to lay hold of the air which is dissolved in water, than our lungs are adapted to contain air as it exists in the gaseous form. Certain curious animals, too, are supplied with both gills and lungs; so that philosophers are at a loss to decide whether they are fish or reptiles. Insects breathe by tubes called trachea, opening externally on various parts of the body, whence the secret of killing a wasp by smearing its body with oil; and certain lower animals, unprovided with special respiratory apparatus, breathe by absorbing air through their skins. Thus ends what I have to say about breathing. It may enable the reader to understand what is implied in the Divine record, when it is said that God "breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life."

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

Radiant with his spirit's light,
Was the little, beauteous child;
Sporting around a fountain bright,
Playing through the flow'rets wild.

Where they grew he lightly stepp'd,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leap'd,
Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters well'd,
Laughing as they bubbled up;
In his lily hands he held,
Closely clasp'd, a tiny cup.

Now he put it forth to fill,
Then he bore it to the flowers,
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held in mimic showers,

"Open, pretty buds," said he,
"Open to the air and sun;
So to-morrow, I may see,
What my rain to-day has done.

"Yes you will, you will, I know,
For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups, and blow,
When I'm gone and can't tell how.

"O! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you,
When your sides unclasp, and free
Let your leaves and odors through.

"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.

"Now remember, I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you some
With your brightest colors spread!"

To his buds he hasten'd out
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"

Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him who saith,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Answer'd by the smile of Heaven
Is the infant's offering found,
Though "a cup of water given"
Even to the thirsty ground.

SYSTEMATIC PREACHING.

THE age demands, loudly and impatiently, from the public teachers of Christianity, a forcible and impressive style of speech. A preacher who cannot impress, may as well hold his tongue; for his instructions, however wise and excellent, will be as water spilled on the ground. No amount of truth will be of the slightest use, if addressed to sleeping ears. But, on the other hand, it is equally true, that if the preacher can *only* impress, not instruct, he may as well hold his tongue too; for he impresses to no purpose. Whatever the age may demand in the style of preaching, human nature, in every age, demands divine truth as the one thing which can renew and save it. Rhetoric, fancy, dramatic power, oratorical splendor, wit, pathos, originality, pointed sarcasm, and all other forms or instruments of eloquence, will never compensate for a defective exhibition of divine truth. That truth is not to be snatched up, at a glance, from the mere surface of Scripture. It will not reveal its harmonious symmetry, and majestic proportions, to a shallow, impatient intellect, even though allied to a fervent and sincere heart. Inasmuch as it is spiritual and moral truth, it cannot be apprehended by the intellect alone; but, inasmuch as it is truth, it cannot be apprehended without the intelleci. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God:" but it is equally true that we can love God worthily, only as we know him. And we know him only in proportion as we know all that he has revealed of himself—of his character, law, designs, and dealings—in his word. If the Bible really contain the communication, from God himself, of this divine knowledge, there must be in it unity and system, however concealed beneath the fragmentary and concrete form in which God has seen fit to give it to us. The concealment of divine art is as complete in the revelation of Scripture as in that of nature. Prose, poetry, history, proverbs, parables, discourses, letters, predictions afford the ever-varying media through which successive ages made their slow and unequal contributions to the sum of inspired teaching. Truths the most distinct are found inseparably interwoven, and kindred truths widely separated; a law involving a promise, a history vailing a prediction; the casket lying in one book, and the key, a thousand years later, in another. But, to infer from this that there is no systematic unity in Scripture doctrine, would be as unwise and unwarrantable as to conclude that there can be no system in creation, because the creatures are not distributed, either geographically or numerically, according to genera and species; but as if by chance, or, at most, for convenience and beauty; the whale having its home among the fishes and the sea-weeds, and the humming-bird being placed, in nature's cabinet, among butterflies and blossoms. God is one. His manifestations of himself are infinite; but he is in them all; he cannot be unlike himself, nor can he do the least act, or produce the smallest work, but what is worthy of himself, and bears the impress of his infinite wisdom, and is by the very fact in necessary harmony (whether our dull eyes and ears can discern it or not) with all things else in the universe. To deny that there is system in the doctrines of the Bible, is to deny (if we consider the matter closely) that the Bible is the work of God. Whether theologians have discovered, or ever can discover that system in its completeness and purity, is another question. But the very attempt is noble. Wisdom and humility alike forbid us to despise it. If the systems produced by the most profound, laborious, and devout minds that have devoted themselves to the task, are still (as possibly they are) to the real system of Scripture theology, only as the reflection of the sun in a clouded and broken mirror, or on a wind-stirred pool, yet much of divine light is in them; and probably there is not one of them but reflects some beams which our dim, unaided vision never would have caught. Few kinds of conceit can be more outrageous and less pardonable, than the conceit which leads a man to fancy that an amount of intellectual effort which would not make him master of a single science or language, will enable him to despise all that other men have done in expounding and systematizing the doctrines of the Bible, and put him in possession of all that an Augustine or a Calvin, a Howe, a Wesley, or an Owen, could learn by the intense and prayerful labor of a lifetime.

True, we do not want elaborate displays of systematic theology in our pulpits, in place of plain, warm-hearted explana-

tion and enforcement of particular truths, any more than we want botanical and anatomical preparations on our dinner-tables, in place of roasted joints and well-cooked vegetables. But if the preacher be ill-acquainted with the anatomy and the botany, so to speak, of Scripture truth, he will be very likely often to spread before his hearers, with the best intentions, a very unsatisfying, indigestible, or dangerous banquet. A preacher need not take off the skin of his mind, that his hearers may see its muscles and sinews, or be always holding up the skeletons of his sermons, that we may hear their bones rattle, and see the flesh creep over them, a limb at a time. The human frame would gain neither strength nor beauty if it could be rendered transparent, and each miraculous construction, and sinewy jointure, and sympathetic throb in the secret machinery of life, laid bare to view. But every bone and every artery is indispensable alike to its strength and to its beauty; and a single vertebra out of place would be fatal to both. Just so, a sermon must have bone and sinews, though it need not show them. And as with a single sermon, so with the habitual course of pulpit instruction: it is likely either to be deformed and maimed, or paralytic and powerless, if it lack the compact skeleton of a comprehensive orderly conception of the unity of Bible truth, and the nerves and muscles of logical, systematical, strenuous thought.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

I DARE say very few of my readers ever heard of the magnificent backwoods town of Francisville, in Kansas. In fact it only consists of three houses, although it boasts some very wide streets, cleared through the forest, but not yet built upon. Mine host of the City Hotel had christened his claim by that name, and small blame to him if he thought the speculation might prove successful. At present, however, the only stranger visible in Washington, or Front-street, was an occasional bear, who took a survey of the improvements and then disappeared in the forest again with a growl. When this occurred the landlord would leave the hotel to the care of his wife and a nigger boy, and start off with his dogs after the uninvited guest. During the summer, it is true, the place grew a little more lively, for the main road from Memphis to Little Rock ran past it; but in winter, and for nine months of the year, the settlement was quite under water; the postman was the only traveler who passed, and the host turned in to enjoy his "winter sleep," as his neighbors termed it.

One fine summer day, not so many years back, the landlord was blowing a cloud at his door when a hunter, followed by four dogs, came panting along the road at a faster rate than usual; as soon as he arrived within hail, however, he accounted for his haste by announcing that the settlement was going to be honored with the most extraordinary visitor ever yet seen in the backwoods. A little Frenchman was coming up the road with a heap of wolf traps.

"Wolf traps!" said the landlord, with a hearty grin. "Is a Yankee going to bring traps to the settlement? and pray what does he mean to catch?"

"Catch! why, man, they're all full of the strangest brutes you ever saw in your life!"

"Nonsense, Stewart; what do the Yankees know about setting traps, although they are so clever in selling us clocks?"

"I tell you, Wilson, it's not a Yankee, but a Frenchman. But did you ever see a man feed a catamount?"

"Feed a catamount?" the old backwoodsman replied, contemptuously. "I tell you what it is, Stewart, you must have a precious large whisky-bottle at home, for you haven't been here for a month."

"And I tell you again he has one with him which he feeds like I do Bob and Watch here. But you will see it to-night, for he intends to stop a week on Francis River, and give an exhibition, as he calls it, to which we are to invite all the neighbors."

"Invite?" the landlord said, in amazement. "He don't mean to kill the beast and serve it up to American Christians? the deuce take the French infidel!"

"Well, he'll have company enough," said Stewart, "for the court will be held the day after to-morrow."

"He shan't sell any liquor, though," said Willson, with a cunning nod of the head. "I have enough to pay for my license, and those who like to be his guests

in the eating way may do so, for aught I care."

In the mean while a couple of neighbors had joined them, and they were all lost in conjecture as to what the Frenchman wanted here with such a strange cargo. None of them thought for a moment that he intended to make money by showing it, for very few of the farmers had ever a quarter-dollar in their pockets or on the chimney-board to pay for a letter when one came by accident. Unfortunately the postman would not take bear-skins or deer hams, except at scandalously low prices. The strange visitors were, however, coming up fast; the dogs began barking, and Watch sniffed and looked, and then went sideways into the brush, after a cautious glance at his master.

"Why, Wilson," said Stewart, "the old boy has scented the catamount, and is trying to get to windward of it."

A man now came galloping up on a little black pony, and the barking of the dogs for a while prevented any conversation. The Frenchman, however, had lifted his hat very politely, and at last rode up to the men, asking them where would be the best place to camp for a week.

"The best place, sir; O, anywhere," laughed Stewart; "there, at the corner of Washington and Sycamore, or here, or the market-place, where Wilson has just taken his wood away; it's all the same where you choose a place."

"Corner of Washington and Sycamore?" the Frenchman repeated, with some surprise, and looking round him, "corner of what, gentlemen?"

"Well, the board's big enough and plain enough," said Wilson, somewhat riled, partly at the insult to his town, partly because he still suspected that the Frenchman intended to set up some rival establishment. The little man bowed again, and then rode to examine the place, which exactly suited him. Stewart, however, had reason for his surprise, for M. Bertrand was certainly the first human being who had ever brought such a living cargo into the backwoods, where some of the specimens were indigenous; nor was he wrong in believing that the settlers would be highly interested at seeing beasts which lived in the woods around them caged up and tranquil. But M. Bertrand was fated soon to discover that pleasure, and paying for pleasure were two different things.

The wagons were drawn up in a circle, and the owner began arranging the various cages, while the dogs set up a most furious barking. The Frenchman, however, did not try to drive them away; that would have been lost labor; and besides, he regarded the barking as a sort of cheap announcement of his curiosities by which the dogs would attract the attention of their masters. Before long, Wilson and Stewart walked up to the menagerie to satisfy their curiosity.

"Where away, stranger?" the host began; for he could not believe that the Frenchman had come to Francisville to turn back again.

"To Little Rock, and thence to Kansas Port, Napoleon, and to the Mississippi."

"Halloo!" the backwoodsman growled, for he could not understand how a man who wanted to go to the Mississippi, should be turning from it. "But the other way round would have been nearer."

"Certainly, monsieur; sair, I would say; but then you can't always go the straightest road to get through the world."

"That's true, too, in hunting; but I suppose you find it very awkward moving with that lot of cases?"

"And what have you got in them?" Wilson now said, walking up to one of them, and trying to peep behind the curtain. "Bless me, those are famous wolf traps, but hereabouts the beasts wouldn't go into them, because of the bars. But what's that knocking at the door?"

"Pray, sair, let go!" the Frenchman implored. But the curious backwoodsman had lifted the curtain with a little stick he had in his hand; he started back, however, in terror, when a brown hairy hand emerged, seized the stick, and pulled it in.

"Dod drot it, what's that?" he cried, as he started back, uncertain whether the hand might not wish to seize something else; "does it bite, old fellow?"

The Frenchman, who wished to spread the news of his menagerie as soon as possible, determined on showing the two men a specimen; so he pulled back the curtain, and revealed a fine full-grown chimpanzee.

"Darn my buttons!" both the men shouted, "if that don't beat cock-fighting!"

"Jimmy! where did you catch him?" Stewart then said, kneeling down to have a better look. "Is it good to eat?"

"Deuce take me if it isn't a wild man!" Wilson interposed. "He got him from the Cash Swamps; Prince has been after him twice, but couldn't catch him. Well, have you got anything else to see?"

"Plenty more," said the little Frenchman, "but not to-day. To-morrow an exhibition; all will be in order then."

"A—uh—ih!" the catamount then put in a word.

"Seize him!" the old hunter shouted almost instinctively; and the dogs, which had been hardly kept back, now flew at the den, and pulled down the curtain, but met with such a violent reception both from the beast's claws and the Frenchman that they fell back.

So soon as order was restored the men of the menagerie were ordered to build a fence round the show to keep the dogs at bay, while Wilson and Stewart, finding that M. Bernard was not disposed to show them any more sights, returned to the hotel. The evening's conversation turned exclusively on the strange collection of traps, and wondering queries as to the reason the Frenchman had come to Francisville. The general supposition was, that he displayed the catamount for the purpose of getting orders to catch others in the vicinity. The next day the neighbors came flocking in; and at three in the afternoon M. Bertrand appeared before the gaping audience, and put up a huge bill at the door of the show. In a few minutes a crowd collected round it, and the best scholar among them discovered that it was a menagerie, which monsieur had brought there to show them.

"Hurrah for Bertrand!" they shouted; "he is a fine fellow!" and they were just going to rush in when Wilson, who had been carefully inspecting the bill, to see whether there was anything in it about eating and drinking, suddenly noticed the prices of admission, and held them back by a loud cry of surprise.

"Bless me, bhoys!" he said, pointing to the ominous words, "it costs something to see the traps!"

"Cost!" they all shouted, incredulously. "What can it cost? we'll treat him to the best we have; so come along, bhoys."

"Stop a minute," the landlord interposed, seeing the matter was past a joke. "Any one who goes in must pay a quarter-dollar in money or money's worth. Halloo, Mr. Bertrand! is that correct?"

"C'est vrai, monsieur," the Frenchman replied, with a pleasant smile, glad of the opportunity to praise his show. "It's all in order, a quarter-dollar admission, to see and admire the menagerie. Very little."

"So, we're to pay a quarter-dollar admission, for seeing very little?" an old backwoodsman, who had been regarding the stranger with unfeigned astonishment, remarked: "hang me if that ain't cool! Comes here, puts up his tent in our town, and then, instead of acting like a neighbor, asks a quarter-dollar, merely to pass his threshold! Mark me, bhoys, strangers are getting to something!"

"But there's a great deal to see, monsieur," the little man interposed. "A monkey, a catamount, four little monkeys, an African leopard, and a lama, all for a quarter-dollar. The beasts eat a great many quarter-dollars."

"Eat quarter-dollars?" the old man said, his eyes and mouth visibly expanding; "did a Christian ever hear such a thing? the Frenchman feeds his beasts with quarter-dollars!"

A long explanation was necessary before M. Bertrand could make them understand the reason of his demand; but none were willing to expend a quarter-dollar, payable in skins, before they knew what the show looked like, and M. Bertrand, strongly suspecting the money would not be forthcoming afterward, proposed to show the marvels of his menagerie gratis to two persons, and then leave it to them to pay their admission, if they thought it worth the money. The proposition was unanimously accepted, and the old squatter and the judge of the nearest township were chosen. The Frenchman led them in, and they remained there half an hour, those without only hearing now and then the growling of the animals and a loud exclamation of surprise from the old squatter. At length the canvas parted, and the deputation emerged with signs of amazement. The squatter thus took the word:

"Gentlemen! here is my cap; you have fairly earned it, mossu; for I'll be hanged if it don't beat cock-fighting. A quarter-dollar? I'd walk ten miles to see such a sight; and you know I wouldn't do that for a quarter-dollar."

The audience began asking a thousand questions, to which they could get no satisfactory reply; the old fellow's head was

full of wild men of the woods; and so the backwoodsmen ran back to the hotel, packed up some of the goods they had brought in to barter, and flocked to the menagerie. The Frenchman did a roaring trade during the afternoon, for the repugnance to pay was now removed, and the squatters went in, not once, but three or four times, to see "the wild beast company." When they came out they had so much to say about the wonders that every new comer must pay a visit too, and M. Bertrand had his hands full of his strange circulating medium, of which, however, he knew the full value as a trader. The only topic of conversation among the visitors was the chimpanzee, which they insisted was a "Wild Man of the Woods;" for it is curious that the rumor of men having been lost in the woods and grown wild is still kept up in the western forests of America, although such a thing hardly ever takes place. After the report has died away for months it will break out again; some hunter or the other asserts that he has found his track, and followed him to his lair in some mountain cave. The most terrible stories are then told of "former captives," how they defended themselves with their teeth, and how Bill's father, or Jim's grandfather, in a settlement, had almost risked their life against the terrific strength of the little creatures, so that at last they were obliged to kill them in self-defense, and could never get hold of one alive. However, the audience could not come to any agreement about the tail of the chimpanzee, until at last Stewart settled the difficulty by offering to make a bet that the wild men were certainly related to the Jenkinses, for they all had such precious long backs that they could easily grow into tails. This solution appeared so probable that no one dared to take the bet.

As I have said M. Bertrand did an excellent trade; but at last, when some of the visitors had made several applications to the whisky-bottle, they would not be satisfied with merely seeing, but began teasing the animals, and shaking the monkeys' cages till the poor brutes, in their terror, sprang up to the bars, and by gnashing their teeth and making comic gestures created an intense amusement among the wild visitors. M. Bertrand found it was high time to terminate his exhibition, more especially as it became a most difficult matter to make some of them pay. He therefore politely bowed out the last persons in the show, and began fastening up the canvas to cut off any further communication with the outside for this evening. But in this he soon found himself mistaken.

"Halloo!" shouted a new band of young fellows, who just at that moment rode into the settlement; "halloo, bhoys! where's the beasts? Out with 'em; here's the children who want to see them."

"The steamer has just started, gentlemen!" said one of the mob. "You're a day after the fair; fireworks can't be let off twice."

"Halloo, Miles! who's dead, and what's to pay?"

"The shop's shut up, gentlemen, and the key fallen overboard."

"Confound the key! if the door's still there this child will get in. So, bhoy, take my horse and look after him, or I'll hang you up by the ears."

"Joking on one side, Ned Holly," the other remarked, to tease him, "the exhibition is over, the ladies and gentlemen are all gone home, and the candles are blown out."

"Hurrah, bhoys, who'll follow?" the first speaker shouted. "I'll be darned if I go to bed till I've seen the beasts. Let's climb over the fence, and show them to ourselves."

No great amount of persuasion was requisite to induce the intoxicated and curious portion of the company to follow. Marching in a compact body, and accompanied by a number of the former visitors, to the Frenchman's tent, who received them with his usual unswerving politeness, they demanded admittance.

"Pardon, messieurs," was the reply; "not this evening; monkeys very tired to-night; had so many visitors."

"Monkey be hanged!" exclaimed the leader. "We want to see your wild man, old boy; so cut asunder the canvas there, or else we'll run it down."

"No admission to-day, messieurs," the Frenchman replied, standing in their way; "no admission. I must go and fetch the justice of the peace if you use force. I am here in my house."

"O, go to grass with your house!" the first speaker, a coarse, savage fellow, exclaimed; and, hurling the Frenchman on one side, he pulled out his knife, and with

one blow cut through the cords which prevented entrance. With one bound he then reached the interior, and all the rest followed him, in spite of the violent protestations of the stranger, who was thus insulted. But although the better-thinking persons saw clearly that what had happened could not be altered, still they did not wish that the stranger should be treated unjustly upon their own ground, and demanded that the men who had forced their way in should at any rate pay the price of admission. At first the Frenchman refused to take anything, and insisted on asserting his own rights; but when he found that he would not be able to effect this, he put up with the admission-money, on condition that they should only stop half an hour: and indeed by that time it would be dark. As several of the new comers had brought silver money with them, to pay their lawyers the next day, and were not at all in a condition to haggle about the price, M. Bertrand was soon perfectly satisfied, and began his description again for the fiftieth time.

Like the former visitors, the present company only cared for the chimpanzee; they even scarce deigned to pause at the "spotted panther," until, on one of them asserting it was painted, another wetted his finger, and thrust his arm through the bars to stroke the leopard. But he was speedily induced to draw back, for the brute sprang round like lightning, and tore his sleeve and arm up, as a solemn protest against any experiment about the nature of his spots.

"He *is* painted for all that!" said the wounded man, holding his arm and looking boldly at the animal, though from a respectful distance; "and if I only had him out here I would prove it with my fists in his blackguard face."

"Gentlemen!" Ned Holly now shouted, above the laughter and noise, which seemed each moment to increase, "this is really a man of the woods, for I met one of them up at White River once, which looked exactly like it. You have no idea how strong such a poor-looking brute really is."

"And I can flog the spotted panther and the dirty wild man in the bargain," said the intoxicated man, who had now bound his handkerchief round his arm; "let him out, that we may stand man to man, the scratching brute!"

"You flog the wild man!" Ned shouted, (for he had been telling on the road how a wild man had once served him, and regarded this boast in some measure as an insult;) "he'd take you and throw you over the fence into the middle of next week. You flog the wild man!"

"Ned," the other here shouted, "if I can't flog the panther and the wild man together, may I never shoulder a rifle again. Pooh! I'll bet ten quarters that the cripple can't even settle that miserable catamount."

"Hurrah! that's a bet, Ned!" the crowd shouted.

"All right," Ned replied. "Bhoys, ten quarters that the wild man chaws up the catamount and picks his teeth with the tail. So now bring them to the scratch."

"Gentlemen!" the Frenchman now interposed, "the half hour's up. I must request you to go home and keep the peace."

"All right, old hoss!" said Ned, giving him such a slap on the back that his knees cracked again; "but we must have the fight first. Shall we let them out here, or how shall we manage?" he continued, without paying the slightest attention to the owner of the brutes. "Hand me an ax to open the cages."

"Gentlemen!" shouted the Frenchman, now really alarmed, and springing between the men, who were just pushing forward the cages of the catamount and the chimpanzee, "let it be, that is my property. You must not lay hands on it."

"O, go to grass!" Ned said, contemptuously, and hurled him on one side. "We're not going to lay hands on your property; your property must settle it entirely between themselves. Now, bhoys, lend a hand here."

"Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!" the Frenchman shouted. "Get back from the cage; if you open it the catamount will be off, and we shall never see it again, and five-and-twenty dollars will be gone for ever."

"I said so," shouted Ned—"I said so; and the catamount knows the wild man would chaw him up, so he shows the white feather. Give him a chance to bolt, and he'd never stop to look round till he got to Missouri."

"And that's all you know about it, I say, Bill," his opponent urged; "he might bolt, it is possible, but not from your cripple of a wild man, but because you make row enough to frighten a room full of cata-

mounts. Give him an honest fight, and I stick to it that he'll chaw up the wild man chock and block."

"Stop, bhoys," another backwoodsman remarked, "we can manage so that the beasts can fight and neither escape. When we push the two cages close together, the doors match, and if we open them they can pay each other a visit."

"That's a good idea; and now to work, bhoys, before it gets dark," Ned exclaimed; at the same time laying hold of one of the cages.

The Frenchman tried to prevent it, and called his people to his assistance, but the mob was against him; so he rushed over to the hotel, to inform the judge of the mad scheme afloat, and request his interference. But, as is too often the case, though the laws are excellent they cannot always be carried out in these wild parts. The judge had scarce got wind of the disturbance than he took a lawyer friend of his by the arm, and walked with him into the woods. He knew perfectly well that very little or nothing could be effected by force when these fellows took anything into their head, and was in no way disposed to make enemies unnecessarily, or perhaps expose himself to danger, so he walked off, and was not to be found. The constable had behaved just in the same way, and Bertrand, after being sent from pillar to post, at length perceived that he was at the mercy of a reckless mob, and determined on taking the law into his own hands.

In the meanwhile, a mad scene was going on in the poor Frenchman's booth. Bob had moved up the catamount's cage to the chimpanzee's, and the doors were just going to be dragged up, when some of the backwoodsmen interposed and tried to persuade the drunkards not to destroy the stranger's property so recklessly.

"Darn it," Ned said, roughly, "we paid the fellow our entrance money, and mean to have our fun for it. Besides, there's a bet to be settled, so clear the road!"

"Look out, Ned," a voice said at the moment. And as he turned round rapidly a gun was fired, and the charge passed so close by his head that he could hear the shot whistling. He had been in very considerable danger, for Bertrand, now maddened, had taken up his fowling-piece to shoot Ned, whom he regarded as the ringleader; and had he effected his purpose no court would have condemned him. A friend of Ned's, however, struck the gun up and the Frenchman down at the same moment, and while a couple dragged away the senseless man to prevent more mischief, Ned exclaimed contemptuously, as he took up the gun,

"Confound his carcass, to shoot at a man with such a thing. I've a great mind to open all his traps. But we're losing time, bhoys; let's to work."

Throwing down the gun and pulling up the doors, in spite of all suggestions, he opened the communication, and all pressed silently round the cages to watch the result. The catamount seemed to have been terrified by the noise, for it cowered in a corner of the cage, rolling its eyes wildly at the surrounding crowd; while the chimpanzee sprang up and down the bars, and did not appear to notice that the door had been opened. For a while things remained in this position, but the crowd at last grew impatient, and Ned shouted:

"Seize him, old bhoy, seize him! If the wild man only knew a catamount was within arm's length of him he'd soon be at him."

"We will introduce the gentleman to him," said Bill, laughing, "and then he can have no excuse;" so he seized a stick and stirred up the cat. The brute moved angrily from its old position, and noticing that the door was opened, and probably presuming it was a means of escape, it glided through, and caused the chimpanzee no small terror, which it displayed by jumping up and down, while the catamount, on noticing that the cage was occupied, tried to retreat. But this the attentive Bob had already prevented by closing the door of its cage, and the cat, as if expecting an attack from the strange animal, retired into the furthest corner, evidently prepared for defensive operations.

"I'm darned if the wild man ain't the biggest coward I ever saw in my life," Ned shouted, angrily; "he's got a brute of a catamount before him and don't chaw him up. I believe his good heart won't let him do it; he thinks it would be murder."

"Seize him, catty, seize him!" Bill replied to the taunt; "catch him by the tail, and see what he's made of."

"Hu—pih!" the mob shouted, the dogs outside barked, while a couple of the fellows, who had committed all imaginable

crimes on the Indian frontier, uttered the war-yell of the Choctaws.

"Seize him, you coward!" Ned now shouted, highly indignant at the backwardness of his animal, while he struck the bars violently. The monkey was frightened and let go its hold, but fell on the retreating catamount, and found itself closely embraced. The chimpanzee, in its terror, and being driven to extremities, seized the catamount in turn, and bit it severely over the left eye, so that it left its hold with a loud yell, and sprang into the other corner. It is impossible to describe the shouts which burst forth upon this, and—whether the cat was driven to desperation by the pain or by the shouts—just as the ape turned away instinctively to seek refuge above, the catamount made a bound, and while Ned cried, "Take care, Jimmy, take care, play fair," it sprang on the monkey's back from behind and dug its claws deeply in. The chimpanzee, however, one of the strongest of the monkey race, did not seem inclined to yield willingly, for while the cat was leaping upon it it turned half round and met it with open jaws. The catamount had by this time succeeded in getting a firm grip of its opponent's head, and hung on ruthlessly, however much the chimpanzee strove to liberate itself. Both fell to the ground, the chimpanzee being above, but the cat kept its grip, and as the poor wild man's strength gave way, it unexpectedly got the whole of the unhappy chimpanzee's head between its powerful jaws.

"Enough, enough!" Ned shouted, for his animal; "enough, beast, that's false play; be off, let go!" And he thrust his stick into the catamount's side. But the latter held on with all its concentrated fury; the chimpanzee gradually relaxed its hold, and when the catamount was at last compelled by repeated blows and thrusts to retire, it left its enemy dead on the ground with its head quite crushed. The confusion that now ensued was indescribable; some shouted and rejoiced, while others raged, swore, and danced about the booth like madmen. Ned was the most furious of all, and when he had deadened the shouts of the others by his own surpassing noise, he demanded justice for the wild man, who had been unfairly attacked and murdered by the cat, and they must hold a trial over the catamount, which he herewith accused of deliberate murder. A loud shout of assent was the reply, and for a while nothing could be heard but cries of "Choose a jury!" "A judge!" "Murder!" "Hang him!" etc., until the chaos grew clearer, and Bob mounted on the empty cage and requested the company to choose a jury and commence proceedings. In a second twelve men presented themselves, some of whom Bill, who had constituted himself counsel for the defense, challenged. At length the number was complete, and though some of the more reasonable now interposed, and said enough mischief had been done, the whisky overpowered every sensible suggestion, and cries of "Silence in court!" "Turn out the disturbers!" with imitations of the sheriff's "O yes! O yes!" proved the futility of their exertions. The wildest trial conceivable then began; the catamount was found guilty in less than ten minutes, in spite of Bill's brilliant defense, condemned to be hanged by the neck till it was "dead, dead, dead," and the only difficulty appeared to be how the sentence should be carried into effect.

By this time evening had set in, and dry wood was brought to throw light on the square, but there was no tree to carry out the execution on the spot. They had not far to go, however; scarce twenty paces off was a clump of splendid oaks, to which the cage was dragged, with loud shouts. It was even more difficult to put the loop round the beast's neck, and then pull it out of the cage; but though the first was effected by means of a wooden fork, all attempts to drag the rope through the door, and then drive the catamount out, were lost labor. At last Bob succeeded in catching hold of the rope through the carefully-opened door of the cage, and he then secured it round the branch of the tree. The catamount was pulled out, and hoping for a chance of escape swung its claws round the rope, and began climbing up it. Some of the men were going to fetch a pole to drive it down, but the maddened brute began to throttle itself by pulling at the rope, and at length fell down lifeless to the full extent of the cord, and then slowly revolved. These desperate men, after uttering a volley of shouts for the success of their justice, then proceeded to the hotel, where they spent the night in drinking.

Stewart, from the commencement, had been on the Frenchman's side, and had

done his best to stop the wild proceedings, though in vain. He it was, too, who succeeded in preventing M. Bertrand from rushing frantically among the mob and stabbing all that came in his way. He knew that nothing could be effected by force, and that they would probably have put a bullet through his brain in the bargain. It took considerable trouble, however, to calm down the infuriated and ill-treated Frenchman, and it was only the conviction that he could do nothing against the multitude that induced him at last to pay a visit at eleven o'clock at night to the judge, and lay his complaint before him. The judge, a very quiet and sensible man, listened attentively, and by Stewart's testimony the whole story was confirmed. Then he took the Frenchman on one side, and explained to him that he would certainly obtain a verdict in his favor, but would not be able to secure sufficient compensation from the backwoodsmen, who had only got their horses and rifles, but not enough property on which an execution could be legally levied. Still he promised him his assistance, and advised him to keep quite at peace the next day, to lay out the dead monkey on an old woolen blanket, and wait.

The next morning Ned still lay in a deep sleep, when a young lawyer from Little Rock came in, shook him, and waited patiently till he awoke. Ned raised himself on his elbows, and looked round him in amazement; the remembrance of the past evening lay heavy as lead on his eyelids, and he could not at once rouse to consciousness.

"Halloo! Who are you?" was his first greeting to the visitor.

"A good friend, Ned," said the stranger, with admirable coolness, "and should like to do you a service."

"A service?" the young backwoodsman growled; "and who asked you to do it? you're a lawyer, I reckon?"

"You were jolly last night, Ned, eh?"

"Yesterday—who—I? O yes, I remember; we all drank too much; we set the Frenchman's bears to fighting: ha, ha, ha! He's going to complain, ain't he? Serves him right, the ass, why did he bring catamounts into our settlement, where we're only too glad to kill them? And as for his cowardly wild man—"

"That wasn't a beast, Ned," the stranger said, very seriously.

"Not a wild beast?" said Ned, in surprise; "what on earth was it then?"

"You can answer the question as well as I," the lawyer remarked, dryly. "A wild man, however, is not a beast; so much is evident; and if an unhappy being turns wild in the woods, humanity and Christian feeling demand that we should take his part and protect him from injury. If, however, we set wild beasts on him, when he hasn't weapons to defend himself, that's a very dangerous matter, and a just jury would bring in a verdict of murder!"

This was an awful surprise for Ned; and though he, at first, tried to take the matter lightly, the stranger requested him to follow, and led him to the Frenchman's booth, where he showed him the corpse of the wild man stretched out beneath the bloody blanket. This had the proper effect: Ned found he was in the fearful position of a murderer, and the only possibility of escape, the lawyer advised him, was to come to some arrangement with the Frenchman, and induce him not to complain. The accomplices in the affair were then secretly collected, and they determined on sending a deputation to the judge, and asking his advice. He replied evasively; he would not advise them; owing to his position, he could give no opinion on a matter which might be brought officially before him. But if he were the party concerned, so much he might say, he would come to some settlement with the Frenchman, if it cost him all he had in the world.

The same morning M. Bertrand had a secret interview with Ned Holly: the court commenced sitting, too; but the Frenchman made no complaint, and the next day all his wagons were packed ready for a start betimes: He had buried the chimpanzee respectably the previous evening, skinned the catamount, and nailed the hide on one of the cages to dry; but, instead of riding his little pony, he was now mounted on a splendid stallion of Ned Holly's, which the latter had brought in for sale, and thought justly he could get three hundred dollars for, while the catamount's empty cage contained two packages of otter and deer skins. M. Bertrand, however, had turned his footsteps eastward again to Memphis, instead of going further into the backwoods. He seemed to have done an excellent stroke of business, for he grinned amiably as he patted

his prancing steed and noticed the gloomy glances with which Ned followed him; but that was the last wild man he had to venture in such a profitable manner, and he therefore thought it better to return to more civilized districts. An hour later the dust raised by his wagons on the country road had disappeared, and M. Bertrand thus ended his first and last attempt to take a menagerie into the backwoods.

Two days later Steward and Wilson raised a small mound over the grave of the wild man, beneath a stately oak, at the corner of Washington and Sycamore streets; and the women of the settlement still avoid the spot with superstitious terror, for they assert that the ghost of the wild man appears on the first Sunday night in September, and by its whining entices the catamounts, which are so numerous during that month. As for Ned Holly, he is glad when he thinks what a fortunate escape he had from being tried for the murder of the WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

SOLOMON SARTOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

"'WHAT do I think is the greatest drawback to the beauty of our American ladies?' That, Mrs. Bantam, is a question well worthy of being asked; and to answer it in one word, I say, *physical imbecility*. To prove the existence of this is not necessary; one need only enter the city parlor, and frequent the fashionable resorts of the land, to find that the greater portion of the women who profess to be genteel, are emaciated imbeciles; poor, puny creatures, taking cold from a rain-drop, or blown over by a breeze. The only question worth attending to here is, as to the cause and the remedy. What is its cause? Why, chiefly, the mawkish light reading of the day. If you will take a little pains, Mrs. Bantam, to look at first causes, you will find in the minds of these puny ones often a *desire* for this state of things; and this thing is desired only because this trashy literature has set such delicacy as a standard of beauty. Ladies cultivate effeminacy, because the stories describe beauties as delicate things; and the stories describe the matter thus, because the ladies *are* delicate; so that there is one endless iteration of interchanging influence; ladies influence the stories, and the stories influence the ladies; that is the sum of the matter. The stories describe things *as they are*, not *as they ought to be*. Novelettes are written to please their patronizers, the puny sofa-loungers; and, to succeed, must never come in contact with the exquisite sensibilities of these sofa people! If these same petty *littérateurs* were to write for Chinese ears, they would pander to Chinese tastes. We should read, then, how fair Sulu Twang wended her way upon her tiny feet along the balcony, fondling the vines as she passed, and leaning for a support on the arms of gayly-attired attendants. And when turning out a yellow-covered book for American *dillitantes*, they go off: 'Fair Ida Ella was an angel to look upon; feet small and delicate; form of a fairy; and as she moved sylph-like and noiselessly along the verandah, it seemed as if a spirit had passed;' and Ida Ella vanishes into thin air also! After reading such vaporish stuff, no wonder the healthy frame is etherealized, and the rosy cheek made pale.

"The truth is, all these descriptions of sylph-like forms is but bosh; ghastly or ghostly would be terms more true to nature.

"That the idea of delicacy is not a true one, nor according to nature, we may at once see by looking at nature as it is. Who ever is found cherishing a sickly sheep? or wheezing horse? or a worm-eaten fruit-tree? We love fat and sleek cattle, and horses, and dogs, and luxuriant trees and flowers; and nowhere is puniness even endurable but in our humanity, where many a sallow fading one considers herself a beauty because of her delicacy. You may be sure, my dear ladies, this is a false idea. Why should frailty be considered beautiful anywhere? If I were to give a prescription for enhancing the beauty, I would say, first of all, more rest for the care-worn, more healthful exercise for the puny miss. I need not tell these last to go into the kitchen; there is, perhaps, no particular need of going there; but if no other exercise presents itself, I would say with Dow, Jr., 'Run up the hill for a wager, and down again for fun;' or put on a bonnet that will shade the face, and gloves that will keep the dirt from the hands, and then out into the

garden. Rear the luxuriant shrubbery; build up the tasteful mound; beautify the home place till it will be attractive. In this manner you will acquire rosy cheeks and elastic steps, banish aching heads and the *ennui*, and make long life more probable and beauty more lasting. What do you think of my homily on puniness, ladies?

"'What persons do I most dislike?' If, Mrs. Bantam, you had asked me that question five or six years ago, I should certainly have designated the endless talker and Mr. Self-conceit: but of late years I have found so much use for both these magniloquent personages, I have almost lost my dislike for them. The circumstance that has allayed my prejudice against the talker is this: whenever a large company of persons gets together who are not familiarly acquainted, as often happens in these boarding-house days, unless there is some leading spirit present, there is an unconscionable amount of dullness: 'It is pleasant;' 'Very.' 'A large company;' 'Very.' 'A dull day;' 'Very.' Such is the endless dull routine where there is no one to lead the way in converse. But once introduce a talker, and he will set the whole company going. If no more so, he is as important at least as the fiddler (or rather fiddle) that keeps a merry crowd in motion.

"And besides, I have learned to head off these talkers, and give myself endless amusement in their company.

"Some years ago I left a friend's house to go to spend the night with an old Dutchman. I was warned that I would get no sleep, and would be talked nearly crazy. I boasted that it should be otherwise, and resolved, at the expense of a little politeness, to prove the words of the warners incorrect. I sat down with the old man; he commenced his endless platitudes, uninteresting enough. I had before noticed that talkers must run a straight course. Dam up a stream, and you hinder the rapid flow, and it will be some time in clearing itself a new passage. Just so a talker will make poor progress when obstructions are thrown in the stream of bubble. And more; I found that my friend Von Behrisch had his favorite subjects, and that when turned off from these he would get confused. Whenever, then, he stopped to light his omnipresent pipe, which, between the talk and the dampness of the tobak, was forever going out, I would unconsciously set him on a new course.

"'My children,' went on the old man, 'were all so smart ven dey vas young. Adelia vould read just so vell as de school marm ven she vas but five year old. You may tink dat Sharman childrens can no learn English; but you make mistake. Adelia von day come home.' (Pipe wanted lighting.) I expected the next minute to have specimens of Adelia's scholarship from her own lips, and so I upset the calculations.

"'Behrisch,' says I, 'did Napoleon ever come into the parts where you lived in Germany?'

"Von Behrisch hesitated some time, not knowing whether to take up the old story or to notice my question. I had a fine time to do up some private thinking, (for the poem *Lindendown* was forming itself in my mind;) but the old man, taking the clue I had given, soon ran off into a story of his boyhood. Pipe went out, and I wanted to know if he had ever seen an American president? Pardon me, ladies; but at any cost I was bound to conquer. At last Behrisch gave it up. He found me the worst listener he had ever sat down with; and I, asking for a candle, went to bed at half past seven! Ever since that night I have been able to manage any talker I have met with. If I find a person who can talk sensibly, why then I let him talk on.

"As to self-conceit, it used to be an abomination with me; but I have seen of late so much of its *success*, and so much my own need of it, (don't laugh now, Mrs. Bantam;) and my own need of it I was saying, I have come to look upon egotism as a kind of *summum bolus*, (as a wiseacre said,) a *ne plus ulcer*. We all love a modest man; and at the same time we must all confess, that self-esteem accomplishes more than an overweening modesty. Speaking negroly, it is the tallest pole that takes the persimmons, and the boldest man that gets on the throne. There is our Fidge Fudge Bunkum, who so many years went to Congress from this district. Brass is his whole stock in trade; and he made a noise, and accomplished for himself and district far more than Mr. Walbridge, our last member, who, though a man of infinite merit, never made his voice to be heard; and never

acted except to cast regularly his one vote. Egotism, say what you will, Mrs. Bantam, will take the prize, while modesty lies pining in its closet.

"I have a little scheme (which, Mr. Budlong, I wish you would get up a painting of when you get that poetic scene of Mrs. Bantam's off your hands) by which I account for the difference in men's dispositions as to conceit or self-abasement. Let me get it up here. The water-pitcher (A) may stand there. Here, by the handle, I place the butter-plate (B;) and the salt-cellar (C) by the side of it. Here, by the pitcher's nose, I place the preserve dish (D;) and by the side of that the pickle-plate (E.) Now we have it.

Into the butter-plate let us throw the good qualities of all people; and the follies of self let us throw into the salt-cellar. Into the preserve-dish, on the other side, we will put the good things of self; and the errors of others, let us throw into the pickle-dish. Now Mr. Modestus mounts the water-pitcher (A,) and with downward eye he looks before him over the handle, and sees all that is good in *others*, and all that is bad in himself, side by side. He has good qualities, to be sure; but they are behind him in the preserve-dish, and seeing them not, he refuses, after such a view, to hold up his head. But self-conceit no sooner mounts the pitcher, than he wheels eyes to the nose, and looking down complacently sees, in the preserve-dish, (D,) all that is charming in himself, brightly contrasting with the dark thing of others in E, the pickle-dish. There are good things enough in others; but how can he see such when he has turned his back upon them? And as for self-errors, they do not come to his view; and no wonder he sets himself a dancing, and gets a fall like that, [Here Sartor let the pepper-box fall from the pitcher's top,] and gets his hat knocked off or his brains knocked out like that. [The top of the pepper-box came off as it fell, and spilled the contents.] Now what I would call *true men* would be these: [Sartor took up the castor and set it twirling over the pitcher.] They take a look, thus, at everything; butter-plate, salt-cellar, preserve-dish, pickle-plate; good of others, bad of self; bad of others, good of self; B, C, D, and E; and, deriving feelings and lessons from a full view of all things whatever, are after all the men the world stands in pressing need of. Out on your complaining hypochondriacs, as well as your swelling braggarts!

"And since I have the water pitcher so handy," continued Sartor, "let me present another idea. The world of knowledge is regarded by all people with views varying according to the altitude from which they look upon them. The urchin, wise as a Leibnitz or a Humboldt, thinks his own village the center of the world; and the student sophomore that can prattle of his (or her) favorites among magazine writers, thinks he is a *littérateur* of the highest views. This pepper-box standing on the table beside the picture takes cognizance of the things about it; but as it goes up thus, the salt-cellar gets under its feet, and it views the pie dish and other things afar off. It finds that the world of dishes is not all confined to its neighborhood near and around the pitcher! So is it with intelligent people; you may judge of their intelligence by the scope of their literary views.

"In my seminary days Headley's 'Napoleon and his Marshals' had just been blazoned forth. It was astounding to sophomores. We thought that a new light had arisen in the literary skies that would dazzle all other luminaries into darkness. All of us grasped for a Headley-an style. But to-day where stands this same dashing writer? Buried, it is feared, in his own glittering *repetitions!* When I had the honor of being editor of the *Literary Budget*, a rising writer sent me an article on American writers, wherein he stated that Irving was the finest writer of the land; but since Irving was sinking below the horizon we naturally began to look for the men that were to fill his place. 'And first in such a list,' said he, 'we must place Ik Marvel.'

"The 'Reveries of a Bachelor' had just then appeared. I rejected the article; the author wondered why. Now he is ashamed that in his essay he should show his ignorance of Prescott, Bancroft, Parke Godwin, and others.

"The other day a friend and I were talking of Dr. Paley, when a woman who sat by, who made some pretensions, wanted to know if we were speaking of Dr. Paley of Bungtown.

"Mr. Pepper-box must go up to the pitcher's top to get a view of the whole table, and so must the *littérateur* view all writings, and shake hands in his heart with all writers, ere he can make up a just estimate of who are really the world's great ones, as they do not at first view appear to sight. The editor of the *Cut and Slasher* is a great man with us here in Glendale; but when the great historian, standing on the high pinnacles of the future, comes to write up the world's history, I am afraid the name of Peter Graham will not stand peer of Macaulay, Tennyson, or Prescott.

"You remember, Mrs. Bantam, those remarks of mine on the capacities of the mind in woman and man? Well, it appears they have got themselves published by some means, and certain friends of mine, friends bound by certain unnamable literary ties, have seen fit to respond to those views of mine, and if there is no one of you here that has objections I will read at the table to-day their views. No objection? Well; first is a letter from the principal of an institute of learning:

"'*Dear Sartor*,—I am inclined to regard with interest the hints thrown out in your item on mind. I have no doubt but that Providence designed that the affections should largely prevail in woman's nature, and I am of opinion that any course of training is injurious that fails to bring these into the most active exercise. A female without a decided preponderance of this element would hardly be a woman. But I see no reason why systematic study, with an intermixture of the exact sciences and metaphysics, should be neglected as inadmissible. I scorn to see a female educated with no other idea than, as Lucy Stone says, "to look pretty, get married, and die!" It is a distressing sight to behold a being whose only stock of accomplishments is comprised in a few phrases of badly tortured French, a few sketches on Bristol-board, and the power of getting out of a piano some half dozen tunes! Nor should she be trained into a mere revolving frame to show up *brochés* and *moire antique* upon! It is a melancholy sight also to see her incarcerated in a furnace-heated parlor, a mere puppet simpering out stereotyped nonsense, as a doll only fit to look at! It is painful to see ladies ready sorted and labeled for the marriage market before the day of school pleasures and red cheeks, of pinafores and pantalettes, ought to be half over!

"'In my opinion every woman ought to have a thorough knowledge of domestic affairs, from the preparation of an elaborate thanksgiving dinner to the polishing of a spoon, or the scouring a knife.

"'The more she knows of the elegant accomplishments, the more pleasing in manners, and the more politely educated, the more disciplined her mind, the better. Above and before all things I would that *health* might be better regarded in the education of females. More exercise; more walking, with less of confinement. We want a radical change in many of these respects, and I, for my part, shall urge on such a reform. M. E. W.'"

MRS. BANTAM.—"Piquant, isn't he?"

BEDLONG.—"But he comes very near the mark."

MRS. ARGYLE.—"I, for one, am of opinion that just as home spinning and home weaving have gone out of date, and have passed into the hands of tradesmen, so cooking thanksgiving dinners will become a trade, and in a few years no wife will attempt to dress a turkey no more than her husband will make his own plow. Dinner-getting will be a thriving business in the days to come, is my faith."

MRS. BANTAM.—"Well, before we enter more fully into the merits of *that* question, let us hear the remainder of Mr. Sartor's letters, which I perceive he is very anxious to read. I really believe Mr. Sartor has some dreadful grudge at the ladies. I wouldn't wonder if a package of letters tucked away somewhere in his wardrobe would reveal the reason why! Ha, ha!"

"Well, here goeth," continued Sartor, "a letter from a Vermont Methodist preacher. Hear what he has to say:

"'As regards your ideas of woman, Sartor, a common-sense view of the matter tells us that man and woman are entirely unlike; so much so that they can never resemble each other more in mind than they do in body. As their spheres are different their training ought to correspond with that fact; and as nature places them in families to be trained up together, so they ought to be schooled together, and each should be taught what is needful for their duties in life. Woman's rights conventions claim for woman free access to all employments, while nature marks her sphere, and wisdom tells her to keep it.

[MRS. BANTAM.—"The spalpeen!"]

"'The world has not mistaken the true province, nor yet have the sensible ones of her own sex; but the world has failed to give her all proper facilities for the kind and degree of education that her peculiar position demands. She has never shown that vast grasp of mind that I call imperial, for she was not made for that.

"'If Elizabeth, of England, and Zenobia, and others are presented to confute this, I reply, they were exceptions; and viragos too!

[MRS. BANTAM.—"Whew!"]

"'A true woman is an embodiment of all that is lovely, and, aside from the Saviour, Heaven's best gift to man. The true way to

elevate man is to do all that can be done to elevate woman. H. F. J.'"

Mrs. Bantam.—"That ends well; go on to the next."

"It is from a young man of good parts, who is rising to eminence in Ohio. But hear:

"'I agree with most of what you say, Friend Sartor, in regard to woman; but I think soul has no sex, and that these earthly appearances will not exist in heaven. But I am of opinion that there is a difference in the mind of man and woman, as much so as the difference in appearance. The same faculties may appear in both, but in a different state of development and combination. The intellectual qualities are often the same, and are sometimes better developed in woman than in man; but as a general thing the domestic qualities are much fuller in woman than in man. Man is an eagle, woman a dove.

[Mrs. Bantam.—"To be destroyed by the eagle? Ha?"]

"'Man is the oak, woman the vine; man is the sheaf, woman a lily. J. B.'"

Mrs. Bantam—"Very well done, Mr. J. B. My compliments to you."

"'Who are my favorite authors?' Why, as to that, Mrs. Bantam, I have many; but permit me to make one correction in that universal phrase. There is a misnomer in 'favorite authors.' The phrase should be favorite book, for many men have written single works that are grand enough, who have printed platitudes sufficient to bury up all meritorious publications of theirs. I hardly ever look for authors, but for books. Fanny Fern has written some of the grandest scraps I ever read, and yet she is far enough from being a favorite author with me as with any one I know of. I know of no book equal in pith and pathos to Washington Irving's 'Knickerbocker History of New York;' but what he has written of late years, as far as pith is concerned, has no special merits. His 'Washington' does not begin to equal Lothrop Motley's 'Dutch Republic.' One of my particular friends, Daniel Whedon by name, passes Tom Carlyle over to sophomores; but I am willing, for one, to sit even with these so long as I can read Carlyle. I accord to him, so far as my opinion goes, the praise of writing the most vigorous prose I ever read. Witness his sketch of Luther in 'Hero Worship.'

"It is sometimes said, and said sneeringly, too, that on religious topics, and in religious literature, we have no vigorous pens. To confute which I would say, in the start, read the editorials in the *Methodist Review* for 1857. But after all there is a measure of truth in that sneer. But I by no means admit that the worldly writers possess more vigorous minds than churchmen; not at all. There are minds in our American pulpits before which the minds of Bulwer and Dickens would appear dwarfish! That is a saying that may cost me my head, but I shall stand by it nevertheless! 'But why no writers, then?' Just here is the answer to that, Mrs. Bantam; to be a finished, spicy, pithy writer requires the patient assiduous labor of years; the mind, and the practice, and, above all, the ambition must be bent continually to the one purpose. No man ever sprang from the cradle into authorship; there were first, in all cases, long years of tutelage before your Pickwick, Waverly, or Uncle Tom papers came forth. What has Bulwer's life, or Carlyle's, or Prescott's been but one continual devotion to the pen? and, more than all, to that kind of writing where style is pre-eminent? while our men of mind in the religious world have had far *other work to do* than to pore forever over the piquant page of print or manuscript! If they have not won triumphs in literature it is because their arena of action has been elsewhere! I think, however, our religious writers ought to pay more attention to style than they do. To produce a fitting argument, and to make out a case, seems to be the greatest care of our Church writers, and this sneer will be likely to continue good for a time yet. But, as a palliative, I would ask, where are the writings in law that are pithy and in good style? Are there no men of mind among our jurists? The fact lies here: it is not the province of either the religious teacher or the lawyer to write: that work *the* writers have undertaken, and they succeed because that is their work. Besides, if there does arise a Christian man whose power lies in the pen, he is too apt to be led away to pander to popular tastes, and write for the mass and not for religion, as J. S. C. Abbott and J. T. Headley have done in their *Napoleons*. One light has, however, appeared above the horizon that shines with brilliance in the very splendors of Carlyle; and if Peter Bayne had but a little more experimental godliness about him, his works would be

powerful for the Gospel side of the question. Show me a book that can stir up the thinking energies of the soul like Bayne's 'Christian Life,' and I will be thankful to any one of you here. The 'Eclipse of Faith' is also a triumph on the religious side of this question: and where are worldly histories that can compare with the stirring pathos of Dr. Merle's 'History of the Reformation?'

"You perceive, then, Mrs. Bantam, to come back to your question, that I have no favorite authors, but that I go in for books. If I should name these they would make up a choice little catalogue. Carlyle's 'Hero Worship,' and his 'French Revolution;' Motley's 'Dutch Republic;' Irving's 'Knickerbocker;' first part of Ik Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor;' Rogers's 'Eclipse;' Bayne's 'Christian Life;' 'Summerfield's Sermons,' 'Whedon's Editorials, and the 'Dagger Papers' of THE NATIONAL are those I should choose first, if mere style was the question. A small list, indeed, but one now and then enlarged by a new publication.

"It is true, as you say, Mrs. Bantam, that some one has been reporting our table-talk for THE NATIONAL. Who can it be? What a difference it will make with us. Heretofore I have talked on carelessly, but now I must talk very circumspectly, since a

"'Chiel's amang us takin' notes,'

and, as generally falls out, I have no doubt but henceforth we will be so constrained we shall talk insipid enough. O what misery, to be a literary *lion*, with reporters at every corner! A sorry time these Stowes, Dickenses and Bremers must have when they go abroad. Just the people that *cannot* talk are beset with men of pencils, while jolly crowds that *can* talk go unheeded. Turn, reporters, to the Grubinses and try your fortune there! They can talk for you, if it is talk you want. Yes, yes, Mrs. Bantam, you are right, after all; it is *who* said it, more than *what* was said. If Tom Grubins utters a wise thing no one hears it; but if a Dickens do but ope his mouth the world is agape, and all dogs cease their barking! Pity, Mr. Bantam, that we are not 'somebody!'

"It has been thought by some that fame will add power to one's pen, but I think it is otherwise. When one sits down to write, knowing that the world is peaking in at the cracks, he will be confounded, and, losing selfhood, write magniloquently rapid! Goethe says somewhere, (it is just after his first work of note appeared:) 'If any good head happens to attract the attention of the public by a meritorious work, every one does his best to prevent a similar thing being done again. Applause is won, but independence is lost.'

"Fanny Fern, in the struggle for bread, threw out from her aching soul scraps that were indeed fine. But the great monopolizers laid hold of her, and she must needs *write up the list* of that great paper! Naturalness left her, and who now, it may be asked, reads Fanny Fern? Mrs. Stowe, in the warm philanthropy of her heart, poured forth 'Uncle Tom,' and caught the ear of the world! With that same world looking upon her, and with the fear of the critics before her eyes, she wrote 'Dred.' It was a desperate endeavor to write according to the rules of art the thousand and one critics had laid down for her; but who, under such circumstances, could write for the heart of the million? On this subject let me quote a few verses from the poet Duganne, with a closing verse of my own:

"'Through the mazy market-place,
A gentle poet thrid his way;
Sad yet beauteous was his face;
Sad yet sweet his lay.

"'In the people's eyes look'd he,
As he would read each stranger heart,
While his song so solemnly
Talk'd with each apart.

"'"Silver have I none," he said,
"Nor golden store have I," quoth he;
Thus he sang, as on he sped,
Harping solemnly.

"'Then the people knelt them down,
With golden gifts and jewels rare,
Bringing for his brow a crown
Woven of flow'rets fair.

"'But the poet's heart no more
With silver singing gently thrill'd,
And his voice, so sweet before,
For evermore was still'd.'

"For the jewels and the gold
Weigh'd heavy on his wings,
And he neither soar'd nor sang
Since his harp had golden strings.

"If it were not for one law of mind it would be hard for those that rise to keep on the height; that is to say, the crowd take things on trust. The world, for instance, has pronounced Dickens a great man; and though, as often now-a-days happens, he write bosh, 'it must be good,'

the world says, 'for Dickens wrote it.' So Spurgeon may preach occasional sermons unequal to what are often delivered by some of our prairie preachers; and yet it is all grand, since it comes from the world-renowned Spurgeon! The critics have a mind of their own concerning these men—Dickens, Spurgeon, Tupper—but they never get the ear of the great crowd; and, thanks to this law, if a man can once succeed in writing himself up, it will be a hard matter to write himself down; that is to say, so long as he does not tread on the people's sensibilities. Dickens's best work, I deem, is 'American Notes,' but it came near overthrowing his American reign. 'Pickwick' set him up 'Notes' which came near laying him over. It is a very precarious thing this great soap-bubble fame, and it is a sad enough affair to have one's self blown into notoriety, as Tupper was on the appearance of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' only to burst in the air and to go into nonentity!

"It is a matter of wonderment that there are so few writers of eminence. In the whole range of living English prose writers there are very few, indeed, that have a world-wide fame. We may in our country number Hawthorn, Prescott, Motley, Irving, Bancroft, Hillard, and then we have nearly exhausted the list. And yet it is not so hard a matter to account for; for it is almost a superhuman thing to produce a great literary work. Poor chance for the toiling literati to enter this arena where only six bear palm. There is one consolation, however: the mediocre writer has the largest audience, for there is a law of demand and supply which keeps things in a just balance. While there are few great ones among writers, there are also few that appreciate their high artistic efforts.

"A Yankee who had lately returned from Florence, on being questioned concerning the statuary there, made reply that he did not fancy those 'stone gals!' The exhibitor of a puppet-show will get enthusiastic crowds, but the sculptor must labor for the appreciating few, and the highest style of writing must be content to be read by a select company. The mass will read Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth and T. S. Arthur, ay, even Doesticks, Esq., when De Quincy will go a begging for readers. So, too, a *Putnam's Magazine* has been left to die of starvation while *Godey* and *Harper* live on gloriously!"

ANOTHER "GHOST STORY"—ALMOST.

THE ghost story in the January number of THE NATIONAL, reminds me of another history, which, if not exactly analogous to it, may be, to some readers, equally instructive. Admitting, as I do, that all of the facts reported in that remarkable narrative may be authentic and unquestionable, it must, at the same time, be conceded that a very large per centage of kindred unaccountables owe their being either to trick and imposture, or to a sickly imagination. The stories of haunted houses, hobgoblins, and the like, are, indeed, generally traceable to two closely connected qualities, ignorance and superstition. But, then, even good sense and sound philosophy sometimes find themselves sadly nonplused, as what follows will sufficiently show.

Nearly forty years since, on a visit to my friends in the town of Warren, Herkimer County, N. Y., I found the whole community in a state of *receding* excitement, on account of a most extraordinary occurrence which had just then transpired. As I have kept no memoranda, I may not be able to state every circumstance precisely as it occurred. I am quite sure, however, that I can give the substance of the facts.

In a particular locality of the town named above, there resided a Widow A., who had been left, at the demise of her husband, in possession of a pretty large farm, from the proceeds of which she was getting a comfortable livelihood for herself and family. But, to do this, she had to avail herself of considerable hired help; sometimes more and sometimes less. At the period referred to, it being harvest time, she had more than her usual number of employés, male and female. And at that day it was deemed no disparagement for the first young men and young women in the town to go out to service; while laziness was a crime "indictable at common law," at least that sort of common law then generally recognized in the social habits of the best country people. The persons in the service of our widow were of this class, and, of course, were as little likely to be led astray in their estimate of things as most of their cotemporaries.

Between sundown and dark on what, it must be confessed, proved to be an eventful evening, a young woman, employed

by the family in question, went up to the well, "situate" on the gradually-rising slope, a few rods above the dwelling, "to get a pail o' water." The bucket, suspended by the good, old-fashioned sweep, was soon sent to near the bottom of the well, and then returned to the starting-point "brimful" of the sparkling liquid, which was speedily discharged into the waiting pail, and that taken by the fair damsel, not exactly as Rebekah took her pitcher upon her shoulder, but in her hand, preparatory to her descent to the dwelling; when, lo and behold, a sound came up from the depths of the well, resembling much, as she thought, the human voice! She paused a moment to listen. The point was soon settled. There could be no mistake. She *did* hear words and groans; and, under the startling conviction, attempted to get back to the house, and actually succeeded! It must be admitted, however, that the feat was not executed in the most graceful style. What young lady could avoid fainting under such a severe provocation? If she did not actually faint, she did the next best thing—fell to the ground, and rolled with her pail quite down to the house, and might possibly have fainted, but for the hydropathic treatment of which she was the unwilling, and, it may be, unconscious subject. She crawled into the house, and, as well as sighs and interjections would permit, told her story. This, of course, could not be credited. It was agreed, on all hands, that her credulity must have gotten the better of her senses. She had been prodigiously affrighted, and from hence had imagined a most improbable thing. But then the matter must be settled, and especially as it would be very inconvenient to pass the whole night without water in the house. Accordingly two young men, for the time being members of the family, agreed to do what certainly they should have had the gallantry to do in the first instance. Whether *two* went because *one* dared not to go, or whether the motive was to have a competent number of witnesses to the fact, whatever it might be found to be, the writer did not learn. Possibly both considerations had their weight. Anyhow, two went, without, of course, expecting to hear anything! The bucket was again made to perform its appropriate function, the pail was filled, and the young *braves* were on the point of returning in triumph to the house. Ere they left the well, however, the same sepulchral sounds, coming somewhere from the depths below, fell upon their astonished ears. The fact could not be questioned. The sounds, though doleful, were distinct. Without falling, perhaps because they held each other up, they got back to the anxiously-expectant company, confirming all that had been told by the preceding witness. Nobody ventured to the well again that night; and the next morning all was silent there.

During the day the matter was carefully talked over among themselves, and cautiously mentioned to a few confidential friends. The result was an agreement to meet on the then coming evening at the well's mouth, in sufficient numbers to place the phenomena, whatever they might be found to be, beyond the reach of a reasonable doubt. Accordingly, supporting and encouraging each other, they tremblingly approached the well at that solemn hour

"When spirits do mostly take shape."

They waited. All was soon dark and still. And now, just as they expected, the mysterious sounds came up from the deep, dark caverns below. At first they heard only inarticulate expressions of distress, "groans and solemn moans." Soon, however, the invisible agent spoke out. The communications became unmistakably intelligible. Responsive to inquiry from the anxious listeners, it said: "I am the spirit of a man who was murdered and buried near this place, some years since. If you will dig up the well you will find my bones, and then further revelations will be made to you in regard to the whole tragedy. You shall know who was the murderer, and who the victim." This was, at least, the substance of the communication, though the colloquy between the visible and invisible was somewhat extended.

The facts being thus confirmed by sensible evidence, and by more than "two or three witnesses," the recipients of this strange revelation deemed themselves bound in duty, not only to blaze the matter abroad, but to do what they could to bring the guilty to justice, and thus secure repose to the poor troubled spirit.

Sleeping as tranquilly that night as the excited state of their minds would permit, they arose early the next morning and

went through the neighborhood, everywhere telling the thrilling story, and doing what they could to stir up the spirit of the people. Little effort was, however, necessary. A simple history of the facts was abundantly sufficient to move the entire community. It was remembered distinctly, by some of the older inhabitants, that a peddler had mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood some years before, and this speaking ghost was doubtless his. Startling reminiscences were interchanged, and the excitement thereby greatly intensified. Toward evening the people began to assemble at the house of the widow; the men bringing the usual instruments of excavation, iron-bars, pick-axes, hoes, shovels, etc., with the fixed and conscientious purpose of finding the remains of the hapless victim, whose inconsolable spirit had been urging them to purge the community of blood-guiltiness. At an early hour in the evening appliances and workmen were on hand in sufficent number and variety to do almost anything the exigences of the case might demand; and all were ready to commence operation the very moment the spirit of the well should give the requisite signal. Thus matters stood until about nine o'clock, when the sounds from the well startled the listening multitude. The tenor of the communication was the same as before. After a few moments' pause, coats were thrown off, and many a brawny arm made bare. The spirit directed them how and where to begin; but the very moment a blow was struck the said spirit called them "a pack of fools." This, of course, brought matters to a dead stand, while the parties stood and gazed at each other in mute astonishment. Presently, however, the groaning began again, mingled with reproaches upon the company for its inefficiency and want of zeal in prosecuting a work so immediately connected with both justice and humanity. This led the workmen to strike again; but the very instant operations recommenced, they were again called "a pack of fools." Thus the spirit went on, alternately urging them to proceed, and mocking them for doing so, until no one felt inclined to strike another blow.

There stood the unhappy company, in a perfect quandary. Perhaps the reader is ready to imagine that, had they been instructed in the mysteries of *ventriloquism*, the perplexing problem would have been instantly solved. Not at all. Ventriloquism had nothing to do with the case. There were intelligent persons enough present to use this key, had it been capable of unlocking the mystery. But they had reason to know that these strange noises, these distinct and emphatic communications, must be referred to some other agency.

Standing there in profound silence, the victims of doubt and uncertainty, the company again heard the voice from the well; in altered tones, however. With taunting accents it said: "What a company of fools! Can't you understand we are down here in the pasture?" In a moment or two the same words with the same voice came to their ears through the superterrene atmosphere; thus drawing attention to the real speakers, some twenty rods off, in a grazing field below. The mystery was solved in an instant. The voice from the well came to them through empty "pump-logs," from *human* lips! To supply the cattle with water when in a dry pasture below, the well had been tapped by cutting a trench and inserting bored logs at a point some four or six feet from the bottom. Whenever the water arose to this point, it discharged itself through these logs into a trough placed in the pasture. But when it sunk below this point, as it usually did in dry weather, the tube itself became dry; thus forming a kind of speaking-trumpet. Two shrewd young fellows of the neighborhood had casually ascertained this fact, and mischievously concerted to perpetrate this trick upon the community. It might seem strange that these pump-logs were thought of by none of the company drawn together. It should be remembered, however, that they had been placed there a long time before; so that, probably, there were very few persons in the place who had ever had any knowledge of their existence; and as the logs were quite out of sight, they had been entirely forgotten. Members of the widow's family must, of course, have known that the logs were there; but they either had too little philosophy to be aware that they could be used for such a purpose, or were too much excited to think of them at all. The young men themselves contrived to elude suspicion by alternating, first one and then the other, between the lower end of the

leg-tube and the company. While one was playing the ghost, the other was at the mouth of the well, as profoundly mystified as any other person present!

This "clever" trick supplies a kind of second edition of Columbus and the egg. The problem once solved, it seems truly wonderful that it should ever have perplexed any one. The narrative shows, also, that a great many phenomena which are supposed necessarily to involve the agency of the departed spirits, may be easily traced, when we have sufficient philosophy for the process, to sensible causes.

ILLINOIS AND ITS MAMMOTH CITY.

ILLINOIS, from the earliest days of its recognition by the whites, was one of the fairest fields for the Indian hunter. The name is derived from *Illini*, the men. The Indian tribes along the Illinois River gave the first French explorers to understand that they were *the men*, the *Illini*, so that the consequential appellation of the early monarchs of the soil is likely to be borne by the state for all time to come. Let us hope that all her sons will be *Illini!*

The first white men who ever visited the regions of Upper Illinois were Marquette and Joliet, two Jesuit missionaries, who explored the country in 1662 and 1663. In that early day a village on the Des Plaines River was named after this last explorer, but not knowing fully the name, the place was called *Juliet* until 1847, when the city was given its true name, and *Joliet* will no doubt bear on to the future the memory of this Jesuit. Well, let him have that honor; he deserves it.

Hennepin and Lasalle followed Marquette and companion in a few years, and as a result of their discoveries a scheme was entered upon by France to extend her possessions from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi delta. The plan was well arranged, and for a hundred years the French laid claim to the regions west of the Alleghany mountains. Washington commenced his early military career in invasions against French forts on the Ohio; and that notable ascent of the heights of Abraham and the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, ended the French power in the North, and England through the colonies spread her arms westward. The Revolution gave the country to the United States. Mr. Jefferson purchased Louisiana of France in 1803, which gave our government possession of the entire Mississippi valley.

Early in the Revolution Colonel G. R. Clark, under the patronage of Virginia, set out with troops to attack the British forts at Detroit and in Southern Illinois. The expedition was successful, and consequently Virginia laid claim to the whole Northwest territory.

This claim was recognized by the other states, and Illinois was organized as a county of Virginia in 1778. The act was, however, of no account, and there was no legal authority in the county. In 1784 Virginia ceded to the United States all the territory northwest of the Ohio River, and in 1790 General St. Clair organized the county in Southern Illinois, which bears his name.

From 1800 to 1809 Illinois was an appendage of the Territory of Indiana. In this latter year the Territory of Illinois was established by Congress, and Ninian Edwards, then chief justice of Kentucky, was appointed governor, and Nathaniel Pope, secretary of state. The first territorial Legislature met at Kaskaskia in November, 1812. The council consisted of five members, and the assembly of seven. This body did their work like men devoted to business; and it is rather a curious circumstance that not a lawyer was found in their number. After a session of twelve days they adjourned.

In 1815 Nathaniel Pope was elected to represent the territory in Congress. The original northern line of the territory ran due west from the south bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi; but Mr. Pope, seeing the advantage of having a lake front, procured the passage of an act extending the line to its present position, thus securing to the state the future Chicago.

Congress in 1818 passed an act, signed by President Monroe, authorizing the people to form a state government, provided there could be found forty thousand inhabitants in the country. There were but thirty thousand all told, but the marshals by counting several times the emigrants and travelers who were passing through, each marshal counting all he fell in with, made out the required number. Delegates to form a constitution being elected, they

met at Kaskaskia, completed a constitution, *submitted it to the people*, and adjourned. In August, 1818, Shadrach Bond was elected first governor of the new state.

The capital of the state was removed some years after to Vandalia, and lastly to Springfield, its present location.

In the early legislation of the state there is much to amuse. The early settlers were mostly from the Southern states, and the people had a great horror of the omnipresent Yankee peddler, and this great institution, with its wooden nutmegs, and better wooden clocks, was soon laid hold of. In 1823 a law was passed to the effect that "No person shall *bring in* and peddle, or sell wooden clocks in this state unless they first take out an extra license," the price of said license being fifty dollars. The penalty for violating the law was fixed at the same amount. But Jonathan ignored the law, and peddled on. One of these sagacious fellows was arraigned before the Fayette County Court. He engaged W. H. Brown, now of Chicago, as counsel. The fact of "selling" was not denied; but it appeared in the evidence that one Yankee brought the goods in across the river at St. Louis, and another sold them. The counsel contended that it must be shown that the prisoner did both "bring in and peddle." By this plea Jonathan escaped, and went on his way as ever, peddling his wooden wares. It is presumed that ever since that law failed to head him off, all Yankeedom has been free to trade and traffic.

Twenty years ago the Legislature held its session in Vandalia. In those days this was one of the most important towns in the state. Chicago had just begun to come into being, and the northern part of the state was still almost a wilderness. There was very little aristocracy about that early Legislature, and the greater portion of the members were the commonest sort of men, with brains enough, however, for all purposes of legislation. It would be a blessing to the state to-day if a body of men could be gathered at Springfield having as much common sense and downright honesty about them as was combined in the legislators of Illinois twenty years ago.

But, without the homespunness of those legislators, they had in their natures as vast an amount of sly roguishness as ever a set of school-boys possessed. Jacob Kreisman in those days kept a respectable boarding-house, and had as his guests some dozen or so of these legislators. Jacob was a jovial old man, and the whole company had as pleasant a time as could be desired. But Jacob, with all his good-humor, had one prodigious fault: once or twice a week he would have his spree, and would lie down late at night dead drunk.

The boarders at length combined to play a trick on the old man. One evening he lay on a bar-room bench across the road from his house fast asleep, and as tipsy as stale whisky could make him. The company carried Kreisman into his own parlor, and laid him out on boards, wrapping him in winding sheets. On each side of him they set a row of tall burning candles, and after all was completed set a hideously-dressed man to watch over him. Hours passed. The effects of the night's debauch began to pass off, and Jacob began to rub his eyes. In such a state as that the eyesight is dim, and the glare of the candles gave an unearthly appearance to the room. Jacob looked about him. He felt the sheets; he looked at the candles, and then muttered:

"I must be det. Det? yes, det. Vell, vere am I? Let me see vere am I."

He caught sight of the hideous man.

"Dat is the tuyfel, and I am in hell!"

A fine-looking woman peeped in at the door, and Jacob continued:

"No, not in hell, for dere is an angel Vat a beautiful sight is dat!"

The grave legislators, who were lying in ambush all around, burst into loud laughter, and rushed to unbind the old man. Jacob crept away into his own room, ashamed enough of his curious adventure. That affair became a standing joke, and when any one wished to stir up a merry spirit he would mutter gravely: "Dead, dead; yes, dead!"

In 1804 the general government erected a fort at the mouth of the Chicago River, calling it Fort Dearborn, after a revolutionary general. The fort was manned as an outpost with fifty men, and a few pieces of artillery. The little garrison remained in total quiet until the war with England in 1812. A few months previous to General Hull's surrender at De-

troit a dispatch was sent to Captain Heald, ordering him to evacuate the fort, to distribute the government stores among the Indians, and to march his company to Fort Wayne.

The garrison was well supplied with provisions and military stores, and might have maintained a long siege against any force the Indians could muster. Nearly every officer was opposed to the evacuation, but Captain Heald resolved to obey orders. The country was overrun with Indians, and the Potawatomies were known to be hostile. Captain Heald called an Indian council and laid before them the propositions of the government, and requested an escort to Fort Wayne. To all this the Indians agreed. The distribution of goods was to be made the next day. Fearing the ammunition would prove a dangerous gift the powder was thrown into a well and the guns destroyed. The liquor was emptied into the river, and the cannon shared the same fate. The next day the Indians came for their presents, but when they saw they were to get no guns they muttered forth words of anger and revenge. They charged the whites with breaking their promise, and they left the fort filled with resentment. In the afternoon Captain Wells, brother of Mrs. Heald, arrived from Fort Wayne with fifteen Miami Indians as an escort.

On the morning of August 15, 1812, the troops, with their accompaniments, set out for their destination. Captain Wells, with his Miamis, acted as an advanced guard, and about four hundred Potawatomies followed gloomily in the rear. Thus they proceeded for a mile and a half along the prairie to the south. Then the Potawatomies suddenly rushed forward, and, throwing themselves behind the sand hills showed a fierce front. Captain Wells immediately ordered his men to form and charge the enemy. The perfidious Indians poured in upon this advanced guard a volley of balls. At the first fire the Miamis (who were on horseback) scampered off, leaving the soldiers to their fate. The little band never flinched, but soon dislodged the Indians from the sand hills. The Indians then turned upon the baggage and made sure of that. Captain Wells blacked his face, and clubbing his rifle flew among the savages and soon fell by the murderous tomahawk.

Captain Heald, confident that further resistance was vain, withdrew his troops to a small elevation and awaited the movement of the Indians.

The Indians held a council, and their chiefs motioned Captain Heald to approach. They demanded a surrender, to which Captain Heald agreed, on condition that the lives of all the prisoners should be spared. The troops were marched back to the fort. The children were put in a baggage wagon and were all put to the tomahawk by an Indian whose name, if known, ought to be execrated forever. The whole number of the slain was twenty-six of the regular troops, two women, and twelve children. The day after this scene of blood the fort was plundered and burned, and the prisoners were distributed among the Indians, and most of them afterward redeemed.

The scene of this massacre was near Carville, on the Central Railway. The fort was not again occupied until 1816, when, under the direction of Captain Bradley, it was rebuilt. It continued to be occupied as a garrison until 1837, when, the Indians having all gone over the Mississippi, it was evacuated. On the grounds of the old fort the Marine Hospital now stands. The buildings occupied by the officers were not long ago standing, and the old block house, built forty years ago, is worthy of interest.

Up to 1829 there was no house at Chicago except the fort. Many Indian traders set up their head-quarters near by, and J. H. Kinzie, G. S. Hubbard, and others, were there in the employ of the American Fur Company. The oldest permanent inhabitant of the city is R. J. Hamlinton; he settled in the city in 1831, and has ever since resided there. A daughter of his is said to be the first white child born in the place.

The early history of Chicago is closely connected with the canal which connects Lake Michigan with the Illinois River. The history of the place as a town begins with the efforts to construct this canal. The idea of connecting the Mississippi with Lake Michigan by a canal was suggested as early as 1814. In the *Niles Register* of August 6 of that year occurs the following paragraph:

By the Illinois River it is probable that Buffalo, in New York, may be united with New Orleans by inland navigation through Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and down to the Mis-

sissippi. What a route! How stupendous the idea! How dwindles the importance of the artificial canals of Europe compared to this water communication! If it should ever take place, (and it is said the opening may be easily made,) the territory of Illinois will become the seat of an immense commerce and a market for the commodities of all regions.

At the first session of the state Legislature, which commenced in 1818, Governor Bond brought the subject of the canal before that body, and his successor, Governor Coles, in his message of 1822, devoted a large share of his recommendations to the promotion of such a project.

In 1823 a board of canal commissioners was constituted, and in the fall of that year the board made a tour of the country, with Colonel J. Post, of Missouri, as engineer, viewing the route. In 1824 five routes were surveyed.

At this time the Sangamon River settlements were the northern boundary of civilization. The Indian and the wild game he pursued, with here and there a trader, ruled supreme. The great idea with the people was to open for their produce a route to New York City.

In 1827 Congress granted a strip of land, six miles in breadth, along the course of the canal for its construction. This measure was brought about by Daniel P. Cook, from whom Cook County appropriately takes its name.

A board of commissioners was organized in 1829 to locate the canal, lay out towns, and to sell lots. In the fall of that year the commission laid out Chicago, employing James Thomson as surveyor. The first plot bears date August 4, 1830, and was a year or two ago in the recorder's office at Chicago. The families residing in town at that time were John Kinzie, Dr. Walcott, Indian agent, John Miller, who kept a log tavern, and John H. Beaubien. Besides these there were the officers and men belonging to the old fort.

The abrupt banks of the river made them a fine place for the skulking holes of muskrats, mink, and skunks. The Indians had long called the country *the place of skunks*. The Indian name of this pestiferous animal is *Chegaug*, (pronounced *Shegaug*,) and *Chegaugo* is the place or abode of skunks. This name the whites applied to their new town, and Chicago (Shegaugo being the Indian) stands to-day, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, as the offshoot of that humble beginning.

STOLEN SECRETS.

CONTRASTING the manufacturing arts of our own days with those of times gone by, one of the most prominent things which strikes a reflective mind is the diminution of secret processes. For the most part, a manufacturer tries to hold his monopoly now by the force of capital, which gives him a mercantile advantage over his neighbors; by carefully selecting his skilled artisans; and by making himself acquainted with the latest discoveries of science bearing upon his manufacture. There are very few secret manufactures now, in the old and, I would add, objectionable sense of the term "secret." There is no desecration of the name of God by putting artisans on their oath not to reveal what they know; a practice common enough even so late as the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

The reader must not imagine that desire of gain was the sole object, on all occasions, of carrying on a manufactory in secrecy. On the contrary, the royal manufactories of porcelain in Europe were long carried on in a spirit of exclusiveness to which the annals of manufacturing industry among private individuals can hardly furnish a counterpart. His majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with imposing an oath of secrecy on all employed in his workshops, he would not even abate an iota of his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter within the tabooed walls of Meissen, the seat of the Saxon pottery manufacture, and where the beautiful specimens of true porcelain, known by the misnomer of "*Dresden* porcelain," were, and indeed still continue to be, manufactured.

The history of secret manufactures is very unfavorable to the hopes of those persons who trust, by hemming in their processes, and environing them with a quickset fense of judicial oaths, to retain the secret indefinitely. Somehow, mysteries of this kind have generally oozed out, either by applying to them the test of science, which is fair and proper enough, or through the unguarded garrulity of workmen, or, still more frequently, by theft; the secret being stolen like any other valuable commodity. It is concern-

ing a few of these stolen trade secrets that I have a little to write just now.

Near Temple Bar, in London, there is a chemist's shop of very old standing. A proprietor of it, in times gone by, enjoyed the monopoly of the manufacture of citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than the generality of secret manufacturers, his was a process which did not require a number of workmen; if I rightly apprehend my information, he conducted the process himself. One day, having gone into the laboratory, and advanced the process through the necessary stages, the sole possessor of the secret came out, and, locking the door after him, doubtless thought the secret was perfectly safe. How should it *not* be safe when the door was locked, and the windows carefully blinded? Alas! there was a chimney, and of that chimney the manufacturer took no heed; so a chimney-sweep, one wide awake in chemical matters, slipped down the chimney, saw all he wanted to see, then returning whence he came, departed, carrying with him the secret of making citric acid.

The general manufacture of tin plate originated in a stolen secret. Few readers of "THE NATIONAL" need be informed, I presume, that tin pans, canisters, and other wares, are only called tin ware by courtesy. They are really made of tin plate, that is, thin sheets of iron covered with tin by dipping. Now in theory it is a very easy matter to clean the surface of a piece of iron, then dip it into a bath of molten tin, and remove it enveloped with a covering of the latter metal; in practice, however, there are many difficulties to be encountered that were insurmountable, until an Englishman went to Holland, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin-plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret, and came away with it.

Perhaps the very first chemical investigation I ever remember to have been concerned in, was one day, when a little boy at school, I tried, in company with other boys, whether our knives were made of iron or steel. Our plan of procedure was this: and it is less exceptionable than many processes of schoolboy analysis sometimes are. On each blade we poured a drop of spirit of salt, allowed it to remain there a few seconds, and afterward washed it away. If the spot disclosed a black mark, giving the notion of charcoal, we concluded the blade was steel; whereas if the spot were bright and metallic-looking, we concluded the blade to be of iron. Well, I say, our chemistry was not so bad after all, and that experiment will serve to impress on the memory of the reader something that I wish to be impressed there respecting steel. The main distinction between iron and steel is, that one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of carbon is very trivial, and is imparted by heating iron bars, for long periods together, surrounded by powdered, broken charcoal in a box. Having regard, then, to this operation, it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more completely "steelified" (if I may be permitted to coin an expressive word) than the internal portions. Now steel of this sort, though perfectly good for many purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example: it is by no means good for the manufacture of watch-springs; nevertheless, before the invention of cast-steel, to which the reader's attention is presently to be directed, watch-springs had to be made of it.

There lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, about the year 1760, a watchmaker, named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch-springs were made in his day, and he set himself the task of thinking out the cause of inferiority. Mr. Huntsman correctly inferred that the imperfection of such watch-springs as came in his way was referable to the fact of the irregular conversion, or "steelification," of the metal of their manufacture. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel, and cast it into an ingot, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." He tried, and he succeeded. The fame of Huntsman's steel became widely spread; but the discoverer took care not to designate it by the name cast-steel, under which it is now familiarly known: that was his secret.

About the year 1770, a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means which the inventor could command. None but workmen of credit and character were engaged, and they were forbidden to disclose the

secrets of the manufacture by a stringent form of oath. At last Huntsman's secret was stolen in the following manner: One night in midwinter, as the tall chimney of the Attercliffe steel-works belched forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire within, a traveler, to whom the desire of placing himself near a roaring fire might seem a reasonable longing, knocked at the outer door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter night; the snow fell fast, and the wind howled across the moor; nothing, then, could be more natural than that the tired wayfarer should seek a warm corner where he might lay his head. He knocked, and the door was opened. A workman presented himself, whom the wayfarer addressing, humbly begged admission.

"No admission here except on business!"

The reader may well fancy how this intimation fell upon the tired traveler's ear on such an inclement night.

But the workman scanning the traveler over, and discovering nothing suspicious about him, granted the request, and let him in.

Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sank upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone to sleep. To go to sleep, however, was very far from his intention: the traveler closed his eyes all but two little chinks. Between those two little chinks he saw all that he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits, then place them in crucibles, and the crucibles in a furnace. He saw the fire urged to its extreme power; and, lastly, he saw workmen clothe themselves in wet rags, the better to protect themselves against the terrible heat, and, drawing out the glowing crucibles with enormous tongs, pour their liquid contents into a mold. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose: this was the secret of cast-steel.

It would be easy to extend the list of manufacturing secrets disclosed in the dishonest way indicated above: the subject, however, is so unpleasant to dwell upon, that I am sure the reader will rejoice with me, that the circumstances under which manufactures are now mostly carried on, neither afford the opportunity nor the inducement to theft such as I have described. The principles on which branches of manufacturing industry depend are for the most part so clearly indicated, that the discovery of a secret resolves itself into the perfectly legitimate endeavor of fathoming it by the direct application of science.

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure, scarcely given ere I go;
Feel her rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessèd light appears;
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes away.

Lay my babe upon my bosom; 'tis not long she can be there:
See how to my heart she nestles; 'tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face than her's less fair;

If a cherub calls thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love my first-born, O, my husband! turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother; you will call her by my name;
Shield her from the wind of sorrow; if she errs, O, gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping; I will answer if she calls;
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls;
And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blots it, if, before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth; if uncancel'd, then he seals it for the skies,
And the right hand angel weepeth, bowing low with vailèd eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel, sealing up the good for heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeeds unforgiven.
You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee, next to God.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

ABRAHAM—THE TRIAL OF HIS FAITH.

WE have brought down the history of the father of the faithful to that memorable declaration of the sacred writer —Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Omitting, for the present, the little episode relative to the birth of Ishmael, we find his history still increasing in interest, and propose now to glance at some of the more important events in his most eventful life. Among these are the renewal of God's promises; the change of his name and that of his wife; the covenant of circumcision; the prevalence of his prayer, and the strange trial by which it pleased God to test the faith of his servant.

With reference to the promises made to Abraham we have, I think, conclusive evidence that they referred, not merely to temporal, but to spiritual blessings. We find these promises repeated and reiterated on various occasions and in different forms; but they may be summed up in three specific declarations. First, that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed; secondly, that to him and his posterity should be given the land of Canaan for a possession; and, thirdly, that his descendants should be as the stars of heaven, or as the sands upon the sea shore, innumerable. The first of these had reference, evidently, to the Messiah, who was to be a lineal descendant of the patriarch, and through whom life and immortality were brought to light, and the offers of a free and full salvation were made, without restriction and without limitation, to all the families of the earth. Indeed, it would be difficult to give any other interpretation of this promise, or to tell how else the human race have been blessed in Abraham. With reference to the second of these promises, the Scriptures of the New Testament are abundantly clear that the land of Canaan promised to the seed of Abraham was but a type and a figure of a better and enduring inheritance. The Apostle Paul assures us that Abraham himself thus understood the promise. He sojourned in *that land*, we are told, as in a *strange* country, for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Equally explicit is the interpretation of the promise with reference to the seed of Abraham. The Jews in the time of Christ claimed to be the descendants of the patriarch. Literally, indeed, they were. But, says Christ, if ye were Abraham's children—that is, if ye were those to whom the promises of God pertain—ye would do the works of Abraham. Know ye, therefore, says the apostle, that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And again, if ye be Christ's, *then* are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise. From these remarks we see why God so repeatedly confirmed his promises to Abraham, and are enabled in some degree to understand the extent, the fullness, and the glory of their import. The coming Saviour of the world is shadowed forth as the descendant of Abraham in whom all the families of the earth are to be blessed; an incorruptible inheritance is promised unto the seed of the patriarch, and they who follow in his footsteps, who believe in Christ, are designated as the children of Abraham, who are to enter upon and enjoy that inheritance forever. Have these promises been fulfilled? Who shall number the seed of Abraham? Perpetual additions are making to that multitude, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth are named, and from almost every corner of the world there are ascending the glad tidings which thrill with joy our elder brethren there that another and another, like Abraham, has heard and obeyed the call of God.

It was on one of these renewals of the promise that the Almighty changed the name of the patriarch from Abram to Abraham. This, which was done by simply adding a letter to the Hebrew, has given rise to many conjectures, on which it is unnecessary to dwell. There may possibly be an allusion to this circumstance in that remarkable promise found in the Revelations of St. John: To him that overcometh will I give a white stone and a NEW NAME, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. Its full import was doubtless understood by Abraham, while to us the reason given for it by God himself is all that we know with certainty. Thy name shall be Abraham, says he, for a father of many nations have I made thee, evidently having in view the *extent* of the promise to which I have referred, and intended as a perpetual memorial of that promise and a pledge of its fulfillment. For the same reason, shortly

after, the name of his wife was also changed by the addition of the same letter, and as all true believers are the children of Abraham, so St. Peter says all holy women are the daughters of Sarah.

Keeping in view these observations, we shall be enabled to understand the design of the *rite of circumcision* at this time enjoined upon Abraham. It shall be a token, says God, of the covenant between me and you. A token of God's covenant; it had not, therefore, as some argue, reference merely to political or national blessings. God's covenant with Abraham was, as we have seen, a covenant of grace. It was not confined to merely temporal blessings, but comprehended the doctrine of justification by faith; with all the spiritual advantages connected therewith in this life and in that which is to come, in time and in eternity. It was, says St. Paul, a sign, a *seal* of the righteousness of faith by Jesus Christ. This rite was superseded by baptism, as the Lord's Supper was made to take the place of the passover; and hence is deduced the argument, incontrovertible as the word of God and impregnable as the pillars of heaven, that infant children are entitled to share in the blessings of that covenant which was made with Abraham *and his seed*, and if so, they are proper subjects for baptism, the rite initiatory into the Christian Church.

This view of the import of the promises made to the father of the faithful is strikingly confirmed by the language of Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians. He tells us that *in these* promises the *Gospel was preached* to Abraham. The Gospel? preached? Even so. A perfect absurdity then, and worse, a falsehood, must be that interpretation which confines all these glorious promises to this world, to temporal blessings. It were as wise and no less absurd to limit the blessings of the Gospel itself to this fleeting life, and blot from the record its crowning glory of an immortality beyond the grave.

Following the Scripture, narrative we are next introduced to a circumstantial account of a very remarkable event in Abraham's history. He was seated at the door of his tent at midday when three strangers made their appearance. With great readiness Abraham offered unto them the rites of hospitality, invited them into his tent, and made preparation for their entertainment. It is generally supposed that these visitors were angels, having assumed the appearance of men; as it is, doubtless, to this passage that the apostle alludes when he says: Some have entertained angels unawares. By them the promises lately given were confirmed, and the birth of Isaac within a year expressly foretold; and by *them* was uttered the sentence, memorable as expressive of the power of the Almighty and of the certainty that all his promises will be fulfilled: Is anything too hard for the Lord? O! what a cheering assurance is given in that question! Applicable alike to all times and to all circumstances, it stands forth to animate faith and to encourage hope. With God all things are possible. But this visit was not designed merely to predict the birth of Isaac. It was intended to reveal to Abraham the destruction about to come upon Sodom, the city where, as we have seen, his nephew Lot dwelt, and as we proceed in the narrative it reveals to us the most astonishing condescension of Jehovah on the one hand, and on the other a very striking illustration of that saying of the apostle, the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

At the close of the entertainment two of these remarkable visitors directed their course, apparently, toward Sodom; but the third wonderfully revealed his glory to Abraham, by whom he was acknowledged as the Lord himself. In the original Hebrew the term applied to this personage is that which belongs alone to the infinite Eternal, and as God the Father was never seen by mortal eye, so it follows that this was the angel of the covenant himself; in other words, Jesus Christ, the second person in the glorious Trinity. Unto Abraham he reveals his intention of utterly destroying the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah on account of the great wickedness of the inhabitants. The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly; and Abraham intercedes on their behalf. Wilt thou, says he, destroy the righteous with the wicked? and as no paraphrase that I can give can at all equal the simplicity, the beauty, and the force of the text itself, I will confine myself to the plain record of the transaction as given by Moses. Peradventure, he continues, there be fifty righteous within the city; wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from thee to do after that

manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And the LORD said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes. Here we see exemplified in a remarkable manner that saying of the Saviour: the righteous are the salt of the earth. Had there been fifty righteous in Sodom, for their sakes, it had not been destroyed. We see also that love to God produces love to man; Abraham prays for the ungodly and intercedes for the trangressors. Peradventure, he continues, there shall lack five of the fifty righteous. Behold now, I have taken upon *me*, who am but dust and ashes, to speak unto the LORD. Wilt thou destroy the city for lack of five? And God answered, If I find there forty and five I will not destroy it. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be found forty there. And he said, I will not do it for forty's sake. Abraham continues, O, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And God said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's sake. Abraham makes one more appeal; and he says, O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there; and the Lord answered again, I will not destroy it for ten's sake. It is highly probable that Abraham supposed that certainly ten righteous persons would be found in Sodom, and therefore desisted from his supplication under the belief that the impending doom would be averted for their sakes.

With what humility, and yet with what boldness does Abraham pray! How wonderfully is every petition answered on the spot! and God ceases to promise to show mercy only when his servant ceases to intercede! What encouragement is there here to perseverance in prayer, for our neighbors and for those with whom we associate! What a persuasive for fathers and mothers to faint not in their supplications for those children who are even yet without God and without hope!

It seems, however, that the ten righteous were not to be found, and consequently the threatened destruction came upon the cities of the plain. The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.

The site formerly occupied by these cities is now a lake of water known as the Dead or Salt Sea. It will form the subject of a future essay.

About twelve months after this, namely, in the year from the creation 2108, when Abraham had reached the one hundredth year of his age, and Sarah her ninety-first, the long-delayed promise is fulfilled, and a son is born. They give unto him the name Isaac, and passing over the years of his childhood and youth we arrive at the most severe of Abraham's trials, an event so strange, so unexpected, so unlike the requirement of a God of mercy, that it would be in itself incredible did it not come to us attested by the pen of inspiration. It came to pass that God did tempt, or, as it ought to have been rendered, did *try* Abraham, as if in the comparison all his former trials had been as dust in the balance, and of no account. The immolation of human victims on the altar of an imaginary god had been practiced by many idolatrous nations. It was a common custom among the worshipers of Moloch thus to sacrifice the most precious, the favorite, the first-born. In allusion to which custom the prophet Micah asks: Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? Such offerings God himself had taught his people were an utter abomination in his sight; yet there comes to Abraham, in the stillness of the night, a strangely mysterious voice: Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains that I will tell thee of. What language is this! and what is the spontaneous train of feeling and thought that passes through the mind of the father as he assures himself that it is indeed the voice of his God that he hears! Take thy son, thine only son, thy beloved son. Take him where? for what? To invest him with the honors of the promise so oft repeated? to put him in possession

of his destined inheritance? Alas, no! Take him to his death. Take him, thou, his father, and offer him up upon the altar. Shed thou his blood, and witness his dying pang! What a host of objections to this requirement readily occur to the mind of Abraham had he been disposed to make them. As for instance: What is to become of the promise which declared that in Isaac shall thy seed be called? What will the very heathen round about say when it becomes known to them that I, a father, have shed the blood of mine own son by thy command? How then, with these hands reeking in blood, shall I argue with *them* who know thee not, that thou art a God of infinite tenderness and compassion? And O! above all, with what face shall I return to the lad's mother, and tell her that her son, her only son, hath died by his father's hand.

The direction appears to have been given to Abraham at night, and very severe doubtless was the mental conflict during the hours of darkness, yet he murmurs not; he does not even acquaint Sarah with his purpose, fearing, perhaps, lest a mother's tenderness should interpose and prevent that obedience which God required, and embarrass or overpower his faith. On the ensuing morning Abraham, it is said, rose up early and made the necessary preparation for the task imposed upon him, and in company with Isaac departed toward the place of which God had told him. They journeyed on three days, during which ample "leisure," says Bush, "was afforded for reflection; the powerful pleadings of nature would make themselves heard; parental affection had time to revive; and the sight, the society, and the conversation of Isaac could not but combine to shake the steadfastness of his faith, and urge him to return. Had the command been for an *instantaneous* sacrifice, the struggle, though severe, would have been short, and comparatively easy." But every hour's delay increased the severity of the trial, and heightened the agony of the father's soul.

At length Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place of which God had told him. With an unfaltering faith and a serene countenance he dismisses his attendants; lays the wood for the burnt-offering upon his son, and bearing himself the knife and the fire, the two ascend with slow and measured pace the mountain known, as is supposed, in after ages, by the hallowed name of Calvary. And Isaac spoke unto Abraham and said, My father! and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering? I know not that there is in the whole compass of the book of God a passage of more subduing and thrilling pathos than this question of the innocent Isaac, addressed at this moment to a father torn by contending emotions of parental affection and of trust and confidence in the promises of God. My father, where is the lamb for the burnt-offering? Still Abraham conceals his purpose, and answers, My son, God will provide himself a lamb! He spoke prophetically, and had reference, doubtless, to that sacrifice known emphatically as the "*Lamb of God.*" And now the altar is built; the wood is placed in order; all things are ready. By some of the Jewish writers a dialogue is here given as passing between the father and the son, pathetic, but doubtless imaginary merely. The sacred writer leaves it with the reader in a simple narrative of facts. Certainly, nothing but the conviction that he was acting in obedience to the command of Him whom he was bound in all things to obey could have sustained the patriarch, and nerved him to the dreadful task. Nor must we overlook the conduct of Isaac on this occasion. He was not, as some have supposed, a mere child, incapable of resistance; on the contrary, he had reached his thirty-third year, and had he not also been fully satisfied that the requirement was from God would certainly have refused thus to be offered up, thus in the prime of life to die. And now, amid mutual tears, the last kiss is given, they bid each other farewell to meet again in that better world at the resurrection of the just. With unfaltering faith the hand of the father is stretched forth; the trial is complete, the victory is gained, and God's voice is heard bidding him stay his hand, and accepting the will for the deed. Now I know, says he, that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me!

The conclusion of Abraham's history, with that of Sarah and Isaac, will form the subject of a succeeding number. Let us for a moment consider the design of the Almighty in the remarkable transaction

to which our attention has been directed. This design, I apprehend, was twofold: first, an exhibition of faith calculated for the instruction and encouragement of God's people in all ages, and secondly, to present a lively type of that sacrificial death whereby salvation is offered unto a world lying in wickedness. And first, the subject before us is eminently calculated to induce confidence in God. Abraham *believed* when all around was dark, and this faith produced obedience prompt, cheerful, unmurmuring. God had, indeed, said, In Isaac shall thy seed be called. The same God had said, Take that son, that same Isaac, and offer him up upon the altar. The question then naturally arising was, How can the promise be fulfilled? That question seems not to have troubled the patriarch at all. He was well assured that God's promise could not fail; that his love could find a thousand ways to foolish man unknown. He knew, says the apostle, that God was able to raise his Isaac from the dead. And what a practical lesson is here.

Trials in this life are what the Christian is taught to expect, and how, O how, when they come in like a flood, shall he be delivered from them? What can sustain the sinking soul when called to give up the dearest and nearest friend to close the eyes of a husband or a wife; to listen to the agonizing shrieks of a beloved child as they grow fainter and fainter, and the luster of the innocent eye grows dim, and the heart so warm and true becomes cold and still! I answer, faith in God can do all this. It can wipe away the tear of sorrow, and nerve the soul, as it did that of the patriarch when he offered up without a murmur his well beloved son to the God who gave him. True faith, the faith of Abraham, is nothing more and nothing less than an abiding, steadfast assurance that God will do all things well. It is evinced by obediently walking in the way of God's commandments.

This transaction had another object besides the mere trial and exhibition of Abraham's faith. It was to show him in a striking light the *manner* in which all the families of the earth should be blessed in him. In other words, it was a prefiguration of the sacrifice of Christ, and Abraham was enabled to see and feel by what means this great end should be accomplished. Very remarkable, as we shall see more at length, when considering the history of Isaac, is the parallel between *his* offering and that of the world's Redeemer upon the same mountain, when the fullness of time had come. Abraham, when the trial of his faith was complete, and his only son had been virtually offered, called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh, as it is said to this day: In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen. *What* shall be seen? Evidently the *manner* by which God's love to a lost world was to be exemplified in the father giving his only son to die upon the cross. Thus, from that time onward to the advent of the Redeemer, there was, to those who possessed the writings of Moses, a lively figure of the offering up of the Son of God for the sins of the world. It was but a figure, a type, a shadow. Unto us God has made known the glorious reality. Unto us there comes a voice calling our attention away from Isaac; it comes unto us from the excellent glory, proclaiming to all the dwellers upon our earth, Behold, behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

IT has been said that Mrs. Browning's affinities connect her with Milton, Goethe, and John Keats, more closely than with any other of her poet-predecessors: the religious element in her character bringing her into alliance with the first, while her intimacy with the spirit-world is eminently Goethean, and the Greek classic model on which much of her imagery of life is formed recalls the manner of Keats. Her relationship to Tennyson is still more obvious. "Even Miss Barrett, whom we take," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "to be the most imaginative poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will attain to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can but outgrow a certain morbidity, reminds her readers of the peculiarities of cotemporary genius. She is like an ultra-sensitive sister of Alfred Tennyson." In which likeness, moreover, Leontius celebrates her in verse as well as prose; for he thus introduces her at the Feast of the Violets:

A young lady then, whom to miss were a corse
In any verse-history, named, I think, Barrett,

(I took her at first for a sister of Tennyson)
Knelt and received the god's kindliest benison.
"Truly," said he, "dost thou share the bless'd power
Poetic, the fragrance as well as the flower;
The gift of conveying impressions unseen,
And making the vaguest thoughts know what they mean."

If she is chargeable with being too often diffuse—with not always journeying on without pause or retrogression, so that occasionally her garments are seen floating or dragging, and she has sometimes "given out the idea, before she has given up her verse"—it is a charge made most hesitatingly by her admirers, for, say they, what a loss it were, if in getting rid of what we may fancy to be her defects, she were to lose any of what we know to be her beauties. "And perhaps what we think we see amiss in her is only that dross which forms part of every ore in which lies the true metal, and she may in this respect only resemble, after all, Milton, and Shakspeare, and—Nature." Even her mannerisms are precious to some of her disciples; partly from their being so easily caught, copied, and exaggerated by sentimental mimics. The failures of these personages, as a writer on Shelley has remarked, furnish in the end tests of criticism which are perhaps among the truest that can be applied; for they are certain to caricature and over-do peculiarities, until the very style of their model palls on the public appetite, and, out of all patience with the affectation, mannerism, and false taste of these sectaries, the world associates the merits of the original with the faults to which they have given birth: whereupon ensues the critical moment for the eventual fame of that original; who, if endowed with sound and genuine qualities, will shake off these importunate encumbrances and float again; if not, will by them be dragged to the bottom. Meanwhile, for a good deal of bad grammar and bad poetry, perpetrated by imitators who take her word (or words) for law, Mrs. Browning is virtually responsible, by such lyrics and lines of hers as tell how Bertha "fell flooded with *a Dark*," or of "the heavenly Infinite falling off from our *Created*," or how "the full sense of your *mortal* rushed upon you loud and deep," or of "chanting down *the Golden*," of "the whole bush in a *tremble green*," etc. Her rhymes are very often defective or culpable; negatively or positively bad. "Eden" is not a suitable match for "treading." "Aceldama" does not rhyme kindly with "tamer;" to say nothing of the cockney character of such an untrue yokefellow. "Calmly" might deny itself, and wax wroth exceedingly, at being braced with "palm-tree." It makes one uneasy to hear of

Self-styled George Sand—whose soul among *the lions*
Of her tumultuous senses moans *defiance*.

Or of "elemental" and "prevent all" with "ungentle," and similar deeds of partnership which it were better to cancel, the partnership being sufficiently dissolute to warrant dissolution.

But a truce to the sorry occupation of fault-finding, or finding out faults. What, after all, "are they among so many" beauties that make up the staple of Mrs Browning's delicate white handiwork?

Exquisite in feeling and expression—allowing in the latter case, as usual, for frequent mannerism—is many a contribution of hers to the Poetry of the Affections. The picture, for example, in "Isabel's Child," of the young mother sitting motionless, a wistful, lonely watcher, by the side of her dying baby—"pale as baby carved in stone, and seen by glimpses of the moon, in a dark cathedral aisle." She has watched the hours depart, hour after hour for eight long, agonizing days, days of suspense and the sickness of hope deferred; hours whose coming and going have seen her on bended knees, "with pale-wrung hands and prayings low and broken;" hours shadowed with awful forebodings of the fated, fast-speeding *last* hours of the baby-sufferer; an advent against which so young a mother, so tender and true, strives beseechingly and piteously in prayers that may not be heard, with groanings that cannot be uttered:

O, take not, Lord, my babe away:
O, take not to thy songful heaven,
The pretty baby Thou hast given:
Or ere that I have seen him play
Around his father's knees, and known
That *he* knew how my love hath gone
From all the world to him!
And how that I shall shiver dim
In the sunshine, thinking e'er
The grave-grass keeps it from his fair
Still cheeks! and feel at every tread
His little body which is dead
And hidden in the turfy fold
Doth make the whole warm earth a'cold!
O God! I am so young, so young;
I am not used to tears at nights

Instead of slumber; nor to prayer
With shaken lips and hands out-wrung!
Thou knowest all my prayings were
"I bless Thee, God, for past delights—
Thank God!" I am not used to bear
Hard thoughts of death! The earth doth cover
No face from me of friend or lover!
And must the first who teacheth me
The form of shrouds and funerals, be
Mine own first-born beloved? he
Who taught me first this mother-love?
Dear Lord,[*] who spreadest out above
Thy loving, pierced hands, to meet
All lifted hearts with blessing sweet—
Pierce not my heart, my tender heart,
Thou madest tender! Thou who art
So happy in Thy heaven alway,
Take not mine only bliss away!

The picture, again, however fainter in hue and lighter in effect, of the happy child in "The Deserted Garden," as seen, in pensive retrospect, by that child's sobered, saddened self, *altera et eadem*, in after years. And that, in a still lighter vein, of Little Ellie sitting alone among the beeches of the meadow, on the stream-side's grassy covering—now dipping her feet in the shallow water's flow, and now holding them "nakedly in her hands, all sleek and dripping, while she rocketh to and fro;" her thoughts shaping out, at the impulse of plastic fancy, the lover who shall woo and win her, a lover noble of form, mounted on red-roan steed; and to whom, and whom alone, she will discover

That swan's nest among the reeds.

And that of Bertha's sister, recalling, on her meek death-bed, the scene she had beheld, the words she had heard, under "boughs of May-bloom" in the lane; striving as she dies of a broken-heart to comfort the bruised heart of others; altogether, indeed, as it has no way carelessly been called, "the purest picture of a broken heart that ever drew tears from the eyes of woman or of man." And that of her who being dead yet speaketh in the "Poet's Vow." And that of the stately Lady Geraldine, approaching low-born Bertram "slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured pace,

With her two white hands extended, as if praying one offended,
And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face"—

while he gazes, rapt in ecstasy as fond as ever thrilled Leontes gazing on Hermione marbled in living flesh, and is ready to "swoon to death in the too utter life" brought by this apparition of his love—

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling—
But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly;
"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman far above me
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart, than such a one as I?"

But perhaps superior to all in pathetic earnestness and depth, is the farewell of Catarina to Camöens.

There are frequent touches in Mrs. Browning's poems, not so commonly noticed as they deserve, significant of peculiar skill in producing a kind of weird and eerie impression, by certain interjectional details, or thrilling asides, or subdued terrors, pertaining to the ghostly element in the consciousness or the imagination of man. The Lay of the Brown Rosary shows a master-hand in this class of composition. Detached fragments might be instanced from various other lays or legends. As exemplifying, however, in its least direct but not least stirring expression, the art to which we refer, take some lines from "Bertha in the Lane;" where the dying girl's simple narrative of a too painful past is interrupted now and then by surmises, startings, startled questionings, that wonderfully deepen and determine the interest of the scene:

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone?
Thou wert absent—sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee who art best
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light:

[*] This, and cognate forms of expression, we cannot view with the same favor as Mrs. Browning. Especially objectionable is the form "Dear God!" which, to some minds, has the unhappy effect of coming in once and again to mar an otherwise beautiful passage, as in the most moving "Lay of the Brown Rosary,"

"Then breaking into tears, 'Dear God,' she cried, 'and must we see
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to Them,'" etc.

Mr. Kingsley's fictions and reviews are similarly chargeable with the repetition of the phrase "God's earth," etc. Nothing more easily degenerates into jargon than this sort of diction.

Mine are older. *Hush! Look out—*
Up the street! Is none without?
How the poplar swings about!
* * * * * * * * *
We are so unlike each other,
Thou and *I*; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn-tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee!
Fit, that *I* be pluck'd for *thee*.

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns—
I have lived my season out—
And now die of my own thorns
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry! *How the light*
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?
Some one might be *waiting for*
Some last word that I might say.
Nay? So best! So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road,
Not to cross the sight of God.
* * * * * * *

Of the poetess's moving lyrics, meant in one form or other to express, echo, and reverberate what she calls the "cry of the human," it boots not to speak at any length; they are commonly the best known and understood of all her poems. The "Cry of the Children" witnesses to the earnestness of her sympathies, and the power with which she can give them broken voice. Moir calls the truth of these stanzas an "importunate and heavy load," that weighs on the heart like a nightmare; on the imagination like a torture-scene by Spagnoletto. It is as real, and goes as straight to the heart as the "Song of the Shirt." Her "Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" is another outburst of passionate remonstrance, vented as it were in gasps and sobs of song. Thorough earnestness, indeed, marks all the verses she writes "with a purpose," from stanzas few and simple to the longer and more labored "Casa Guidi Windows," the "very incoherent and fragmentary form" of which, however, is in itself, by the sentence of Charles Kingsley, a true and natural expression of her natural bewilderment, uncertainty, alternate hope and disappointment, vague yet sure expectation of a darker and a brighter future, "a red sunrise of retribution, from whose glory and whose horror her eyes, as they should have done, turned away, while all things quivered before them, indistinctly amid the mist of tears"—what time she heard a little child go singing

'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
"O bella libertà, O bella!"—

a little child, too, who "not long had been by mother's finger steadied on his feet," though still O bella libertà! he sang. The war-utterances of "Maud" had been anticipated for years by the laureate's greatest living rival in song, who denounces a hollow peace, where fellowship is not, nor mercy, nor any true fruit of *bella libertà*, and who prefers to it the horrors of war, the "raking of the guns across the world," "the struggle in the slippery fosse, of dying men and horses, and the wave-blood bubbling;" such things she swears "by Christ's own Cross," and by the "faint heart of her womanhood," are better than a despot's selfish peace, for *that*

Is gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the throng,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her hoofs outpress
The life from these Italian souls.

Mary Russell Mitford, lately taken home in a green old age, has told the world more than any one else, or than all other gentle gossips put together, of the life-history and painful past of the poetess. Miss Barrett that was (and under another title still is) once cordially addressed in a sonnet Miss Mitford that then was (and now, alas! is not:)

Dear friend, in whose dear writings drops the dew
And blow the natural airs; thou, who art next
To nature's self in cheering the world's view,
To preach a sermon on so known a text, etc.

In the cheeriest of old maid's "Recollections of a Literary Life," that pleasant kindly gossip about books, places, and people, is given, with characteristic unreserve and delicate sympathy combined, a record* of certain tragic passages that

* The reader will be glad to read, if for the first time, and not unwilling, if for a second, Miss Mitford's narrative:

"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. [This was written in 1851.] She was certainly one of

have deeply tinged the life and works of her gifted friend. Acquaintance with it casts a mournful light on some dark places in the poems where the darkness may be felt. Without knowing an atom of the story of her life it is yet impossible not to infer from Mrs. Browning's poetry that hers is no mere luxury of woe; that she is noway liable to the suspicion of willful gloom for very wantonness; that she is no fantastic or professional threnodist, making a special wonder and grief of the

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the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality, or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed with dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick that the translatress of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language was *out*. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly, that in spite of the difference of age intimacy ripened into friendship, and after my return into the country we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be, her own talk put upon paper. The next year was a painful one to herself, and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for above a twelvemonth at her father's house in Wimpole-street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay, and *there* occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially of devotional feeling, to her poetry. I have so often been asked what could be the shadow that had passed over that young heart, that now that time has softened the first agony it seems to me right that the world should hear the story of an accident in which there was much sorrow, but no blame. Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamed of by any one; after the catastrophe no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were traveling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church-door, and almost on every cliff for miles and miles along the coast, handbills, offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best. One, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow. This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skillful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight. Returned to London she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious, but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends; (I myself have often joyfully traveled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house;) reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess. Gradually her health improved. About four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and such happiness."

Though the concluding prayer was uttered half a decade since, it is not too late—whole decades hence may it not be too late—to renew it with a deep Amen.

o'erpassing of a summer cloud; but one who has learned, as only storm-laden sorrow can teach, the possible anguish that human life can entail and human heart endure. By one overmastering affliction,

> God's shadow on her face is laid
> In sanctity for aye.

But sighs of heart-weariness escape ever and anon from the o'er fraught heart that else would break. In no modern poet are these *suspiriosæ cogitationes* more pregnant with meaning. In none are retrospective reveries shadowed forth in greater depth of solemn sadness. We have never seen the recognition their pathos claims awarded to those self-communings in "Night and the Merry Man," for instance, where memory evokes from the past souvenirs of fancy's golden treasures, and of poems delightedly conned in childhood, ere the chilling discovery was made that life is not a poem too:

> What are these? more, more than these!
> Throw in dearer memories!
> Of voices, whereof but to speak,
> Maketh mine all sunk and weak;
> Of smiles, the thought of which is sweeping
> All my soul to floods of weeping;
> Of looks, whose absence fain would weigh
> My looks to the ground for aye;
> Of clasping hands; ah me! I wring
> Mine, and in a tremble fling,
> Downward, downward, all this paining!
> * * * * * * * *

A yet more moving example, to the same effect, is found in "The Fourfold Aspect," beginning with a time when "the worst recorded change was of apple dropped from bough, when love's sorrow seemed more strange than love's treason can seem now:"

> Then, the living took you up
> Soft upon their elder knees,
> Telling why the statues droop
> Underneath the church and trees;

and thence, tracing the shades of the prison-house as they close in upon, and well-nigh darken to despair, well-nigh stifle and slay, the mortal that had yet to learn its mortality:

> Ay, but soon ye woke up shrieking,
> As a child that wakes at night
> From a dream of sisters speaking
> In a garden's summer light,
> That wakes, starting up and bounding,
> In a lonely, lonely bed,
> With a wall of darkness round him,
> Stifling black about his head!
> And the full sense of your mortal*
> Rush'd upon you deep and loud,
> And ye heard the thunder hurtle
> From the silence of the cloud;
> Funeral torches at your gateway
> Threw a dreadful light within;
> All things changed, you rose up straightway,
> And saluted death and sin.
> *Since*—your outward man has rallied,
> And your eye and voice grown bold—
> Yet the sphinx of life stands pallid,
> With her saddest secret told.

These are but scant glimpses of one or two phases of the "Fourfold Aspect." Let the reader survey all four aspects, in the original, with the care and feeling they demand, nay, command, and then ask himself if the poem does not merit a higher rank and wider acceptance than is its lot.

DR. SOUTH, THE WIT OF THE ENGLISH PULPIT.

ROBERT SOUTH, the son of a London merchant, was born at Hackney, in 1633, and was educated under the famous Dr. Busby at Westminster School. Thence he proceeded to Oxford, and, along with John Locke, became a distinguished student at Christ Church, of which Dr. Owen was at that time the dean. Even then he showed the elements of that character to which subsequent years gave development and emphasis; wit and ill-humor, petulance toward those whom it was safe to offend, and considerable adroitness in taking care of himself. His first publication was a congratulatory ode to Cromwell at the conclusion of the war with Holland, but as soon as the power of the Independents began to wane, the young churchman grew valiant, and shewed his heroism by insulting Dr. Owen. While there was a prospect of Presbyterian ascendency he flattered the Presbyterians by his invectives against Independency; and when the Restoration divested Prelacy of its dangers he availed himself of an Episcopal ordination which, in 1658, he had obtained from one of the deprived bishops, and came out an ultra-royalist and a reviler of all the sectaries. In 1660 he was chosen University orator. In this capacity he had occasion to present to

* "Mortal," a Barrettism for *mortality*. Syncope is a very summary way of turning an adjective into a substantive, *pro ré natâ*.

the *comitia* for an honorary degree, an officer of distinction, and began in the usual style, "*Præsento vobis virum hunc bellicosissimum;*" that instant some accident made the great warrior turn round, and in the same tone of voice he proceeded, *qui nunquam antea tergiversatus est.*"

His great talents, and the effect with which he delivered his eloquent discourses, attracted the notice of Lord Clarendon, who was Chancellor of Oxford, as well as Lord High Chancellor of England, and in 1661 South was appointed his chaplain. The avenue to preferment was now open before him, and his ambition and self-reliance were keenly alive to the opportunity. But his first appearance before his majesty was by no means auspicious. A sermon "for the times," which he preached before Clarendon, was so spicy and clever that if it could only be presented to the king his patron was sure it would suit the royal palate. Accordingly he obtained for the brilliant preacher an invitation to give the discourse in the Chapel Royal; and, as Anthony à Wood relates, with a fond minuteness, on the authority of some "fanatic" informant, "every one's expectation was heightened; and happy was he or she, among the greatest wits in the town, that could accommodate their humor in getting convenient room in the chapel at Whitehall, to hang upon the lips of this so great an oracle. The day appointed being come, our author ascends the pulpit, and the eyes of all were immediately fastened upon him. After he had performed his obeisance to his majesty he named his text, which was Eccl. vii, 10, 'Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?' . . . The prohibition in the text he labored to enforce by an induction of particulars. The first was, that the pagan times were not better than these; then the popish times were not, etc. But the last insisted on was, the times of the late rebellion; and while he was endeavoring to evince that, which was, indeed, the main thing that he intended to handle, it pleased God, as the fanatic observed, that he was suddenly taken with a qualm, drops of sweat standing in his face as big as peas, and immediately he lost the use of his speech, only he uttered some few words to this effect, 'O Lord, we are all in thy hands; be merciful unto us:' and then came down. The expectations of all being then sadly disappointed, they were contented with the divertisement of an anthem, and so the solemnity of the service for that day was ended. In the meantime great care was taken of Mr. South, and by the use of cordials and other means proper for him in that condition, he quickly recovered his spirits, and was every way as well again as before."

It was not by dint of mere assurance, however, that Mr. South "recovered his spirits." He was not in the predicament of a mere coxcomb, who, having pushed upward from his proper place, has fallen and found his level. His vigor of mind and force of expression were already unrivaled among pulpit orators, and, in all probability, the unfinished sermon was enough to convince the good-humored sagacity of King Charles that he had been listening to no ordinary preacher. At any rate, with his strong sense, with his perpetual sparkle of wit, and with a satirical vein, which seemed inexhaustible in its gibes at republicans and fanatics, he suited the taste of his own sovereign as thoroughly as, with his florid grandeur and purple pomp of language, his cotemporary, Bossuet, delighted Louis XIV., and, notwithstanding his embarrassing introduction, the young Oxonian soon made himself at home in the pulpit of Whitehall. Indeed, like the rest of Charles's favorites, he found his royal master so devoid of all true dignity, that he could jest at the king's expense, and some of his sayings are not so remarkable for their point as for their free-and-easy impudence. One day sleep had overtaken part of his audience, including its most illustrious member. Stopping, and changing his voice, he called three times, "My Lord of Lauderdale!" and when the earl woke up, "My lord," said South, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg that you will not snore quite so loud, lest you should awaken his majesty," and then went on with his sermon. However, it would seem that his majesty was wide awake when Dr. South preached his well-known sermon on "The lot cast into the lap;" for, after giving other examples of a remarkable rise from a lowly position, when he came to the late protector, "And who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament House with a threadbare, torn cloak and

greasy hat, (and, perhaps, neither of them paid for,) could have suspected that, in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" the king was convulsed with laughter, and turning to Laurence Hyde, Lord Rochester, with one of his peculiar ejaculations, he exclaimed; "Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop: therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

But South was never made a bishop. In 1663 he was installed Prebendary of Westminster, and in 1670 Canon of Christ Church, and in 1678 he was presented to the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire. At the Revolution he was sorely perplexed. He had so often expatiated on the right Divine, and had been so fulsome in his flattery of the Stuarts, that he could hardly be expected to join the invitation to the Prince of Orange; and, with so little to choose between a loathsome Puritanism and an unlovely Popery, he refused to take an active part on either side, but said that he would go into retirement, and give himself to prayer. When he came out of his retirement the Revolution was effected, and William and Mary were safely seated on the throne. To the sovereign *de facto* South took the oath of allegiance, and, growling out an occasional regret for the good old times of absolutism, he consented to retain his preferment, and reconciled himself, as well as he could, to the evil days of religious toleration and constitutional monarchy. Living to witness the accession of George I., he died July 8, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, to which his brilliant satire and fierce invective had so often drawn overflowing audiences, and where an elaborate monument still marks the place of his sepulture.

Like Fuller, the name of South is associated with wit, and almost every sermon gleams with scintillations. Sometimes it is a sly hit, or, as he himself would have called it, a "rub" in the by-going: as, when ironically apologizing for the image-worship of the papists, he says, "But the image of a Deity may be a proper object for that which is but the image of a religion;" or, when quoting a Romish casuist, who says, "It is a truth but lately known and received in the world, that a lie is absolutely sinful," he adds, "I suppose he means that part of the world where the Scriptures are not read, and where men care not to know what they are not willing to practice." Sometimes the vein is more decidedly comic, as in the above-mentioned sermon on "The lot in the lap," where, after mentioning the fortuitous way in which men have acquired a reputation for wisdom, he proceeds, "And as the repute of wisdom, so that of wit is very casual. Sometimes a lucky saying, or a pertinent reply, has procured an esteem of wit to persons otherwise very shallow, and no ways accustomed to utter such things by any standing ability of mind; so that if such a one should have the ill hap at any time to strike a man dead with a smart saying, it ought, in all reason and conscience, to be judged but a chance-medley; the poor man (God knows) being no way guilty of any design of wit." And, not to quote instances where the drollery degenerates to buffoonery, its most legitimate examples are the more latent, where the keen perception of incongruities does not so much provoke a smile, as point the moral, and make the lesson pithy: "The Gospel does not dictate imprudence: no evangelical precept justles out that of a lawful self-preservation. He, therefore, that thus throws himself upon the sword, runs to heaven before he is sent for; where, though perhaps Christ may in mercy receive the man, yet he will be sure to disown the martyr." "Love an ungrateful man, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give to him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life, but, when you have done, look to your own." Speaking of unqualified teachers: "A blind man sitting in the chimney corner, is pardonable enough; but sitting at the helm, he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs."

But no wit is enduring which has not strong sense for its substratum, and our author was gifted with an uncommon share of homely, vigorous, practical wisdom. It was in virtue of this that he burst

through scholastic trammels, and discarding technical phraseology, addressed his audience in plain but energetic English; and it was this which led him to select such proofs and arguments as were likeliest to carry the popular understanding. And it is this which now renders his discourses such a mine of golden thought and sagacious aphorism. As in a mine, so in these sermons, there is many a sharp stone to graze the knuckles, and there is mud enough to soil the fingers; but even amid the most offensive ribaldry, the explorer is constantly rewarded with gems, from which truth flashes like light from the diamond, or in which it is coyly locked up, and kept curiously undulating like a sunbeam imprisoned in opal.

For South we cannot claim that he possessed an imagination like Taylor, a power of philosophizing like Cudworth and More, a strategic range of vision and a dialectic fairness and prowess like Barrow, still less an erudition like Lightfoot and Pocock, and, least of all, a fervor like Baxter and the hated Puritans; but of all these desirable attributes, or of others equivalent, he possessed a share so respectable that, turned to the best account by a consummate rhetorician, it secured for him a place of enduring eminence in the ranks of pulpit oratory. Of learning he had enough to preserve him from mistakes and solecisms, and to supply the theme in hand with apposite facts and instructive illustrations; and his usual exemption from pedantry compels us to forgive an occasional quotation from "the fifty-second book of Dion Cassius," or a scrap of Greek from the fifty-seventh epistle of Synesius. Nor have many preachers made a happier use of the materials supplied by mental science. In his remarks on conscience, on ingratitude, on complacency in the sins of other men, there are passages where for a moment he anticipates the masterly grasp and seer-like intuition of Bishop Butler; while of his sermon on "Man in God's Image," it is hardly too much to affirm that nothing had appeared before it in English prose, at once so beautiful in conception and so exquisite in language.

Of tender or gracious feeling there is little trace in Dr. South's lively and eloquent compositions; but there is much of what is usually understood by "unction" in the following close of his sermon on conscience: "At this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him, and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience. And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnest and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season is something bigger than the capacities of mortality—mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt. And now, who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigors of piety and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience as, at the hour of death, when all the friendships of the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss his soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'"

But, although there is little pathos, there is no want of warmth and vigor, and there are few things with which we sympathize more heartily than honest indignation. As, for instance, after quoting from Bellarmine the extraordinary proposition, "That if the Pope should, through error or mistake, command vices and prohibit virtues, the Church would be bound in conscience to believe vice to be good and virtue evil," he exclaims, "Good God! that anything that wears the name of a Christian, or but of a man, should venture to own such a villainous, impudent, and blasphemous assertion in the face of the world as this! What! must murder, adultery, theft, fraud, extortion, perjury, drunkenness, rebellion, and the like, pass for good and commendable actions, and fit to be practiced? and mercy, chastity, justice, truth, temperance, loyalty, and sincere dealing, be accounted things utterly evil, immoral, and not to be followed by men, in case the

Pope, who is generally a weak, and almost always a wicked man, should, by his mistake and infallible ignorance, command the former and forbid the latter? Did Christ himself ever assume such a power, as to alter the morality of actions, and to transform vice into virtue, and virtue into vice by his bare word? Certainly never did a grosser paradox, or a wickeder sentence drop from the mouth or pen of any mortal man, since reason or religion had any being in the world. And I must confess, I have often with great amazement wondered how it could possibly come from a person of so great a reputation, both for learning and virtue too, as the world allows Bellarmine to have been. But, when men give themselves to the defense of wicked interests and false propositions, it is just with God to smite the greatest abilities with the greatest infatuations."

Unfortunately, however, much of South's indignation is lavished on men whose memory is now dear, and whose depressed condition should have been a powerful appeal to the forbearance of a generous foe. To trample on the fallen, or to torture a victim whose hands are tied, is no great token of chivalry; and, in his invectives against republicans and Puritans, South knew full well that they could not retaliate. Had the pulpit been open, or the press been free, they might have reminded their accuser of his former connection with themselves; and while they might safely have asked him to point out the sacrifices by which he had evidenced his sincerity, they might have hinted, that of all enemies the most truculent and unforgiving is a turncoat or an ungrateful protégé. With language like the following, the walls of Whitehall and Westminster Abbey used to resound on days consecrated to the "Happy Restoration of King Charles the Second:" "In the late times of confusion, how was the black decree of reprobation opened and let fly at them [loyalists] both from pulpit and press, and how were all the vials of wrath in the Revelation poured upon their head! Every mother's son of them was a reprobate and a castaway, and none were to hope for the least favor hereafter who had not Cromwell or Bradshaw for his friend here. . . . Nor were these enthusiasts less liberal in denouncing God's curses upon their enemies, than in engrossing his blessings to themselves: there being none of those reverend harpies, who, by plunders and sequestrations, had scraped together three or four thousand a year, but, presently, according to the sanctified dialect of the times, they dubbed themselves God's peculiar people and inheritance. So sure did those thriving regicides make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that some of their saintships were to take Tyburn in their way." Again: "Whensoever you hear any of these sly, sanctified sycophants, with turned-up eye and shrug of shoulder, pleading conscience for or against anything or practice, you should forthwith ask them, What word of God they have to bottom that judgment of their conscience upon? . . . And if they can produce no such thing, (as they never can,) then rest assured that they are arrant cheats and hypocrites, and that, for all their big words, the conscience of such men is so far from being able to give them any true confidence toward God, that it cannot so much as give them confidence toward a wise and good man; no, nor yet toward themselves, who are far from being either."

Racy and idiomatic as is our author's English, it is too often debased by slang. In the same way, his wit not rarely degenerates to ribaldry, and the temptation of a keen or humorous remark is always too powerful for his reverence. Thus: "With two or three popular, empty words, such as 'Popery and superstition,' 'right of the subject,' 'liberty of conscience,' 'Lord Jesus Christ,' well tuned and humored, a skillful manager of the rabble may whistle them backward and forward, upward and downward, till he is weary, and get up upon their backs when he is so." Again: "The truth is, they [the Jews] were all along a cross, odd, untoward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen, and (as the prophets sometimes phrase it) to have espoused to himself, upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe, only for her extreme ill conditions above all that he could find or pick out of that sex; and so the fittest argument both to exercise and declare his admirable patience to the world." And in the outset of his sermon on "The Christian Pentecost" there is a hit at the Protector of a nature so profane that it is better to leave it where we found it.

CULLED FLOWERS.

HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

MINISTERING SPIRITS

Is the designation given by the apostle to God's holy angels. The idea is carried further, and in not, so far as we know, repugnant to Scripture; and Christ himself taught us that those who are accounted worthy to obtain a resurrection from the dead are *equal* unto the angels. And, asks IRVING—

What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return to watch over our welfare; that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours; that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blessed dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearment? A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue; it would take away, too, from the loneliness and destitution which we are apt to feel more and more as we go on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey have, one by one, dropped away from our side. There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do ever retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight. In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would take us away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in, and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship, of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist? We take each other by the hand; and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness; and we rejoice together for a few short moments; and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or, if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood until they meet again in that more perfect state of being when soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union.

THE ANGEL GUEST.

APPROPRIATELY following the preceding, and practically inculcating an important lesson, are these verses from the laureate Tennyson:

How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE.

THE apostle reminds the Hebrew Christians that the Captain of their salvation was made perfect through sufferings. Hence he deduces an argument for the doctrine that they who would be like their Lord will also be called upon to pass through tribulations, and that HE, having himself suffered, is able to succor *them* in the trying hour. Of such, sustained by grace in every sorrow, tempted, but triumphant, it is well said that

Amid all that humbles and scathes—amid all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and "strange defeature," *they* stand erect, riven not uprooted, a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who pass through the lazar-house of misery with a step more august than a Cæsar's in his hall. The very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine; and one ray, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the infant God, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish his patient image, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of heaven.

STYLE.

"Be yourself rather than Gabriel" was the sententious direction given to a young minister. Similar advice may be given to those who write. Do not hunt after models nor try to imitate. Be yourself, for as WHIPPLE has well said:

There is no model style. What is pleasing in the diction of one author disgusts us in a copyist. Every writer is his own standard. The law by which we judge of his sentences, must be deduced from his sentences. If the style indicate the character, it is relatively good; if it contradict the character, though its cadences are faultless, it is still bad, and not to be endured. We may quarrel with a writer, if we please, for possessing a tasteless nature, but not with the style which takes from that nature its form and movement.

The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Addison draws up his infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disor-

dered or his line broken. Luther's words are "half-battle;" his "smiting, idiomatic phrases, seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped; but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel. Macaulay, brisk, keen, lively, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity, that he is nearly thrown backward by the suddenness of his stoppage. Jeffrey is a fine lance, with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron clad horseman through the eye, before he has had time to close his helmet. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute. Those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy; but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty. Webster's words are thunderbolts which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks where they strike.

Words are not, when used by a master-mind, the mere dress of thought. They are, as Wordsworth has happily said, the incarnation of thought. They bear the same relation to ideas that the body bears to the soul. A thought embodied and embrained in fit words, walks the earth a living being.

THE ARCTIC FIRMAMENT.

THE intrepid KANE, whose name will hereafter be a synonym for persevering adventure, thus, under an arctic sky, raises his own thoughts and those of his readers from nature up to nature's God:

The intense beauty of the arctic firmament can hardly be imagined. It looked close above our heads, with its stars magnified in glory, and the very planets twinkling so much as to baffle the observations of the astronomer. I have trodden the deck when the life of earth seemed suspended, its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionship; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me, as if rendering worship to the unseen center of light, I have ejaculated, in humility of spirit, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunlight and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts which warmed to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who are not, and they bore me back to the stars again.

MAN, THE CUSTODIAN OF HIS OWN SECRETS.

THE lines of Dr. Young,

Heaven's Sovereign spares all creatures but himself
That hideous sight—a naked human heart,

have been often quoted. Hence is derived the startling truth that every man knows something worse of himself than he knows of any other human being. But it is also true, as the learned in these matters tell us, that

Every human face carries written upon it the story of its owner. The prevailing thoughts have shaped the organs; the prevailing passions have furrowed the lines. No emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, passes off without leaving behind it the penciled traces of its presence. It may be so. We need not quarrel with a theory, which, for the present, is no more than a speculation. The generality of mankind are, happily, but indifferent physiognomists, and for our time, at least, are likely to be spared a knowledge which, if it ever come, will make the world intolerable. We have no anxiety to find a window opened into our consciousness, to take the public behind the scenes, where we can be seen, stripped of our stage dresses, in naked simplicity; and still less have we a desire to pry curiously into the secrets of others.

The living torrents which, for eighteen of each four and twenty hours, stream along our streets, are made up of units. How many of these have each a history that would infallibly interest us if we knew it. How many are struggling, suffering, hating, loving, failing, succeeding, doing everything of which the most delightful novel is but a feeble counterfeit. And our feelings, if we were admitted to all those confidences, would speedily be worn thread-bare by perpetual friction. Here, too, as in most other things, we have cause to think the world well-made; that it is well for us all that we are allowed the exclusive custody of our own secrets.

PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED HEREAFTER.

DR. WATTS has a beautifully suggestive thought with reference to the better world:

There I shall see, and hear, and know,
All I desired, or wish'd below,

and John Foster advises the treasuring up of difficult questions with a view of having them made plain when this mortal shall have put on immortality:

One object of life should be to accumulate a great number of grand questions to be asked and resolved in eternity. We now ask the sage, the genius, the philosopher, the divine—none can tell; but we will open our series to *other respondents*. We will ask angels—God.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

A WRITER in one of the British magazines thus apostrophizes:

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the mere seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

JOHN BUNYAN, in his own quaint style, thus paraphrases the apostle's well-known figure relative to the resurrection of the body:

There is a poor, dry, and wrinkled *kernel* cast into the ground; and there it lieth, swelleth, breaketh, and, one would think, perisheth. But behold, it receiveth life, it chippeth, it putteth forth a blade, and groweth into a stalk. There also appeareth an ear; it also *sweetly* blossoms, with a full kernel in the ear. It is the same wheat, yet behold how the fashion doth differ from what was sown! And our *brawn* will be left behind, when we rise again. The body ariseth, as to the nature of it, the self-same nature; but as to the manner of it, how far transcendent! "The glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial another!"

SELF-PERPETUATING POWER OF THE BIBLE.

THE thought may not be new; but it is happily clothed by Dr. Thomson, when he says of the Bible:

It has a self-perpetuating and multiplying power. Infidels have written books: where are they? Where is Porphyry, Julian? Fragments of them there are; but we are indebted even for this to Christian criticism. Where is Hume, Voltaire, Bolingbroke? It requires the world's reprieve to bring a copy out of the prison of their darkness. Where is the Bible? Wherever there is light. Speaking the language of heaven in seven score and three of the tongues of earth, and giving the word of God by forty millions of voices, to five times as many million ears, and in tongues spoken by six hundred millions of men; and having swept its path of storm through all time, it still walks triumphant, despite earth's dying malice and hell's eternal wrath, and like the apocalyptic angel, though it wraps its mantle of cloud around it, calmly looks out upon the world with a face as it were the sun encircled with the rainbow.

UNSUCCESSFUL IN THIS LIFE.

THERE is truth beautifully expressed, and words of cheer for multitudes, in the sentiment accredited to GEORGE S. HILLIARD:

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes rises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the "world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

IDOLIZING THE INTELLECT.

BISHOP ARMSTRONG utters a timely warning as to a very common tendency, especially among the gifted and the educated:

There is always a fear lest the intellect should become idolized among the educated classes, lest it should create false views of the dignity of human nature, lest it should be used selfishly, because it lifts men so easily above their fellows, and places them on high as objects of admiration. Literature and science, in their countless branches, are, after all, great tempters; they are apt to become idols, to make men their devotees; the fame, and attention, and note, which they bring, when successfully pursued, are cords of great power in tying our souls to the world, and the Christian graces are apt to be secondary objects of desire, if desired at all, amid all the excitement of a scientific or literary life. The very exercise of intellect, apart from any feelings of ambition, is so pleasurable, as it seems the nearest of anything to the creative power, that we are disposed to treat it as such, to live in a world of our own making, to live upon our own thoughts, virtually to worship that through which we succeed, to delight ourselves with our own mind's work, to gaze with fond admiration on the surprising flights of reason, and to fill ourselves with those notions of the dignity of man as a reasoning being, which little dispose us for the humbling doctrines of the Cross.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WE are not sure that we know what is meant by woman's rights in the sense in which that phrase is commonly used at the present day. Perhaps it is our own fault, for we heard one of the ablest advocates of the cause, a female in boots and pant—no, in Bloomer costume, harangue a mixed multitude for an hour upon the subject. She convinced us that there never was more than one sex so imposed upon as the female, but failed to make us see the remedy, although possibly others did, for they applauded the sweet creature to the very echo. It is gratifying to know that those fair ones who have lost any of their rights, in the only sense in which we comprehend the term, may most certainly regain them by the simple process here pointed out. It is from the pen of the late Henry Reed:

It is not by clamoring for rights, it is not by restless discontent, but it is by tranquil working out of the Heaven-imposed law of obedience, that woman's weakness is transmuted into strength—a moral, spiritual power, which man shall do homage to. Ambition, pride, willfulness, or any earthly passion, will but distort her being; she struggles all in vain against a Divine appointment, and sinks into more woeful servitude, and the primeval curse weighs a thousandfold upon her, and the primeval companionship perishes. But, bowing beneath that law which sounded through the darkening Paradise, she wins for her dower the only freedom that is worthy of woman—the moral liberty which God bestows upon the faithful and obedient spirit. It is from the soil of meekness that the true strength of womanhood grows; and it is because it has its root in such a soil that it has a growth so majestic, showering its blossoms and its fruits upon the world. Her influence follows man from the cradle to the grave, and the sphere of it is the whole region of humanity. We marvel at the might of it, because its tranquil triumphs are so placid and so noiseless, and penetrating into the deep places of our nature. It was the sun and the wind that in the fable strove for the mastery, and the strife was for a traveler's cloak; the

quiet moon had naught to do with such fierce rivalry of the burning or the blast; but, as in her tranquil orbit she journeys round the earth, she silently sways the tides of the ocean.

BREVITIES.

HERE are, from Tillotson's Sermons, a few note-worthy sentences, aphoristic and epigrammatic:

Nobody is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the misfortunes that he does not feel.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.

That is not wit which consists not with wisdom.

No man shall ever come to heaven himself who has not sent his heart thither before him.

That man will one day find it but a poor gain who bits upon truth with the loss of charity.

Christ saves the world by undeceiving it, and sanctifies the will by first enlightening the understanding.

If we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and a mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

This happiness does Christ vouchsafe to all his, that, as a Saviour, he once suffered for them, and that, as a friend, he always suffers with them.

A blind guide is certainly a great mischief; but a guide that blinds those whom he should lead is undoubtedly a much greater.

The National Magazine.

APRIL, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

BISHOP WAUGH.—Just after our last number had gone to press we received intelligence of the death of this eminent and well-known servant of Christ and his Church. It was our privilege to know him intimately for the last quarter of a century, and we esteem it alike a privilege and a duty to add our tribute to the numerous expressions of esteem for his character and regret for his departure, which that event has already called forth from individuals, and from the various societies and associations with which he was connected. The portrait which accompanies our present number is an admirable likeness, and the sketch of the bishop's life and character, necessarily brief as it is, is from the pen of one who shared largely in the good man's confidence and esteem, and to whom the preparation of the memoir has been a labor of love.

SECTARIANISM seems to have found its way into the councils of that hitherto supposed catholic institution, the American Bible Society. The community has been under the belief that each evangelical denomination has a proportionate share in its management and in the control of its funds. Facts, recently brought to light, reveal a very different state of affairs. Of its thirty-six elected managers the Presbyterians have twenty-one. The other fifteen are divided among Episcopalians, Dutch Reformed, Methodists, Friends, and Baptists. Of course such a concentration of power in one denomination could not have occurred without design and shrewd maneuvering. By the Constitution the Board have the power to fill vacancies in their own body, and to appoint their officers. It has recently been proclaimed, too, and not denied, that the society at large have no control over the actions of the Board of Managers, and that the only redress for real or supposed dereliction of duty is by turning them out at the annual meeting of the society, and by the appointment of others. It is provided by the Constitution, however, that only one fourth of the managers *can* be displaced in any one year; so that, in reality, it will take *three* annual elections to effect a change in the majority of the Board. But all this has been tacitly submitted to; and no real occasion for objecting to the management of the society's affairs has arisen until lately. About a year since a leading Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, at the General Assembly of his Church, denounced the authorized edition of the Bible as sanctioned and published by the society for the last six years. He took occasion, in language more befitting a slave driver in a cotton field than a grave divine before a Church judicatory, to denounce most especially the committee by whom, with great care, and after years of patient toil, that edition had been prepared. His violent philippic appears to have had its effect upon the majority of the General Assembly; and others joined in the hue and cry. The *Princeton Review*, an accredited organ of the Presbyterians, followed, and the result aimed at by this leading denomination was speedily reached. The Board of Managers resolved to yield to the wishes of the General Assembly as thus made known; to take back all they had said of the accuracy of their standard Bible; in fact, to stultify themselves before the whole world, and at the expense of we know not how many thousands of dollars of the people's money to mutilate some and cancel others of the plates of the several editions now in use. The *Protestant Churchman* takes this view of the subject:

> The High Church hostility of a few Episcopalians, who have always opposed the Bible Society, and the sectarian love of power of the Old School Presbyterians, who were determined to control it, have combined to overthrow the settled action of the Board of Managers, which had been for six years consummated, for the same number of years seen and known, and never objected to, which had been unanimously and deliberately adopted and approved by this Board on repeated occasions, and in repeated shapes, and which every member of the Board probably believed in his own conscience to be right, for certainly no one of them ever asserted in the Board the contrary.
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> It has been accomplished under the force of an outside pressure alone. The vehemence and violence of a dominant sect, as such, have succeeded in ruling and overturning the whole action of the Board, to whom there has not been left the shadow of freedom in this action. It is but a gradual realizing of what we have heard as the early assertion of Bishop Hobart, that "the Bible Society would become at last the mere tool of the General Assembly."

Verily, Bishop Hobart's prediction has, in this instance at least, been verified, and we are greatly in error if the sentiment of another bishop, the lamented Emory, that "Methodists must be permitted to do their own work in their own way," does not recur to the minds of many members of that Church which fur-

nishes the society with *one fourth* of its funds, and is permitted to have but *one ninth* of its management.

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SEWING MACHINES.—Ever since HOOD sang his "Song of the Shirt" the miseries of that large class who live by the needle have been a frequent theme for the philanthropist. The practical use of a machine for taking the stitches

> In seam, and gusset, and band,
> And band, and gusset, and seam,

if not, indeed, the invention itself, dates from about the same time as the publication of the inimitable poem to which we have referred. There is a fair prospect that the use of the machine will render the doleful song a mere memorial of things that were. The thought would have made the poet happy, and all will agree that such a consummation is devoutly to be wished. We have been led into this train of remark by the permission kindly granted us to copy a letter from a lady in the country to a friend in this city. The writer has had practical experience that may be useful to many of our fair readers, who will all agree with us in the hope that Ellen may come into possession of the good fairy without being obliged to part with Charlotte's last gift. But read the letter:

There, dear Ellen, I heard that sigh away up here in Vermont, as you leaned wearily back in your chair, and broke the seal of this letter, half reproaching yourself for stopping one moment while that immense quantity of sewing lies unfinished by your side. But I want you to stop, and to read, and take courage. Have n't you been stitching and stitching, day after day, and far into the night, too, on those fine bosoms, and wristbands, and collars till eyes, and head, and hands, and heart all ache, and the pile hardly seems to diminish at all?

Now compare your work with mine; I have done as much in an hour as you in a day, and neither eyes nor head are weary, and I am as light-hearted as a bird.

Yes; compare the stitches, too. Are they not as fine, and even, and strong as yours? Ah! now you do open your eyes, and begin to wonder if Cinderella's fairy godmother has touched me with her wand. If I could transport you to my room, I would show you the good fairy that helps me so wondrously. There she stands in that corner, by the window. "That dear little, sweet little *sewing machine*, the comfort and blessing of the whole household, never tired, never out of patience, always ready to do your bidding. The one we have is from the establishment of Grover and Baker. We have made all sorts of garments with it, from the handsome basque with its varied trimmings, (cloth, silk, or lace, as the case may be,) and the flounced barège skirt, down to the little wee sack for the baby. Dresses, skirts, night gowns, caps, shirts, collars, under sleeves, jackets and pantaloons for the boys, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths, napkins, pocket-handkerchiefs, indeed, everything that can be needed in a family. We have proved it by a trial of nearly a year, and know what a comfort it will be in every household. Each day increases our sense of its value. We have not tried to do wonders, and tell marvelous stories of its speed, but when you remember that we have five grown people, and four children under ten in the family, and know that we do all the sewing, and have time for reading, writing, studying, playing with the children besides, you will not think we praise our little helper without reason. It is as useful in repairing many garments as in making them, and one great advantage which this patent possesses over others is the ease with which a seam may be ripped, when once you find the loop of the under thread, and detach it from the upper, and that can be learned only by careful study and attention. I take as much pleasure in ripping (when necessary) as in sewing, for it is a great help in advancing the work when making any alterations. The thread can be used again for basting, or sewing with the hand, and sometimes when it is long I have used it again in the machine. Do you remember, when we were children together, the long seams that were given us to be picked out carefully stitch by stitch with a pin, because we were too small to be trusted with scissors, lest we should cut the cloth? Or, if some older person ripped with scissors, how tired we were picking out the stitches that remained on both sides of the seam? The children in these days will have no such tasks to dread, at least in the families where Grover and Baker's machines are used. But though so easily ripped when you wish it, the stitch is strong and elastic, does not break in washing and ironing, and if broken by any chance does not rip in consequence.

Does this account seem rather aggravating than encouraging to you? My object in telling you these particulars is to induce you to obtain one for yourself. Do you ask where the money is to be procured? Then I ask, in return, have you not a hundred dollars, (dear Charlotte's last gift,) carefully preserved for some darker day than any you have yet known? Take it now, and buy with it one of Grover and Baker's box machines, with the invention recently added, which doubles the speed of the motion. Be assured you will never repent it. It will pay for itself shortly. You will accomplish more than double what you now do, and in the meantime the color will return to your cheek, and the light to your eye, and your youth and life shall not be sacrificed to this incessant stitching. There are some things to be learned about the management and use of the machine, but they are not difficult. I advise you to learn at the establishment, where they are so obliging as to explain whatever puzzles you, and to allow you to make your first attempts under their direction. I have regretted not doing so myself; it would have saved many a perplexed and anxious hour, when first I used it, lest I had committed some irreparable mischief. The simplicity of the machinery makes it very desirable for us in the country, for it is hardly possible that anything more dreadful should happen than the breaking of a needle occasionally. That is dreadful enough I acknowledge, and you will never do it without a shudder, and a feeling of self-reproach, as if it might have been avoided, but it is an evil that can be remedied at once.

When once you are the happy possessor of this treasure, I know the clashing of the busy little needle will be to you like the sweetest music in the world, for it will speak of rest, and hope, and comfort; and when little Charlie comes in from school you will have leisure to enjoy with him walking, reading, or playing, as in happier times of old. With full confidence in your good sense and my powers of persuasion, I shall ever be the grateful admirer of our benefactors, and your affectionate

COUSIN CARRIE.

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THE CHRISTIAN AND THE ARAB.—Journeying across the Arabian desert, a Christian traveler was taught some things that he did not know before; or, if he once knew had forgotten them. His tent was pitched for the night. His guides, genuine Bedouins, were around him. They sat silently musing, each lost in his own thoughts, when suddenly the sheik exclaimed "What strange men you Englishmen are!"

"How so? Why do you think us strange?"

"You never fast," said he.

"Not often," replied the traveler laughingly; "that is when we can get anything to eat."

The Arab laughed too: that evening we had supped sparsely from necessity. "But," said he, "is it not part of your religion? You do not pray; you do not give alms; you do nothing."

This was a home-thrust, and my conscience felt it. I had looked upon the poor fellows around me as so bigoted in their faith, and had considered myself so completely in their power, that I deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might rouse their passions. In my solitary tent at midday I read the word of life: but I had concealed with jealous care from my

guards the knowledge that I carried about me the "Christian's Koran;" and when at morning and night I commended myself in prayer to God my Maker, through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent, and whispered low and fearfully, lest I should be overheard.

"You have no religion," said the sheik: "you do not pray; you do nothing."

"God forgive me," I thought. "The rebuke is not altogether unjust."

"Now we," continued my reprover; and he went on boastingly to tell what their prophet required of them, and how faithful was their obedience in matters of devotion, charity, and self-denial; and while he spoke I lifted up my heart to God, and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to his word. When the sheik paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew forth a New Testament.

"I have religion," I said. "Would you like to hear what it teaches on these high matters?"

"Certainly; would I tell him?"

By this time the attention of all my guard was directed to me. Their quick, sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me, their dark visages looking more grim by the flashing fire around which they were seated; and their hands were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily bring down vengeance upon the head of the infidel dog who should dare to blaspheme their prophet.

"Listen," I said, as I opened the Testament at the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "You speak of almsgiving; hear what my Koran says about alms:" and I rendered into Arabic the first four verses, "Take heed that ye do not do your alms before men, to be seen of them," etc. When I stopped I looked up, and the dark countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

"Good!" exclaimed the sheik; "this is very good: go on."

I gathered courage, and read again: "And when thou prayest," etc. I read, translating as I read, to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

"Bismillah! but this is wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed one to another, stroking their beards; "wonderful!" and every harsh and forbidding feature was softened down to quiet, calm attention. "More! more!"

I read on: "Moreover, when ye fast," etc.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the sheik; "but this is wonderful!"

I needed no further urging on. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by the exclamations of wonder and approbation.

"Wonderful!" said my worthy friend, the sheik, when at length I closed the book; "but this is wonderful! *And what good people you Christians ought to be!*"

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MODERN JERUSALEM.—A French gentleman, who delights to frequent the spots on which celebrated poets have dwelt, or whence they derived their inspiration, has published in the *Moniteur* an account of his visit to the "Gardens of Solomon." First he visited the "sealed fountains," large subterranean reservoirs, wherein the waters springing from the mountains are collected, and whence the water is conducted to Jerusalem by pipes:

At a short distance from the reservoirs are the celebrated gardens. They extend along a valley which runs from El Bourach to Bethlehem. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. Solomon was a good judge in more senses than one. There are murmuring streams winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers, the hyacinth, the anemone, the fig-tree, and the pine. Towering high above the garden, and contrasting grandly with its soft aspect, are the dark, precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountain, around whose summits vultures and eagles incessantly scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which the great enchanter of the East collected within these gardens were protected from the north wind by the mountain. Every gust of the south wind was loaded with perfumes. With the first breeze of spring the fig-tree put forth its fruits and the vines began to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, "a garden of delights." The vegetations of the north and the south were intermingled. One part of the garden was called the Walnut-tree-walk, (or, as the English Scripture translation has it, the Garden of Nuts,) another is the Beds of Spices.

The writer's guide was a well-educated Italian, who informed him that the Gardens of Solomon are now let to an Englishman:

"The present tenant," he said, "is Mr. Goldsmith, of the house of Goldsmith and Son. He is underdraining the gardens of Solomon on the Yorkshire system. You will be astonished to see how successful he has been. Here is the house." I perceived a bright brass knob shining in the center of a small square of porcelain let into a white wall. Over this knob was the following superscription in the English language: "Ring the bell." This bell seemed to my imagination rather an anomaly in the gardens of Solomon; but that is a trifle. We did ring the bell, and we went in. The first things that struck my eyes were red draining pipes lying about, and bearing the mark of the manufacturers, Samuel and Co., No. 128 Strand. Mr. Goldsmith was draining that Biblical valley, the dew of which was so often brushed away by the naked feet of the Shulamite. It was in the month of September. An American mowing-machine was cutting a second crop of artificial grass on the very spot where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered those lilies of the field which were more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. A patent reaping-machine was rapidly garnering the crop of that glebe in which the sisters of Ruth and the daughters of Naomi were wont to glean. I asked to see Solomon's pavilion; but, alas! the cypress timbers and the cedar wainscoting had been taken down, and in their place there is a brick-built cottage, with a roof of red and green tiles. The entrance hall is whitewashed; there is a little parlor with a Birmingham carpet, and a drawing-room papered with a red-bordered yellow paper, purchased in Paris, Rue des Moineaux. The chimney is Prussian, and the curtains are of Swiss muslin. Instead of the servants of the spouse, I found two nursery-maids; one from Paris and the other from Florence. The slave who prepares the tents of cedar is now called "John." He has red whiskers, blacks his master's shoes, scrubs the floor every day, and varnishes it on Sundays; and if some romantic person should inquire, as I had the *naiveté* to do, about the dark Shulamite, he will be shown five sweet little English children, redolent of cold cream and Windsor soap, as fair as floss silk, with their hair in corkscrew curls, and wearing prunella boots, blue capes, and green parasols. The cinnamon-trees have been cut down for firewood and the aromatic canes grubbed up, but the five little misses do crochet work under the shade of a *bon Chrétien* pear-tree. Since the Eastern war Mr. Goldsmith has obtained the custom of the Pasha of Jerusalem for vegetables. Last year he had seven crops of potatoes, thanks to his wonderful drainage.

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STANDING OR KNEELING?—A discrepancy, if not a contradiction, has been noticed in Irving's "Life of Washington." It may not be deemed a matter of very great importance, yet as the biographer has thought it necessary to advert

to the posture of the General in prayer it would be gratifying to know which of the two statements is correct. In Vol. I, p. 285, (Putnam's Ed.,) it is said, "Mrs. Washington knelt during the prayers—he (the General) *always stood, as was the custom at that time.*" On page 336 of the same volume, it is said, "It has been remarked that General Washington was especially devout on this occasion—*kneeling while others stood.* In this, however, each, no doubt, observed the attitude in prayer to which he was accustomed. *Washington knelt, being an Episcopalian.*"

—

EXPERT AT TRIFLES.—One thing that struck me forcibly, says an intelligent traveler, was the curious way in which the members of their House of Commons judge of each other's capacities. Many who expressed opinions of the crudest kind, or trivial platitudes, or worn-out superstitions were very civilly treated. Follies as great as that but a few years since uttered by one of their ministers, who said that free-trade was contrary to common sense, were received in silence. But I was present when one of their members, who, as I thought, was speaking very rationally, made a mistake in his pronunciation—made what they call a wrong quantity, and immediately there arose a shout of derision. It seemed quite tolerable that a member should know little or nothing about the business he was there to transact; but quite intolerable that he should be ignorant on a point of no moment.

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THE GREEK LOVE OF BEAUTY.—Nature and climate, heaven and earth and ocean, religion and morality, the state and political life, all contributed to awaken and to strengthen in the mind of Greece a love for the beauty of the material, as well as a love for the beauty of the spiritual world. Kritobulus, at one of Xenophon's banquets, was heard to say, "By the gods, I would rather be beautiful than be King of Persia!" This is a thorough Greek sentiment. The Grecian poet, in speaking of the four things most desirable as a crown to the happiness of life, places *personal beauty* at the head of his list; the other three *desiderata*—"Riches that do not give pain to anybody, health, and blessing of friendship"—come only in to serve as a setting for the diamond of beauty. The Greek mind thus became a bright mirror, reflecting countless different productions of art, the beauty of Grecian nature and of Grecian life. These works of art made the Hellenic breast swell with proud joy and glorious emotion, and they left temples of worship of the beautiful and monuments of delight to the most distant posterity.

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REV. WILLIAM A. SMITH, D.D.—We noticed, in the pages of THE NATIONAL for June, the volume of this eminent Southern divine on the "Philosophy of Slavery." After adverting to his alleged facts and modes of argumentation, we came to the conclusion that the whole thing was "too glaringly sophistical to make proselytes among sober-minded men even at the South." The result has been more marked than we anticipated. By "sober-minded" Southern men not only is the book itself repudiated, but the author is deemed, in consequence of this and similar publications, disqualified for the post which he occupies. The following is from the North Carolina *Christian Advocate*, one of the organs of Dr. Smith's own Church:

> A large majority of the Conference believe that Dr. Wm. A. Smith is not well qualified, by temper and scholarship, to preside over any college; and that he is particularly deficient in qualifications for the chair he occupies as an instructor in Moral Philosophy. *By his unfortunate connection with the events which have disturbed the peace of the Church for several years, he has rendered himself unacceptable to a very large majority* of the ministers and lay members of the North Carolina Conference. His connection with the college occasions many who have bought scholarships, and given liberally, to send their sons elsewhere. Its free scholarships go begging, and seek purchasers in vain. To the great body of the members and friends of our Church in North Carolina, the presence of Dr. Smith at Randolph Macon College closes its doors; and all, including the oldest and strongest friends of Dr. Smith and of the College, concur in the opinion that the usefulness of the college in our Conference would be promoted by the entrance of Dr. Smith upon some other field of labor.

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A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. Of it he said:

> The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than the auctions of estates, houses, and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct thee.

—

GREAT EXPECTATIONS FROM A SMALL OUTLAY.—The *Protestant Churchman* of New York, in discussing the merits of some proposed scheme which would need a large expenditure to carry it out, thus hits at a fault of the times very prevalent in all denominations:

> Like the hereditary remnant of a great family, we have had a pride which must have great things always with small means to pay for them. Bishop Sanderson says, the great curse of his time was "beggared gentility." Not a village congregation with us of a hundred people can be satisfied unless they have a church that they have no means to pay for. And generally the poorer they are the more imperious are their demands for foreign aid to gratify the mere vanity of their local competition and strife. Hence, churches are everywhere in debt, and congregations are everywhere in discouragements and quarrels, and ministers everywhere are starving. The Carthaginian experiment is the popular one of the day, altering only its subjective application. And instead of as much land as a bull's hide will cover, it is as large a church as a minister's skin will pay for. And then the problem is put to the experiment, and he is sent forth to work it out. The same principle has been applied to our efforts for literary and theological institutions. We attempt great things, and we expect great things. But, unfortunately, we do not do the great things.

—

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—We have not for a long time (says the Boston *Journal*) read a more interesting incident than is described in the following extract, as having taken place at the gathering of the Sabbath-school connected with the Plymouth Church in Cleveland, Ohio. Many of the Congregationalists of Boston and vicinity feel a special interest in this religious enterprise, from the fact that they contributed

from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars last summer toward completing the beautiful church which it has just erected and dedicated to the worship of God. The gathering was held on the day succeeding the dedication of the church. After speeches, singing, and so on, a presentation of Bibles to some twenty of the scholars took place; the scholars coming out and standing around the pulpit platform, one little fellow five years old *on* the platform, that he might be seen. What followed is thus described:

After the superintendent had prepared the way, the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. White, stated the history of these Bible gifts, and addressed those who were to receive them in remarks of the deepest interest. He spoke to them of a ship at sea guided through the midnight darkness, and over the tempestuous ocean, amid greatest dangers all unseen, by the light and the compass in her binnacle, directly under the eye of the man at the helm. "So, children," said he, "take this heavenly chart and compass, put it safe in your binnacle, with the heavenly light shining upon it, keep it directly under your eye, and with steady hand on the helm, launch out upon life's tempestuous and treacherous ocean, and you shall gain the port of heavenly bliss securely."

By this time the whole audience were in melting sympathy with the scene. A brief word, and one after another took their new and beautiful presents and returned to their seats. In giving the littlest fellow his Bible, the good pastor took him in his hands, lifted him before all the people, kissed him, and implored a Divine benediction. But there was one thing more to come, the crowning scene of this most interesting occasion. Rev. Mr. White took the audience all by surprise; no one save the superintendent knew what was coming. He began with a brief reference to the struggles and sacrifices of this society in securing this new and attractive edifice. Homeless, and almost friendless and penniless, the great effort was made some six months ago to raise a sufficient subscription among themselves. The pastor told us that in passing the subscription papers, one of the Sabbath-school boys, of his own accord, said to his mother, "I am going to put down twenty-five dollars; I have got nineteen dollars now, which I have been saving to buy a watch; I'll give that, and guess I can work out the other six somehow!" So down went the twenty-five dollars, and with it the hopes and savings of some years. The subscription has been promptly paid. How the boy got his other six dollars he did not know.

During the summer Mr. White was in New England, making an appeal for and in behalf of the new church. In appealing to the Congregational Church and society in Somerville, Mass., one evening, he told them of the great efforts of his own people, and incidentally cited, as an illustration, the case of this boy, with others. In coming down from the pulpit, a gentleman remarked to him, "I don't like the idea of that boy losing his watch." "Nor I," said another. "And would you give a dollar to buy him one?" said the first. "Yes, *two* dollars," was the reply. "And I two," said a third, and the matter stopped not until"—and here the pastor took from his pocket a watch, saying, as he held it up, "there it is—a gold lever, sixteen carats fine, double bottom, gold dial, gold balance, twelve jeweled, Johnson, Liverpool. From friends in Boston; Prov. xi, 24, 25; 1857; original cost, seventy-five dollars." But who was the boy? No one knew but the boy himself. Was he there? All eyes and hearts were waiting, beating, weeping. Now came the name, slowly, and all turned to the poor fellow, who was getting his head down under the seat, crying like a child. A second and third call brought him out. A modest lad of fifteen he was; he took the watch; scarcely a word more could be said. The scene was beyond description.

SMALL CHANGE.

THAT most good-natured, genial-souled fellow, Dr. Doran, in his "Monarchs Retired from Business," gives us, among a large list of others, the title of the King of Ava. It is thus he is addressed:

God, King of Kings, Preserver of all Life, Regulator of the Seasons, Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother to the Sun, and King of the four-and-twenty Umbrellas.

—

A COBBLER ON THE ORIGIN OF OPINION.—"You see, sir," quoth the cobbler, "that a man's business has a deal to do with his manner of thinking. Every trade, I take it, has ideas as belonging to it. Butchers don't see life as bakers do, and if you talk to a dozen tallow-chandlers, then to a dozen blacksmiths, you will see tallow-chandlers are peculiar, and blacksmiths too."

"You are a keen observer," said I; "your remark is new to me; I dare say it is true."

"Course it is; and the stars have summat to do with it; for if they order a man's calling, it stands to reason that they order a man's mind to fit it. Now, a tailor sits on his board with others, and is always a talking with 'em, and a reading the news; therefore he thinks, as his fellows do, smart and sharp, bang up to the day, but nothing original, and all his own like. But a cobbler, continued the man of leather, with a majestic air, "sits by hisself, and talks with hisself, and what he thinks gets into his head without being put there by another man's tongue."

"You enlighten me more and more," said our friend, bowing respectfully; "a tailor is gregarious, a cobbler is solitary. The gregarious go with the future, the solitary stick to the past. I understand why you are a tory, and perhaps a poet."

"Well, a bit of one," said the other, with an iron smile. "And many's the cobbler who is a poet, or discovers marvelous things in a crystal, whereas a tailor, sir, [spoken with great contempt,] only sees the upper leather of a world's sole in a newspaper."

—

HE WOULDN'T BE PRESIDENT OF A BANK.—A good story is told of a Michigan man who recently went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer absent than he intended, and failed to meet a business engagement. On being reproached for not being home he made due apology. "I tell you how it is, squire; at every little confounded town, they wanted me to stop and be President of a Bank."

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A lady riding in a carriage a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, miss?"

"I asked if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"O yes, indeed I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a bit of good."

—

A BAKER'S ADVERTISEMENT.—The baker was genuine who advertised as follows: "The subscriber knowing that men *need* bread, wishes the public to know that he *kneads* it. He is desirous of feeding all who are hungry, and hopes his *good works* may be in the *mouth* of every one. He is well disposed toward all men, and the *best bred* people among us will find him, he hopes, one of the *best bread* men in the city."

—

TEETH.—The greatest demand of the West being for marriageable young women, a Yankee emigrant, writing to his father at home on the scarcity, proposes a speculation, saying: "Suppose you get our girls *some new teeth* and send them out, they will, to a dead certainty, make their everlasting fortune in less than no time."

—

DISTINCTION OF GENDERS.—*Punch* wittily and slanderously declares that

The sun is called masculine, from its supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing, just like a ship blown about by every wind. The Church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and Time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies.

—

A LADY'S SECRET SORROW.—A young lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy:

My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
  But O! the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
  I am not ill, I am not well.

I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
  I am indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
  O when shall I be changed in *that*?"

—

WASHINGTON VS. HAMILTON.—"History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton. By his Son."

I do not join the blackguard, critic clan,
  Who call this "History" impudent effrontery:
The author proves his book; let him who can
Deny the father of so wise a man
  Was greater than the father of his country!

Charleston Courier.

The *New England Courant*, (Benjamin Franklin's newspaper,) in 1726, contained the following advertisement:

"*Just published and sold by the printer hereof.*
*** HOOPED-PETTICOATS Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. Price 8d."

—

COMMERCIAL GENIUS.—Fond parent (to his son)—"Yes, New York is the place to get on in. Look at James! he started without a penny, and has lately failed for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course that's an extreme case. I don't expect you to do as well as that. Still, with honesty and industry, I see no reason why you should not, in a few years, fail for fifty thousand dollars."

—

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college:

"MY DEAR SON,—I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has just knit, by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except your sister has got the measles, which we think will spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left."

—

A RARE EXTRACTOR.—We have read of a *savant* who extracted moonbeams out of cucumber seeds, and of another who undertook to get latent sunlight out of a too long defunct mackerel. But all their brave efforts in the path of occult discovery have been surpassed by a St. Petersburgh *distingué*, who extracts the coloring matter from the feathers of birds.

—

A LAZY MAN.—A worthy old citizen of Newport, who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them hillocks," so lazy, indeed, that he used to weed his garden in a rocking-chair, by rocking forward to take hold of the weed, and backward to uproot it, had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old white-faced mare to the spot where the tautog (black fish) might be depended on for any weight, from two to twelve pounds, backed his gig down to the water-side, put out his line, and when the tautog was safely hooked, started the old mare and pulled him out.

—

THE ART OF CARPENTRY.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed the bill, shaved the note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

—

TOBACCO.—Ike Partington, in an essay on tobacco, says: "Tobacco was first introduced into England in 1600, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and soon more 'old soldiers' of tobacco were to be seen than there were in the army of England. Sir Walter Raleigh's appetite for the weed was afterward impaired by having his head cut off.

—

An old epigram says:

What smiles and welcomes would I give,
Some friends to see each day I live;
And yet what treasures would I pay
If *some* would always stay away!

—

WOULDN'T APRIL DO AS WELL?—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A down-east editor says a girl was asked, not long since, to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk lad, who named May in his proposals.

The lady tenderly intimated that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said, with a blush, "Wouldn't *April* do as well?"

—

POUND AWAY.—"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't," exclaimed the little one. "Then I'll give you another pounding." "Pound away. Me and Dr. Franklin agrees; Dr. Franklin says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

—

THE RECENT WARM WEATHER.—It is not the nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to the Atlantic coast which gives the present warm weather. The real reason is connected with the financial crisis—winter has failed, and autumn has got an extension.

—

SAM ON SUICIDE.—"So you had a bad susancide at your house lass nite, Sam," said a colored gemman, on meeting his colored crony, a waiter at a hotel.

"O, yes, Lemuel, dat we had; it almost scart me into a fit. He was jis from California, wid heeps of noospapers. He cum ober de Jerecipelus by de Niggeranger route, and put up at our house prebious to his 'ribal.' I tort de man was out ob his hed, kase he gub me a shillin' as soon as he laid eyes on me; from dat minit I stuck by him fur fear sum interested pusson might get a hold ob him. De next mornin' as de chamber-maid wus agwane up stairs wid a skuttle ob cole for her breakfass, she smelt *lodlum*, passin' de man's do'; soon as she smelt dat she smelt a rat. She nocked to de man's do', but no answer. Den she broke de do' doun, and dar laid de man wid he boots on, and in he troat wus a stickin' in a bottle ob lodlum. She hollered, and we all kotched hold ob de bottle and tried to pull it out, but it wasn't to use. We had to send for de sturgeon. De sturgeon cum, and made a decision here in de neck, nie the borax, which reached as fur as de equilorum reached in de sarcofogus, and putting a cortven in de decision, gub it a poke wid a dispatchlus, when out flew de bottle, and all was safe."

"What was safe, Sam, de man?"

"No, de bottle; de man wus ded afore de sturgeon cum; but he had to do sumfin to earn a feeler."

"Wus dere anyting found in de pockets, Sam?"

"How you suppose I know? Do you tink I'd put my hand in to feel? What you mean to insinewate?"

"O, nuffin; only I neber seed you hab sich good close on afore, dat's all."

—

A CORRECT MISNOMER.—We know an old lady who, when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of ideas—Mr. BIGAMY YOUNG."

—

"Mother," said a three-year old, whose nose had been 'put out of joint' by the recent arrival of a baby brother, "mother, if the baby should die, would it go to heaven?" "Certainly, my child," responded the parent. "Then I think heaven is the *best place for him*," was the sister's conclusion!

—

Homeopathy has just achieved a great triumph in Little Rock, Arkansas. One of the citizens, being a victim of hypochondria, imagined himself to be a goose, and procuring an egg proceeded to *set!* The doctors of medicine of the old school were called in, and all their prescriptions proved unavailing. He was bled, but he still would *set;* he took calomel, but he would *set* still! A newly-arrived homeopath was now called upon, as a last resort. "Like cures like," is the motto of his school; that is, it takes a goose to cure a goose! He ordered a pair of feather breeches to be worn by the patient, and a dozen eggs! The spell and the eggs were broken together, and the patient was himself again. Very eggs-traordinary, was it not?

Recent Publications.

The New American Encyclopædia: a popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. The first volume of this great work, from the press of *Appleton & Co.*, has been for some time on our table. It is a large octavo of seven hundred and fifty pages, in double columns. Some idea of the intended extent of the work may be gained from the fact, that although this first volume contains nearly twenty-five hundred distinct articles, biographical, theological, commercial, literary, and historical, it does not reach the end of words beginning with the letter A. The aim of the compilers and their associates is to furnish a condensed exhibition of the present state of human knowledge on every subject of interest or importance. One of its distinguishing features is the admission of the names of living men with biographical sketches. This will prove an exceedingly delicate part of the editors' work, both with regard to the selection of subjects and the manner of treating them. Thus far no fault can be found in these respects, and the entire Cyclopædia, if carried out as we have reason to expect it will be, must take a permanent place in the standard literature of the age.

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To write poetry for children, not childish poetry, is a difficult task. At least so we suppose, from the fact that very little worthy of the name has ever yet appeared. An attractive

little volume, entitled *Melodies for Childhood*, recently published, contains, with a good deal that, for one reason or another, is not adapted to its purpose, quite a number of very pretty little poems. We copy two of them which, while they will please our juvenile readers, will not be unacceptable to those of mature age:

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amid the clouds at even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,
"Our Father, who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud,
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy!" a little girl said,
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle-bed:
"'Tis morning, bright morning: good morning, papa.
O give me one kiss for good morning, mamma:
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.
The sun is peeping straight into my eyes;
Good morning to you, Mister Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl;
"Happy you can be, but think of the One
Who waken'd, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little girl turn'd her bright eyes with a nod,
"Mamma, may I say 'Good morning' to God?"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may;
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary kneel'd solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother:
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Dear Saviour, who taught little children to pray."

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Dr. Doran, whose former volumes, "Table Traits with Something on them," "Knights and their Ways," and "Monarchs retired from Business," have afforded much mirthful information, has devoted himself to a still broader field of humor. *The History of Court Fools* is the title of his last production. It abounds with anecdotes, bon mots, and repartees; some of them are new, but the greater portion long since found their way into jest books, and thence into general currency. We give an extract or two as a sample of the whole:

At the court of Elizabeth there was many a cleric of the Vicar of Bray school, and among them Dean Perne, who had oscillated from one faith to another three or four times in about a dozen years, and who never felt in a state of finality anywhere. Perne, with Archbishop Whitgift, was in attendance on the queen one wet day, when her majesty was desirous of going out for a walk. The desire was an unwise one, for Elizabeth was in ill-health: but the divines were not bold enough to dissuade her. But Clod, the queen's fool, was also present, and *he* had the courage which the others lacked. "Madam," said he, "Heaven dissuades you, for it is cold and wet; and earth dissuades you, for it is damp and dirty. Heaven dissuades you, too, by this heavenly man, Archbishop Whitgift; and earth dissuades you, by me, your fool, Clod, lump of clay as I am. But if neither can prevail you, here is the Dean Perne, who is neither of heaven nor of earth, but hangs between the two, and he too dissuades you." The above was witty license at the expense of a courtier; but Clod could exercise wit and audacity at the expense of the queen. Elizabeth once reproached him with not altogether fulfilling the duties of his office, "How so?" asked Clod; "in what have I failed?" "In this," answered the queen; "you are ready enough to point your sharp satire at the faults of other people, but you never say a word of mine. "Ah!" exclaimed the jester, "that is because I am saved the trouble by so many deputies. Why should I remind your majesty of your faults, seeing that these are in everybody's mouth, and you may hear of them hourly?" After all, this was not near so bold as the answers which (years after) Whiston used to fling at Queen Caroline, consort of George II. Whiston, if not kept at court like the jester of earlier times, was so frequent a sojourner there, that George II. got weary of this heterodox divine, who did not hesitate to tell him, when the king was inveighing against freedom of inquiry in religious matters, that if Luther had been of that opinion his majesty would never have been king of England. But where I find Queen Caroline and Whiston nearly resembling Queen Elizabeth and Clod, is on that well-known occasion at Hampton Court, when Caroline said to the eccentric divine, that, bold speaker as he was, he was, perhaps, not bold enough to tell her of her faults. Whiston proved that her majesty was mistaken, by denouncing her very unseemly behavior at divine service. Caroline laid part of the blame on the king, acknowledged her fault, promised amendment, and asked what was her next offense. "Nay, madam," said Whiston, "it will be time enough to go to the second fault when you have fairly amended the first!"

Another jester, high in the favor of the virgin queen, was Dick Tarleton, who, says Dr. Doran,

Became as famous and as influential as any official who ever wore clown's suit. Fuller calls him a master of his faculty, who, "when Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good-humor, he could *undumpish* her at his pleasure." As in other courts, suitors to the sovereign not unfrequently first presented themselves to the jester. "He was their usher to prepare their advantageous access to her." He doubtless lined his pockets with pistoles thereby; and for his royal pay he also gave good measure of wholesome severities. "He told the queen," says Fuller, "more of her faults than most of her chaplains; and cured her melancholy better than all of her physicians." If the queen admired Dick, the latter had a great measure of reverence for his mistress. He could compare her, he said, to nothing more fitly than a sculler; for, he added, "neither the queen nor the sculler hath a fellow."

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Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of American Methodism. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley. The author, in his Preface, informs us that an "old book" that had been lost for many years has recently been found. This "old book" is the basis of the volume before us. It appears to have been a record, kept with singular minuteness and accuracy, of moneys paid and received by the trustees and stewards of the first Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. The original subscription list for the purpose of building "a small house" for the worship of God in John-street, with the names of the donors and the amounts given, varying in sums from thirty pounds to two shillings, and amounting in the whole to four hundred and eighteen pounds three shillings and sixpence, is copied by Mr. Wakeley, with such reminiscences of

many of the donors as he has been enabled to procure. Fac-similes of the signatures of ministers and laymen who were prominent in that day are also given, with brief biographical sketches. Some of the items found in this old book and copied into the volume before us are curious. As, for instance:

1790, March 1. Cash paid for a ticket in the lottery, two pounds.

Did the trustees of the Methodist Church, asks Mr. Wakeley, purchase a lottery ticket? Certainly. Here is the record. What would be thought of an official board who would do it now? They would be execrated; they would be thought sinners above all that dwell in Gotham. Selling lottery tickets, which is now prohibited by law, was not only legalized at the time, but considered an honorable business. Men of the greatest respectability were then engaged in the sale of tickets, and others in purchasing them. And so honorable was it considered, that a number of lotteries were drawn to aid in the erection of houses of worship. They seemed to think it right to take the devil's water to turn the Lord's mill. Who would like the responsibility of hoisting the gate?

"But I would have suppressed this item," says one. Why? "Its publication will disgrace the memory of our fathers." I think not, and therefore have transcribed it for three brief reasons.

First. It is a part of the history. It is on record, written for succeeding generations. Secondly. It shows the honesty of our fathers in keeping a faithful record of all their proceedings. Thirdly. It shows the character of the times in which they lived, and the great change in the sentiments of the people since that period. What was considered honorable and lawful then, would be dishonorable and criminal now. Whether they drew a blank or a prize we are not told; probably the former, inasmuch as there are generally more blanks than prizes. This was an experiment; and as we hear no more of it, I think they did not succeed, and concluded there was a better way to raise material aid. This is the first and the last mention of lottery tickets in the "old book."

But "the trustees" did a worse thing than the purchase of a lottery ticket. They bought a man, a brother in Christ:

1783, June 10. Paid Mr. Aymar for his negro Peter.....£40 0 0

Peter was their sexton, and they allowed him to refund the money out of his earnings, which he did in less than two years and a half. The trustees, however, did not give him his emancipation paper, which is copied at length by Mr. Wakeley, until thirteen years afterward. Our author says:

It is somewhat strange the trustees should not have emancipated Peter until thirteen years had passed away, when he had paid for himself in two years. We can account for it only in this way, that as Peter had paid for himself, and the fact was so stated on the trustees' book, they thought it was sufficiently understood that he was his own free man, and they carelessly deferred giving him his emancipation paper. Peter preserved it during his lifetime, as if more valuable to him than gold or diamonds; and it is carefully preserved by his descendants still, as a most precious relic, showing that though their venerated friend was once a slave *he lived and died his own* FREE MAN.

Many other interesting facts in the early history of Methodism are brought out, and several disputed and hitherto doubtful points are settled by the painstaking researches of the author. His volume is also embellished by engraved portraits of himself, of Peter Williams, the manumitted sexton referred to, and of Captain Webb, the military preacher. Illustrations of various "preaching places"—the old rigging loft, the old John Street Church, Barrat's Chapel, and views of several modern churches, enhance the value of the book, which will be read with great interest by Methodists of the present day, and furnish reliable materials for the future historian.

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The Pulpit and the Pew is the title of a duodecimo volume, sharp and satirical in its style, and we should have thought purely fictitious, but for the author's declaration to the contrary. He assures his readers that the book "is a genuine outgrowth from the rugged soil of reality. Fancy has not framed a line, nor has imagination supplied a link; but it is an unexaggerated transcript of stern experience. Its warp and woof are from the raw material of fact, without even a thread or an edging of fiction. Nor are any of the characters, or incidents, or circumstances invented." The hero of the book, we suppose the author himself, is the pastor of a Congregational Church; and "the Pulpit and the Pew" is a record of hostilities, long and severe, between himself and his people. The pulpit is finally victorious, and the pastor, having gained the day, returns to his home joyously singing:

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

There are many good things in the volume, but it is not likely to inspire any special admiration for the peculiarities of the Congregational system, nor, so far as we can see, to do much good to anybody.

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Darkness in the Flowery Land is a well-written volume on the religious notions and popular superstitions of the Chinese, from the pen of the Rev. M. SIMPSON CULBERTSON, a Presbyterian missionary at Shanghae. Much interesting, and some painfully amusing information is given of the religious rites and observances of "the Celestials." The difficulties in the way of Christian missionaries are set forth, and practical observations are made as to the best mode of obviating or lessening them. The work will be specially valuable to those who may devote themselves to the work of carrying the Gospel to that people. A superstition of our own, one that we supposed to have originated in this land, of light seems to prevail there, although the Chinese have not yet carried it to the absurd height which it has reached in this country. Mr. Culbertson says:

Table-turning and spiritual manifestations are not unknown in China. In this, as in many other things, they are in advance of the practitioners among ourselves. The mode of carrying on this operation is somewhat different from that in vogue in the United States. The table is turned upside down, upon a pair of chopsticks, laid at right angles over the mouth of a mortar or bowl, filled with water. Four persons lay one hand upon each leg of the table, while the other clasps the free hand of one of the four, and thus the circle is completed. An incantation is now chanted by the "medium," and soon the table begins to move. The "circle" move with it, and in a minute it is whirling violently upon its axis, until it is thrown violently off its balance, and falls upon the floor. The motion of the table is universally attributed to supernatural agency, but it seems not to have been used *as a means of communication with the spiritual world.*

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European Acquaintance: being Sketches of People in Europe. By J. W. DE FOREST. Our author confines himself to descriptions of men and things as he found them in some parts of

Europe, more especially in Grafenberg, whither he went in search of health as well as recreation, and made experiments at the celebrated water-cure establishment. Some of his descriptions are droll, and the comic vein appears to pervade the entire volume. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

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An appropriate present for the afflicted and bereaved, entitled *The Bow in the Cloud*, from the pen of Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, has been republished from the English edition by the *Messrs. Carter.* It belongs to a class of books which will always find readers; for the sons and daughters of sorrow are numerous, and there is, for them, no consolation like that which is here presented, as derived from the lessons of Divine inspiration.

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Gathered Lilies; or, Little Children in Heaven. A well-written and neatly printed little volume, founded upon the passage in the Song of Solomon, "My beloved has gone into his garden to gather lilies;" admirably adapted to comfort parents who mourn for lilies transplanted into a richer soil. (*Gould & Lincoln.*)

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Debit and Credit is a translation from the German of Gustav Freytag, a novel highly commended in an introductory notice by the Chevalier Bunsen, who considers it "not less of national importance than as a testimony to the dignity and high importance" of the mercantile classes of the community. It is a readable and instructive delineation of some phases of German life, and the story, without much originality in the invention, is gracefully told.

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The World of Mind. An Elementary Book. By ISAAC TAYLOR, author of "Wesley and Methodism." Mr. Taylor's reputation, happily for him, does not rest on his "Wesley and Methodism." There he found himself at sea, and was nearly wrecked. It was, however, his misfortune, rather than his fault, that he did not understand the man or the system which he undertook to describe and to analyze. In the present work he is more at home, and proves himself to be a painstaking writer, as well as a patient and untrammeled thinker. Some of his positions will be questioned, but the student will derive valuable instruction from his pages. The key-note to the volume is indicated in the sentiment: "A philosophy of human nature can have no coherence until it embraces the first principles of a true theology, and by this we can intend nothing else than a Christian theology. (*Harpers.*)

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The Sunday-school editor is indefatigable in his great work of preparing books for juvenile reading; and it is admitted, on all hands, that there is a decided improvement in the character and quality of the publications which pass under his supervision. Original works and carefully prepared compilations are taking the place of mere reprints from English books, which, however well adapted to those for whom they were written, are not always the most suitable for children in our own American Sunday schools. The latest volume for the Youth's Library is numbered six hundred and forty-six, and is called *The Story Book: an Album of Stories, Poems, and Anecdotes.* Just such a book as cannot fail to be popular, it is one that admirably blends instruction and amusement.

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Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This beautiful lithographic engraving can be had at any of the *Methodist book depositories*, or may be ordered direct from the publisher, *F. Rand*, 36 *Washington-st., Boston.* It will be carefully done up on a roller, and sent by mail, unless otherwise directed, *free of postage.* Price one dollar and fifty cents, with one third discount to clergymen and wholesale purchasers.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

THE FARM.—The month of April used to be a busy one on the farm, but the last few years have produced many modifications. Plowing, planting early potatoes, and work of that kind, have, perforce, been pushed into May; and the present year will, to all appearance, prove no exception to the new rule. Notwithstanding, we advise our readers to have their manure carted up to the field, their potatoes and seed of various kinds duly prepared, their implements in the best of trim, in order that they may take advantage of fair weather when it does come, and push their spring work through with the least possible delay. Sow barley and oats early, and plant potatoes as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Roll and plaster meadows, and clear off all stones. Look well after your stock, and see that they want for nothing which may add to their well-being or their usefulness on the farm. If hot-beds were made as directed last month, the young plants will be coming on now, and fresh air should be admitted during the middle of mild, pleasant days; it will gradually harden the plants, and make them stocky and strong. Half-hardy flower seed may be sown in hot-beds, and also such hardy kinds as may be wanted for early bloom. Bring out Dahlia roots as they begin to grow. Uncover such plants as have been protected during the winter, and prune all shrubs and other plants that may need it. Prepare for sowing all kinds of seeds; level such pieces of ground as have lain in ridges during the winter, and begin digging as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

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POTATOES, EARLY PLANTING.—Last fall, our readers may remember, we took occasion to express our conviction that *early planting* was one of the best precautions which could be taken

against the rot; indeed, it is the *only* precaution of the least value, so far as our experience goes. We deem the subject of so much importance, that we repeat the injunction, *plant early*. In regard to the best kinds, we would name the Washington, Peach Blow, and Prince Albert, as being very fair and productive varieties, and far less subject to the rot than the Mercer and some others. For an early potato we would name the Dykeman: it is early, good, and productive. The best soil for the potato, in our opinion, is a well-drained, dry sandy or gravelly loam; if planted on a sod, so much the better, but use no manure except good old, well-rotted barn-yard manure; above all, eschew guano; have nothing to do with it. Not standing in awe of some individuals we wot of, we do not fear to say that the use and abuse of guano have been an evil to the agricultural interests of this country, much greater than any benefit that has been derived from it. The reasons for this belief we may put upon record some other time; for the present we say, use well-rotted barn-yard manure for your potatoes, and mix it well with the soil. We would say still further in the way of advice, plant in drills, and pursue flat culture. A drill may be made six inches deep with a light double-mold board plow; the set may at first be covered about three inches; subsequent culture with the cultivator will level the soil about right. This is not only a better mode than hilling or drawing the earth to the plants, but it is less laborious. Where the practice has been adopted its manifest advantages have been fully admitted. It is a matter of pride with us, that for many years we have strenuously advocated flat culture; and in this respect we think we have been instrumental in accomplishing some good.

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Select List of Fruit.—In our last two numbers, we gave select lists of Apples and Pears. In the present number we purpose giving a further list. Those who purpose planting will be greatly aided by having before them a valuable list of choice fruits; and frequent requests to prepare such a list make us aware how much it is desired. We would add a caution to such as purpose growing fruit for market, not to grow too many varieties of the same kind; this caution is particularly needed where the quantity of fruit grown is small. As the season for planting is near at hand, we purpose making the list comparatively complete in the present number.

Peaches: Large Early York, Bergen's Yellow, Cooledge's Favorite, Crawford's Early, Crawford's Late, Early York, George IV., Grosse Migonne, Morris White, Oldmixon Free, Oldmixon Cling, Double Montagne, Early Sweet Water, Heath Cling. We would also add here. *Carpenter's Large White*, which we have had opportunities of testing fully during the past four years. We are glad to know that this splendid peach will be sent out during the coming season.

Plums: Washington, Jefferson, Golden Drop, Green Gage, Lawrence's Favorite, Bleecker's Gage, Monroe, Purple Favorite, Reine Claude de Bevay, Prince's Yellow Gage, Purple Gage, M'Laughlin, Imperial Gage.

Cherries: Black Tartarian, Graffion or Bigarreau, Napoleon Bigarreau, Belle Magnifique, Coe's Transparent, Black Eagle, Downer's Late, May Duke, Reine Hortense, Elton, Belle d'Orleans, Governor Wood, Early Purple Guigne, Hovey.

Apricots: Breda, Moorpark, Large Early, Early Golden.

Nectarines: Elruge, Downton, Early Violet.

Grapes: Isabella, Catawba, Diana, Rebecca, Delaware, Concord. There are other promising varieties, but they have not been sufficiently tested. The Catawba is very uncertain even in the eastern part of New York; south of New York it will do well.

Gooseberries: Houghton's Seedling is an American variety, and though small, it is very desirable, owing to its freedom from mildew. To this may be added almost any of the foreign varieties, such as Crown Bob, Whitesmith Red Champagne, Warrington, Ironmonger.

Currants: Red Dutch, White Dutch, Cherry, White Grape, Victoria, Prince Albert, Long-bunched Red, Attractor. Of the *black*, Bang Up, and Black Naples.

Blackberries: Dorchester, New Rochelle, Newman's Thornless.

Raspberries: Red Antwerp, Yellow Antwerp, Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, Fastolff.

Strawberries: Longworth's Prolific, Hovey's Seedling, Wilson's or Albany Seedling, Trollope's Victoria, M'Avoy's Superior, Hooker's Seedling, Boston Pine, Walker's Seedling, Burr's New Pine, Jenny Lind, Brighton Pine. Others might be added, but the above will do for the present.

The above list embraces the choicest varieties of fruit known in this country. Others might be added, but the lists are sufficiently large for all practical purposes. In conclusion we say again, as we do whenever an opportunity presents itself, plant fruit-trees.

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Grafting Cherry-Trees.—Many complain of want of success in grafting the cherry. The operation is very generally performed under unpropitious circumstances, such as great disparity of size between the stock and scion, unfavorable weather, etc.; but we suspect a large number of failures is owing to the lateness at which the operation is performed. The cherry should be grafted earlier than any other fruit we have, in order to secure the greatest success. The scions should be taken off in February or March, and grafting performed before the sap begins to circulate, or before the frost is out of the ground. Graft early, and use due care in making clean cuts, using none but sharp instruments, and a reasonable amount of success will attend the operation. We are sustained in this opinion by Dr. Kirtland of Cincinnati, than whom there is no better authority on the subject of cherries. There is a modified mode of budding which may be performed in the spring, but we have no hope of making it understood without the aid of a drawing, and so pass it by for the present.

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Asparagus Bed, easy Mode of Making.—The common mode of making an asparagus bed is not only laborious and expensive, but in some respects faulty. The practice, so commonly recommended, of placing *all* the manure

at the bottom of the trenches, we deem a great mistake. We cannot, with our limited space, discuss at length matters of practice; the most we can do is to state in few and plain words what we consider the best mode of procedure. In regard to an asparagus bed, we recommend the following plan, which we have proved to our satisfaction, and so have others at our suggestion. The best soil for asparagus is a sandy loam. Select a good warm spot, and have at hand a heap of good short manure, which will be improved by being composted with ashes. The ground should be trenched two spades deep, and the manure worked in as the trenching proceeds, so as to insure its being well mixed all through the soil. The manure should be used very liberally, if fine large stalks are expected. Having finished trenching, rake the plot over thoroughly and finely; the more the soil is stirred the better. All this should be done very early in spring. Having procured good seed, separate them from the capsule, so that not more than one seed will be dropped in the same place. Next draw drills two inches deep and eighteen inches apart, and sow the seed three or four inches apart in the drills. After the seeds are well up, they are to be thinned out to twelve inches apart in the rows. Between each three drills leave a walk a couple of feet wide. This will allow room for cutting the asparagus without the necessity of trampling upon the beds. The plants having been thinned out as above, are to remain as a permanent bed; and if the soil has been well prepared, the plants thinned out in due season, and kept free from weeds by repeated hoeings, the asparagus may be cut at the end of the second year; and the stalks will be as strong as those from a bed three years old made in the usual way. The cutting, especially the first year, should not be carried too far, or the plants will be weakened. In the fall of the year the beds may be covered with manure, which should be forked in the following spring; at which time a liberal dressing of salt may be given with great advantage. When the tops are cut down in the fall, they should be burned as soon as dry, and the ashes spread over the beds. An asparagus bed, when well made, will last a lifetime; and it is so great a luxury, that no place, however small, should be without one.

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Spinach.—As soon as the ground can be spaded, a piece should be prepared for an early bed of spinach. It must be borne in mind that this vegetable requires an abundance of manure; on a poor soil it will prove a failure. After the spinach has been taken off, the ground will answer for a root crop of some kind. Plant in drills twelve inches apart, and keep the ground free from weeds. The best kind is the broad-leaved savoy.

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Radish.—A warm border should be selected for early radishes as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Dig in a little manure, pulverize the soil finely, and sow the seed in drills about six inches apart. The best early kinds are the Strap-leaved Red-top, Early Turnip, Long Salmon, and Early Olive. Subsequent crops may be grown among beets, carrots, etc., as described hereafter.

Dahlia Roots.—These should be kept from growing as long as possible; but when this can no longer be done, select a warm, sheltered spot for them, and cover them with earth. If signs of frost should appear, cover them well with straw. It is only when they have been kept in a warm place that they will begin to grow thus early. In our next we shall describe the best modes of propagating them.

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The last Winter appears to have been as remarkable in England as in this country. A London periodical, under date of January first, says:

The year begins wonderfully out of season, with a calm and quiet day, and a temperature of forty eight or thereby, in the shade too, and all sorts of flowers blooming, and fruit trees blossoming most unnaturally in this central day of our strange winter. A great many of the general public are said to indulge in sea-bathing on the coast of Northumberland. Strawberries and cream have been enjoyed to dessert after dinner in Aberdeenshire. The broom blooms beautifully in Surrey. Apples, like nuts in size, are common in Herefordshire. Bewildered linnets have been caught making nests, and attempting to rear families in a dozen of counties. Roses are superabundant, and hyacinths are a drug in the flower gardens on New Year's day. Devonshire, the Devon paragraphists say, is a rush of blossoms; and a certified list of botanical wonders in full show at Bournemouth has been published. What all this unnatural weather portends and prognosticates we cannot guess; but it comes before something.

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Profit of Cultivating Pears.—On this subject we made some remarks in a former number of The National. The *Country Gentleman* of a recent date gives some facts and figures which abundantly confirm our statements:

The following instances of the large profits of raising pears, are from the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, and are not to be regarded as unusual or extraordinary instances, or not easily attainable, for in most of the instances little or no cultivation was given. Mrs. George, of Victor, sold $24 worth of White Doyenne pears from one tree eighteen years old, on the tree, and the buyer picked them. Marshall Phinley, of Canandaigua, has three White Doyenne pear-trees, one quite small; sells the pears on the trees for from $50 to $60 yearly; has been offered $100 per tree for the trees; they are constant bearers. Judge Howell has a tree of this variety of pear, seventy years of age, which has not failed of a good crop for forty years, and has averaged about twenty bushels a year for the last twenty years, which have sold on the tree at the average of $3 per bushel, or $60 a year. This tree has produced for the New York market $3,750 worth of pears. Judge Taylor has three large trees of this pear of the same age; yielded in 1854 eleven barrels; sold for $137. T. Chapin has a young orchard of this variety, of four hundred trees, some eight years from planting. He sold thirty barrels in New York, in the fall of 1853, for $15 per barrel—$450. In 1854 his crop amounted to fifty barrels, which he sold in New York, for from $18 to $22 per barrel—average $20—equal to $1000.

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Horse Taming.—An American in England has been astonishing the nobility and gentry, royalty too, in fact, by his wonderful skill in training and subduing horses, however wild and ungovernable. He has given several illustrations of his skill, and to two or three English noblemen has revealed his method, under the pledge of the most inviolable secrecy. A writer in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, professes to have discovered the secret; and as it may be of use to some of our readers, we copy the material portion of his article:

We believe that the peculiarity and secret in the treatment by Mr. Rarey, like that by his "confrères" who profess equal secrecy, consists in raising one of the fore feet of the horse, doubling the knee and keeping a strap around the fetlock, fastening the foot close to the arm or shoulder. The horse then stands upon three legs. Having next put on a surcingle, pass a long strap or rein through the surcingle, and fastening one end of it around the fetlock of the other fore foot, attach the other to the surcingle after the animal is thrown, so closely as to deprive it of the use of the limb. In this item the treatment may be varied by fastening the second fetlock to the arm or shoulder after the animal is down.

When the above course has been adopted the horse, confined to the ground, is entirely powerless. He should previously, if practicable, have been halter-broke, and a bridle should be kept on during the operation we have described. If he has shown much fear of any particular object, a buffalo-skin for instance, bring it before him, present it closely to his nose, wrap his head up in it, and by every practicable method teach him what men and horses are slow to learn, that imaginary dangers cause more fear than realities. This may also be done by opening and shutting an umbrella close to his face, by beating a drum or firing a pistol near his head, or many other experiments.

This plan is successfully pursued by many skillful horse-breakers among the hills and valleys of Western New York, and the horse yields to the necessities of the case; his spirit of opposition is broken.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

An explosion of gas took place in the basement of the Methodist Protestant Church in Sixth-street, near Race, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, Feb. 19, occasioned by defective pipes. The floor was torn up, the walls were shattered, and the basement was made a complete wreck. A number of persons were holding a meeting in the place at the time, eight or ten of whom were seriously injured, several of them fatally. . . . *On Saturday night*, Feb. 20, the Pacific Hotel, at St. Louis, was burned to the ground. The house was full at the time, and a large number of the inmates perished in the flames or were buried under the ruins. It was supposed to be the act of an incendiary. . . . *Fire steamboats* were destroyed by fire on the 22d of February, at New Orleans. At one time the whole of the shipping in port was in a precarious condition. . . . *Late accounts* from Camp Scott, the present headquarters of the Utah expedition, state that the troops are in good spirits and eager for a descent on Salt Lake City. The Mormons, according to reliable evidence received by Col. Johnston, were actively engaged in making preparations for resistance in the spring. Governor Cumming was performing the duties of his office to the best of his ability under the circumstances. . . . *A lad* named O'Donnell, who was run over on the Hudson River Railroad, at Troy, last month, and had his leg amputated, states that he feels all the sensations in his foot and the lower part of his leg which he did before the amputation, and describes thom accurately. A strange instance of retention or "memory" in the nerve. . . . *Mr. Romaine Dillon*, brother of Robert J. Dillon, of this city, has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate as Secretary of Legation to Brazil. . . . *An important suit* has been instituted by Mr. Aaron Blake, against the Union Ferry Company, to recover property now occupied by them at Hamilton Ferry, and embracing a large part of the lands in use by them at that place. . . . *Col. Wolcot*, the refractory witness before the Congressional Investigating Committee at Washington, in the Lawrence, Stone, & Co. case, has been committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and sent to jail to remain there until he answers. . . . *Bills* have been reported in the New-York Senate by Mr. Schell, and in the Assembly by Mr. Hanford, to remove the seat of goverument of this state from Albany to this city. . . . *Schooner Bloomfield Drummond*, a wrecking schooner of this city, belonging to Messrs. Herbert and Bennett, and employed in bringing iron from the ship Clara Brookman, ashore at Squam, sunk last month off Long Branch, and all her crew, eight in number, perished. One man was taken dead from the rigging on Wednesday morning, the rest have not been found. . . . *Mrs. Millard Fillmore*, the second, to whom ex-President Fillmore was married at Albany in February, proves to have been, before her marriage with Mr. Schuyler, a Miss Carmichael, born at Morristown, New Jersey. The ex-president and his lady will make their residence at Buffalo. . . . *A Southern Steamship Convention* was held at Richmond, Va., on the 24th of Feb. Ten railroad companies were represented. The capital stock of the company is arranged to be $3,000,000, and two steamers are to be built at Norfolk and two in France, if the arrangements can be perfected. . . *Government orders* have been received at Brooklyn Navy Yard, to pay official honors to Mohammed Pasha on his arrival, and to offer him every facility for inspecting naval vessels and yards. . . *Capt. Durham* and his clipper-ship Adriatic, retaken by the French in the Gulf of Spezzia, and carried into Genoa, after their escape from Marseilles, is reported, by private advices from Europe, to have once more escaped from Genoa, and probably gone off in triumph. . . . *The Freemasons* of Virginia have resolved, as a body, to lend their aid toward the purchase of Mount Vernon, and invite the order in other states to follow suit. . . . *A verdict* for $50 has been rendered in favor of Roswell Green, of Brooklyn, against Rev. J. H. Hobart Brown, of the Episcopal Free Church of the Good Angels, for slandering the character of Green in their church relations. . . *Commodore Matthew C. Perry* died at his residence in New York on the 4th of March, after a severe attack of chronic rheumatism of about ten days' duration. . . . *Dictator Comonfort's* only daughter accompanied him in his flight to New Orleans from Mexico, and both are expected north to visit the principal cities at an early day. . . . *M. Blondel von Callenbreck* has been appointed by the King of the Belgians Minister Resident at Washington. He has recently been Charge at Constantinople, and exchanges places with M. de Brosch Spencer, the present Minister at Washington, who goes to the East. . . . *N. B. Tuyl*, who kidnapped the free negroes at Geneva, in this state, and sold them in Kentucky, a few months since, has been arrested at New-Orleans, and will be returned to Kentucky for trial. . . . *A bill* to increase the army was defeated in the U. S. Senate on the 25th of February, by a vote of 35 to 16. . . . *The detention* of the Collins steamers from their regular trips, is said to be on account of the taking out of an attachment by Brown, Brothers, & Co., against the company, for nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, on which they are now held by the sheriff of this city. . . . *A heavy fire* took place on the 29th of February, on Maiden-lane and Liberty-street, doing damage to the amount of nearly a quarter of a million. . . . *The Tennessee Senate*, by a vote of sixteen to six, have passed resolutions disapproving of Hon. John Bell's course on the Kansas question in the U. S. Senate, and asking for his resignation. . . . *A machine* for blacking boots and shoes has been patented by a firm at Newark, N. J. . . . *Two distinguish-*

ed citizens of Binghamton, now in jail there, named Samuel Johnson and James Germond, were recently united in marriage to two dulcineas in the same limbo, and set up housekeeping in the cells. . . . *The Steamer Magnolia*, from Wilmington, N. C., for Fayetteville, exploded last month, at Whitehall, killing from fifteen to twenty persons, most of whose bodies have been recovered. . . . *Twenty-five hundred barrels* of pork have been ordered shipped at Baltimore for San Francisco, to supply the Utah expedition with provisions by way of the western coast. . . . *Ex-Governor Wm. Bebb*, of Ohio, who was indicted last fall, at Rockford, Illinois, for killing a young man by shooting him with a pistol while engaged in a calathumpian serenade of a marriage party at Governor Bebb's, has been tried and acquitted. . . . *Favorable accounts* have been received from Lieut. Ives and his exploring party on the Colorado River. They reached the mouth of that river after an unusually long voyage from San Francisco, put together and launched their steamboat on the 13th of December, and were proceeding with their exploration. The river was found full of crooks, sandbars, and other difficulties. . . . *A terrible calamity* occurred in the coal mines at Tamaqua, Pa., in February. J. E. Barnes, superintendent of the Little Schuylkill Railroad, and D. Weir, mine agent, went down to make some arrangements, and were both suffocated by gas. Their bodies were recovered next day. . . . *The Sheriff of Chicago* has seized the portraits of the mayors, and other pictures on the walls of the City Hall, and offered them for sale under an execution against the city. . . . *The Kentucky State Prison*, now leased at $8,000 a year, and said to be a profitable contract, has had $12,000 offered for it this year; the best paying criminal institution in the country. . . . *The Sugar Plantation of Houmas*, near Donaldsonville, La., has been sold, by Col. J. S. Preston, to John Burnside, of the house of Burnside & Co., of New Orleans, for the heavy sum of one million of dollars. It contains 12,000 acres, and is said to be the finest single property in America. . . . *The Senate of Texas* have passed a bill forbidding the emancipation of slaves by will. . . . *The Baptist Church* at Middletown Point, New Jersey, with a house adjoining, was burned last month, taking fire from the stove-pipe of the church. The office of the *Weekly Times* also took fire, but was saved. The church was uninsured, and will be a total loss to the village. . . . *An eagle combat* of a singular character was witnessed recently by the keeper of a sawmill near Natchez. The combatants were the gray American and the bald eagles, and they fought in the air. They finally fell into the river and a steamboat passed over them, but both were secured alive by the mill-keeper. . . . *A man named Taylor* and his wife were burned to death, and eight houses burned last month, in a fire at Fredericton, New Brunswick. . . . *Three leading Kentucky banks*, the Northern Bank, Bank of Kentucky, and Bank of Louisville, the charters of which were about expiring, have been rechartered by the Legislature for twenty years. . . . *Benton County*, Alabama, has had its name changed, by a unanimous vote of the Legislature, to "Calhoun County," as a mark of disrespect to Senator Benton. . . . *Crawford's Statue of Washington* was inaugurated at Richmond on Monday, Feb. 22, according to announcement, with very imposing ceremonies. Some fifteen thousand persons were present, and the whole celebration passed off without the slightest accident. Addresses were made by Governor Wise, Senator Hunter, and Hon. Robert G. Scott, and an ode was delivered by John R. Thompson, Esq., of Virginia. Lieutenant General Scott reviewed the troops, which were out in good force. The Masonic ceremonies were very solemn and impressive, and the city was briliantly illuminated at night. . . . *Rev. Samuel Howe*, a venerable clergyman of Troy, died suddenly with disease of the heart, and from excitement, while attending the burial of Jesse Anthony at that place, last month. He had just said: "My feet are near those of Brother Anthony, and I shall soon join him!" when he fell and expired. . . . *Rev. James Farquharson*, one of the oldest and most successful agents of the American Bible Union, died in Spotsylvania County, Va., on the 18th of February. . . . *Hon. John K. Kane*, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, well known from his connection with the Passmore Williamson case, and father of the late Dr. Kane, of Arctic memory, died in Philadelphia on the 21st of February. . . . *The Quarantine Committee*, of the New-Jersey Legislature, have reported adversely to the application of this state for Sandy Hook; deciding that the demand is not made at all unanimously by the most influential men of the city, and that there is no necessity for such removal. The Legislature have ordered the report to be printed, and it will no doubt be adopted. . . . *The United States District Court of Utah*, acting under the administration of Gov. Cummings, has indicted Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and several other leaders of the Mormons, for high treason; so that the final struggle is evidently coming. . . . *Bills* have been introduced in the Legislatures of Mississippi and Louisiana, incorporating companies to procure the voluntary immigration of Africans, contracting to labor for a term of years, to pay for their passage. This is an old dodge revamped. . . . Mohammed Pasha, Rear-Admiral of the Turkish Navy, arrived at this port in the steamship *Europa*, from Liverpool, on Saturday evening, March 6.

The latest news from California is interesting. More than the usual number of murders and affrays had occurred in various parts of the state. At San Diego, Mr. Getman, Sheriff of Los Angelos County, had been killed by an insane man named Reed, from Texas. In a subsequent attempt to arrest the murderer a regular battle ensued, which resulted in the killing of the homicide, his body being riddled with balls. A suicide mania prevailed at San Francisco. No less than thirteen suicides and attempts at self-destruction were perpetrated during the fortnight previous to the sailing of the steamer. A duel had taken place between two French editors. They fought with small swords, and both were wounded. . . . *Accounts from Sonora* state that Gandara had collected a large force of Indians and had attacked the government troops at Guayamas; but they were repulsed after a two days' fight. An attack on Capt. Stone's surveying party was apprehended. . . . *The news from Central America* is interesting. Col. Alvarado, of the Costa Rican army, had been degraded from rank, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, for surrendering to Col. Frank Anderson, the fillibuster, without a battle. The Legislature of San Salvador met on the 22d of January. President Campo's address was very flattering as regarded the prospects of the republic. Internal improvements of the country were fostered by government, and coffee planting on a grand scale was going forward. Spanish American politics were neglected. . . . *From the South Pacific* we learn that the revolution in Peru was drawing to a close. President Castilla defeated the flower of Vivanco's army in battle on the 13th of January, near Arequipa, when a great many revolu-

tionists were left dead on the field. Government had offered propositions of peace which were both liberal and merciful, and it was thought that President Castilla would emerge from the strife with a glory which could not be tarnished even by his opponents in the Church. An attempt had been made by the officers of the war steamer Ucayali to take off the vessel for revolutionary purposes, but it was frustrated. Officers who served under the late government, but remained neutral during the last revolution, are to be restored to their rank. A new cabinet has been formed in Bolivia, and the army was being reduced. The administration of President Lenares was producing very good effects. In Chili the government and the opposition were both preparing for a severe election struggle. Money was much more plenty. The crops were excellent, and promised a very full yield. The merchant steamer Catapilco was wrecked off Pichedangui on the 8th of January.

The Princess Royal of England was married to the Prince of Prussia on the 26th of January. They left England for Prussia in February. . . . *The launch of the Leviathan* was happily concluded, and without accident, on the 31st January, and she is now fairly afloat and moored at Deptford, waiting the completion of her interior arrangements. . . . . *The Atlantic Telegraph Company* have held a meeting and made arrangements for securing the balance of stock necessary. A considerable number of honorary directors were appointed at this meeting; among others those from this city are Consul Archibald, Auguste Belmont, Peter Cooper, Francis P. Corbin, Wilson G. Hunt, A. Low, Matthew Morgan, and Watts Sherman. Resolutions were passed highly complimentary to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, in connection with the enterprise, and it was announced that he would have the general business charge of the enterprise during the work of laying the cable. . . . *The British Parliament* reassembled on the 4th of February. In the House of Lords a general debate took place, in the course of which Lord Derby, after referring to the still threatening state of affairs in India, spoke at some length upon the recent attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon, and hoped government would take early steps for disabusing the minds of the French people as to refugees in England. Earl Granville replied that notice had been given in the House of Commons of a measure for a change in the laws relative to conspiracies to murder formed upon English soil. Great pains have been taken by Louis Napoleon to moderate the tone of his officials toward England, and the result is a much better feeling toward him in high official quarters, though it scarcely seems to extend to the people. Lord Palmerston, on the 8th, asked leave to bring in a bill to make conspiracy to murder, felony; and a sharp debate ensued upon the motion, it being sarcastically opposed by Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Kinglake, and others. The leave was finally granted by a vote of two hundred and ninety-nine to ninety. It is believed, however, that the bill, when introduced, will meet with very sharp opposition, and that its chances of passing are but slight. Many extremists believe that a disruption of the ministry upon this subject at an early day is not improbable. Lord Palmerston had also introduced a bill in the House of Commons providing for the transfer of the governmental control of India to the Crown. In France reports were in circulation of the resignations of Marshal Valant, Minister of War, and of Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs. A vote of thanks to the army in India has been passed in the House of Lords, after some sharp objections to Lord Canning, the governor-general, being included in the list of persons complimented. In both houses congratulatory addresses to the Queen on the marriage of the Princess Royal were unanimously agreed to. A resolution was adopted in the House of Commons conferring pensions of one thousand pounds a year each to the widow of the late Sir H. Havelock and the present baronet. . . . . *A frightful explosion* had taken place at a colliery near Ashton-under-Line. About one hundred were in the pit, and a great number were supposed to be killed. . . . *Earl Ashburnham*, who was sent to China and afterward to India, has returned to England, disatisfied with his command, and with the management of the war. Heavy drafts of troops were to leave at once for India. . . . *A shocking catastrophe* had occurred on the coast of England. The ship *Leander*, Captain Curtis, of Bath, Me., and the steamer *North American*, came in collision, and in a short time after the ship sunk, carrying down with her the captain's wife, the second mate, and eight of the crew.

French papers are principally occupied by details of the movements being made by the emperor to guard against the defeat of his son's succession in the event of his being assassinated. A law has been passed naming the empress as regent, in that event, and the empire is to be divided into four grand military divisions, under Baraquay, Hilliers, Canrobert, and Castellan, with Pelissier commander-in-chief. Real or pretended discoveries are being made with reference to the attempted assassination, which indicate that the elements were principally Italian, and that others besides Napoleon, probably the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, were to have been massacred. . . . *One of the principals* in the late attempt upon the life of the Emperor Napoleon, it is said, has been proved to be Thomas Alsopp, an Englishman, and well-known as a former dealer upon the stock exchange. It is not stated that he has been arrested. . . . *A difficulty* has sprung up between the French Government and the Swiss Confederation, on the subject of the extradition of refugees, and on the point M. Billault, French Minister of the Interior, has resigned. General Espinasse, aide de camp to the emperor, has been appointed in his place; but it was believed that he would be transferred to the minister of police. . . . *A decree* had been promulgated by Louis Napoleon, naming Prince Jerome President of the Council in his absence, and expressing every confidence in him. . . . *The Crown Prince of Prussia* and his bride made their public entry into Berlin on February 8th, and were enthusiastically received. The King of Prussia is to leave at once for Cannes for the benefit of his health. . . . *A new revolutionary* plot was said to have been discovered at Madrid, though the particulars are not given. . . . *Luigi Lablache*, the great singer, died at Naples on the 23d of January. . . . *Another rising* in Rome is said to have been frustrated. . . . *The Rothschilds* were negotiating a loan for the papal government. . . . *Accounts from China* are of the highest interest. Canton was bombarded on the 28th of December, and the allied forces, consisting of four thousand six hundred British, and six hundred French, entered the town on that day. The resistance is reported as having been unexpectedly feeble. . . . *Indian news* was favorable. Sir John Lawrence is to be appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Punjaub. Sir Colin Campbell had taken possession of the Furuchabad, and Gorrickpore had been taken by Maharajah Jung Bahador. General Outram's force of four thousand remained at Ellunbugh. Tranquillity had been partially restored to the disaffected districts.

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RIO MADRE DE DIOS.

THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES.

THE city of Cusco, with the Andes in sight, is the most ancient curiosity of the New World. It has a population of twenty thousand, with more Creoles than any place between it and Lima. Peru has nearly two millions of inhabitants, more than half of whom are aborigines. The people complain of the revolutionary spirit always existing, and that there is no advancement of the arts and sciences among them. It is said, when a Creole mother is playing with her infant boy she addresses him as her "dear little bishop," or "my president." The proportion of females is large, and the birth of a son is a cause of congratulation and rejoicing.

This is the stronghold of Romanism in the Andes, and there are many churches and convents at Cusco, some of which are very large, and built of the hewn stone from the frozen and mined city of the Incas. The ornaments and carving are rich and costly; with many oil paintings, which were obtained for inducing the Indians to change their religious worship into that of the Roman Catholic. In the convent of San Francisco one picture represents a graveyard—the dead rising, and angels carrying off the pious, while the devil grasps the bad and casts them over a precipice into fires far below. This pictured scene produces an evident effect upon the minds of the poor natives. A major in the Peruvian army remarked, that "he saw *no soldiers* in the *fire*," when a fat padre laughed, as if he did not consider the subject in a very *serious* light.

Soon after the conquest of Peru the fishermen of Callao picked up a box, which, when opened, was found to contain Neustra Senora de Belen, and her child, with a letter, stating that the holy lady was sent to

the "*City of the Kings*," Pizarro's name for Lima. That place claimed the wandering saint, but as Cusco was the aboriginal city of the kings a dispute arose. The Cusconans insisted, as she came in a box, it was intended for a journey across the Andes, on the back of an ass, and this convincing argument secured the residence of the holy visitor beyond the mountains. Indians and Creoles pray to the Lady Belen whenever they have too much or too little rain, and for relief from prevailing diseases. The natives injure their health by the large quantities of cocoa they chew. Those living in the cities are thin and miserable looking, much neglected, especially when sick. They cannot employ a physician, as the charges of medical men are so high. Influenza and rheumatic affections are very common, and the poor suffer from the small-pox, for the want of vaccination. Although Cusco lies within the tropics, and the dry or warm season extends from May to September, still the people dress in winter clothing. The changes of the temperature are sudden, and strangers not watching them, and dressing accordingly, are apt to suffer.

Cusco abounds with tailors and shopkeepers, who pass their days in the sun. As twilight advances doors are closed, and the city presents a dark, doleful appearance. Here and there a lamp is hung out in front of eating, gambling, or government houses; billiards is the favorite game with the young men. Ladies are seldom seen walking in the streets, except on Saturday evenings, when they repair to the plaza to purchase shoes. On these occasions the priests make their appearance with small silver images, standing on the side of a large silver plate. When the ladies pay the Indians for the shoes, the padre presents his images to be kissed, while the plate receives a donation, or rather church-tax imposed upon the leather. But few kiss the image who do not pay, unless the priest offer it the *second* time on the same Saturday, when they bashfully decline the new tax. There is but little wealth in the city, and the people are as poor as indolent.

Every Sunday evening there is a cock-fight in Cusco, at fifty cents entrance, and much money is betted upon these occasions. Ladies are not admitted; still they wager on their favorite fowls as they are carried into the pit. But one newspaper is published here, an official *El Triumpho del Pueblo*; and there is a college, where mathematics, philosophy, drawing, and Latin grammar are the principal studies. Our Fennimore Cooper is a very favorite author with Peruvian libraries and readers.

During the reign of the Incas the Indians of these regions were brought under their control, until their territory extended from the Pacific to the eastern slope of the Andes, and from Quito, near the equator, into Chili, near forty degrees south latitude. The empire eventually became so large that the twelfth Inca gave to his eldest son the southern portion of the kingdom, and the northern portion to another son. These royal brothers quarreled, when Pizarro took the conqueror a prisoner and hung him, which event completed the downfall of the Peruvian empire. Since then the country has been in possession of the Spanish, with their Spanish or Romish religion. With missionaries that nation always sent her captains, to introduce an intolerant, persecuting Christianity; a religion that clips the wings of knowledge, stifles the struggling spirit and demands of liberty, degrading man's intellect and gagging his conscience! See the striking proof in the Protestants of our own happy land, who have left infinitely behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The fortunes of every land, we are bold to affirm, are indissolubly bound up with the fortunes of that Protestantism which is our proudest boast and richest heritage!

Some thirty or forty miles from Cusco are the head waters of the *Madre de Dios*, here (in latitude 12° 32′ south, longitude 70° 26′ west) a beautiful stream, some seventy yards wide, but not navigable. The river is one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven feet above the Pacific Ocean, and cuts its way through the rolling mountains toward the Atlantic. A great river pours from four mouths a large body of water into the Amazon at latitude 4° south, and longitude 61° west, where it is called the *Punus*, which is probably the same as the Madre de Dios. Should this be the fact, the stream has an immense value, as it is the natural highway to South Peru; and all the silver and gold of her rich mines could not be compared with the undeveloped commercial resources which this river would open to the civilized world.

By this stream and the Amazon the distance is estimated at one thousand five hundred and forty-one miles, which a steamer could run in six days. A vessel, loaded with woolen and cotton goods, farming utensils, corn, rice, tobacco, Yankee notions, etc., from the United States, would require twenty-five days to reach the Amazon, eighteen to the head of the Madre de Dios, and ten to Cusco; in all fifty-three. On the present route, by Cape Horn, the trip consumes one hundred and twenty days; namely, to Yslay, the nearest port to Cusco on the Pacific, one hundred and five, and fifteen thence to that city. This is the region of the India-rubber, the most important export of the great Amazon, and so valuable an article to the manufacturing interests of our own land.

There are many silver mines in the Andes, and among the principal those near the town of Puna. In one, at *Monto*, the vein runs horizontally through a mountain. After the miners had entered some distance water flowed out, which, dammed in, formed a navigable stream for iron boats to bring out the rich cargoes of silver ore. Pushing farther into the bowels of the Andes the workmen built an iron railroad from the artificial canal to the head of the mine, lengthening it as they progressed. When the train descends, loaded with ore, it is transferred to the boats, and, with lights at the bow and stern, they carry it along this subterranean stream, winding and narrow, and only broad enough for them to pass between the dark rocks. A steam-engine outside grinds the ore, and its quicksilver is separated by fire made of the droppings of the llamas, the only fuel to be found here. The machinery was imported from England, and brought over the lofty mountains, from the Pacific, on mules' backs, at great expense. Thick clothing is necessary in this climate, and the tailor seems to follow the best business.

The annual yield of silver in the southern department of Peru is said to have been on the decrease for some time, and the custom is to abandon the mine as soon as the miner's chisel strikes below the water line. Immense riches must consequently still be under water, which may be extracted by proper machinery and industry. The Creoles shrink from all kinds of labor, and sit at the mouths of the mines to receive the silver, while the poor Indian has to perform the hard work inside. This Puna country is thickly populated, and its inhabitants confine themselves to the mountain valleys, generally narrow, and cultivated by irrigation. Its higher regions are better adapted to wool growing, and some places are so elevated that people cannot live there with comfort, nor cultivate any crops. The ant will here die where the llama lives and roams, and lower down the everlasting ridge, where the busy little insect builds its nest, this animal of the lofty mountains perishes.

Near the base of the Andes stretches *Lake Titicaca*, a wonderful body of water, containing three thousand square miles, and elevated more than twelve thousand feet above the ocean. Many streams flow into its wide basin, and this great cistern of nature seems to have been placed here by an Almighty hand for the daily use of the sun, as he passes in his mysterious and brilliant round. The evaporation is great, and as the brilliant orb of light travels south he draws the rain-belt after him. Completing his annual tour to the north of the equator, he returns the following year to find Titicaca Lake full again, and it is evaporated before the rains once more commence. Near its center is the island of Titicaca, which is inhabited by a tribe of Indians.

Many birds and animals frequent the shores of this lake for food—the cattle, horses, sheep, and swine; the blue-winged teal, black diver, and gulls feed in the water. Snipe skim along its gray, sand beach, while the tall white crane, with its beautiful pink legs, proudly wanders through the water. The rush grows thick upon the shoals and the banks, and the Indians suck its juice, and also make salad of it.

There are several towns along the lake, all beautifully situated on knolls, with perpendicular banks, rough, rocky, and standing out into the water. Lake Titicaca, its waters and shores, lie within the dominions of both Peru and Bolivia. In our day of enlightened knowledge, enterprise, and commerce, this important internal sea of South America should be connected with the head waters of the Amazon by navigable channels. Peru and Bolivia ought to proclaim the freedom of the seas for Lake Titicaca, as they have done in regard to the water courses of their monarch river. The nations of the earth should have the same right of

VIEW OF NEVADA DE SORATA, FROM THE WEST SHORE OF LAKE TITICACA.

passage for their citizens and vessels through the Amazon in Brazil to Titicaca of Peru, that they have now to the Sound and the Dardanelles. This is a question of navigation as broad as the sea, a question of commerce, human progress, and Christian civilization. Brazil has no right to keep these important inland national waters shut up against man's free use of them. We might as well close the Mississippi, the Hudson, or Lake Erie.

The lofty and magnificent Nevada de Sorata, twenty-five thousand two hundred feet elevated above the Pacific Ocean, is in full view, and our sketch of it was taken by Lieutenant Gibbon on the spot. This monarch of the Andes was measured by the learned traveler, Pentland, in the year 1827, and is twelve hundred feet higher than Illimani, and both greatly exceed Chimborazo, which is only twenty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-one feet. This is nearly equal to the elevation of the Jawahir, the loftiest in the Himalaya that has been accurately measured. Mont Blanc is five thousand six hundred and forty-six feet below Chimborazo, and Chimborazo is three thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine feet below Sorata, so that this famous colossus of the Andes, although twice as lofty as Mount Etna, does not rear his snowy peak as far in the skies as some of his neighbors.

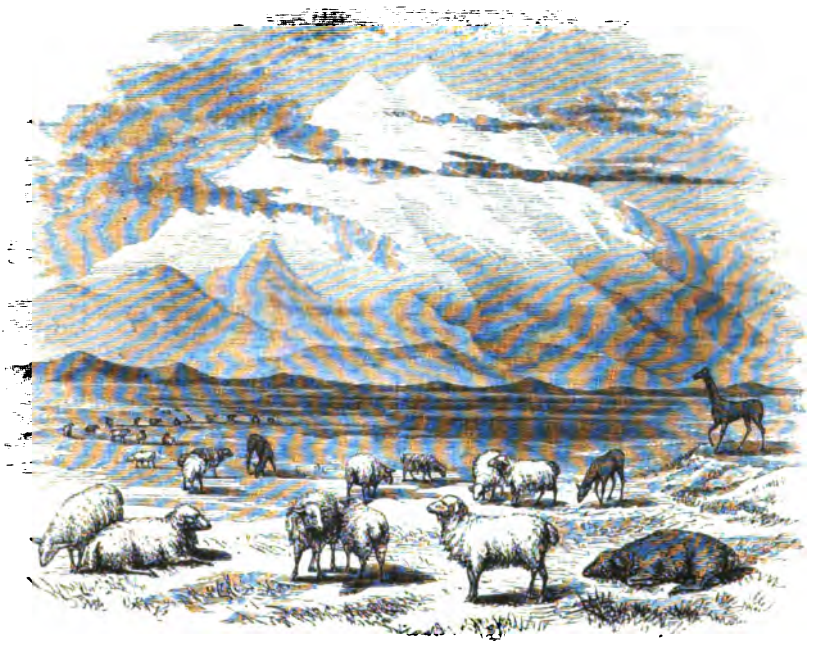
More than twenty different streams flow from the mountain sides into the lake and only a single one, the Desagnedero, flows out. The Indians believe that its waters find their way to the Pacific by a subterranean passage under the Cordilleras. The Desaguedero is the dividing line between Peru and Bolivia, and this stream, after a course of some eighty miles toward the south, spreads over a flat, which is called Lake Pampas Aullagas, and from which there is no outlet to the Pacific or Atlantic.

The wind from the Atlantic runs rapidly through the gorges and ravines of the great mountain range, and after meeting the easterly currents from the hills and valleys on the table-lands of Bolivia they form whirlwinds of dust, and immensely high. Hundreds of water-spouts appear in the same way, standing upon the lake like columns supporting the weight of the clouds.

Beyond Lake Titicaca are the dry table-lands of Bolivia, and still farther on the traveler, reaching the edge of a deep ravine, sees the tile roofs of La Pas, near the base of the snow-capped Illimani. Descending by a steep,

narrow road, he reaches the commercial metropolis of Bolivia, having a population of nearly fifty thousand. The little stream flowing through the place may be stepped across; but, dashing down the Andes toward the east, it is afterward called the Beni, and passes over the territory of Bolivia in a northeast direction, ultimately mingling with the mighty Amazon, by the Madeira River. From this part of the Andes a knot or hump seems to be raised, from which the waters flow toward different directions. The loftiest peaks are near by, the large lakes a collection of wonders and striking objects, from hot springs to the frozen heights of the Sorata. Here meet the extremes of heat and cold; immense mountains, with small streams; lakes of water and dry winds, all in the richest gold region of South America!

La Pas is a very busy inland city, with an active population. Strawberries, beans, onions, barley, and lucamas are produced in the ravines, which are very narrow. In midday, when there is but little or no wind, the people wear their thin clothing, but as soon as the cold air comes from the Illimani, with showers of drizzling rain, they change to thick clothes. The



ILLIMANI SNOW PEAK: VIGUNAS PASTURING WITH THE SHEEP ON THE PUNA OF BOLIVIA.

tailors seat themselves along the pavements in great numbers, and he who obtains the contract for clothing the Bolivian standing army gets a fat job. Next to the Cinchona bark trade, this is the most important business of the place. The department of La Pas is mostly situated on the table-lands, which supply a scanty growth of potatoes, maize, barley, beans, etc. Cattle and sheep are scarce and small, and mules are more used than llamas. But few flowers, trees, or birds are seen. That section, however, of the department upon the eastern slope of the Andes, the Yungas Province, surpasses other spots in South America for its natural wealth.

The Bolivian, up to his waist in the everlasting snows of the Illimani, and amid its hail, thunders, and lightning, as he descends to the east plunges amid the drifting banks. Soon he passes over the sheets of ice, formed at the lower edge of the lofty mountain by the melting snows, and slipping and sliding down at last he reaches the green sod of grass, and melts the snowy mantle from his clothes in the rays of the tropical sun. Behind him, and far above, the wintery storm still rages; below is a land of perpetual flowers, while far

off toward the east the whole earth looks broken and blue, like the ocean and its waves. He can now pull off his cloak, and under some delightful shade listen to the music of the humming-bird, and delightful buzzing of the industrious bees. Soon the lofty trees are reached, where the monkeys, chattering, frolic from limb to limb and tree to tree. Winter garments are now thrown away, while birds of the most brilliant plumage fly across the mountain streams, joyful in their songs. The woods are ornamental, and contain valuable dyes; the cocoa-tree, from which the best chocolate is made, here grows wild and plentifully. Upon the plains below coffee, cotton, tobacco, with all the tropical fruits, are cultivated, and in the river beds grains of gold are found. Such is this wonderful region.

La Pas is the largest city in Bolivia, and has most trade, from its position between the provinces of Yurgas and Arica; and its bank has received not less than fourteen thousand quintals of cinchona bark annually. To prevent an overstock of the article a decree was passed, forbidding the gathering of it for two years from January, 1852. This region abounds in gold washings and mines.

The silver mines are found higher up and along the eastern slope of the Andes. This side of the great Madeira Plata may be pronounced full of silver, washed with gold. Here, too, are the oranges, pine-apples, bananas, green leaves, and beautiful flowers, refreshed by the sheets of ice and snow always resting upon its edge.

Early in December, when the flowers first begin to bloom in the ravines, the inhabitants of La Pas have a custom of repairing to the alameda before breakfast. Some go on foot, dressed in silks, satins, broad cloths, and white kids, the ladies without bonnets, and hair parted in the South American style. Indian servants follow, with rugs for the ladies to sit on. Some ride on horseback; the animals are very small, but full of life and spirit. At the end of this exercise milk is passed round and drank from large glasses, and the family greetings are very pleasant.

The fifth article of the Bolivian Constitution declares that "the apostolic Roman Catholic religion was that of Bolivia. The law protects and guarantees the exclusive worship of it, and prohibits the exercise of whatever other." In the convention of 1851 the first article declared that "all men are born free," slavery existing previously. At that time an amendment was offered to the constitution, establishing religious liberty, and the whole convention, with the two little public papers in La Pas, and the priests, bishops, and Church, came out against the proposition! Romanism in the Andes does not vote for free trade, free navigation, or free religion!

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE.

Idling where the sunshine falls,
O, unthoughtful ranger!
Heedless how the battle calls,
Fearful of the danger.

Break the silver chains that bind thee,
Leap thy narrow bound;
Leave the pleasant vale behind thee,
Climb to higher ground.

Up, and to thy post of duty
Seek the scene of strife:
Learn, at last, the bliss, the beauty,
Of unselfish life.

Know'st thou how the pathway wedded
To heroic deeds,
Through death's dreary pass so dreaded,
To the laurel leads?

Knowest how, far outshining all
Pomp of proudest story,
Unto those who fight and fall
Is the final glory?

O, though perilous thy station,
Few thy honors here,
Great shall be thy exaltation
In a higher sphere.

Just beyond the realm of shadows,
Ever green and grand,
Lie the undiscover'd meadows
Of a tranquil land.

Thither leads, O, aimless ranger,
Duty's path: O dare
Here the trial and the danger,
For the glory there.

Count not sacrifice, the laying
Earthly honors down,
For the infinite outweighing
Of thy waiting crown.

Anecdote of Swartz.—Swartz, the missionary, one day met a Hindoo dancing-master with his female pupil, and told them that no unholy persons should enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Alas! sir," said the poor girl, "in that case hardly any European will ever enter it," and passed on.

NATHANIEL GREENE.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—No. IV.

NATHANIEL GREENE was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1742. The family was English. John Greene, the founder, came over to the New World in the days of Charles II., and established himself in the township of Warwick, upon some of the lands of the Narragansett Indians. The early members of the family seem to have filled offices of dignity and trust in the colonies; the father of Nathaniel, however, was a blacksmith. He built himself a forge and a mill on the banks of the Potowhommett, uniting to his twofold occupation of blacksmith and miller, that of a Quaker preacher. He is said to have had rare ability for the pulpit; at any rate he edified the silent members of the old meeting-house at East Greenwich for upward of forty years. Of the early days of Greene and his brothers (he was the fourth of eight sons) we know but little. They were stout, hardy boys, equally good at working and praying. There was a sort of tacit understanding in the Greene family that Nathaniel was a boy of superior parts; not only his brothers, but even his old Quaker father, charged to the brim with Gospel authority, deferred to his opinions and wishes. In his fourteenth year he made the acquaintance of a scholarly young lad, a student at the Rhode Island University, who was spending his vacation at East Greenwich. His conversation and example awakened a thirst for knowledge in Nathaniel, and he began to crave books. He ransacked the shelves of his friends, and devoured whatever came in his way. He studied while at work, book in hand, sitting or standing, as his labor required, now at the forge, and now at the clattering mill-hopper. At first his father was opposed to this bookish freak. *He* had never read anything but the Bible; that was enough for him, and it ought to be enough for Nathaniel. By and by, however, he came over to the boy's way of thinking, and instead of insisting on the Bible alone, he obtained for him a tutor,

who gave him lessons in Latin and mathematics. He became a master in geometry, and read some of the easy Latin authors in their original tongue. He still worked as before, or if anything harder; for Papa Greene, when he gave his consent for Nathaniel to become a scholar, does not appear to have given him either time or money to carry out his laudable intention. He worked at the forge and in the mill, earning his bread and his books, the latter by extra labor.

As there were no book-stores at East Greenwich, whenever he wished to purchase a new book he was obliged to go to Newport for it. He worked his passage on a small vessel which ran from the mills to the various towns along Narragansett Bay. On arriving at Newport he had to find a purchaser for his wares before he could buy the book that he coveted. He was frequently puzzled to know what book to buy. On one of these occasions a clergyman happened to be present, a certain Dr. Stiles, who was afterward president of Yale College; he witnessed the boy's hesitancy, and entering into conversation with him, became so interested in his manly struggles to improve himself, that he invited him to his house, and became

His guide, philosopher, and friend.

In order to reach Newport as often as possible Nathaniel studied the navigation of the river, and made himself a skillful boatman; in due time he was promoted to the command of the vessel in which he made his trips. He labored so hard at the forge that he became lame in the right foot: his lameness lasted for life. The "over-work" by which he purchased his beloved books was of more delicate workmanship than his ordinary labors; to give himself the requisite nicety of touch he often had to grind off the roughness of his horny hands. His visits to Newport brought him in contact with the future grammarian, Lindley Murray. Like Greene, he was a Quaker's son. He was invited to East Greenwich, where he made himself so agreeable that he obtained leave for Nathaniel to return his visit in New York.

Though the old Quaker preacher no longer opposed the scholarly inclinations of his son, there was one thing which he, in common with many other old men, set his face against, and that was being up late at night. Come what would he would not permit Nathaniel to go to any of the merry-makings with which the young people of the neighborhood were wont to beguile their nights. Nathaniel was a strong, hard-working youngster, and really needed a few hours' recreation after his long day's toil. But the old gentleman was inexorable. At a certain hour at night (it could not have been later than nine) the doors and windows of the Greene mansion were closed, and the family, great and small, retired perforce to their beds. Nathaniel went with the rest; but when they were asleep he rose and dressed himself, and slipping down from his chamber window, was soon among the neighboring lads and lasses, the gayest of the gay. He kept this up for some time; but one night (if I were writing a romance, I should say one fatal night!) as he was returning home he saw that he was discovered. Underneath the very window by which alone he could reach his room stood his stern old father, waiting for him, horsewhip in hand! Here was a dilemma indeed; casting about in his mind for some way of mitigating his punishment, (escape there was none, he knew,) he saw a pile of shingles close at hand, and with that ready appreciation of resources for which he was afterward so distinguished, he lined his jacket with a thin layer of shingles, protected by which he advanced, and took his punishment like a man! The old gentleman was delighted at his resignation, never guessing its cause.

A law case in the family led him to study Blackstone and other legal luminaries of that time, and gave him a fair insight into the principles of that beautiful but intricate science, the law. He attended courts, and formed the acquaintance of lawyers and judges. They debated the political relations of the colonies and the mother country, and he soon grew to be a politician.

The troublous state of the times increased his fondness for politics. As the probabilities of a rupture between the two countries increased he resolved to make himself useful to his native land. He added to his library some of the best military authors, and commenced studying the science of war; he also attended the various militia gatherings of the neighborhood, and familiarized himself with its

practical workings. The Quaker fraternity to which he belonged was terribly outraged by such a manifest violation of its peculiar principles of peace. A committee was appointed to sit upon his case, but he gave them no satisfaction. Unwilling to cut him off, they visited him and exhorted him, but all to no purpose. At last he was read out of the Society of Friends. The Church lost a member, but the country gained a soldier. In 1770 he was elected to the General Assembly of the colony, and such was his popularity that he continued to be chosen by his constituents, even after he had taken command of the army in the South. In 1774 he threw off the garb of Quakerism, and enrolled himself among the Kentish guards. He lacked, however, the first requisites of a soldier, fire-arms; and as these could only be obtained in Boston, then in the hands of the British, he resolved to go thither and procure them. He accordingly disguised himself in the old garb of his youth, and proceeded to Boston. The British army were having a parade that day; little did they know how closely they were watched by the young broad-brim. He succeeded in buying a musket and the accompanying accoutrements, which he hid in a heap of straw at the bottom of his wagon. At the same time he secured a greater treasure in the person of a British deserter, a drill officer, whom he smuggled to Coventry, for the purpose of drilling the Kentish Guards. The deserter has long since gone the way of all flesh, but the musket is still preserved in the Greene family. The same year which witnessed the putting off of his drab clothes saw him a happy bridegroom. He married a Miss Catherine Littlefield, the young lady for whose sake he endured his memorable shingle flogging!

At the news of the battle of Lexington the drum of the Kentish Guards beat to arms, and they started off hot-foot for Boston. The governor of the colony, a loyalist, recalled them. Four of them refused to obey his orders; two of these were Greenes, Nathaniel and one of his brothers. They arrived in Boston too late for service, and soon retraced their steps. In the meantime the Rhode Island Assembly voted a force of sixteen hundred men, as an army of observation, the command of which was given to Greene, who was raised to the rank of major-general. This was in May, 1775, his thirty-third year. In June we find him and his men in the neighborhood of Boston. Washington took command of the army in July, and pronounced Greene's troops "the best disciplined and appointed in the whole army." Greene welcomed Washington to the army in a public address, and his post being near the quarters which had been assigned to the commander-in-chief at Cambridge, they soon learned to know each other's worth, and became, what they remained to the last, firm friends. The removal of the British troops to New York led to the breaking up of the American army at Boston. Washington ordered them to follow in the track of the enemy.

Greene and his brigade were dispatched to Long Island. He examined the ground there, established posts, and made every preparation to meet the enemy; but he was unfortunately seized with a bilious fever, the result of his exertions and privations, and the battle of Long Island was fought without him. He could only lie on his bed and hear the thunder of the cannon around him.

The evacuation of New York led to the battle of Harlem, in which Greene distinguished himself. The battle, however, was fruitless, and the American army retreated to White Plains. The command of the troops in New Jersey was assigned to Greene, whose head-quarters were at Fort Lee and Bergen. While in command here Fort Washington fell into the hands of the British, and Fort Lee was evacuated.

The loss of these forts was followed by the retreat through the Jerseys, the darkest and apparently most hopeless period of the whole Revolution. The battles of Trenton and Princeton followed, and revived the drooping hearts of the nation. Greene advanced, and fought in both battles. He accompanied Washington in person, commanding at Trenton the left wing of the army. With these victories the campaign of 1776 closed, and the American army retired into winter-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

The operations of the British evidently pointing toward an occupation of the South Greene was dispatched by Washington to Philadelphia to awaken Congress to a sense of its dangers and duties. He executed his mission with judgment and

discretion, for he had in him the makings of a rare politician, and returned to the army. He was then dispatched with General Knox to explore the passes of the Highlands, which the British were threatening. He fought in the battle of Brandywine, leading his men to the support of a part of the American army engaged against Howe and Cornwallis. He marched over a space of four miles in forty-nine minutes, and arrived in time to cover the retreat of the fugitives, and arrest the pursuit of the enemy. He opened his ranks, and let his discomfited countrymen pass, and closed them against the British. His field-pieces plowed through the enemy, causing a temporary pause in the assault. In the meantime the fugitives recovered themselves, and were incorporated in his corps, which slowly and sullenly retreated, fighting bravely until night came and the battle was given over.

The winter of 1777 and 1778 found the American army in winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Their destitute state at this period is too well known to be dwelt upon. The duty of foraging for them devolved upon Greene, who performed this unthankful task with so much tact and success that Washington entreated him to undertake the office of quarter-master-general, which, however, he resigned soon after.

He rendered efficient service at Monmouth, after the battle was as good as lost owing to the retreat of Lee, and took part in the unsuccessful expedition against Newport; he was also engaged in the battle of Springfield. In September, 1780, Washington proceeded to Hartford to consult with the French commander, leaving the army in charge of Greene. From his spies in New York he learned that the British contemplated some important movement, "the success of which," he wrote to Washington, "depends altogether on its being kept secret." This letter was dated on the 21st of September; on the 23d André was taken prisoner, and Arnold's treachery discovered. Greene prepared without delay to march the army to the defense of West Point. He pushed forward as far as King's Ferry with the second division on the morning of the 26th, the remainder being in readiness to join him at any moment. Washington gave him his instructions in relation to André, who was sent under a close guard to the American camp. He presided at the deliberations of the court of inquiry which sat upon the case of that accomplished, but unfortunate young man, whose fate excited the pity of the world; and when the report of the sitting, drawn up by Laurens, was handed to him for his signature, he bent his head over the paper, to hide the woman's tears in his eyes.

The defeat of Gates at Camden awoke Congress to the deficiencies of the renowned hero of Saratoga, and deferring their own judgment to that of Washington they authorized him to name a successor to the command of the Southern army. He at once named Greene, who was immediately confirmed by Congress. He accepted the command, and set out for the South, not even waiting for the embraces of his wife and children, who were hourly expected to join him. He hastened to Philadelphia to receive the instructions of Congress. The defeat of Gates had left the army in a sad state; they had neither stores, baggage, nor artillery. Everything was needed, and Congress had no money. They could only give him enough to defray the expenses of his journey. Governor Read, however, supplied him with a quantity of arms and ammunitions from the state magazine, and assisted him in procuring the use of baggage wagons for their transportation. He arrived at Charlotte, South Carolina, where the army was encamped, on the 2d of December, 1780. From this time the true career of Greene commences. His previous services, however honorable to himself, and useful to his country, had not exceeded those of many other American generals. The campaign that he was now about to usher in was one of the most important episodes of the Revolution, and it stamped him a great general in every respect.

The Southern army, as I have already mentioned, was reduced to sad straits when Greene took command of it. It counted but nine hundred and seventy continentals, and one thousand and thirteen militia. To this pitiful force was opposed an army of at least eight thousand British troops, to say nothing of the bands of Tories which from time to time joined them. The enemy were picked soldiers, the *élite* of the army, finely disciplined, and abundantly supplied with arms and ammunition. The American troops were as ragged as those of Falstaff. Many of

them were unfit to be seen on parade, and were sent home on that account; those who did appear were ludicrous enough, in their shreds and patches, and odds and ends. They were almost destitute of arms; the military chest was empty, and it was only by rare management that they obtained food from day to day. The first thing that Greene did, after looking to their immediate wants and permanent discipline, was to make himself acquainted with the scene of action. He caused the rivers to be explored, magazines to be established, and boats to be in readiness for future operations. On the 26th of December he removed the army to the great Pee Dee. An accession to his force, in the shape of Colonel Lee, from Virginia, with three hundred men, made up of horse and foot, and a body of four hundred recruits, headed by Colonel Greene, determined him to open the campaign by an offensive movement. He dispatched Lee to act in concert with Marion in an expedition against Georgetown, while Morgan annoyed Cornwallis in the neighborhood of Ninety Six. Tarleton was ordered to "push Morgan to the utmost." He set out with eleven hundred men; Morgan had nine hundred and seventy, six hundred of whom were militia. They met on the banks of the Thicketty on the morning of the 17th of January, and a severe engagement ensued. Tarleton did not succeed in "pushing" Morgan; on the contrary, he received a sound drubbing, which ended in the loss of one hundred and fifty of his men, and four hundred prisoners. Only eleven of the Americans were killed, and sixty-one wounded. Morgan took two field pieces, eight hundred muskets, two stands of colors, thirty-five baggage wagons, besides tents, ammunition, and one hundred dragoon horses. The victory was with the Americans, but as Cornwallis and his force were only twenty-five miles off, it was deemed prudent to retreat. That night Morgan crossed Broad River, and in the morning pressed toward the Catawba, to throw its rising waters between himself and the enemy. Cornwallis delayed a day or two, and when he reached the Catawba it was only to find it swollen by freshets, and Morgan on the other side, twenty miles ahead of him. Greene started off, almost alone, to relieve Morgan, leaving his army to follow him. He reached Morgan in safety. The stream began to fall, and Cornwallis made preparations to cross it. It was the dawn of a stormy day when his columns entered the water; the American rifles were posted on the opposite bank, and as soon as they could see the enemy they opened a terrible fire upon them. Cornwallis had a narrow escape, his horse having been killed under him. He gained the land, however, and the militia, having done all that was expected of them, dispersed. Once on the same side of the river with the Americans, the irate lord resolved to make up for his previous delay. He destroyed his wagons, whereby he was enabled to double the teams for his artillery, and to mount a portion of his infantry. He pushed after Morgan, endeavoring to overtake him before he could cross the Yadkin. He failed, thanks to the speed of the American troops, and the relay of boats, which, by Greene's provident orders, were awaiting them by the banks of the river. The stream, although on the rise, was not sufficiently swollen to prevent the American cavalry from fording. They were just in time, however, for, as the last of them crossed, up came Cornwallis's mounted cavalry and infantry. As it was, they crossed their weapons with the American rear-guard. Ere long my Lord Cornwallis and the rest of his army reached the banks of the Yadkin. He was a little too late. The stream was no longer fordable, and Greene had secured all the boats. Cornwallis opened a furious cannonade on the Americans, but as their camp was sheltered by a rising ground, it was a waste of ammunition. Greene had taken up his quarters in a little cabin, which was somewhat sheltered by the rocks. By and by, as if they had divined that he was there, the enemy pointed their cannon toward it. The balls struck the rocks, and then came nearer and nearer. At length the clapboards of the roof began to fly. Greene, however, was not to be disturbed by it. He sat and wrote his dispatches as coolly as if he had been in his own chamber, only stopping to hear the reports of his aids, or to give orders. He seemed to feel himself fire-proof.

Greene remained a day on the banks of the Yadkin, and then, to beguile Cornwallis in pursuit of him, resumed his march for the River Dan. The cold was intense, and his soldiers were thinly clad and worse shod; hundreds of them tracked

the ground with bloody feet. In the best equipped corps a blanket sufficed for four men. They crossed the Dan on the 15th of February. This was the main portion of the army. Certain detachments were still scattered over the country, harassing the British in pursuit. They came up in time, however, the last of them crossing the river at dusk. As the last files ascended the northern bank of the Dan the British rushed into sight on the southern. The prey had escaped again. Greene had now led his little army more than two hundred miles through a perilous country, swarming with Tories, in the breaking up of winter, when the roads were soaked with incessant rains. He had contrived to elude the enemy, whose numbers were far superior to his own, leading him a wild-goose chase, away from the strongholds of his power. Unable to fight, the wily blacksmith conquered his foe by a series of masterly retreats. "Your retreat before Corwallis," Washington wrote him, "is highly applauded by all ranks, and reflects much honor on your military abilities." From the day that he joined Morgan on the banks of the Catawba, Greene had never once undressed himself for sleep!

Not deeming it advisable to pursue the Americans any further, Cornwallis broke up his camp on the Dan on the 18th of February, and wheeling about, marched direct to Hillsborough. In the meantime Greene had received several important accessions to his force, and feeling strong enough to justify the step, he crossed the Dan on the 23d with his whole army. A series of skirmishes, such as always take place when two armies are in the neighborhood of each other, from time to time enlivened the monotony of their progress. Cornwallis abandoned Hillsborough on the 26th, and threw himself across the Haw, taking post near Allemance Creek, one of its principal tributaries. Greene followed him, and crossing the Haw near its source, halted near Troublesome Creek. From this point his light troops continually hovered about the enemy, darting upon his foraging parties, cutting off his supplies and intelligence, beating up his quarters; in short, exhausting him by all sorts of annoyances. Cornwallis attempted to cut off Greene's detachments, but failing in his object, he took post at Bell's Mills, on Deep River. Greene's army now amounted to above four thousand men, which was one third more than that of the enemy. He accordingly advanced to Guilford Court House, taking post on the 14th of March, 1781, within twelve miles of the British. This was challenging distance, according to the usages of war, and Cornwallis prepared for action. On the morning of the 15th Greene drew up his army in battle array. The van of the enemy appeared about one o'clock, and was welcomed by two pieces of artillery, which had been placed in the road in advance of the first line of the Americans. He answered from an eminence over the head of his own columns. In the intervals of the fire Cornwallis pushed his sections across the defile, and displayed them under cover of an intervening wood. The American line, consisting of one thousand North Carolina militia, fired a scattered shot, and were seized with a panic. They fled in spite of the efforts of their officers, who threw themselves across their path, some darting through the wood, and others seeking shelter in the rear of the second line of Virginia militia, by whom they were received with hisses. The British rushed forward in pursuit, but were for a time checked by by cross fires from the flanking parties of Washington and Lee. The latter, however, were at last compelled to retreat, which they did in an orderly manner, firing calmly as they moved backward, only yielding before the pressure of the bayonet.

In the meantime the British line were engaged with the American second line, who received them royally, militia though they were. They were capital marksmen, armed with excellent rifles, and every bullet told. Wide gaps were soon opened in the British files. The steady valor of the latter, aided by their invincible bayonets, prevailed, and the American right began to yield. The flanking party of Washington moved back, and took post on the right of the third line of Continentals. The British left now came up to them, confident of victory, but the Continentals, withholding their fire until the enemy were within a proper range, gave them a volley, and immediately followed it up by a bayonet charge, which sent them reeling back in confusion. Had the American cavalry been present, the British could not have recovered themselves; as it was, their general, who was grievously wounded,

could but just draw them off, and wait for succor. But now one regiment of the first line gave way, leaving the two pieces of artillery which had opened the battle, in the hands of the British. They rushed forward to secure the prize, but the other regiment of the same line, marching behind the copse-wood, by which the field was skirted, dashed among them, and a terrible hand to hand struggle ensued. At the same moment Washington's cavalry burst upon them from the rear. Cornwallis hastened to the point of danger, and the desperate condition of his fortunes requiring a desperate remedy, (for the whole field was covered with his flying guards,) he ordered his artillery to arrest the progress of the American cavalry, by pouring out torrents of grape upon them. He knew that he would slaughter his own men, as well as their foes, so mingled were the masses on the plain; but no other way was left him to save himself. His guns poured out rivers of grape, sweeping through the ranks of the desperate combatants. The American cavalry were repelled, but one half of his battalion was left on the field. The fight was lost to the Americans, but it was still kept up on both sides by detached parties. Greene had kept a regiment of Virginia Continentals in reserve; with these he drew off his troops in safety. The British were too much crippled to pursue them successfully. Bringing up the rear in person, Greene halted within three miles of the field of battle. Here he picked up his stragglers, and arranged for the care of the wounded. He resumed his march in a bitter rain-storm, and reached his encampment at Troublesome Creek about dawn next day. The British loss, in killed and wounded, was six hundred and thirty-three; the loss of the Americans did not reach half that number. "Another such victory," said Fox in the House of Commons, "would ruin the British army."

Greene's next movement was against Camden, then in the possession of Lord Rawdon. He hoped to surprise him, but the runners of the Tories had preceded the American army, bearing the news of Cornwallis's retrograde movement; this, and a delay of several days at the Pee Dee, occasioned by a want of boats for crossing, enabled Rawdon to strengthen himself. Having no battering cannon with which to reduce the place, Greene pitched his tents on Hobkirk's Hill. He encamped in order of battle, holding himself in constant expectation of an attack. On the morning of the 25th of April Rawdon approached. The American troops were at breakfast; Greene and his aids were indulging in the unusual luxury of a cup of coffee. The sound of fire-arms was heard in the distance, and the drums rolled near at hand; they rose, and were soon in battle array. The whole force of Greene only enabled him to form one line; behind this line he had marked his pieces. Assuming Greene to be without artillery, Rawdon brought none; his surprise may be imagined when that of Greene opened upon him. His men were confused and dismayed. Greene seized the moment of their greatest confusion, and ordered a charge, intending to close on their flanks right and left; but before his cavalry and infantry could make the necessary circuit, Rawdon saw the danger which awaited him, and changed his position, outflanking the Americans, and enfilading their wings; in short exposing them to the very peril from which he had just escaped. A momentary recoil followed on the part of the Americans; the fire of the British drew the fire of the American center, when their orders had been to reserve it. The fall of a number of their officers threw the Maryland regiments in confusion; a retreat ensued, and the field was lost. Greene determined to save his artillery, and just as the matrosses were quitting the drag-ropes he galloped up alone, and, throwing himself from his horse, seized the ropes with his own hands. Some of his men now rushed up to help him, holding their guns in one hand, while with the other they dragged off the ponderous pieces. A band of British cavalry attempted to stop them; they dropped the ropes long enough to fire, and then resumed their progress. Again and again the cavalry returned to the charge, but only to be foiled and driven back by the sharp fire of these extempore artillerists. But now the British infantry had come up, and their marksmen, scattered among the trees, began to pick off the Americans in turn. Out of forty-five of the latter, soon only fourteen remained; at last they were all slain, or taken prisoners. The artillery now seemed lost, but at this moment Colonel Washington charged down the road with his cavalry and put the enemy to flight. Greene saved his beloved can-

non, and continued the retreat. He encamped that night on Saunder's Creek. Notwithstanding his victory Rawdon lost more men than Greene.

On the 7th of September Greene reached the Congaree, seven miles from the Eutaw Springs. Here he effected a junction with his detachments, and made his preparations for battle. His baggage, tents, and everything that might delay or embarrass him had been left behind. With the exception of the tumbrils, the artillery, and two wagons containing hospital stores and rum, he had no wheeled vehicles with him. His force consisted of about two thousand men; the British outnumbered him some three hundred, or more. The American army moved from its bivouac about four in the morning. A couple of deserters carried the intelligence to Stuart, the British commander, who sent out a detachment of infantry and horse to bring in his foragers. This detachment was driven back. In the meantime Stuart had made his preparations for defense. His advance retired before the American front line, a body of stalwart militia, commanded by Pickens and Marion. When the latter drew near the British army, which opened to let the advance pass to the rear, they halted, and wheeling their field pieces forward, commenced the battle. Volleys of musketry were poured into them from the British line, but the sharp ring of their unerring rifles told upon the ranks of the enemy. Ere long their artillery was demolished; but they still continued to fight, receiving the fire of a line more than twice the number of their own. They delivered seventeen rounds, when a forward movement of the British compelled them to fall back. Three battalions of North Carolinans were ordered to their support. Stuart ordered up the infantry of his reserve, and the conflict commenced anew. The whole strength of the British army was now engaged in the mêlée; the greater part of the American second line, with all their reserve and cavalry, were fresh and ready for action. The American center yielded, and the British, thinking the victory won, rushed upon them, shouting and disorderly. This was the moment for which Greene had been waiting, and he ordered the field to be swept by his bayonets. The Maryland and Virginia regiments rushed forward with trailing arms, reserving their fire till within forty yards of the enemy. The Virginians poured in a destructive volley, and pressed forward to finish the work with cold steel. They were seconded by the infantry of Lee, who delivered a heavy enfilading fire, and followed it up with a charge of bayonets. The British left were thrown into disorder. The Maryland regiment now threw in their fire, and the center and right were seized with a panic. The whole line of the enemy gave way and fled; some of them never stopped until they reached the gates of Charleston. The Americans pursued them to their camp. The extreme right of the British still maintained its ground, protected, in some degree, by a body of three hundred picked troops, under cover of the thickets which bordered the Eutaw.

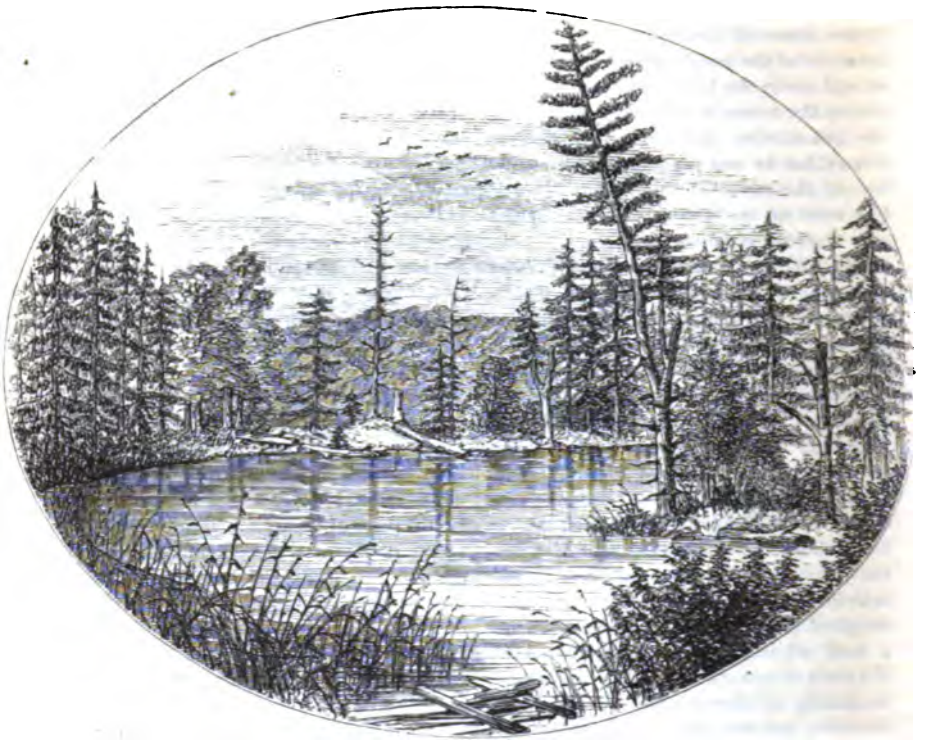
This detachment of the enemy was at last routed by the Delaware infantry. The whole British line now fled before the bayonets of the Americans. The latter chased them to their encampment, taking prisoners at every step. Behind the British tents stood a two-story brick house, whose windows commanded all the space around. It was strong enough to resist the fire of infantry. A garden in the rear, inclosed by a picket fence, increased its facilities for defense. To this garden and house the fugitives ran, the foremost of the Americans at their heels. A struggle took place at the door, which was shut in the face of some of the British officers, who were thus made prisoners. Those who gained the house, however, soon revenged their loss with their rifles; they kept further pursuit at bay. Only the foremost and orderly part of the American army took part in this struggle. The remainder, a large majority, stopped rather long in the tents of the enemy, tempted by a liberal supply of old rum. Their officers strove to extricate them, passing from tent to tent, running the gauntlet of the garrison in the house, but all in vain.

Greene ordered his cavalry to fall upon the enemy in the garden, and his artillery to batter the house. The latter took their guns, which had been dismounted at an early stage of the battle, and a couple of six pounders which the British had abandoned, and attempted to carry out his orders. They ran their pieces too near, and were swept down by a destructive storm of bullets from the house. The guns were left unmanned. The infantry

charged, but failed to clear the garden. They recoiled, repulsed and broken. Greene drew off his forces, and rallied in the cover of the woods, leaving his drunken soldiers in the tents to the tender mercies of the enemy's bayonets. The British commander had gained a dubious victory, but he was too crippled to venture beyond the cover of the house. It was like most of the victories of the British over Greene, of no use to them.

The battle of Eutaw was in reality the downfall of their power in the South, though they still continued to hold Charleston, and kept up a show of strength in other places. From time to time skirmishes came off between them and the forces of Greene, Marion, and other American officers, but none of much importance. A little more than a month after the bloody conflict at Eutaw Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown; and in December of the following year Charleston was evacuated. As the British marched out of the city the Americans marched in, headed by Mad Anthony and a band of infantry and cavalry. After Wayne's troops came a stately cavalcade, consisting of Greene, the governor and his suite, and the principal municipal and state authorities. The reader will be kind enough to imagine the densely-crowded streets, and the handkerchiefs waving at the windows; the tramp of the soldiers, the shining guns and flags; the triumphal music, the shouts, the happy tears. Before the evacuation of Charleston the Legislature assembled at Jacksonborough, and the governor in his opening address passed a high eulogium on Greene. He congratulated the representative body on the pleasing change of affairs, which had been effected, under the blessing of God, by "the wisdom, prudence, address, and bravery of the great and gallant General Greene, and the intrepidity of the officers and men under his command." The Senate declared itself impressed with a high sense of his eminent services, and unanimously voted him their thanks for his distinguished zeal and generalship. The House expressed itself similarly, and showed its gratitude in a more substantial manner by originating a bill "for vesting in General Nathaniel Greene, in consideration of his important services, the sum of ten thousand guineas." Georgia voted him five thousand guineas, and North Carolina twenty-four thousand acres of land. Congress subsequently gave him a testimonial in the shape of two pieces of field ordnance, which he had captured from the British; and ordered the substance of their complimentary resolution to be engraved upon them. After the evacuation of Charleston, but before the declaration of peace, a misunderstanding between Greene and the civil authorities in the matter of contracting for the necessities of the army, which was not yet disbanded, involved the former in serious pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the last days of his life. He carried his family to South Carolina, but being compelled to sell his lands in that state to satisfy the creditors of the contractor for whom he had been security, he removed to the estate which had been presented to him by the Legislature of Georgia. This was in the spring of 1785. He soon settled down in his new residence, and gave himself up to the delights of a farmer's life. Instead of writing of marches and countermarches, victories and defeats, his letters were full of his grounds and garden. "My garden is delightful," he writes in one of his rural epistles. "The fruit trees and shrubs form a pleasing variety. We have green peas almost fit to eat, and as fine lettuce as you ever saw. The mocking-birds surround us evening and morning. We have in the same orchard apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums of various kinds, figs, pomegranates, and oranges. And we have strawberries which measure three inches round." The extract is of no great consequence, perhaps, but it is pleasant to read for all that. It shows us that a great man like Greene was not above being interested in small things. (No great man, by the way, ever is.) Like Falstaff, when his end was near, he "babbled o' green fields." He died on the 19th of June, 1786, from overheating himself in the rice-field of a friend, and was buried in Savannah. His body was placed in an obscure vault, the locality of which was soon lost. No matter how much his country may wish it, there can be no monument raised above his bones. He sleeps in an unknown sepulcher.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.



DOLPHIN POND.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS IN CONNECTICUT.

FAR up among the hills of Litchfield County gleams a solitary lake, with water pure and clear as crystal. Among the primeval forest trees, which form a dense hedge around its borders, are glorious specimens of the dark hemlock and stately pine. A more utterly solitary spot is not often found; the foot of man rarely treads its precincts. Huge trunks of trees have fallen in all directions, and now appear in various stages of decay. The moss of ages has crept over the forest. Here nature reigns in a primitive solitude, disturbed only by an occasional sportsman in pursuit of game. Few portions of the Adirondack present a scene more thoroughly wild. High towering above its compeers, upon a bold point jutting out into the lake, stands a majestic pine, its outline darkly penciled against the sky. There is a something mysterious and weird-like in this lofty monarch of the lake. Widely stretch its branches; it receives neither shelter nor protection from its neighbors, but boldly lifts itself above them all, as though self-confident in its strength to defy alone the storm and tempest's breath. And thus it doubtless stood when the elastic steps of the red man was becoming less and less frequent upon the borders of the lake, and at last gave place to the tread of his subduer.

This wild scene, of which I have endeavored to give a pen as well as pencil picture, is known as Dolphin Pond. Aside from its sequestered and impressive beauty, it possesses a degree of interest as the source of the Naugatuck. This stream, boisterous and frolicksome as is its after course, assumes in its infancy a sober mood. Leaving its secluded birth-place, to commence its wanderings, lazily it starts upon its course; perhaps apprised that in youth as well as maturity it has Herculean tasks to perform; but soon changes its mind, and begins its characteristic sports and gambols.

Dolphin Pond is situated in the town

of Norfolk, about six miles from the Massachusetts line, and about two miles northwest of South Norfolk. The spot is entirely inaccessible, except to the pedestrian. A walk of about half a mile is required to reach it from the road, following the course of the stream, a pretty brook, now tumbling over the rocks, or again so sluggishly pursuing its way through marshy ground as almost to lose itself under the high grass and the accumulation of decaying forest trees which have fallen across its course.

The village of Winsted originally centered on a lofty eminence, some three miles westward of which a large lake of pure clear water was embosomed among the hills, and encircled by the virgin forest. It poured its abundant stream down a descent of one hundred and fifty feet into the Mad River, rushing down from the northwest, and uniting a mile further eastward with the Still River, and then taking its course, first northward and then eastward to the Truxis, or Farmington. Beautiful and abundant were the trout that filled these streams in these early days. But more beautiful to the utilitarian were the constant succession of cascades, now submerged by dams and surrounded by factories. One of them, the most picturesque of all, still gives forth the music of nature in its primeval solitude.

The present sketch gives but a faint idea of the waterfall and its surrounding of jagged cliffs, arched rocks, and ancient trees. It is easily accessible, and a favorite resort of the lovers of nature.

The region of these streams was an unpenetrated wilderness until near the close of the last century. Deacon David Austin had penetrated from "Old Winchester," on the west, to the outlet of the lakes, and had there built a grist-mill as early as 1782, and a bridle path was opened thence to ancient Winsted. The Doolittles soon afterward built another mill on the Still River, at the eastern border of the present village. A few settlers about this time had also penetrated the valley from the south, and located on what is now called South-street.

THE FALLS NEAR WINSTED.

The pioneer manufacturers of Winsted were Benjamin Jenkins, from Bridgewater, Mass., and James Boyd, from New Windsor, N. Y., who, in 1795, established the first scythe factory in the state, and the third in the Union, they having respectively learned the trade at the two other establishments in the places from whence they came.

Their first establishment stood on the present site of the Winsted Scythe Company, in the northeastern part of the village. They soon afterward united with Thomas Spencer in building the first iron works in the town, on the lake stream below Austin's Mill. In 1799 they built a second scythe factory, near the junction of the lake stream and Mad River. These two branches of business have ever heretofore been the main stay and support of the village. The making of refined bar iron, for many years the staple article of the place, is now mainly abandoned, in consequence of competition from quarters more favorably located in respect to iron mines and charcoal. The scythe business is still sustained by three large establishments, together making some two hundred thousand scythes a year.

The Rockwell Brothers came into the village from Colebrook about 1800, and erected two iron works, a woolen factory, and a new grist-mill on the lake stream.

Hosea Hinsdale and James Shepard, about the same period, laid the foundations of the two largest tanneries in the state, which are still successfully carried on by their successors.

The illustration which I present of Plymouth Hollow was sketched from the height east of the village, near the road which leads to the village on the hill. There is certainly nothing that strikes one as particularly pleasing in the name of Plymouth Hollow. How much more euphonious, as well as suggestive of its situation, would be that of Plymouth on Naugatuck.

In 1739 this town received the name of Northbury, being the third society of Waterbury. The first record of the society is a warning for a meeting on the application of John Sutcliff and others.

They "maid choise" of Samuel Todd to be their minister, and voted to give him one hundred and fifty pounds settlement. . . . At ye same meeting it was voted to give Mr. Samuel todd for ye two first years from ye first of last October one hundred pounds salary per year, and his fire-wood and two dayes work, a man from sixteen to sixty [years of age] per year, one in summer and one in ye winter, and provide comfortable house roome for him ye first year upon our own causte.

It would appear from this very liberal allowance, especially when we take into consideration the simple habits of that period, that Mr. Todd was much better provided for than one of the earlier clergymen in the neighboring parish of Northfield, of whom it is related that he found such utter "nakedness in the land" that he gave out one Sunday from the pulpit, with considerable emphasis, the hymn commencing with the words,

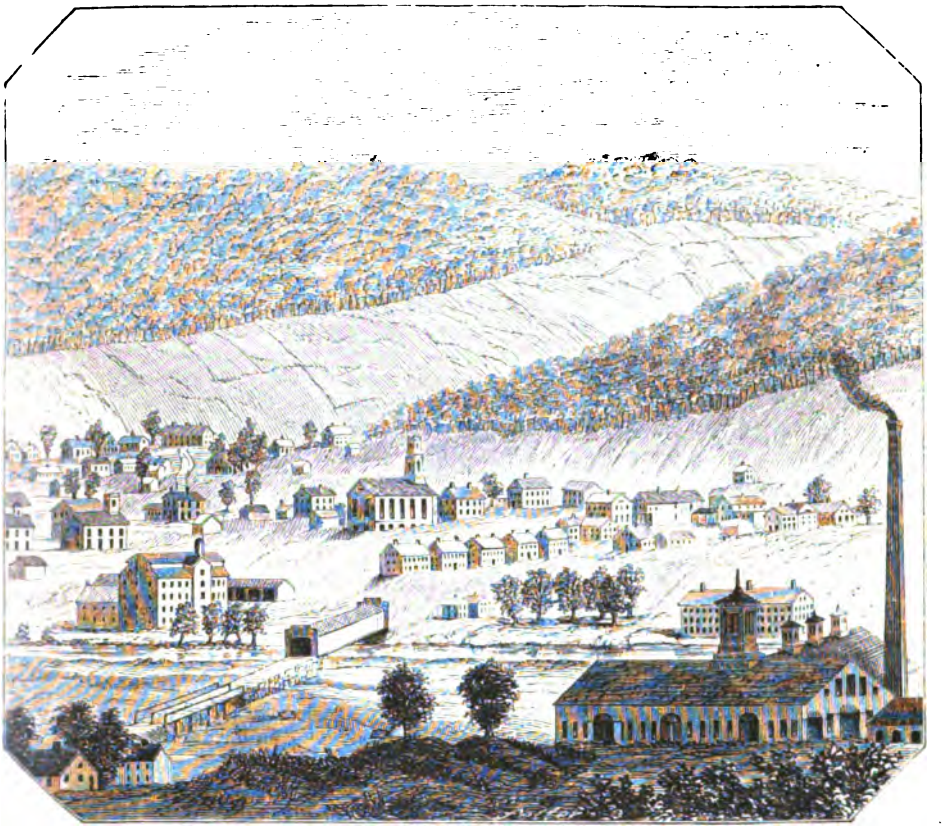
> Lord! what a wretched land is this!
> That yields us no supply.

To which the chorister quickly responded by giving the tune, "Northfield."

A disaffection seems, however, soon to have risen in Mr. Todd's society. About the time of his settlement the great revival in New England commenced. He was at first, it is stated, opposed to it, or, at least, regarded it with distrust. He went to Stockbridge to get a more intimate knowledge of its practical workings, and came back with opinions wholly changed. He at once introduced "conference meetings," and labored to rouse the feelings of his church and people. The result was, many of his parishioners, and finally a majority, including some of the principal men in both Church and society, turned against him, denounced his doctrines and measures, and at length obtained control of the meeting-house and established in it Episcopal worship.

This part of the valley must have been well peopled in aboriginal times. The river was stocked with trout and salmon, the flats were fine stalking ground for deer, and there are those now living who have heard the clashing of the wild turkey's wings, as he passed over from one side of the valley to the other in his heavy flight.

Among the aborigines of this vicinity there was one old chief who, surviving all his kindred, lived and died in a manner worthy of the last of his tribe. He seldom descended into the valley, but was often seen, in the early light of the morning, on the brow of the mountain, about one mile below the village. There, on a projecting rock for a stage, with the dark and bare hill-side for a background, he would enact "heavy tragedy," singing his war song, and shaking his weapons over the valley below, now beginning to smile with cultivation. Nor did he seemingly confine himself entirely to the dramatic; occasional injuries done to the cattle made the settlers suspicious and apprehensive. In those days the life of the "red-skin" was held most cheap. The gaunt and lofty figure of



PLYMOUTH HOLLOW.

the aged chieftain was missed from his favorite haunt. He had played out his part upon the stage, the curtain had fallen, and the old chief had passed "behind the scenes" to the great hunting grounds of his fathers. But it was not until long after this that his body was found, with a bent and rusted gun lying beside it, on a heap of loose stones which had fallen through many centuries at the base of the rock on which he was accustomed to stand.

An old house is now standing a short distance from Plymouth Hollow, on a hill-side, whose cellar or basement walls are five or six feet thick, but though intended for a defense against the Indians it seems never to have been needed. Indian arrow heads and other implements are sometimes found in the neighborhood. None knew better than the Indian where to find the sweetest waters, and sometimes, when clearing out the rock basin of some natural spring, rude vessels will be found at the bottom, hollowed out of "cotton stone," a metamorphic rock common to this locality.

Under a mountain in the south part of Plymouth are extensive excavations made by one John Sutliff, in pursuit of gold and other precious metals which he expected to find in a state of fusion, so that they might be dipped up with a ladle. Mr. Sutliff commenced digging near the Waterbury road under the mountain. His route became very circuitous as he proceeded, and after years of labor, digging, as he supposed, into the heart of the mountain, he was surprised one day to find his solitude obtruded upon. The fact was, that he had dug out to nearly the same point where he had begun. This was discovered by some person passing along the road, who, hearing a noise under ground, conjectured that it must be Sutliff at his labors; he accordingly obtained assistance, and dug down to the spot, when he was met by Sutliff, in a very angry mood at being thus disturbed.

He was said to have been perfectly sane on all other subjects, this being a monomania with him. He continued his labors for a period of from thirty to forty years, and then only gave them up when compelled by the infirmities of age.

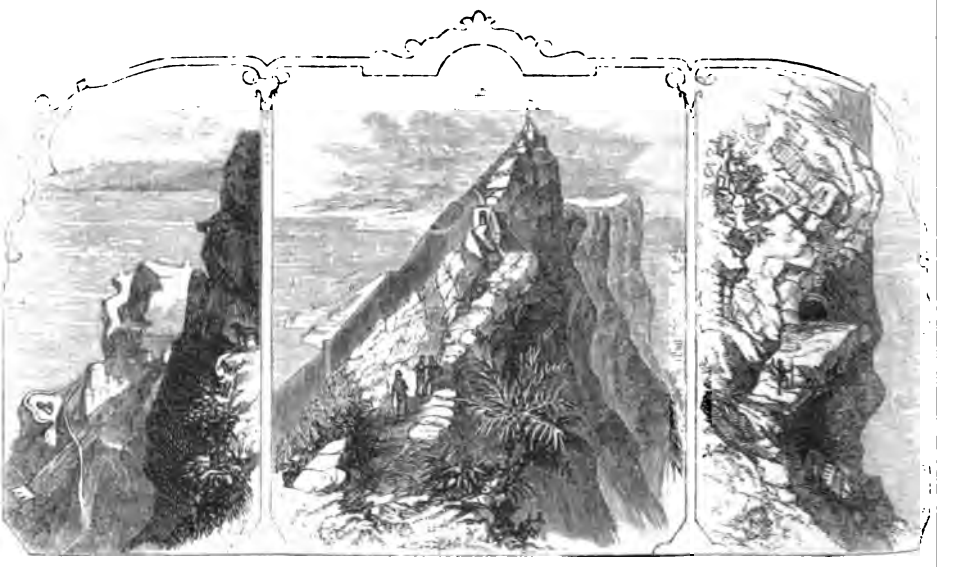
The village of Plymouth Hollow is greatly indebted to the enterprise of Seth Thomas, Esq., for its present prosperity. Here are manufactories of cotton, clocks, etc., etc., as well as an extensive brass-rolling mill.

GIBRALTAR, ITS TOWN AND FORTIFICATIONS.

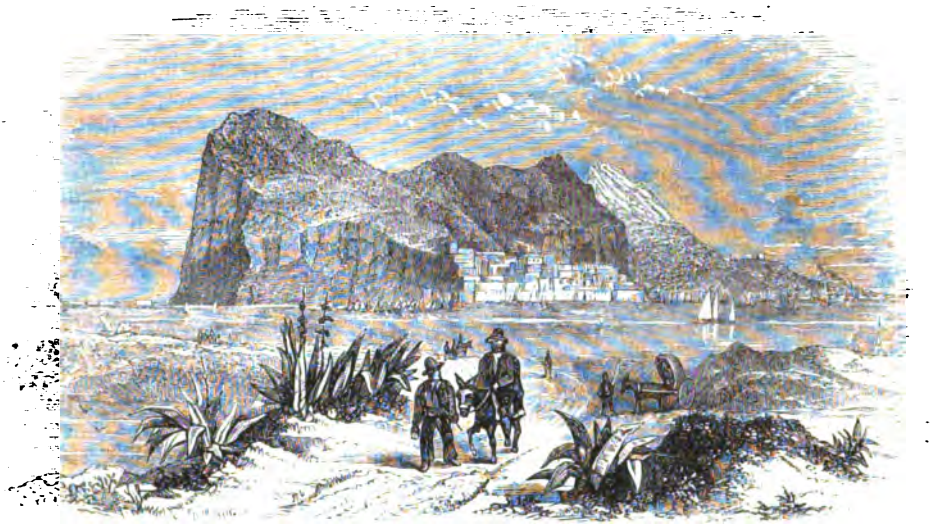
GIBRALTAR, as a town, has certainly nothing to boast of. It consists of two or three long streets running parallel with the sea-wall, intersected with steep narrow lanes leading up the rock by means of rough steps; so that here, as well as at Malta, you meet with "streets of stairs." No easy task it was, on that hot day, to climb these rugged, precipitous lanes and narrow alleys, assuredly not redolent with odors most grateful to the sense. Buildings of all shapes and sizes huddled together, and clinging to the bare rock, give to the town a close and uncomfortable appearance. It has been called, not inappropriately, a "military hot-house;" at every turn you are reminded it is a crowded garrison town in which *arms* are not much accustomed to pay deference to the *toga*. The best houses are the officers' quarters, some of them very pleasantly situated; yet dull and wearisome must the place be to those whose prolonged sojourn there is not entirely optional. The military duty in the garrison is unavoidably, from the position and importance of the place, the strictest in all the British service.

The public buildings in Gibraltar are insignificant. The principal church has no architectural beauty. The post-office is a miserable place, so retiringly situated as to be quite a puzzle for a stranger to find its locality. The governor's palace is an old Spanish convent, more spacious than splendid. The most striking building is the fine old Moorish castle, with its great square tower, and its horse-shoe Moorish arches, standing towering above the town; a venerable memorial of bygone days and dynasties. From inscriptions on the south gate and in the mosque, it appears to have been built about A. D. 739, by Aba Abul Hajez, a famous prince and warrior of Morocco. At present its massive walls, which have stood the sunshine and storms of eleven hundred years, mingle and contrast strangely with the surrounding muniments of modern war.

While passing through the market-place, and the more busy parts of the



EUROPA POINT. THE SIGNAL STATION. EX. OF MARTIN'S CAVE



GIBRALTAR FROM THE N. E.

town, I was much interested in observing the different color, and character, and costume of the crowds congregated together. Here you meet the grave, stately Moor from Barbary, and his old enemy the Spaniard, each with his distinctive countenance, bearing, and attire. The Jew and the Greek jostle each other, and busily ply their different avocations in peace and amity; complete religious toleration being enjoyed by all. Here you see the dark-eyed Spanish senorita with her mantilla and her fan; there the contrabandista, ready for any deed of darkness and daring. Genoese and Africans, English soldiers in their red coats, and jolly tars in their blue jackets, meet you at every turn. What affected me most deeply were gangs of English convicts at work on the fortifications, or marching in droves to or from their cells, with the dress and stigma of infamy upon them. The sight made the heart sick. Sad proof that sin is its own punishment! Nor must I forget to mention the natives of the Rock, called "Scorpions," a singular looking race, no better than they should be, if all said about them is true. Indeed, the whole population seemed a medley of the most motley description; the town being peopled, they tell us, by stragglers and strangers from Patagonia to Poland.

We first made our way, with what speed we could, to the post-office, to send our first dispatches home, with the good news that hitherto all had gone on prosperously with us. We then called on the Wesleyan missionaries, whose labors among the soldiers have been much blessed. After visiting their chapel and schools, an excellent public library, and other objects of interest and utility, we commenced to climb the rock. Our party being good pedestrians, this we attempted on foot. The heat and the toil were great, but amply were we repaid. The steep, rough, winding ascent led us past the exterior walls of the old Moorish castle. The Great Tower is of prodigious solidity, and is now used as a powder magazine. Its venerable walls suffered much in the famous siege, being greatly exposed to the fire of the Spanish batteries. Within the castle are barracks. Here we obtained a guide to facilitate our way, and point out the wonders of this marvelous fortress. Up and still up the zig-zag paths we toiled, and found battery frowning above battery at every turn. By an excavated passage we at length reached "Willis's Batteries," so often referred to in the history of the siege. The view here is terrific. Precipices above and below, absolutely perpendicular, all along which you see extended black lines of openings, like the mouths of so many caves, and the muzzles of cannon peering out, ready to pour out their destructive fire, at any moment or any emergence. The excavated galleries are truly astonishing. When the Duke de Crillon, who commanded the combined

MARTIN'S CAVE.

forces of France and Spain at the famous siege, was conducted over these galleries after the general peace, addressing his suite, he said, "These works are worthy of the Romans." We proceeded along the Windsor-galleries, which, like the others, are full of openings for guns; and after many turnings and windings we reached St. George's Hall, the most famed of these extraordinary excavations. This chamber, cut out of the solid rock, and fitted up with heavy guns as a strong battery, is at the eastern angle of the rock, and is so capacious that grand entertainments have been given here. Lord Nelson was, on one occasion, feasted by the authorities of Gibraltar in St. George's Hall. We visited, also, Cornwallis's Hall, a spacious chamber of the same kind, but less elegant than the former; and at length, having emerged into open day by another line of galleries, we set ourselves, in right good earnest, to climb to the signal station.

This we did find a toilsome and trying pilgrimage. The path was circuitous, stony, and rugged, the more so the higher we ascended, and by this time the heat and fatigue were almost overpowering. Onward and upward we wended our way, till at length we reached the summit. Here, in a comfortable little parlor of the flag-sergeant, we rested and recruited our strength, and then stepped out to gaze on a scene of surpassing magnificence. We were on the summit of one of the three principal points on the ridge of the rock. A small parapet wall surrounds this station; over this wall you look down perpendicularly some twelve or thirteen hundred feet, into the Mediterranean rolling beneath you. All around, the prospect by sea and land is as exquisite as it is extensive. The bay looks most beautiful; curling with the breeze in one place, smooth as a mirror in another, and studded all over with ships and sails of every sort and size. To the east you have a long range of fearful precipices; to the west, a steep descent, with the town, the Alameda—a pleasant promenade, the New Mole, dockyards, barracks, batteries, magazines, strong bastions along the sea-line, elegant villas, and neat gardens, clustering at the base and on the sides of the mountain. Looking across the Strait, the African coast, not far distant, adds to the interest of the scene. You see Mons Abyla, the corresponding pillar of Hercules. In favorable circumstances, Mount Atlas may also be seen; while the blue waters of the Mediterranean stretch before you as far as the eye can reach.

> Hercules, thy pillars stand,
> Sentinels of sea and land;
> Cloud-capp'd Atlas towers at hand.

We descended by a long steep flight of steps, connected with a defensive wall extending to the very summit of the rock, built by the Emperor Charles V., and bearing his name. Formerly, at a given signal, one thousand armed men, at a few minutes' warning, could be stationed on these steps. Happily, as a matter of safety, this is no longer necessary; and we trust the day approaches when nations shall require these muniments of war no more. I felt some difficulty in descending the steep, narrow steps; but the scene was enchanting.

Across the bay, about five miles from the rock, stood the Spanish town Algesiras, a picturesque object, imbosomed in the amphitheater of beautiful undulating hills which skirt the bay as far as the eye could reach. At this town the Spaniards, in 1781, built their floating batteries, with which they vainly hoped to wrest Gibraltar from the British. General Elliot stood unmoved, like the rock itself, holding the key of the garrison in his hand, determined no one should enter there without his permission. He calmly watched all

the preparations of the enemy; allowed the Spanish gun-boats, one after another, to take their position, loaded with warriors and with arms; then, when all was ready, he gave the command, and red-hot shot, since called "Elliot's pills," fell like hail among the Spaniards, and boat after boat blew up till all were destroyed. I saw the place on the King's Bastion where the general stood on that memorable day. For his services and success he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Heathfield. St. Roque, too—where stood the camp of the Duke de Crillon, another famous place in the siege—stands conspicuous on a gentle eminence. Behind all, the Spanish mountains rise in lofty ranges, and give a charming finish to this romantic picture. A hill was pointed out in the distance, where the Queen of Spain caused her chair of state to be placed, and vowed she would never leave it till the British were vanquished, and the rock was again her own. Alas! she was forced at length to retire. On reaching the low ground again, I wandered about, luxuriating in the historical associations that cluster round this singular spot. The Moors landed here on their first arrival in Spain, and kept possession for seven hundred years. In 1462 it was captured by the Spaniards. In 1704 the English first attacked and took it, and, as a valuable key to the Mediterranean, have kept it ever since. Whether, in a military point of view, it is worth all the immense expenditure of men and money it has cost, I pretend not to decide. By many this is doubted. It has no harbor; its guns cannot close the Straits to a hostile squadron; it maintains its importance chiefly from the prestige of the past. The smuggling, so extensively carried on at Gibraltar, is as disgraceful to England as it is injurious to Spain, and ought to be put down. I looked with much interest at the low sandy plain to the north; the neutral ground between the Spaniards and the British; their respective lines you see clearly marked out. Near this spot stands the neat somber burial-ground, with distinct plots marked off for the Jews, and different sects of professing Christians, as if, even in death, our sad divisions must still be perpetuated. At length we had to tear ourselves away. Though we had made the best use of our time, many of the wonders of the place we had to leave unvisited.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

SKETCHES OF CHICAGO.

IN the latter end of May, 1835, when the writer of these sketches was some twenty-three years younger than now, our family set out in a wagon, in the old-fashioned way, from Westfield, New York, to Erie, Pennsylvania, to take boat from thence to Chicago. In those days people made inquiries beforehand when steamboats left for the West, and just as a few years ago people flocked to New York at the leaving of a California packet, so the people flocked to Buffalo and other parts to take boat for Chicago.

Our family went to Erie to head off the boat advertised to leave for the West from Buffalo. These boats were uncertain things, and we gave ourselves plenty of time, and were in consequence obliged to wait two or three days in Erie. This town at that time was an old sixth-rate village, standing upon bluffs that were every day crumbling into the lake. It was near the place of Perry's victory, and at one of the wharves lay the "Queen Charlotte," one of the British vessels sunk in the lake in the war of 1812. She had been lately raised, and was now being refitted.

Daily we looked for the steamboat. At last she hove in sight, and by the time we could muster to the pier she was ready to take us on board. It was the "Thomas

Jefferson," a long three-masted, old-fashioned steamboat, whose old hulk now, no doubt, lies rotting on some weather-beaten shore.

We were soon off for the West in high spirits. The squalid hamlets, Cleveland, Detroit, etc., were visited, and on we went into the wild and dreary regions of the Straits of Mackinaw. At the village of Mackinaw we found a mixed set of French, Indians, soldiers, and traders living in a cozy dell beneath pine-clad hills, and overlooked by the fort on whose distant parapets we could see the sentinel treading his slow rounds. We had our first view of the Indians here. Through the picturesque straits we wound our way, and bidding these beauteous regions farewell we rode up the putrescent waters of the Green Bay. There was no wooding-place from Mackinaw to Milwaukie, and in consequence the boat was forced to run up the bay a hundred miles, and out again for a supply of wood.

On the eighth day of June our good steamer which, without accident, unless we count the nauseous sea-sickness accident, had brought us thus far, cast her anchors in the lake off Chicago. There was no harbor then into which so large a boat could enter, and we were forced to lie there a day waiting till scows could be procured to take us to the shore. We landed at last strangers in a strange land; we were soon domiciled, and all of us at once entered upon city life. A great city that, however!

Lake Michigan is skirted all around her western shores with black oak sand ridges. The lake once covered the country for at least ten miles in shore, and this old bed is low, and now and then sluggish streams, mere bayous, put into the lake upon whose banks are generally skirts of prairie. Where Chicago is situated one of these streams broke through the sand banks and then extending west three quarters of a mile, branches north and south. The prairie west is a low luvial over which no doubt the lake once flowed into the Mississippi. The prairie sets back to the Des Plaines River, without timber, and a tongue of this prairie borders the lake for three miles. The river setting in here is about two hundred feet wide, and twenty or more feet deep. The shores are so abrupt vessels can lie along the banks within a plank's length of the land. The south branch of this bayou (for it is nothing more) runs nearly parallel with the lake for over two miles, and then bends for a mile to the west, and ends abruptly at Bridgeport. The forks of the river are now about at the center of the city. In 1835 there was a clever village at the point at the forks, and another on the main branch of the river on the lake, and near the fort. They were squalid towns well filled with liquor shops, and each strived manfully for the mastery. Blue-coated soldiers still occupied the fort.

Every morning the mellow tones of the bugle summoned men to the roll call, and every Sabbath men in stiff leather stocks sat in the pews of the Presbyterian Church. Three streets from the river, on Lasalle-street, there were plenty of trees and underbrush, and I often, in those days, gathered hazle-nuts across the street west of the First Baptist Church. Where the Rock Island Railroad depot stands was a dense hazle thicket where, even in that day, lynx and wild cats were found. South Water-street and Dearborn-street were the main business streets of the town. Lake-street was the great thoroughfare, and near the Tremont House it was no uncommon thing to see a four-horse stage mired down. Joking men would put an old hat on a stick with a warning label "gone down!" and boards chalk-marked, "no bottom here!" would often meet the eye; and, indeed, there was a great deal of truth in this last warning! There were a few liquor groceries on Lake-street, and Thomas Church kept a dry-goods and grocery store on the south side of Lake, between Clarke and Dearborn-streets.

Speaking of Thomas Church and hazle-bushes makes me think of an incident. A great circus came to town. Billy Barlow was the chief songster. The fame of his songs reached us outsiders, whose want of money kept us from entering, and there was a dreadful desire among us boys to get inside. One Sunday afternoon I was strolling over near the public square when a friend told me that pea bushes were in demand, and that I could sell those for money enough to get into the circus. I borrowed a hatchet, and cutting a nice lot of poles, Sunday as it was, went down town to sell them. I went to Mrs. C. (not the present Mrs. Pruyne C.) and offered them for sale. She said she did

not buy such things on Sunday. I threw away my poles. Mrs. C. did not break the Sabbath, and I did not get into the circus.

The chief men of the town of that day were the Kinzies, the Hubbards, Beaubiens, G. W. Dale, J. B. F. Russel, R. J. Hamilton, etc.

The St. James Episcopal Church was commenced in 1836. There was a small Catholic chapel a block east of the Tremont House. The Presbyterians had a house about twenty by thirty in size, seated with school benches, which served as chief church and school-house, where this present writer made mischief in school hours, and sat with aching bones through long, dull Sabbath services. Besides these (I have since learned) the Methodists had a small room on the north side. These were the churches of that day. There was no regular service in any of them.

The town supported three schools, and school-rooms were hired here and there for school purposes. The Presbyterian Church just mentioned was situated on the alley, west side of Clark, between Lake and Randolph-streets; in this the chief school of the town was kept. In 1836 I attended school on the west side, a few rods from the Point. The room was about ten by twelve. Mr. Wakeman was teacher. The highest classes read in the New Testament, this being the chief "Reader" in the school. In the winter of 1836 and 1837 the only school on the west side was kept by Mr. King in his own dwelling-house.

The Indians had generally left the country, but the annual payment for 1836 was made in Chicago, and five thousand Indians assembled for allowances. The commissioner on pay-day held his office in an old frame house between Washington and Randolph-streets, four or five blocks from the river on the west side. It was a quarter of a mile on the prairie, away from any other house. Sentries marched hither and thither, forming a large semi-circle about the door.

Many of Chicago's present prominent citizens were my schoolmates in that day. S. L. Brown, Francis Sherman, jr., Mrs. Ingles, and a host of others scattered over the west, Ballentine Curtis, Irving Granger, Scovills, and a half hundred others known through the country. But alas! others, and loved ones too, are laid away in the grave. How many of us of the old time hold in memory Charles A. Stowel, Harrison Jones, Francis X. Taylor, William Sweet, and others precious to memory?

The surroundings of Chicago were somewhat different from the present time of railways and prodigious cities! Some forty miles to the north was a little burgh of four or five houses called Little Fort, which is now the charming Waukegan. Twelve miles north of the town, on the Milwaukie road, was a prominent tavern, kept by a Dutchman, where dancing and whisky drinking were the chief employments. This place was known far and near as Dutchman's Point. That Dutch tavern-keeper, John Plank by name, is now a presiding elder in the Rock River Conference.

Go down on the pier and you will see, some twelve miles to the north, a point of land extending into the lake. That from the early day until 1854 was known as Grosse Point. Until 1854 there was no living thing there but the wolf, the deer, and here and there the lone wood-chopper in his hut. Every few days some small schooner would anchor off the point to take in a cargo of wood. A company of enterprising trustees of a college bought three hundred acres of land down there four years ago, and laid out a town, calling it, after John Evans, the president of the board, Evanston. Now a beautiful town, with three colleges and a seminary, inhabited by the well-to-do people of Chicago, greets the railway traveler as he speeds northward. Evanston will be known in history! One of the oldest citizens of Chicago, Mrs. E. Garrett, left at her death a property of over three hundred thousand dollars for the support of a Methodist Biblical Institute at this old Grosse Point place.

Ninety miles to the westward an old quiet man ferried the traveler from the South to the lead mines of Galena, over the Rock River, and everywhere. Dixon's Ferry was a noted place. That is Dixon now. Juliet (now Joliet) and Ottawa were little villages to the southwest.

Twelve miles south of Chicago there is a river very much like that at Chicago. Here early speculators laid out the city of Calumet. They built a toll bridge, and spent hundreds of dollars striving to drain a large morass. You could not go amiss

of the town stakes. This city was to vie with Chicago, and for a few years the struggle for life there was ardent indeed. Now Calumet is lonely enough, and fishermen dry their nets there! Beside so large a monster as Chicago all little fish are swallowed up.

The newspapers of 1835 in Chicago were the *Chicago Democrat* and the *Chicago American*. Both were small weekly sheets, very common affairs. The *Chicago Democrat* went into the hands of John Wentworth in 1836, who had just come to Chicago on foot to make his fortune, and has remained ever since the same paper it then was, as far as may be, changing only in size and material as times have changed. It has made a living, and something over, for its owner, and has sent him to Congress several times. John Wentworth ought to love the *Democrat* and do well by it.

The *American* has changed hands and name several times. Some eighteen years ago its name was changed to *Chicago Express*, and about 1844 it became the *Chicago Journal*, and has continued under that cognomen until this present time.

The *Chicago Democrat* is the first paper I ever remember seeing, and my first political impressions were received from it. It was customary in those days to berate the *Whigs* in the *Democrat*, and I verily believed Whigs were a set of bandits, seeking the country's ruin. I had no more idea a Whig could be an honest man than that a robber is honest. I have had many a laugh since then at those old notions of mine. I was so credulous. I thought so grave a thing as a newspaper could not but be in earnest. I looked upon an editor as a man far higher than I now place a president. O what a boyish faith I had in that old *Democrat!*

It was a long time after 1835 before Chicago supported more papers than those two first ones; now, however, every prominent interest has its paper. Of some eight Advocates published by the Methodists one of the best is published at Chicago.

The arm of the journeyman printer long ago became too tardy, and they have brought in the man of iron from the mountains and set him at work, and his breath of steam utters words that burn!

Long ago the village at the Point and the town near the lake became one, and there is one dense city now. This reaches four miles along the lake, and extends about four miles back into the country. The city is nearly square, and covers over sixteen square miles. There are, perhaps, one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants.

But let us return to our early incidents. There was no actual work done on the canal, which was the main moving cause of the city's early progress, until 1836. Then, all things being ready, and the fifteen years of "red tape" maneuvers having passed, and the matter having gone over from the officers of the circumlocution office into the hands of the people, July 4, 1836, the work was set in motion.

The 4th of July of 1836 was a great day for the people of Chicago. That day was set apart as the day of commencing the canal. Never a brighter day beamed on the world. The sun shone down brightly, and it was just cool enough for linen jackets. Early in the morning cannon and music aroused the town, and Chicago, small as it was, swarmed with anxious people. The ceremony of throwing out the first shovel full of earth was to be performed at Bridgeport, and speeches were expected on the occasion; hence, from an early breakfast hour, the hearts of the citizens were set on an excursion. The boys especially, among whom I was numbered, were on full tilt to see all the *hurrah* that could be seen. There was a small steamboat called the *Chicago* in the city; it was about the size of a common steam "tug," and was the only steamboat, I think, that had ever been in the river. This steamboat was trimmed out gayly, as was also a vessel and a Mackinaw boat, and these three were to carry the notables up the river. The rabble and the boys were to go on foot, or in any other way they chose. Everything that looked like a boat was skipping over the river that day. Skiffs, yawls, canoes everywhere on the water; wagons, carriages, and carts on the land made up the conveyances of the excited multitude. A tow-path had been built all the way up the east side of the river, which could have been seen as late as 1844. Early in the morning the steamboat was on a move; and I remember how her pipe was knocked down as she passed under the old draw-bridge on Clark-street. It was afternoon before the passengers saw Bridgeport; and many of them did not get there then, by the way, for the *Chicago*

was so loaded she ran aground in mid river away up among the tanglewoods of Hardscrabble. It turned out to be a vexatious day to the boat riders.

Some Irishmen shoveled out a few spadefuls of earth, and a few speeches were made to those who were so fortunate as to get there.

Night drew on, and the throng began to straggle homeward, tired enough. All arrived safely, with no mishaps worthy of note except the famous steamboat. That came puffing homeward through Hardscrabble about dusk, and met an adventure. On the river bank, near Sherman's stone quarry, was a large pile of small stones on the bank, where scows had been loaded. As the steamboat came along a party of Irishmen (for what reason I could never learn) poured in a shower of stones upon the passengers. The boat was not going to be chased on Independence day, and therefore hove to for a pitched battle. Officers tried to do their duty, but failed. At last three men (the leader Mr. Steel) went ashore and put the valiant assailants to flight. An important man who had been brigadier of militia had skulked away on the steamboat and could not be brought to aid in the defense; but when Mr. Steel caught one of these fellows, this same braggart came blustering ashore, and catching up a club struck the captured one, exclaiming courageously, "*We'll* give it to you!" Many persons spilled their precious blood on that momentous occasion.

At last the sun went down and darkness drew on. The great Illinois Canal had been commenced; the 4th of July had been celebrated; the crowd had let off their overplus of patriotism, and darkness and stillness ended the scene.

In May, 1848, twelve years after the commencement of the canal—which had been discontinued in the bankrupt days of 1838—all Chicago turned out once more to hail the first boat that had glided through the channel commenced so long before. The canal was at last, after so long a time, finished, and it now exists as a monument of energy and expense. That same canal has consumed more money than it would take to checker our state with railroads.

With me, personally, there are circumstances that will always bring up peculiar emotions when I look upon that old canal. A brother, J. B. Field, to whom his family looked with hope, was out on that day of 1836. He was out, too, in 1848. He had then become a business man, and had a home and family of his own. He went up to Bridgeport in 1848 to see the opening of the canal, and in the evening came home sick and feverish. The cold and the excitement of the day had been too much for him. He laid him down to die. In one short week all that was mortal of him was laid in the graveyard north of Chicago. The days of a city's joy were days of sorrow to us! So do days of joy join hands with days of sorrow and interlink themselves forever!

A RIDE IN MEXICO.

THOUGH the Pacific was smooth as a duck-pond, not a soul on board the *Golden Gate* took breakfast on the eighth morning out from San Francisco, for Acapulco was but a few miles off, and we could breakfast much better on shore. Soon we approached the entrance of the harbor; tawny rocks with almost vertical strata project into the blue water; behind them ridges so shaggy with wood and underwood that they might have done honor to Scotland. After rounding another point, we are fairly in the cove, and out of sight of the Pacific. The village—for it is no more—looks pretty among its groves of orange, lime, and cocoa-trees, that even cast their shadow on the white sand below the clear salt ripples.

Thick as musquetoes were the shore boats around us, and great was their rivalry; you had need to step the instant a boat reached the ladder, or it would be drawn from under your feet; however, no accidents happened, and all at last reached the shore, a harvest to the boatmen of some fifty pounds, a dollar being the price for the trip. Beneath some large trees near the landing-place were two-score Mexican women, with as many stalls piled up with oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, pine-apples, and water-melons; some, too, had cakes of country-made sugar, fresh eggs, and quantities of dyed coral and flimsy shell ornaments. People from on board ship are always eager for shore luxuries, and home-returning Californians are always free with their money; ladies bought curiosities, and gentlemen fruit; and by the time the ship's gun fired there was little left for sale. I did not wonder that the

place lived entirely on the weekly steamer and the occasional man-of-war; a good big man-of-war, they say, is better than ten steamers. The gun fired, and my shipmates disappeared rapidly; some lamented they had paid their passage through, as they would otherwise have liked to accompany me to Mexico and Vera Cruz; some talked of the danger from robbers—such a country for robbers; some, again, in a truly American, or, as Elia would say, Caledonian spirit, expressed their doubts of its being the shortest or cheapest way to New Orleans. The gun fired a second time; the *Golden Gate* steamed off, Acapulco became quiet, and I was left alone to plan my journey.

First, then, for a passport, which I ought to have obtained at San Francisco; but if you have money to spend, no one at Acapulco will oppose your landing or ask to inspect your baggage; you might be disgusted, and return on board ship, and then, good heavens! what a loss. El Señor Miranda, the alcalde of the place and district, received me courteously; he was a fat old gentleman, but fully as courteous as he was fat; nothing would please him better than to give me a passport, and he gave me the document free of all cost, and all in his own handwriting; they have too few travelers to keep printed forms.

Next for an animal and a saddle: you may hire these tolerably cheap, and a man to travel along with you and bring them back again; but it is a "feckless" way of making the journey: you travel when he pleases, and stop when and where he pleases; in short, you put yourself and eighty or ninety dollars at his disposal, and are carried through without incident or accident, the charm of all travel. I arranged for the appearance of a pony and saddle next day, in time for a start with the vice-consul, (who was glad of a companion besides his servant,) and then I felt enough was done for the day. I was without a companion, for none but myself had stayed on shore, voluntarily; half a dozen, who had smuggled themselves on board at San Francisco without paying their passage, after being kept ironed in the hold on a diet of bread and water, were turned loose at Acapulco, penniless, to get backward or forward as they could, and execute their prodigious threats of actions for false imprisonment, shooting the captain, blowing up the ship, and almost the country. By night I had made three important discoveries—that the women do all the little work that is done at Acapulco, and the men spend their time in cock-fighting or riding for cocks; secondly, that I knew very little at present about smoking a cigarito; thirdly, that the chickens were the toughest, and the chocolate the most delicious, by far, of any I had come across.

The start on any journey is agreeable; but if it be a journey on horseback, and through the tropics, it is something more. In the cool of the afternoon we rode out of Acapulco between groves of wild and cultivated orange-trees, alternating with patches of corn and sugar-cane; the latter also grows wild. I was burdened with little; only a revolver and a small knapsack: not indeed that, after the fashion of Dionysius, in the *Frogs*, I carried these myself to relieve my pony; they were slung at the bow of my saddle, a genuine Spanish saddle, for which I must avow something of an affection. There are two other appurtenances none rides without—a prodigious pair of spurs, and a lariette, or long halter, always kept around your horse's neck, and coiled up in front of the saddle when you are riding. It was my destiny to ride if not entirely unarmed, at least all alone; my Rosinante was not fresh, for he had been ridden a long way in the morning; so at a steep, rough hill—that is, a hill I then thought steep and rough—I dismounted, and led him; but after a few minutes he turned refractory, and broke my bridle all to bits; it must have been rotten enough previously; even if you have a thong or two of leather in your pocket—and it is well not to travel without them—it will take you some minutes to mend a broken bridle, and several more to experimentalize on a Spanish bit, if you have not observed their application previously; so by the time all was square again my Spanish friend, the ex-vice-consul, was far out of sight, as soon happens on an up-and-down serpentine bridle-road; sundry messages from in front reached me through the mouths of home-returning villagers, certainly not Homer's "articulate-speaking men;" but I, poor soul! knowing but a trifle of Spanish, and none of the names of villages, failed to apprehend their import, and most innocently rode on a league past the hamlet where my now ex-companion was waiting

for me. Next morning he passed my sleeping village unseen by me, and the next time we met it was in the Grand Plaza of Mexico; as he was in a great hurry to get to the capital, and I was in none at all, our separation was really a very lucky one.

When you are riding along bridle-paths alone after dark, or by the uncertain light of the moon setting behind the woodland, yourself very uncertain of your way, too, and every moment feeling surer of having gone wrong, from not reaching the expected village—just then the bark of a dog is the most welcome of all sounds. Venta had no inn; none of the villages have; indeed there are but three or four posadas between Acapulco and Cuernavaca, ninety-three leagues; but if you ask long enough you will always find a roof, and it will not be much more than a roof, to cover you. The walls of the cottages are mere wicker-work, fastened to the corner-posts that support the roof; the latter is generally substantial, to resist the rainy season, and always projects into a sort of verandah, under cover of which the fire is built and the cooking goes on. The breath of a hungry traveler soon blows up the smoldering ashes, and by the time I had seen to my horse having his provender, my own was ready; bread, chocolate, fried eggs, and beans, spread out in the verandah; for inside the cottage about a score of women were kneeling and chanting before a small altar lit up with a few candles; their voices were not specially sweet, but the simple beauty of the chant itself, the earnest devotional feeling of those who sang, and most of all, the stillness of the hour, produced a harmony more than sweet; at the commencement of a journey it seemed "to meet and greet one on the way;" and with my revolver under my head, and the strain yet in my ears, I fell asleep; not in bed, pray do not expect beds, the villagers have no such luxuries, but only mats of woven rushes that you may spread on the ground, and provide your own pillow.

Fully a couple of hours before daylight the muleteers of a train of pack-mules were busy feeding their animals and preparing their own breakfast. Hardly a day but I met or passed a train of forty or fifty mules, with four or five muleteers to keep them going and refasten the packs that are continually shifting; they carry their provisions along with them, and also grain for their mules, and a long trough of matting to feed them in. Their noise awoke me: a bit of bread was soon munched, Rosinante was soon saddled, and we were off, as the clouds before us had the faintest tinge of saffron, while the morning star was yet undimmed. To have waited for a substantial meal would have been to lose the prime. O those delightful rides "in solitude, yet not alone," along narrow paths, shaded, even after the sun was high in the heavens, by flowering trees of every kind and color, that load the air with perfume, or arched overhead by the convolvulus in all its varieties, from the little yellow one, no bigger than a golden thimble for the most delicate of fingers, to the large white that might rival a magnolia. The convolvulus, with its tangled growth, embowers the whole country, so that the unsunned rivulets flow cool across your path: and all this is among mountains wild and rocky as those of the Highlands, and infinitely more irregular in their formation: this union of sternness and beauty is the greatest charm of all. At the top of one steep, rugged hill, I stopped a breathing space, and looking back, had my last gaze on the far-off Pacific. Heat and thirst are apt to diminish sentiment, and even enjoyment, and still more so is an upset from your horse: after a long drink from one of the cool streams, I thought to mount as at other times, but my gallant gray thought otherwise, and for the first time with me, played his darling trick of kicking and bolting at the critical moment, so that the saddle-girth broke three parts in two, and the saddle turned, and sent me to the ground—a very neat spill; but from my having hold of the lariette, the horse could not escape, and after dragging me a short distance, came to a stand. All this was in the way of business, and did not prevent our reaching Dos Arroyos (Two Streams) in due season. "Puedo almorzar aqui?" (Can I breakfast here?) quoth I, at the first promising cottage. "Si, Señor, blancos y tortuyas?" Huevos is the legitimate word for eggs, blancos the village term: tortuyas are the national bread of Mexico, as much as oat-cake is of Scotland, but they more nearly resemble scones: the women soak the corn [Indian corn] in lye and water till it is hulled; then pound it with an iron roller on a flat stone, and taking lumps in their hands,

cydides would say, and with an idea that speaking Spanish with an English pronunciation, made it easier of understanding to a foreigner; the result was most unintellible gibberish. But while he talked I had across the street better occupation for eyes and every sense: two such forms and faces as you rarely see; such as you might take for an ideal of Shakspeare's fairest Italian heroines; oval faces, hair black, but not jet-black; eyes dark, clear, soft, and laughing; complexion a delicate brunette; the stature that most graceful for women; and the throat and whole figure, though slight, yet of a symmetry that not even the folds of the long mantilla, flung a second time over the left shoulder, could entirely conceal. The sisters of Chilpansingo disappeared all too soon: I hovered about a long while, as a moth might around a dark lantern, in the hope of at least seeing the light, if it cannot burn itself, and at last went home in safety and darkness.

It would be hard to condemn all Mexican inns upon a single specimen; but the *Meson di San Francisco* was the dullest of hostelries. The house and verandah occupied two sides of an inner court-yard, and on to the verandah opened sundry rooms, or cells, or sepulchers. Cuarto No. 6, about twelve feet square, contained three or four old chairs, a small table, and a sort of bedstead, covered with leather, but not with bedding; the walls were of solid stone, without windows or any way of exit but through narrow folding-doors of oak, four inches thick. Perhaps I am a coward; but I never could get over the feeling that some one could, if not possibly, at least conceivably, shut me in; and careless of my revolver, looked only at my powder-flask, and examined the practicability, with that limited amount, of blowing the door or door-lock open. Any way it is dull work, "sitting alone, singing alone," and dining alone; no delightful siesta in the long grass hammock swung from corner to corner of the house; no chatting with the lively muchachas; and, to do Mexican village girls justice, though blessed with a rather Indian complexion, while young they are commonly and uncommonly pretty; then what a comfort that all the long noonday not a man is to be seen; whether they are out at work or at play, one neither knows nor cares. A girl's curiosity makes her more pleasant and more piquant, perhaps flatters the traveler; but for "los hombres," their curiosity becomes impertinence, or at least a bore; then you pick up the language from the women; they understand you; but you never understand the men. In the evenings one had to make the best of it, but often when supper was over, and I stood smoking in the moonlight, some inquisitive muchacha would come out for a talk, instead of lying down in-doors with the rest on a mat, by the splinter of pitch pine stuck aslant in the ground, and serving for a candle. Thus every one will see the preferability of a cottage to an inn. But, perhaps fitly, this night, the eve of the Crucifixion, was set apart for less worldly and sensuous occupation. The church (only the second I had seen since Acapulco; the villages have none) was crowded with both sexes. Except a short sermon from a very fat old priest, there was no service, but an arrangement of images, and preparation for a procession. The continual adjustment of dresses and lights gave me painfully the idea of being behind the scenes at a theater; but one could not deny there was something effective, though theatrically so, in the ghastly pallor of the Saviour; at one time clothed in the purple robe, and crowned with thorns, at another, blindfolded and buffeted. A second figure was that of the Virgin; and a third male figure I could not understand. At last the procession formed, and paraded the principal streets, accompanied by lamps, and followed by a multitude of people carrying candles; the brightness of the Paschal moon took off from their effect, but the serenity of a tropical night added much to that of the measured steps and solemn chanting of the priests and the bearers of the images. All knelt down as they passed, myself included, who have no personal fear of symbolism, nor any admiration of an obtrusive, unaccommodating Protestantism. The next evening there was similarly a procession, but only of a bier followed by the Virgin.

To Sumpango, a small town three leagues from Chilpansingo, there was almost a carriage-road, but I saw no vehicles, nor even a wheel-rut anywhere. I now, for the first time, began to hear the word "revolution," rumors and conjectures of what had taken place at Puebla, and not unfrequent questionings whether Acapulco had "pronounced," or Alvarez was there. From Sumpango to Mescala

the journey is twelve leagues, without an inhabited house; there is at one point a small deserted hamlet, deserted at the time of the revolution, people told me, but what revolution they meant I could not exactly find; probably that of 1855, when Santa Anna was turned out. The American war is hardly known as more than a myth in such a lack of reading. The route lay the whole distance along the Cañada, or River bottom, an ignorance of which word sent me two thousand feet or so in steep zigzags up a mountain side; the error found, it was too late in the afternoon to attempt twelve leagues; and the rider I had met asked me into his cottage, and afterward refused any payment. I was not sorry to have returned to the town, for one object of interest I had overlooked —a ruined church, with a solitary palm-tree beside it; a poet might have found something to write of that tree, separated from all its kindred by forty leagues, alone in a dreary valley, and beside a ruin. I only said, "Thou and I, tall tree, are strangers here!"

Long before daybreak on Easter morning, guns were firing and music was playing, and villagers were dribbling in, as, along with the twilight, I left Sumpango; this time in the right direction. The ravine was often narrow, and the mountains on either side high and steep enough, but they had neither the grandeur of bare rock nor the beauty of a luxuriant vegetation; only a few flowering trees of the duller sort. Higher up were whole leafless woods, and everywhere different species of cactus, almost itself a tree; possibly the blossoms just opening may alter their appearance, but those tall upright pillars of dull green are particularly hateful to me; the villagers, from hence almost to the table-land, use them in fences around their cottages or corrals. Strange to say, in a few wooded parts of the Cañada I saw greater variety of birds than on any previous day; the little scarlet bird, that can settle on the lightest spray, was absent, and turtle-doves were common lower down; but green parroquets, and the woodpecker with his gorgeous crest of crimson, were entirely new; while the lizards, as of old, flashed to and fro in the sunshine. A burning sunshine it was, as the day advanced, and, worst of all, and most unexpectedly, on a sudden the stream I had crossed half a mile before was dry; not a drop of water lay between the white pebbles. Of course, traveling down stream it is hopeless to look for water till you reach some greater stream, of which this is a tributary; that I knew to be five leagues off, and five very bad leagues too; so there was no help but a pistol-bullet; not as a substitute for a bare bodkin, but to chew; I offered my horse one, but he would not try it.

Perhaps I had spent Easter-day as well riding as resting, for the first thing I saw after dismounting at Mescala was a scion of the family returning, most crestfallen, with a defunct cock, its blood still dripping from a large gaping wound; my hostess, without a word of pity, began at once to pluck and clean it; for my part, I was not sorry my own meal was already on the fire. In the evening there was a gay fandango. Beside the village flows the Rio de Mescala, a smooth, deep, and exceedingly rapid river, some fifty or sixty yards wide; my host and another man agreed for three reales to put me across; one swam the horse over, the other swam over, towing me and my property on a raft of wicker-work and gourds, five or six feet square. We drifted a long way down stream, but got over safely; this primitive method of transit, however, though well enough for a single traveler, must be a long business with a whole train of pack mules. While breakfasting at the hamlet of Chaletla, an alcalde, with four or five armed men as an escort, rode up, and presently began to inspect my gray, as he ate his corn and sacate in the shade; sacate are the blades of corn which are sold in small bundles, two or three for a reale. Now the appearance of Rosinante was not so magnificent as to attract any special admiration; far from it; having come to work fresh from a scanty pasture, for round Acapulco there is little feed, he was "flaco, mucho flaco," very thin, though free to eat as much as he liked; so this scrutiny could not be flattering, nor was it contemptuous, but in truth detective. Presently his worship (in Spanish countries every one is "your worship") beckoned me to come to him; half way was as much as was consistent with the dignity of the British lion, "Your horse," said he, "has the brand of this village; it is stolen, and you must give it up." To this I answered, with Anglo-Saxon brevity, that I knew nothing about

the brands; that I had paid for the horse; it belonged to me, and I meant to keep it; if he wanted to know more he could see my passport, at the same time handing him that document; he read it, but persisted till I had blustered a little about "el consul Britannico." Then, said he—for an old shepherd's plaid shooting-jacket and a woolen shirt leaves a man's status a little in doubt—"what is your trade or profession?" "That's none of your business," I thought, but answered indirectly; to wit, that I was traveling to Méjico and Vera Cruz, and afterward to the Estados Unidos and Inglaterra, if it should seem good to me. A man must take what he can get, and the alcalde could get no more; I was turning to go away, when he continued, "Tiene aguardiente la?" pointing to the cottage, where my saddle, etc., were deposited. "No, Señor," I answered, very truly, though rather doubtful whether he thought me a smuggler or merely wanted a drink himself: "No, Señor, y V. tiene V. aguardiente?" not from any wish to insult him, but to discover the object of his question. The answer, however, was a shot through the body, for all his attendants burst into a roar of laughter at the notion, while I politely bowed, and he, muttering what in English would sound very like a strong oath, ordered a start at once, and rebuking his fellows, rode away. As he possessed a superfluity of official self-consequence, no pity whatever was needed for his mortification.

The sun was still high when, after a long ride over broad plains and slopes of dry grass-land, I crossed the Sierra, and descended into the valley; one very like those of Utah, and treeless but for the large dark grove concealing all of Eguala except the white dome of its church. Eguala is a large village with a small town at its core, and the place beyond which they of Chilpansingo and Mescala assured me there were "muchos ladrones," and traveling alone "sin compañero," one would certainly be robbed. No people like disrepute at their own door, so Eguala declares the road safe twelve leagues further, but then an abundance of robbers, for in the existence of these somewhere all agree. The *Meson di San Francisco* was enough for an experience of posadas, and I looked out for some private house to pass the night at: after a few refusals came the welcome "Sì, Señor, aquì si quiere V."—You can stay here if you like. Thereupon the front folding-doors of the house were thrown open, and I rode through the principal apartment, the long room in all Mexican town houses, into a court-yard behind; under the verandah were seated three señoras, one of them painting some flowers. She was a handsome, dark-eyed girl, and rather handsomely dressed; the peculiarity consisted in letting her rich black hair fall to her waist wholly unconfined by comb or ribbon; most girls wear it bound up, and with a pin of gold, if they possess as much wealth, passing through and holding it. But the señora had not judged ill: and the grace with which she flung back the dark tresses from her forehead and from the saffron kerchief around her throat, such as dark-haired gipsies love to use, was a charming individuality that harmonized with her rare archness and laughing yet eager curiosity. "Sientese V.," said she, offering me a chair as I entered the verandah after unsaddling my horse. We soon fell into conversation upon my day's journey and the terribly unpronounceable name of the last village, and the flowers she was painting, freshly plucked from among a myriad of blossoms in the court—the Portugal or flore di Felfa, (as she called it,) and the rose, the flore di Castilla. Some dull visitors then came in and broke up our *téte-à-tête*; but after chocolate, the delicious chocolate, served up in the tiniest mugs of porcelain, as if any more of such deliciousness would be overpowering, we sat and talked and talked. The Señora must know more about me; was I really Yngles and not Frances? Certainly I was. And had I ever been at London? O yes, I lived there all my life. And the Palacio di Cristallo, was it "mucho grande," and at Hyde Park, was it not? and who could have thought it would be moved elsewhere and made "mucho mas grande." And England was not a republic, we had a Reina, and what was her name, and was she "hermosa" (beautiful)? To all this I answered very loyally, and the señora expressed her admiration of a country governed by a beautiful queen who could not oppress you if she would, and would not if she could. Then France, that was not a republic now, it had an emperor; was he not related to "el grande Napoleon?" Yes, I said, he had been president, and behaved like a

scoundrel, and made himself absolute; but such things take place so often in Mexico, that my little bit of political morality was quite thrown away on the fair señora. And there was an empress, was there not, a Castilian lady, and was she, too, beautiful, and had I seen her? Yes, she was "mucho, mucho hermosa;" I had seen her myself, so there was no mistake. The señora looked proud of her countrywoman. And were the English Christians? Yes, said I. Ah, that was better than the Americanos, they were not Christians, they were anything; and how many brothers and sisters had I, and how many of them were married, and was I married myself? No, señora, I never was at Eguala before. And how old was I, and what was my birthday, and who was my patron saint? The last was more than I could say. O, she must know; there was an almanac somewhere; so after due examination it turned out San Herculano was my patron, at which the señora laughed a good deal, so I take it he is a saint of small account, and the señora herself could not have told me much about him. However, I promised, in memory of her, to build him a chapel—in Spain, of course. Then she gave me a brilliant description of Méjico, with its "muchas yglesias" and convents, in one of which she had been educated; and very well educated too, except perhaps in point of geography, on which her knowledge was a good deal like that of Katinka or Dudu. "Spain's an island near Morocco, between Egypt and Tangiers."

Beyond Eguala the route passes through one or two fine mountain valleys, and from time to time comes upon pieces of wide road. Wherever cutting on a mountain side has been necessary, it has been done well, and as a commencement of a carriage road to Acapulco, which has long been talked of, and ought long since to have been made. At one village I had to dismount, pay a reale as toll, and write my name in a book; a ticket being given me in exchange, and asked for a few leagues further on. Presently I reached the Rio d'Amacusac, apparently a sluggish stream, except where I forded it, for by this time the country again consists of plains and low hills; there is a little town and church on the river side, and of the same name. A league beyond passed by the Sienda di S. Gabriel, a fine monastery and church, surrounded by beautiful gardens, with cocoa-trees and other tropical productions that are exotics here; bright streams of water pass through and along the walls, and the plain all around is irrigated by means of little channels. Another league brought me to Ixtla, a town known as Puente d'Ixtla, or the Bridge of Ixtla, the first of any kind from the Pacific coast. My host here was a troublesome fellow. Unluckily I had let out the name California, a magic spell wherever you go. Growing sleepy, I put my haversack down as a pillow; but I was from California; of course it had "oro" in it; my host, no doubt, sat watching it the whole time I slept. At the first opportunity, he lifted it: Heavens! what a weight! it was oro, then; his eyes glistened; alas! nothing but some bullets and a heavy bullet-mold. He felt my saddle; evidently would have liked to have felt me; and though finding no trace of oro, retained to the last an undiminished belief that I had quantities of it somewhere. He tried hard to stick a horse, or saddle, or spurs into me at a long price; and failing that, his own company, the least acceptable of all, and as a protection against ladrones. The last offer had a dishonest look; yet, sooth to say, I do believe the man had no idea of robbing me, or he could have knocked me on the head when asleep, but California and the idea of "oro" had fascinated him. The good people of Ixtla, like those of Eguala, assured me there was no danger of robbers for another twelve leagues beyond Cuernavaca: and so all through the country the terrible "muchos ladrones" have always been thirty miles or more ahead, and I could never manage to make up the distance. However, Cuernavaca was the end of my solitary ride; a quaint old town, and a stern, gloomy-looking old town, with its gray cathedral church and frowning towers; but high as it is, all the tropical vegetation seems to flourish there, clinging like a young wife around a grim old husband. I sold my horse and saddle for what they would fetch off-hand, and at three in the morning rattled away in the diligencia for that bourne of my expectations, the far-famous Méjico.

Cleverness, says Margaret Percival, is like good-nature, a point always brought forward when there are others which it is desirable to keep in the back ground.

HINDOO EMIGRANTS.

THE writer was one of twenty Englishmen engaged in conveying from East to West two hundred and sixty natives of the Carnatic. Forty of these were women; and thirty children under ten years of age; the remainder, youths or adult men. Most of the males were strictly coolies or laborers, chiefly agricultural; but some had exercised specific arts or callings, as metal-workers, bricklayers, painters, basket-makers, cloth-weavers, barbers, milkmen, confectioners, washermen, shoemakers. One had been employed in making garlands for native festivals and funerals. Many had been gardeners, drawers of toddy from the palmyra trees, bullock or bandy drivers, and a number had worked in the paddy-fields. Several had been "boys" or palanquin-bearers, some peons, policemen, or messengers; others, domestic servants, cooks, or horsekeepers. One had been a sepoy. Two had been schoolmasters, of whom one could read and write English imperfectly. About a dozen had been to the Mauritius as free emigrants, and had there acquired some knowledge of French. Fifteen of the party were Mussulmans, six or eight Roman Catholics, and of the remaining about fifty were Pariahs. Their ages varied, but by far the greater number were in the prime of early manhood.

Their complexions were of all shades, from light bronze or yellow, through rich chestnut brown, to dark olive, bordering on black. The children were the fairest, but among adults there was a wide range. The younger men were especially handsome, with open oval countenances, fine eyes and teeth, smooth soft skins, and well-proportioned forms. Some were, of course, of less graceful mold, but scarcely any were misshapen, and a few were of peculiarly attractive aspect. The women were inferior to the men in personal appearance.

Though amply supplied with clothing by the government emigration authorities at Madras, they made little use of it on board, and dressed as they were accustomed to do on shore. The men contented themselves with a cloth round their loins; the garment of the women was a long cotton cloth, wrapped and folded so as to conceal the trunk, and descending to the knees, or a little below them. Simple as were the materials, there was much scope for elegance and taste in the way in which this female drapery was worn. They invariably left the head uncovered; the men sometimes did the same, but at other times investing it with a turban or cap. In both sexes the feet and legs were bare. Young children were quite nude, but had a string round the middle, to which the forecloth would afterward be attached.

Unpretending, however, as was their costume, these coolies were as profuse in ornaments as their means would allow. The women, if unable to procure bracelets of the precious metals, wear rings of glass upon their wrists, and the greater the number of these rings, the better are they pleased. As they are necessarily drawn on over the hands, they fit loosely upon the arms, and clank one on the other as the wearer moves. Rings of silver, pewter, or brass, in lieu of more costly fabrics, are worn upon the fingers and toes, and rings or jewels hang from the tip and sides of the nose. The neck is encircled with strings of beads, or decorated with tassels and trinkets of various devices, suspended from a cord. The lobe of the ear is perforated, and through the aperture is introduced a coil of painted paper or palm leaf, wound on itself like a watch-spring. By contrivances such as these, the lobe is sometimes much elongated, and converted into an open circle, larger in circumference than the whole remaining portion of the ear. Little children are decked with necklaces, bracelets, and rings, before they assume a particle of clothing. Among men, ear-jewels are frequent, and in a few may be observed the pendent lobe. Some also wear finger and toe rings.

In the arrangement of their hair, these emigrants exhibited a great diversity of taste, with much of what some might call an absence of all taste. It was frequent with the men to shave the head, except a tuft on the crown and at the sides. The hair of the vertex is never cut, and is sometimes long enough to reach the waist. It is either plaited into a queue or tied into a knot, or suffered to hang disheveled. The hair is occasionally cut in the most fantastic shapes and patterns, and at other times permitted to preserve its natural growth and appearance. The women leave it as nature formed it, and in them it is often luxuriant and beautiful. It is

generally lank and soft; in a few instances thick and curling. In young children it may be brown; in adults always black, but soon whitens with age. Most of the women had their arms tattoed in blue, but there was nothing remarkable in the devices. The other prevalent adornments, if such they may be called, were the usual idolatrous symbols. The Vishnuvites paint three yellow lines, diverging upward from the root of the nose; the Sivaites present three parallel horizontal white lines across the forehead, breast, and upper arms; and it is common with them to have a vertical blue line down tho center of the forehead. It was the absence of these marks that chiefly distinguished from the rest the Mohammedans and Roman Catholics.

Both sexes were sadly inattentive to personal cleanliness. Every morning, however, they might have been seen in rows along the deck, washing their mouths, and rubbing their teeth with pieces of stick, kept for the purpose. This was not neglected, even if it included the whole ceremony of ablution. They were also in the habit of frequently pouring water on their feet. The principal occupation of the women was that of destroying the vermin with which they were infested.

Their food was according to a dietary scale prescribed by government, and was more liberal than their necessities or inclinations required. Rice was the staple article, to which the other ingredients, the dholl—a species of pulse, the salt fish, the ghee or clarified butter, the tamarinds, and savory herbs, were rather regarded as accessories. Each day's first duty was to serve out in one mass the requisite amount of provisions for the whole. The subsequent appropriation and preparation of this food were left to the emigrants themselves. It was for the most part conducted by a certain few, who possessed more activity than their neighbors, and sufficed to occupy them all the morning. The rest were perfectly willing to be exempt from any trouble but that of eating. The proper quantity of rice they estimated by a measure brought with them, which allotted to each about twenty-four ounces a day; and having been duly proportioned, it was set to boil in large pans. A cook-house was provided on either side of the ship, one for men of caste, the other for Pariahs and Mussulmans. Mohammedans will not eat unless the cook be of the faith, but Pariahs are quite content to take their food at Moorish hands. One day, at the commencement of the voyage, the Mohammedan cook refused to act, in consequence of some offense he had received, and his place having been taken by a Pariah, the Mussulmans refused to eat. They demanded a fresh supply, but, with a view of correcting such evils for the future, the request was disregarded. One of the number, however, whose flesh was weak, although his name was Tippo Saib, partook of the accursed thing, and thereby provoked an indignant outbreak on the part of the "true believers." The torrent of abuse poured forth, by one youth in particular, was overwhelming and terrific. Of execrations and expletives they have no lack. but the denouncement most in vogue is that of all kinds of defilement and dishonor to the female relatives of the offender, past, present, and to come. A Hindoo, one morning, was detected eating meat that he had obtained from the ship's cook, and had a sentence of excommunication passed upon him by those of his own caste, though with none of the violence of the Mussulman proceedings. The Pariahs will eat anything. The greatest difficulty in provisioning the emigrants related to the article of water. At first there was much grumbling about the scantiness of the supply, although the consumption exceeded the stipulated allowance of three quarts a head per day. So one morning the distribution was given up into their own hands, and as it was so managed that many did not obtain any at all, we had in the evening a rather serious disturbance. After this we had to watch it ourselves, but by degrees they learned to practice greater discretion and equity, and a better understanding soon prevailing among all classes, they could safely be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. In the cooler weather experienced in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the allowance of water was more than they needed, and the only article of which the full prescribed amount was ever in demand was tobacco.

Smoking was their great solace, but they had some positive and defined amusements. A tumtum or native drum had been provided for them, and when first introduced, occasioned much merriment; but as, in their music, noise is the chief element, the instrument was soon disabled

and laid aside. There was a good deal of singing among them, and they had many rhyming tales or fables, but the sounds to which they rehearsed them scarcely deserved the name of tunes. Men would dance in circles to a measured step, clapping their hands or striking short sticks; but women never joined in the exercise. The only sedentary game remarked was one played with counters upon a diagram, like a draught-board, chalked on the deck for the purpose, and seemed to partake of chance and skill combined. Many of the youths amused themselves with athletic sports, and there was a general tendency to cheerfulness and mirth, with no deficiency of resource as to pastimes. During the lovely weather we enjoyed while running through the southeast trade of the Atlantic, their fondness for grotesque dressing, mummery, and practical joking was pursued in a more systematic manner; and with the aid of some rude scenery, and a concerted plan, they got up a kind of theatrical entertainment. We Europeans were ceremoniously invited to witness the performance, in which, so far as we could comprehend it, there was little to admire, but as a means of harmless diversion to a native audience, it was not to be despised.

On this, as on other occasions, we were necessarily much indebted to the services of the professed interpreters; but such lingual acquirements as passed muster with the authorities at Madras, were far below the standard that strangers like ourselves would have found it desirable to impose. One only of this official class spoke fluent English. He was a smart young man, who had been servant to an officer, and could converse with equal apparent ease in four of the languages of India, but his character was by no means a model of propriety. The vernacular tongues of the people were the Tamil and Telugu, and the Mussulmans among themselves used the Hindoostanee, which they have derived from their migratory forefathers, but it is not generally known to the heathen inhabitants of Southern India. The Telugu natives were about a fourth of the entire number, but most of them could speak Tamil also, and many of Tamil extraction were acquainted with Telugu. A knowledge of the two languages would seem to prevail extensively; but while they have common affinities, they are very unlike in details. The Telugu men who worship Vishnu are the proper Hindoos. From fifteen to twenty on board were able to read and write with ease. Some denied that they could do either; but on trial it was found that they could form and pronounce the numerous alphabetical characters and combinations of their native language. The number of these letters and sounds is something formidable to an English student of the Tamil. Others said that they could read; yet when books were placed in their hands they were evidently at a loss. It seemed a common occurrence that they should know their alphabet, picked up, it may be, from their parents or playfellows, without possessing, under ordinary circumstances, an opportunity for further acquirements. The information thus gained would be almost mechanical, and of little practical utility. The inquiries made with a view of testing their attainments, led to a great rage for cultivating the literary arts. Paper, pens, and ink were eagerly asked for, or else they were content with borrowing or contriving styles for engraving the palmyra-leaf. Some became teachers, others learners; and from morning to night, for several days, the ship resounded with the accustomed din of a school-room. Each little world, like the larger one, has its fashions and its toys, pursued intensely while they last, but easily changed and soon forgotten. But every encouragement was given to the emigrants to favor their efforts for improvement; and it is to be hoped that, during the voyage, all learned something which may have contributed to their subsequent advantage.

Two births took place into our community. The attendant process, with Hindoo women, appears to involve little suffering or restraint. They had among them a species of medical and surgical practice. In local hurts and pains they trusted much to local applications, poultices of tamarind, or dholl, or anything they could procure, chunam rubbed upon the spot, frictions, and shampooing. For inward complaints their great remedy was "pepper-water," a warm infusion of aromatic herbs and spice, with onions and sugar. Castor-oil was the medicine with which they were best acquainted, and with the use of opium they were too familiar. To prevent or cure convulsions in children, they were in the habit of scarring the body with red-hot needles. This proceeding

was chiefly regarded as a charm, though the counter-irritation might have some effect. They would also fasten strings round their limbs, both as amulets during disease and as votive tokens after recovery. These were called *sawmy*, and supposed to have some sacred character or consequence. This word was of the commonest application in reference to the creed of heathenism. It entered into their most familiar patronymics, the equivalents of our Jones and Smith, as Ramasawmy, Veerasawmy, Venketasawmy, Mootoosawmy, Moonesawmy, Rungasawmy, Appasawmy, Chiunasawmy. Some man would occasionally rant and rave, as if divinely or demoniacally inspired, throw himself into paroxysms resembling epilepsy, and then give vent to incoherent sayings, while the bystanders looked on with superstitious reverence and awe. This was explained as being the work of Sawmy—that is, of some good genius, whose influence had been invoked, or else of some evil genius whom there was a struggle to expel. Such an exhibition was several times presented, and it reminded us of the pythonesses of old, or of the "possessed" of the Gospel narrative.

To the dark and uncertain teachings of their heathenish creed may be traced their moral imbecility, and especially their propensity to suicide. On two occasions, when morning broke, alarm was given of a comrade missing; and the only conclusion at which we could arrive was, that he had voluntarily drowned himself during the night. Both had been on the sick list, though not dangerously indisposed; and no motive for the deed could be alleged but their general want of power to bear up against suffering of any kind. Threats, and even attempts at suicide took place, as the result of disputes and annoyances, and but for interference would have been carried into execution. The emigrants were sadly prone to regard trifles in the worst light, and exalt them into affairs of serious importance. They were deficient in moral energy to resist physical evil, soon became depressed, and thus were unable to raise their fallen spirits. This was especially the case with bodily ailments and disasters; those vexations and disturbances which so often arose among them, were found, when analyzed, to originate in the most absurd and trivial causes. Although so fond of quarreling, they were not much addicted to fighting. They were lavish in the foulest abuse, and indulged in menacing gestures, but they rather avoided than courted a close engagement, and a few blows soon dismayed them. Tall, stout men would cry like children, if perchance the assault they received were more than verbal; and in all their disputes there was little danger of their doing one another much harm. They were frequently vexed with the question who among them should be greatest? Some pretended that before embarking they had been invested with a kind of authority or pre-eminence, and would occasionally appeal to the ship's officers for confirmation of their claims. From the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth, it was generally advisable not to interfere; but care was always taken to correct any evident mistakes, and to prevent the exercise of improper liberties. They were treated with uniform kindness; and on the whole their conduct was good. At no time had we to deal with positive disaffection or disrespect. Some who at first occasioned a degree of trouble and anxiety afterward became orderly, civil, and industrious. At the termination of the voyage there was in all a perceptible improvement in condition and demeanor.

When the hour of parting arrived, not women and children only, but men also, showed evident signs of sorrow and reluctance. Much of this may have resulted from timidity or doubt as to their future lot, but much of it arose, we fully believe, from pure regret and grateful estimation of the care they had received. They were not landed direct in Georgetown, but sent to estates up the River Demerara, or along the coast, in small schooners belonging to the proprietors. Our coolies were distributed among five different estates, in gangs of fifty, formed by mutual arrangement, according to caste or family and social connection, each party having an interpreter; and most of them had to travel from twenty to thirty miles. Every one was furnished with a passport, which, after five years' service, would procure for him a free return to his native country if he chose to demand it. On the estates they were to be accommodated with lodging and medical attendance free of charge. For the first fortnight or month they were supplied with food in lieu of wages; they

afterward would earn according to their amount of labor, being paid in the same proportion as Africans or Madeirans. For hard toil they were not well suited; but what they undertook they would execute with neatness; and there was enough in the necessities of the colony to give them all remunerative employment.

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

UNSATISFACTORY SOLUTIONS.

FOOLISH attempts to get over any of the difficulties of that great mystery, the "Origin and Permission of Evil," by insufficient solutions, are irritating to skepticism, rather than sedative. For example, look at that hypothesis (not even plausible if we go at all below the surface) which Deists often resort to by way of accounting for the stupendous *physical* evil of the universe, the "Sad Accident" column of the world's daily journal; namely, the supposed inevitable effect of the establishment of "general laws." It really throws no light whatever on the mystery. "If 'general laws' be established," say our wise philosophers, "it would be unreasonable to demand their *suspension* in order to avoid occasional *accidents*; if the 'law of gravitation' be in force, a man falling down a precipice will break his leg or his neck." To be sure, if he *does* fall down a precipice; no one wants him to be suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. Certainly that were as unreasonable as the suspension of the "*law*." But is the suspension either of the man or the law the only alternative? Might not the more "general" laws be so combined with the *secondary* laws which, as we see in fact, modify their effects, that they should never be otherwise than beneficial? Nay, *are* they not already so combined as to secure this end in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand? and will any one pretend that not even Infiinite Power and Wisdom could have prevented the solitary thousandth case of accident also? Is not the muscular system of animals, for example, so perfect that ten thousand people shall pass by a precipitous road on a mountain side, and not even one of them fall, though if he *does* fall he will doubtless be dashed to atoms? Are not horses, and dogs, and asses, men, women, and children, wriggling in and out all day through the streets of the city, and not half a dozen "accidents" in the four and twenty hours? Are not tens of thousands of fires blazing, and billions of sparks flying about there from morning to night, and yet is not a conflagration a comparative rarity? Would it be *impossible* for Omnipotence, had it so pleased, to combine the general laws and the secondary laws in such a way that this infinitesimal residue of exceptional mischief should *not* occur, without any suspension or removal of the more general laws, seeing that it would only be doing in *every* case what is already done in the immense *majority* of cases? One would imagine, to hear some of these philosophers talk, that the said "general laws" can prove their existence and vindicate their dignity only by punishing an occasional violation of them or producing a certain small amount of misery; as if the law of gravitation could not be sufficiently valued for its innumerable beneficial and beautiful results unless the equally admirable and beautiful laws of muscular action failed now and then (though very rarely) to adapt themselves to it, and to counteract the evil consequences thereof; as though it could not be adequately estimated unless it now and then broke a leg or a neck, or sent a sensitive creature flying through the air!

No; say that the stupendous and varied miseries of our world, stupendous, I mean *absolutely* considered, but really not so if viewed in *comparison* with the good, have been allowed to enter it for reasons which we cannot comprehend, but which are especially connected with man's moral condition and education, (and hardly anybody that is not an idiot will refuse to acknowledge, in the consciousness of his ignorance, that it may be so,) and then faith, finding that reason affirms its own valid grounds for believing in the dominion of an intelligent and benevolent Ruler quite independent of all such difficulties, is able to confront, though it cannot vanquish them. But it irritates reason and faith too (at least it does mine) to be treated with solutions that are worse than none.

I am the more surprised when I find, as I occasionally do, some *Christians* using the above argument of "general laws," as an answer to the difficulties in question,

since *they* at least professedly believe in the *possibility* of a world in which, though there will doubtless be "general laws," those laws will as certainly be combined with such mental, moral, and physical conditions (whatever these last may be) of the inhabitants that, as the ages of eternity roll round, there will be no "sad accidents" to mar the universal felicity. Men *ought* to conclude, on such principles as those just commented on, that Omnipotence cannot prepare such a place, consequently there will be none; that heaven itself will now and then exhibit a seraph who has lost his voice, or been lamed in the wing; or a young angel who has strayed into infinite space, and is lost to his disconsolate celestial kinsfolk, or broken his legs or his nose by stumbling on the treacherous smoothness of the jasper pavement!

Akin to such shallow and inadequate hypotheses as that of which I have been speaking is another often insisted on by the Deist and the Christian, by way of illustrating the *benevolence* of the Deity! "How bountifully," say they, "is prey provided for the various species of animals! How exactly fitted is the entire organization of the lion or the shark for seizing, and killing, and devouring his food! How perfectly good is his appetite, and with what *goût* he swallows his dinner! How is all about the sweet beast subservient to his happiness! Yes; but what, in the meantime, is to be said for the *prey?* Is *that* devoured with as much *relish* as the other devours it? Hudibras says:

> Surely the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat;

but I think he would hardly have said:

> Surely the pleasure is as sweet
> In being *eaten* as to *eat!*

I doubt not that the thing is all right; but I cannot accept reasoning which thus refutes itself.

I have even known Deists, and good Christian men, too, go further.

Even in *print*, I have seen it stated, by way of diminishing the impression of general suffering, that as we know that the chase is a great delight of the beast who takes his prey, so we know not what delight there may be in being hunted down (and truly I think we do *not* know!) We are told there *may* be a delicious excitement in the stag or the hare in the attempts to baffle his pursuers! If so, surely he has the oddest ways of showing it. I shall next expect to hear a sentimental angler expatiate on the dear delight the little fishes perchance feel in getting hooked! "Handle him," says old Isaac Walton, in giving directions for impaling a frog or worm on the hook, "handle him tenderly, as though you loved him." "Nay," such a philosophic angler would reply, "I *do* love him, and am proving it; he *likes* to be thus transfixed. His wriggle is but a wriggle of delight."

No; such arguments as these only irritate the mind that listens to them, as all inconclusive arguments are apt to do; it is but special pleading for God, who does not need any such refinements if, as Leibnitz says, we but knew all. "Shall we argue wickedly for God, and speak deceitfully for him?"

We do *not* know all, or rather we know next to nothing, and hence the difficulty; but we know enough, if we attend to it, not to allow ourselves to be baffled by what we do *not* know. From an immensity of proof we may understand that intelligence and wisdom, and for the most part goodness, are prodigally displayed over the whole of creation, and we may find the last confirmed still further by (what I must confess *I* need) revelation; and here we may rest, leaving insoluble difficulties unsolved. As for those connected with the "Origin of Evil," having studied them enough to know that you cannot master them, leave them alone. As Lord Bacon says, though applying the words to another subject, "Give to reason the things of reason, and to faith the things of faith."

If you *will* continue to revolve this mournful mystery, and to yield to its horrible fascination, you will darken and distress your mind. *Experto crede.* And ever remember this, that, however sublime and momentous the theme of our meditations, if it really be beyond us, it is just as much a waste of our energies and our time to meddle with it, as to busy ourselves with the veriest trifles in existence. If you look ever so fixedly into utter darkness, it is but a waste of eyes, and you might as well keep them shut. I would remind you of what some plain preacher once said: "Infinite," said he, "have been the disputes as to the *origin*

of evil; but the real question of importance is, not how we got *into* it, but how we are to get *out* of it."

Should we not be surprised at a man who, having tumbled into a ditch, instead of scrambling out as fast as possible, lay still in the mud, resolving in himself the question, "I wonder how I got here?" About as wise are many who have spent no inconsiderable portion of their time and energies in resolving the question of the origin of "evil" without a thought of how they may evade its consequences.

BIBLICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

LET us imagine that in the process of science a book should be executed of such marvelous materials, that on blank leaves inserted for the purpose, the sunbeam should etch every face that hung over the page until it became a self-illustrated work, a magic gallery of pictured shadows. Something like this is the Bible read in the light of history and biography. In their radiance, it becomes a book from whose every page, and almost every text, the eyes of the great and sainted dead are looking into ours. Here, then, we find Photographs for our Bibles; and we purpose to give illustrations of Scripture by history and biography—to adduce texts or passages of the Bible, intertwined by the law of association, with historical names and events in the annals of the Christian Church.

To begin, then, at once, open the Bible at the fifty-first Psalm.

We may transport ourselves to the 4th of February, 1555. Newgate Prison stands out dark and sullen in the winter morning. Through the long passages, strewed with filthy rushes; through stenches, that of bad fish predominating—stenches that feed fat the pestilence that walketh in darkness, we pass into a little cell. Pause at the iron cage with reverence. There is calmly sleeping the first champion of the Reformed Church, the first martyr of English Protestantism, John Rogers. A step glides into the room. It is the keeper's wife. The prisoner sleeps soundly, for he is at peace with God, and the angels are watching over his head. "Awake, haste, prepare yourself for the fire." "Then," says the martyr, with a quiet smile, "if it be so, I need not tie my points." He is taken from Newgate, first to Bonner for degradation. He meekly beseeches a few words with his wife before the burning, but is answered with a scowl. Meanwhile the procession is formed for Smithfield. The sheriffs walk along with their wands of office; the gruff halberdiers are there, trampling round the pinioned prisoner; priests from the Abbey, apprentices from the Fleet, yeomen from the Tower, merchants from the 'Change, watermen from the Strand, mingle with the crowd. But there is a sound of sobbing among them. A mother appears with a babe at her breast, and ten little ones going and weeping by her side. It is the prisoner's wife. "Come, good John, a free pardon, and go home with thy honest wife and little ones; only renounce thy heresy." Patience, stout and godly heart. A few minutes more, and the pangs of death will be over; and the eyes will have opened on the land where there are no more tears, and the ransomed spirit have received the crown of life. Meanwhile he can leave her nothing but that heart-touching paper found in a dark corner of his cell. "O God! be good to this poor and most honest wife, being a poor stranger; and all my little souls, hers and my children; whom, with all the whole faithful and true catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and death, save, keep, and defend in all the troubles and assaults of this vain world, and bring, at the last, to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. Amen. Amen." But listen. A voice is hushing the noisy throng. It is a psalm which John Rogers sings as he goes. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Opening the Psalms again, almost at hazard, the thirty-first attracts observation. That Psalm recalls the 4th of May, 1535. On that day John Huughton, Prior of the Charter-house, was brought out to Tyburn to suffer for refusing to acknowledge the royal supremacy, as then defined. That noble face, of almost feminine beauty, was pale, but not with terror. The ropes that fastened him to the dreadful hurdle could not disguise the symmetry of his slight and graceful figure. That

fair frame was animated by a gentle spirit. Haughton was not a Protestant; but to him, as to More and Fisher, every Protestant may afford a sigh. In an age when the vices of the Romish priesthood cried to Heaven for vengeance; when their most flagitious offenses were expiated by a fine of a few shillings, or by carrying a taper in a procession; when the monasteries were full of men who had exchanged the hair shirt for fine linen, and a diet of bread or vegetables, with small beer or water, for fat capons, and big-bellied tuns of sherry and sack, Haughton set an example of severe virtue in his own person, and insisted upon regularity in the house over which he presided. His execution is historically remarkable, because it was the first occasion on which the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic was ever brought to the stake. As he knelt down on the scaffold his closing words were taken from the thirty-first Psalm, verses one to five. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," etc. But turn to the Psalm and read for yourself. With these words he made the last sign to the executioners.

Another recollection occurs to us in connection with this Psalm. It is nearly forty years before the last—the 22nd of May, 1498. This time the scene is not in London, but in Florence, by the sunny Arno, under the blue sky of Italy. And the victim is Savonarola. Nine years before he had been preaching near this spot, in the garden of the cloister at San Marco, under a shrubbery of Damascus roses; and his subject had been the Revelation of St. John. Upon the assembled multitude, used to hear scraps of Aristotle and Plato, and the school logic, that pure Scriptural exposition had fallen like spray-drops from the river of God; and as the preacher spoke of the love of Christ, the tears rolled along his cheeks, and the hardest hearts melted like snow. Not many years after, Luther himself published Savonarola's "Exposition of several Psalms," with a preface, in which he recognized the Monk of Florence as one like-minded with himself. Now the great orator has come forth, not to preach, but to die. He had endured long imprisonment; his delicate nerves had felt the tortures of the Inquisition; he had been bound to a pillar by a cord, and suddenly let fall; hot coals had been burned under his feet; and now, with the iron round his neck, and fastened to a faggot, that he might experience at once a double pang, he is quite calm. On what hidden bread has he been feeding his spirit? His last written words were a meditation on the thirty-first Psalm. Doubt and joy alternate until the third verse—"Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore, for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." On this verse he expresses his perfect peace. But he stops; for at that point his writing materials were rudely taken from him.

We have, perhaps, tarried too long beside the stake and gibbet. Take another scene, other Psalms. The place is Versailles; the time, the reign of Louis Quatorze, about the year 1705. All is splendor, for a magnificent ball is to be given. In the morning the hunters have gone out, train after train of splendidly-mounted cavaliers, and the horn has wakened the echoes of the chase. In the sunny afternoon the lords and ladies have lounged along the walks, and by the terraces, through long arcades of poplars and cypress, by jars of exquisite flowers. On they pass, laughing, by the marble fountain, in those rich and stately dresses which the chinas and fans of the times have made familiar to us. The young Duchess of Burgundy is gayest and brightest there. But where is her lord, the heir-apparent to the throne, and grandson to the king? He sits away in his private apartment, far from scenes in which he finds nothing congenial. Our readers will easily find the sketch of his character, as given by St. Simon, or may read it in that exquisite book, Vinet's "History of French Literature." Originally subject to transports of passion, which made him an object of terror; ungovernable in the pursuit of pleasure, sarcastic and overbearing; between the age of eighteen and twenty he had heard that mysterious voice which speaks in courts as well as elsewhere; which may be muffled, but is not lost in the folds of a corrupt Church and a ceremonial religion. The young prince was withdrawing himself from the din of pleasures, whose unsatisfying nature he has discovered. He could say, with one of old,

> The heart is restless ever,
> Until it finds rest in Thee.

Could we see the little book in his hand, which Fenelon has given him, we should find that he has been reading and weeping

over the Seven Psalms which have been called Penitential.

On referring to Isaiah, the fifty-third chapter is especially dear to every Christian heart. "From that chapter," says Bengel, "not only many Jews, but Atheists, have been converted. History records some; God knows all." Two memorable instances there are. One we all remember —the conversion of Candace's treasurer, by Philip. He was a proselyte returning from Jerusalem to Meroe, in Upper Egypt, the capital of the Ethiopian Candace. In his devout abstraction he reads aloud, so that the humble foot traveler, who comes up the chariot, hears what he is repeating. And the place of the Scripture where he read was this: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and, like a lamb dumb before the shearers, so opened he not his mouth."

This beautiful passage of Scripture recalls to us also another triumph of Divine grace, in the person of a different man, in a different scene, in another age. A poet of the day has, with much happiness, compared the thought or line, which the writer sends abroad and forgets, and after many days finds stored in a friend's heart, to the arrow which the archer shoots at random, and discovers in the cleft of a tree. And the Scriptures are the arrows of God, which "are sharp in the heart of his enemies, whereby the people fall under him;" yet the wound is not unto death, but is barbed with love. And the force of the arrow is not spent upon the first object it strikes: its range is from its first sending forth to the end of time: it may have a myriad marks. The same shaft which cleft the Ethiopian's heart, cleft another and a harder. The date is not now the year after Pentecost, but June, 1680. The scene is not by the olives and palms of Gaza, in sight of the long sweep of the Mediterranean; it is in Oxfordshire, near Woodstock. This is the lodge of the then controller of Woodstock Park, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. But there is a stillness about the house: the French valet slips with noiseless tread over the polished oak stairs; the countess passes like a ghost, pale and silent, down the corridor; the Earl is dying—in his thirty-fourth year he is dying. It appears that for many months he has been a changed man. This change was mainly owing to the ministry of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, who has left an account of it in a book, of which Dr. Johnson says, "The critic ought to read it for its eloquence, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Let us give to the tenth of St. Matthew an illustration similar to those already attempted. The place is not far from that in which the penitent Rochester went to his rest—it is the University of Oxford. The time is about a hundred and fifty years earlier, the end of 1527 or 1528. The hero of this story is one Anthony Dalabar, an undergraduate of St. Alban's Hall, whose narrative is given to us in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in the lad's own words. Its vivid pictures of the treatment of the Christian Brethren, as the Protestants were termed, its life-like and unaffected pathos, its minute touches of University life, make it one of the most precious records of the time; one learns more of the age from that narrative than from many an eloquent chapter in a regular historian. Shortly before this time Cardinal Wolsey had founded the great seminary now called Christ Church, at first Cardinal College. The great minister was anxious to attract to his newly established college the rising talent among the young men of England. From Cambridge he invited those students who were the greatest proficients in the elegant literature of the day: John Clarke, Sumner, and Taverner. All three had imbibed Protestant principles, through the tracts and Testaments of the Christian Brothers and London Protestants. Clark was in the habit of reading St. Paul's Epistles in his chambers, and drew round him a knot of young men whose hearts had been touched by grace. At this time one Garret, a Fellow of Magdalen College, came back from London with a supply of books. The cardinal, though somewhat tardily, was beginning to set the bull-dogs upon the track of heresy. The proctors accordingly were on the look-out for Garret, and a meeting was held by the brethren, among whom was our young friend, Anthony Dalabar. Anthony's brother was a priest; and as Garret was in orders, it was arranged that he should go under a feigned name, and take this priest's curacy, in Dorsetshire. Upon his departure, poor Anthony, who had got a bad name, began to think of number one, and resolved to leave his Hall, and enter himself at Worcester College. But as he is spending his

last night at St. Alban's Hall, and reading a precious commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, a thundering knock comes to his door, and who should walk in but Garret—a dear friend of his and of his Saviour—foot-sore, splashed, half dead with fright and hunger. Garret utters an imprudent exclamation, and a person, who in the year 1858 would be called a scout, slips out, evidently to inform. Dalabar says:

> Then kneeled we down together upon our knees, and lifting up our hands to God our heavenly Father, desired him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him, that he might well escape the dangers of all his enemies, if his good pleasure were so. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing, that we all bewet both our faces, and scarcely, for sorrow, could we speak one to another. When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door, and went into my study; and taking the New Testament into my hands, kneeled down upon my knees, and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over St. Matthew x, praying that God would endue his tender and lately-born little flower, in Oxford, with heavenly strength, by his Holy Spirit.

Had we time, we might go on to St. Frideswide's Church that evening. We might see the deans and canons in their gray amices at even-song, and the chapel blazing with lights. The music of the *Magnificat* swells under Taverner's fingers. Then the commissary comes in, and old Dr. London puffs and blusters up the aisle, and the brethren are sorely tried. Here we must bid Dalabar adieu; only remember some of the words that he read and prayed over: "Beware of men, . . . when they deliver you up; take no thought how or what ye shall speak. . . . Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. . . He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

But we must pass on. The fifth of Genesis gives the genealogy from Adam to Noah. We all own the importance of this record, historically; but in a religious point of view, one might be inclined to overlook its significance. We believe it to be a fact, that this particular chapter, read in a church, without note or comment, led to a train of thought, which in one instance, tended to produce a complete change of life. "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and *he died*. All the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; and *he died*. . . . And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty, and nine years; and *he died*." These lives of enormous length crowded into the epitaph of awful brevity—this passing bell of death, hanging silent in the air, whose solemn tongue tolls out its message only about once in a thousand years, and hardly seems to make a vibration in the atmosphere of eternity—led the thoughts of the man we speak of to the things which are unseen. Glance at the twenty-third verse. When Leighton's sister spoke laughingly of his deadness to the world, and remarked, that if he had a family it must be otherwise, the archbishop's reply was, "I wot not how it *would* be, but I know how it *should* be. 'Enoch begat sons and daughters, and he walked with God.'"

The hundred and first Psalm is a strong declaration of David's purpose as a head of a family. "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." There is a fact connected with it which adds to it an especial interest. When Nicholas Ridley was Bishop of London, he used to assemble his household at Fulham, "being marvelously careful over his family, and this was a psalm which he constantly chose. He often used it in the presence of "his mother Bonner," as he affectionately called her, whom he used to place at the head of his table, in presence of the highest of the land—the aged mother of the notorious persecutor.

The hundred and third Psalm will be even more deeply felt by those who recollect what Isaac Walton says in his noble and beautiful life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln. "Now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death. He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment: and during that time did often say to himself the hundred and third Psalm, a psalm that is composed of praise and consolations fitted for a dying soul."

Take that verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. "We may transport ourselves, in thought, to the month of February, 1630. Let us enter the chapel, full of quaint recollections of Holbein and bluff King Hal, so lately the scene of the nuptials of a daughter of England. The Chapel Royal is crowded to excess; for the first preacher in England, Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, has been sum-

moned in his turn: "When he appeared in the pulpit," says his biographer, "many thought he presented himself, not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face." He gave out the text which we have quoted, and the discourse was a meditation upon death. The pale, sad face of the king, grew sadder and paler. The high-born ladies of the court, the youth and beauty of England, had, it may be with some few exceptions, been too much habituated to that particular sort of political sermon which had grown fashionable in the previous reign of the pedant, who had spent so many months in solving the question, "why the divel doth most deal with auncient weemen." But now some of these noble and gentle faces began, for the first time, to grow thoughtful; life, it seemed, had other ends than a court-masque, or a cavalier's serenade. The preacher's streaming tears and hollow voice were never forgotten by many then present. Dr. Donne had delivered his own funeral sermon. He went straight home from the pulpit to his house to die. Or notice one verse in the Canticles, in passing: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." This was exquisitely chosen by the parents of a young lady, who died at Rome of consumption, to place upon her tombstone; but the cardinal censor is said to have refused his permission.

Pass to the New Testament. Who forgets that Juxon read the twenty-seventh of St. Matthew, the second lesson for that day's service, to Charles, just before he passed to the scaffold at Whitehall? Let us imagine a very different scene and date—the orange groves and minarets of Shiraz, the city of the Rose. Henry Martyn, the English missionary, is there, with three Persians. It is the one spot of fairyland in that hard and self-denying life. Where the brook goes babbling over pebbles; where the grapes hang from the vines; where the passing breeze scatters a drift of snowy orange blossoms upon the rivulet; where the nightingale sings in the dewy coolness of the thicket; the little group is sitting in the Khan's garden. There one of them, Aga Baba, read this twenty-seventh of St. Matthew. "The bed of roses beneath which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me," writes Martyn, "as this discourse of the Persian." The portion of the previous chapter which describes the agony in the garden, nerved John Huss for his death; from the experience of his own struggle, he learned to understand that Divine sorrow:

> Truly it is much to rejoice always, and to count it all joy in diverse temptations. Much to fulfill, little to speak. Since that most brave and patient soldier, knowing that on the third day He should rise again, and by his death overcome his enemies, after his last supper was troubled in spirit, and said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Or do we read that verse which Luther has affectionately called the *Bibel in kleinen*, "God so loved the world:" it embraces the two opposite extremes of the human intellect. It has been stated that, in his last illness, Bishop Butler expressed some doubt how he should know that the Lord was a Saviour for him; and that on his chaplain quoting this verse, the bishop said, "True; though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue to this moment; and now I die happy." Now from the majestic intellect and massive brow of the author of the "Analogy," and of those "deep and dark sermons preached in the Rolls Chapel," irradiated with thought and aspiration like a marble dome with the dying sunset, let us turn to the untutored minds, and the foreheads "villainous low," as they have been called, of the Negroes of South Africa. They come to ask for the Bible; they do not recollect, or have never known its name; but they say, "give us the book with the beautiful words, '*God so loved the world.*'" In the life of Perthes, the German bookseller, he observes, on the chapters of St. John's Gospel, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, that they are enough to live by, and enough to die by. Few, however prejudiced against the politics and ecclesiastical views of Laud, can have read his most affecting speech upon the scaffold without sympathy and admiration. His quaint applications of one verse in the eleventh chapter of St. John, may be worth recording:

> Yea, but here is a great clamor that I would have brought in Popery. You know what the Pharisees said: "If we let him alone, all men will believe in him, *et venient Romani*, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation." Here was a causeless cry against Christ, that the Romans would come: and see how just the judgment was. They

crucified Christ, for fear lest the Romans should come; and his death was it which brought in the Romans upon them—God punishing them with what they most feared. And I pray God this clamor of *venient Romani* (of which I have given no cause) help not to bring them in.

The associations with particular texts in the Epistles are countless. We write down a few. In Henry VIII.'s reign there was a custom that the bishops, on New Year's Day, should bring his Highness a gift. On one occasion the right reverend fathers all came. It rained gold, silver, purses of money, rarities of all kinds. What dainty dish has honest Master Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Lincoln, brought to set before his sovereign? A New Testament, superbly bound—a brave gift for a king. But the book is wrapped up in a napkin, and round the napkin there is a legend in large letters. More honest than courtly is the scroll. It is the fourth verse of the thirteenth of Hebrews. The thirteenth of Romans recalls one of the most celebrated conversions by Scripture —that of the great Augustine. His youth, up to thirty-two, passed in strange oscillations between Manicheism and truth, between grace and sin. Open his Confessions, and their sad penitential sorrow and ethereal sanctity give the lie to Byron's brutal taunt:

> Those strange confessions,
> That make one almost envy his transgressions.

One day deep thought brought out all his misery before the gaze of his soul. "A great storm arose, and broke in a shower of tears." He went out alone to weep under a fig-tree, and a voice said, "Tolle, lege; tolle, lege"—a voice for which he could not account by any casual occurrence. He took up his copy of the Apostle, and read—"Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lust thereof." "No need or wish," he adds, "to read further. Immediately at the close of the sentence, a light of security was poured into my heart, and all shadows of doubt fled away." Now Augustine was the chief evangelical element in mediæval theology, so that some have almost reckoned him for one of the two sackcloth witnesses. He gave an impulse to Luther. Calvin's whole mind was colored by his. The ripples which spread from his writings agitated the stream of thought round Pascal, Quesnel, and Fenelon. That verse in the fourteenth of Romans—"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—brings Whitefield into view. It was his text in the churchyard of the High Church of Glasgow, in 1741, when he closed his sermon to those vast throngs by the memorable words: "Now, when the Sabbath is over, and the evening is drawing near, methinks the very sight is awful. I could almost weep over ye, as our Lord did over Jerusalem, to think in how short a time every soul of you must die." Pass on to the text in the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin." Joseph Justus Scaliger was dying at Leyden. There he sat in his chamber, cowering over the fire; his illustrious friends and intimates were away, De Thou, Dousa, Casaubon; only Daniel Heinsius was with him to the last gasp. Tier upon tier rose his books, not so remarkable for their number as for their almost priceless value, partly collected by himself, partly the gifts of all the scholars in Europe to the "Phœbus of the learned," "the all-accomplished," "the dictator of letters." His was a genius, grand indeed, and capacious, and diffused over the whole circle of the arts. It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that those who estimated him only by his writings, his "Eusebius," or his immortal work, the "Novum Organum" of chronology, did not know the twentieth part of his learning. He was familiar with so many languages, ancient and oriental, and so exactly, that had this been the sole employment of his life, it had alone been a prodigy. Besides the history of all ages, places, times, and nations, he had a memory of wonderful promptitude; what he had read once he had placed in such exquisite order in the gigantic catalogue of his knowledge, that he could find it at once, and answer any question arising from it, not only in his lecture-room, but among statesmen and embassadors. A great politician observed of Scaliger, that he had been deceived in him, for that he had expected a learned man, but that he had found a man who was ignorant of nothing, without a whit of pedantry or academic dustiness about him. Let us

draw near in reverential silence, and hear what the dying scholar has to say in those awful moments, when earthly learning fades away, like a mist in the severe light of eternity. "I have a hope, greater even than my countless sins, reposed upon Him who knew no sin, whom God hath made to be sin for us."

In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians there is a passage: "Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church;" a text which, perhaps, only occurs to us in connection with the controversy on works of supererogation. It is a flower which withers in the hot hand of controversy. Would we see it fresh and fragrant in the chamber of a dying saint, let us read the adieus to his friends and to the Church, of Adolphe Monod. There is a print in the little volume. A white pillow, and on it a head reposed with jet black hair, a fine brow, worn and pinched features, and a wasted hand. But we see not all. In that chamber are assembled thirty or forty, to whom, week by week, he addresses a few words. On the 4th of November, 1855, his subject is "the Pastor suffering for the good of the Church;" his text the passage we have named. Do we not read its meaning in the light of that sick room?

> Is it not true that my affliction has helped to call your thoughts to death, to eternity, to Gospel verities? Is it not true that in the fraternal love which I bear you, you have been pushed, as it were, to prayer? I feel that the people of God lift me on their prayers; and I am penetrated with joy and gratitude. Is it not good for you? Has not a spirit of peace and serenity been spread over those who are with me? You see, then, how I find sweetness in the thought that my sufferings are for you; so that I may say, in the spirit of St. Paul: "I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church."

Or, again, does it not give liveliness to our feelings, in regard to those glorious descriptions in the closing chapters of the Revelation, when we think of M'Cheyne preaching on "the great white throne," one fine night, by moonlight, to a vast throng near an old church; or of that most affecting anecdote told of the late venerable Bishop Mant. When he was sitting in his room, weak and dying, his son read to him those chapters: "Bring me my hat and stick," said the old man, feebly, "I want to go, I must go to that country;" or let us transport ourselves to the deathbed of Robert Hall, and hear him breathe out with his dying lips, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The associations, historical and biographical, connected with Scripture, would not be fairly handled, unless we confessed that there were others of a different and painful character connected with some of its texts. Scripture, like its Divine subject, is appointed for the trial of the human spirit. "It is set for a sign, that the secrets of many hearts may be revealed." When we read that desolate passage in Job, where he exclaims, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, . . let that night be solitary," we may recollect how a great but bitter spirit turned to it. When Swift was in the height of his glory, courted by ministers and fawned upon by peers; when he used to meet Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary at Lord Masham's; when he made a more conspicuous figure at the Thatched House than Escourt himself with the golden gridiron suspended from his neck; it is painful to see him retreating to his lodgings, and lamenting his birthday, as he termed it, by reading over the third chapter of Job. When the traveler reads at St. Peter's, at Rome, the inscription traced in colossal characters round the cupola, which overhangs the apostle's grave—"Tu es Petrus," he cannot but think of the fabric which the craft of many bad men, and the superstition of many men who were not bad, have reared upon the one foundation. The word to Jeremiah, "See I have this day set thee over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy," appears as the text of the famous bull by which Pope Paul III. put Henry VIII. under interdict and deposition,—that "most impudent brief," as Francis of France termed it.

Texts misunderstood have been the plea of the mendicant orders, and introduced "counsels of perfection." The passages which contain the institution of the Holy Communion, almost admit of being treated as a text from which to consider the history of Christianity. Full as they are in themselves of "exceeding great love," they may remind the historian of blazing piles and bloody wars, of fierce controversy and party hatred, from the

thirteenth session of Trent, and the Lutherans and Sacramentaries, down to Denison and Ditcher.

On reading the glorious song of the seraphim, in the text of Isaiah, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory," one is immediately apt to think of the *Te Deum*, which is, as it were, encrusted upon that verse. Often has the *Te Deum* been chanted on occasions that might make the angels weep. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is almost too obvious. Let us attempt another scene. At three in the afternoon of July the 15th, 1099, Godfrey stood on the walls of Jerusalem. A few hours after, and the sunset fell upon the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Then, bareheaded and barefooted, the Christian soldiers ascended the hill of Calvary. A voice of priests chanting rose upon the air; it vibrated through the few olives which yet remained in Gethsemane, where the Saviour had knelt; it fell softly upon the purple mount of Olivet—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" And yet superstition had never offered a bloodier hecatomb to Moloch or Baal, upon the Mount of Offense, or in the Valley of Hinnom, than these men, in the insulted name of Christ, had just presented, on the very spot where he had moistened the ground with drops of agony, and poured out his blood for his enemies. They chanted over seventy thousand slaughtered Moslems, and a multitude of Jews, who had been burned alive in their synagogue.

These sadder recollections teach most instructive lessons—lessons of modesty, charity, and mutual tolerance—lessons of human imbecility, guided through centuries of storm and error, to a haven of tranquillity and truth. We must confine ourselves, however, to the lessons which may be derived from the other and happier side of the subject.

In the first place, then, we suggest that to trace and collate historical and biographical associations with passages of Scripture, may be useful in exciting a fresher interest both in one and the other. It is a great point gained when we read *anything* with a purpose in view; it stimulates the flagging attention, and gives the eye an unwonted quickness. It is yet a better thing when we can give unity to scattered pieces of knowledge—when we can bind them into one bundle, and find a "colligation for our conceptions." Accessions to information do not then burden the mind. On the contrary, they are more deeply rooted into its soil because their relations are multiplied; each is a root that throws out a thousand tendrils, and both helps and is helped by every other.

> And still the wonder grew,
> How one small head could carry all he knew.

No wonder at all, for the more we know the more we can know. Knowledge thus compacted is as different from loose pieces of information, as a well-packed carpet bag from a plethoric and badly tied brown paper parcel.

Such a mode of looking at the Bible has a tendency to give us a blessed confidence in it. The word which converted Augustine and Rochester is still mighty as ever. The word which comforted martyrs in their agony; which has been healing, strength, and peace to the loftiest intellects and profoundest spirits of our race, remains unexhausted to us. They have leaned their giant weight upon it, and it has carried them bravely over the awful chasm between time and eternity, and their experience of its power to sustain increases our faith.

How much have we omitted; for, first, the fairest pictures on the page are those of the Captain of our salvation. The Saviour's gentle face hangs over many a text, is painted on many a psalm. The first verse of the twenty-second is shadowed with His cross. Could any hand draw that portrait? And all these sketches that we have attempted, all that any man can collect, are but as a grain of sand to the countless grains upon the shore. There are histories that no man has written or can write; there are biographies, beautiful in the book of life, which no human eye can read; there are calendars of home whose rubrics are colored by our hearts; there are texts in every graveyard which have faltered from many a dying lip, had been spoken from many a pulpit that we might well thus illustrate. What Christian home has not a Bible, with favorite passages italicised by the pencil of a departed saint? Thus are painted, and will be painted to the end of time, those countless figures that we have spoken of, on the margin of the illustrated book of God.

ONE BRIGHT BEAM ON A CHEERLESS PATH.

A LEAFLET ON "LITTLE HELPS."

I AM in the position of a man who has fallen behind his age. I was reckoned to have some talent for business, as business was conducted in my young days, but I have never caught the go-ahead spirit of these times, straining, pushing, jostling, maneuvering, over-reaching, by which it has happened that many who set out with me in the voyage of life have far outstripped me, and perhaps as many more have foundered and sunk never to rise again. My business has become a very humble jog-trot affair. An increasing family, with diminishing means, has forced me to withhold contributions from many charitable institutions to which I once loved to give; and the only way in which the floodgates of benevolence have been kept open for some years has been by giving an occasional penny to a certain set of mendicants, who statedly visit my little store. I never argue with those who tell me it is wrong to relieve beggars; I don't care to grapple with the general principle; it suffices for me that this humble and slender charity gratifies the desire of alleviating human misery; it keeps me in constant contact with those who are worse off than myself, and prevents me from being wholly absorbed in my own selfish sorrows; the sight of so much misery that I cannot relieve makes me regret my poverty more for the sake of others than for myself, and leads me to bless the All-wise Disposer for what I have, instead of dwelling repiningly on what I have not. I rejoice that more auspicious paths of usefulness are open to the enterprising and hopeful; but to one whose spirit has been broken by misfortune, and crushed by domestic bereavement, this sort of intercourse with the poorest of the poor appears to have a melancholy suitability. It is a walk few will envy me. Seldom do those who take to mendicity rise to anything better, and seldom does he who interests himself in beggars meet with anything to cheer or encourage him. It is generally from bad to worse. Let me gratefully record an exception.

Among those who have frequently got a penny at my counter was an interesting boy about eight years of age. He could give little account of himself, except that his father was dead, and his mother was sick, almost always sick, and unable to work; and she had no one in the world but him, and all he could do was to beg for her. There was nothing to distinguish this squalid, ragged child from the common herd of young beggars, except that he did not whine or cry; he told his story with a certain frankness and manly confidence that made one almost sure it was true. I gave him a penny whenever he called, and often wished it were in my power to rescue him from this vagrant life, almost certain to lead sooner or later to vice and infamy. But having nothing further in my power I did not feel at liberty even to make stricter inquiry into the case. I did, indeed, mention the child to some of my more opulent and influential neighbors, but they could see no way of benefiting him except getting him into an orphan hospital, which would have separated him from his mother, and this I could not believe to be right. I durst not attempt any plan the burden of which would probably fall upon myself. I had to think of eight motherless little children of my own, whom I was barely able to support, and whom my death might some day leave utterly destitute. So I continued just to give little George the usual dole of alms, encouraging him to hope that he would soon be able to work for his mother; and advising him meanwhile to avoid bad company, to refrain his hands from stealing, and to keep a sharp lookout for any honest way of earning a penny now and then rather than begging one.

One day a lady who kept a boarding-house told me that her inmates were in the habit of leaving bits of good meat and vegetables on their plates, besides crusts of bread and other matters, which could not be cooked up again, and yet were too good for the waste pail, and she asked if I knew any poor creature that would think it worth while to call for such scraps. I gratefully accepted the offer, and promised to send little George, while secretly I hoped and prayed that she might interest herself further, and that this might prove one step to his deliverance from mendicancy.

A few days afterward George made his appearance at my office, but so metamorphosed that at first I did not know him. He was well dressed from head to foot,

his face and hands perfectly clean, and his hair neatly cut and brushed, a remarkably pretty boy I now for the first time perceived him to be.

"Why, child, what has happened to you?" I exclaimed as soon as I recognized him.

"That's just what I came to tell you, sir, for I thought you would like to know. You see, sir, I was walking easy through Franklin Square last Wednesday, and I saw a gentleman looking very hard at me. And then he came straight up, and he changed color, and asked me my name; and I told him it. And he said, "Then I'm your uncle." And, sir, he looked very white, and seemed as if he could scarcely get out the words; but he told me he was a farmer, and that he was a bachelor without a family, and that my father was his only brother, and that he knew me by my likeness to him; and he asked me about my mother and all, and went to see her. And he took me and bought me all these clothes; and he washed me, and did my hair with his own hands, and still he looked me in the face, and said, "You're the image of your father, my boy; that's the way I knew you." And, sir, he is to take us home to live with him; and he says my mother will be quite well again when she is rightly taken care of; and he says he'll send me to school, and bring me up respectable. You would wonder, sir, how tender-hearted he is to be a big, stout man; I thought nothing of my mother crying when they talked about my father; but it was queer to see my uncle crying, as if he had been nothing for all the world but a woman itself."

Thus did the little fellow run on, nor did I care to interrupt him. To tell the truth I was afraid that, if I spoke, I might betray such weakness as was, in George's estimation, "like nothing but a woman itself." A moment he paused, and seeming not to understand my silence, he added, "And, sir, I thought I might come and tell you, and bid you good-by; for perhaps, if you had seen me not coming back, you might have thought I had taken to some bad ways against your advice. So I thought I had better come and tell you."

Of course I congratulated my little protégé on this happy turn in his destiny; I made him promise not to neglect going to a Sunday school; and with some further words of advice I parted with him, blessing Providence for one bright beam on my cheerless path, and fondly cherishing the hope that I might meet George again at some future stage of life's dreary journey.

CONCENTRATION.

MUCH speculation is often indulged upon the variety of minds, or the difference in talent. Heads are *felt*, to ascertain the altitude of cerebral projections, to know whether the promising subject will succeed or not, to *see* the quantum of his intellect.

Mathematically speaking, I concede there is some variety in the native power of minds. But for all practical purposes we might easily ignore this difference, and attribute the various success attained by different individuals to their habit of concentration.

I call concentration a habit rather than a power, because it does not properly belong to the elemental powers of man's mental nature. We may, by practice or habit, learn to concentrate all the powers of the mind upon any subject; or we may become so careless in the manner of our investigations as to suffer a complete dissipation of our mental strength; and then, perhaps, console ourselves with the idea that from those to whom little is given little will be required. It is said that "no one knows what he can do till he tries;" this simply means that we have no just conception of our powers till they are all brought to a focus upon one object. The genial rays of the sun, profusely and diffusely poured out upon nature, induce the beauty of cheerfulness and the glory of blooming flowers; but refract those rays through the sun-glass, and concenter their heat upon one point, and you have the intensity of fire produced from the genial ray; and now the beauty of the rose is consumed by the same element that before had painted it with beauteous hues.

By concentration steam is doing its mighty wonders in the world. As it rises in vapor from the bosom of its boiling mother, suffer it to diffuse itself, and soon it is as gentle as the humid zephyr; but drive it into its little chest, and with perfect fury it will vibrate the mightiest piston revolving the most complicated and magnificent machinery. We are filled with admiration and amazement, when we be-

hold the almost omnipotent power of steam; and justly, too, since its works proclaim it the mightiest agent of earth.

Thought is mightier than steam; but it, too, to be effective, must be forced into the steam-chest of abstraction, and made to play upon the lever at the right point. Suffered to dissipate it will roam creation o'er, and never mature one solid idea. But bring all the thoughts together, all the powers of the intellect to bear upon one point, let the ideas follow each other in regular and logical relation, and theories that will stand the test of all experiment will be the fruit of such intense labor.

Thought, to evolve any great idea, must be intensified; must have the power of abstraction, Archimedian energy. The most common minds frequently have thoughts as powerful as those which have been behind the lever that moved the world; but while these dissipate in fog, those were gathered to a focus, and made to tell effectively upon some great object.

Big ideas, which we may call the aggregation of accumulated thoughts, are like heavy loads, they weary the bearer. And here lies the secret of so many failures; the mind shrinks from severe labor. Mind does not grow by accident, and those who will not pay the price cannot enjoy the pearl. Deep, toilsome, abstract *study*, lies at the foundation of every great achievement. He who will wade the deep and dark waters, shall find light in the hidden caverns by and by, and gaze with enraptured delight upon the princely treasures discovered far below the surface stream of nature. Truth will repay its sincere devotees, but its altars must burn with indesinent oblations. How many thousands slumber, and wish they were great, who are too indolent to make the first step in the royal road. He is great who is capable of mighty thought, who knows how to think on any subject; such a one is capable of mighty deeds when such are to be done. There is strength in union, but nowhere else as in united thoughts. We look upon some eminent character, and think how easy it is to be great; but we are strangers to his toils and cares. We cannot retrace his steps to behold them moistened with the bloody sweat of his travail. We stand and admire his princely attainments, forgetting that they are the harvest of toils we have spurned, the gathering of seed we *would not sow*. We have let our thoughts fly at will, too lazy to hive them; he has worked in sunshine and cold to hive his thoughts, that they may make their honey, and swarm in due season.

The complaint is often made of poor memory. I would ask, who takes care of your memory? who is responsible for its tenacity or vacuity, but yourself? Is hungry nature ever in doubt as to what will satisfy it? Did the miser ever forget his treasure-chest? Did the lover ever forget her spouse? No, nor will any one forget what he loves. That which has been the object of your intense care and thought will not easily be forgotten. Where the thoughts are concentrated, there the memory sticks. You may fall to sleep reading this paper, but you would not slumber reading the conditions of a legacy in which you were the principal heir. A good memory simply implies a ready control of the thoughts; and he who has learned to master his thoughts, and direct them whither he will, has a good memory. Learn to concentrate your thoughts upon any subject at will, and you have gained a power that will raise you to any eminence in the world of knowledge that you may desire. Force your thoughts into a bomb-shell, band them with iron, and then, when the time comes for execution, touch them off with a spark of electricity, and glorious will be your triumph; but if you ignite every thought as fast as the mind germinates it, thinking to startle the beholder with the report, eternal and disgraceful will be your failure.

The best time for study is that season of the year when outward nature forbids the rambling thoughts to roam abroad. Winter, with its storms and snows, is uninviting. The mind must turn within, and explore its own land and ocean scenery. Here are mountains to be scaled and deep gorges to be fathomed; rocks to break and analyze, flowers to name and classify, and pearls to polish for the admiration of man.

When thought works on thought, then will ideas in sublimest proportions arise, and complete the superstructure of a magnificent and finished work.

PROMISES HUMAN AND DIVINE.—If men break their promises, remember that God never breaks his. He promises, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

LOT—THE DEAD SEA.

NO miracles are performed at the present day. God is not seen, as in the olden time, exerting his omnipotent power to reward virtue or to punish vice. Hence men are apt to read the record of the Almighty's doings, as found in the earlier portions of the Bible, with much the same feelings as they read the pages of fiction or romance. Or, if they venture not to question the truth of the sacred narrative, they are apt to feel as if something more were necessary: they would like some tangible, visible proof, that these things were done.

The subject now before us presents precisely that kind of evidence; evidence of a memorable event that may be seen and felt at the present hour. We turn our attention to the southeastern part of the Holy Land. There is the Dead Sea; called by the sacred writers, the Salt Sea, and the Sea of the Plain; and by Josephus and others, the Asphaltic Lake. It is a body of water in length forty miles, and in width from eight to ten. Into this lake flow the waters of the River Jordan and of several smaller streams.

Several remarkable peculiarities render the Dead Sea one of the most interesting portions of our globe. The specific gravity of its water is greater than that of any other lake or sea. It is intensely bitter, salt, and buoyant. Madden says that he could lie upon its surface like a log of wood; and Heyman gives the following statement from his own personal experience:

When I had swam to some distance, I endeavored to sink to the bottom, but could not, for the water kept me continually up, and would certainly have thrown me upon my face had I not put forth all the strength I was master of to keep myself in a perpendicular posture; so that I walked in the sea as if I had trod on firm ground, without having occasion to make any of the motions necessary in treading fresh water; and when I was swimming, I was obliged to keep my legs, the greatest part of the time, out of the water. My fellow-traveler was greatly surprised to find that he could swim here, although he had never learned. But this proceeded from the gravity of the water, from the extraordinary quantity of salt found in it.

Captain Mangles says:

The water is as bitter and as buoyant as the people have reported. Those of our party who could not swim, floated on its surface like corks. On dipping the head in, the eyes smarted dreadfully.

According to a calculation made by Dr. Shaw, although we know not from what data it was made, six millions of tons of water from the Jordan and tributary streams flow daily into the Dead Sea. As is well known, it has no visible outlet. Of necessity, therefore, this immense amount of water must pass off by evaporation, or by some subterraneous channel. Probably by both. Broad, transparent columns of vapor are seen hanging over it, whence are precipitated on the shore large quantities of salt, which is collected by the Arabs for the use of their flocks and families. This vapor will scarcely suffice to carry off the water; and hence the supposition of an undiscovered, subterraneous outlet. In the vicinity of the lake are found trees bearing fruit, known as the apples of Sodom. The trees are from ten to fifteen feet high; the fruit, when ripe, is yellow, resembling an orange, beautiful to the eye, but when pressed in the hand it explodes, leaving nothing but the rind and a few fibers. The author of a work, entitled "Three Weeks in Palestine," thus describes the appearance of the lake and of the neighboring country:

Marshaling our forces, we set out for the Dead Sea, crossing the most dreary, parched, and desert plain imaginable, having the appearance of land left bare by the receding waters of the lake, which seems to have shrunk considerably. At the first dawning, the tints of the rising sun, purple and gold, with the deep shadows concealing the nakedness of the land, gave beauty to the landscape. The mountains encircling the lake, which lay sleeping and motionless beneath them, reflecting their images, supplied a noble outline which fancy might fill up at its pleasure with a thousand Edens; but as the sun ascended, the illusion was quickly dissipated; the full glare of day displayed the wildness in its true coloring of awful desolation, a desolation that was felt and that depressed the spirits. The mountains assumed one dusty brown hue, unrelieved by even a passing shadow, for not a cloud was visible in the heavens; the sea was of a dull, heavy, leaden tint, unlike the fresh transparent purple which the living waters of a mountain lake usually display. The ground over which we rode, riven into chasms and ravines, showed not a blade of verdure; the few stunted shrubs that had struggled into life, were masses of thorns, with scarcely a leaf upon them, and wore the brown garb of the desert. The whole scene was a fearful exhibition of the blasting of the breath of the Almighty's displeasure.

In the year 1849 an expedition was fitted out by the United States govern-

ment, for the purpose of exploring this wonderful sea. They spent twenty-two days upon its surface; and Lieut. Lynch, the commander of that expedition, thus states the conclusion to which they arrived, with reference to the account given by Moses:

That this entire chasm was a plain sunk and overwhelmed by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the first averaging thirteen, and the last about thirteen hundred feet below the surface. But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Septuagint account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record, (continues the lieutenant,) I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers.

Such is the Dead Sea, as it has been gazed upon by generation after generation, with mysterious awe. Its sluggish waters roll on, attesting the truth of the Mosaic record, and carrying back the mind to its terrible origin, while the language of Jesus Christ directs our thoughts to an infinitely more terrible visitation; as it was when it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all, even thus shall it be when the Son of man is revealed!

Turn we, then, our attention to the Bible history of this wonderful sea. As we have heretofore stated, Lot was the nephew of Abraham. In early life his father died, and he became an inmate of the family of his uncle. By Abraham he was made acquainted with the true God; and when the father of the faithful, in obedience to the command of Jehovah, went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, Lot went with him. They were together in their journeyings in Haran, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and in the land of Canaan. For a while they pitched their tents, and dwelt together in harmony in the neighborhood of Luz, called afterward Bethel. Here their flocks and herds greatly increased. They both became rich. Their herdsmen quarreled, and at the suggestion of Abraham they separated. Lot chose a region of country, called Pentapolis, a Greek word, meaning five cities, from the fact that within the district were the five principal towns, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Belah, or, as it was afterward called, Zoar. From the account given by Moses, this region of country was exceedingly beautiful and fertile. It was well watered, says he, everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord: like the land of Egypt, as thou camest unto Zoar; that is, as Paradise, where God placed our first parents, beautiful; and as the land of Egypt was rendered fertile by the overflowings of the Nile, so the whole plain, even to its southern boundary, Zoar, was watered by the Jordan.

Lot took up his abode in the neighborhood of what was probably the largest of these cities, Sodom. He had chosen his residence for its beauty and fertility. In his eagerness, he had overlooked one great fact—the moral character of the inhabitants. The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. This also was the character of the other cities of the plain. Better had it been for Lot to have remained in the company, or, at any rate, in the neighborhood of his God-fearing uncle. Like Lot, how many in our own day, select a home for its external advantages merely! Is it a pleasant place? May they get gain there? It is enough. Startling are the accounts that come back to us, even now, from many who have migrated to the far West of our own broad domain. Some, indeed, do not retain their integrity even till they reach the shores of the Pacific; and when there, the blighting influence of the reckless adventurers—dissolute, knavish, and profane—falls like a mildew upon hearts once bathed in a Saviour's love. For a while, however, Lot maintained his upright walk. Even during his residence among them, which extended to nearly twenty years, he is styled by the Apostle Peter, the just Lot, and is spoken of as that righteous man who was vexed with their filthy conversation and with their unlawful deeds. His situation was consequently, even in this lovely land, far from pleasant. He was taught, not only the insufficiency of worldly wealth, but its utter uncertainty. At an unexpected moment he was suddenly plundered of all his possessions, and himself taken prisoner by a band of robbers; and but for the courage and promptness of his uncle, as we saw in a former

essay, he had ended a miserable life in poverty and bondage.

It is wonderful that after this severe affliction Lot should again return to Sodom; that he should still choose to dwell in the midst of the Heaven-daring wickedness of the cities of the plain. We know not that he had any other reason for his conduct than that which induced him at first to select it for his residence. It was an exceedingly pleasant land, and remarkably adapted for the purposes of gain. He had become attached to the climate and the soil. His daughters had married there, the circle of his acquaintance was enlarged, and though he was grieved from day to day by the conduct of the ungodly, yet his heart seems to have yearned over the loveliness of the landscape and the beauty of the valley of the Jordan. Possibly he hoped to be a benefit and a blessing to the citizens of the plain. It could not be otherwise than that his example would be like a light shining in a dark place. There was reason to hope, too, that by that light the citizens of the plain would be attracted from their wicked ways. But it was not so. They pursued their own course, filling up the measure of their iniquities; and at the time to which we have now arrived there were not in Sodom (with the exception of Lot and his family) ten righteous persons. Two of the angelic messengers who had first announced to Abraham the intention of the Almighty, now visit the city in which Lot dwelt. He received them courteously, and entertained them kindly. A pleasing picture of ancient simplicity of manners and of hospitable kindness to strangers is here presented. Lot seeing them, rose up to meet them, and he bowed himself with his face to the ground, and he said, Turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and early on the morrow you shall go your way.

He supposed them wayfaring travelers, and knew not that they were God's messengers assuming for the time the human form. So also were the men of Sodom ignorant of the quality of Lot's guests; and their conduct toward them evinces, in hideous colors, the deep depravity of the human heart. While gazing upon the scene here presented by the inspired pencil, we marvel not that the terrible judgments of the Almighty are about to fall upon a land polluted by such loathsome abominations. To the mild remonstrances of Lot they not only refuse to listen, but taunting him with the fact that he was but an alien and a foreigner in the land, they threaten his life. This fellow, say they, came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge; that is, he came among us, a stranger, took up his residence in our fertile and beautiful valley, where by our sufferance he has been permitted to stay, and now he will needs assume to himself the character of a judge. He presumes to tell us what we ought to do, and to give us unasked advice. Now, said they, will we deal worse with thee than with them, and they pressed sore upon him, and came near to break the door of his house. But for the interposition of Lot's visitors his life had paid the penalty of his rashness in remonstrating against their wickedness. His guests now disclose their real character. They put forth their hands and pulled Lot into the house, and shut to the door, and they smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great. Whether this was done by depriving them literally of sight, or by causing a dense darkness through which they could not see, is not certain. At any rate, they were baffled in their designs, and the supernatural power of Lot's visitors was revealed. Shut in together, a little company, Lot himself, his wife, and two daughters, the strangers make known the purpose of their visit. It is an errand of mercy to Lot, and, for his sake, of mercy to his family. The Lord hath sent us, say they, to destroy this place. The cry of the inhabitants is waxen great before the face of the Lord. And now, gather together thy relations, thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. This was a terrible announcement. That goodly land, well watered, like the garden of the Lord; that country which twenty years ago had attracted Lot by its loveliness, and where his children had grown up around him, and where he had become rich, is to be utterly destroyed. All his possessions, his flocks, and herds, and dwelling place, are to perish in the general overthrow. And soon and suddenly shall the destruction come. With the rising of to-morrow's sun shall dawn the day of doom for the cities of the plain.

On hearing this announcement, verging as it was toward midnight, Lot sallied forth to seek his sons-in-law, and to make known to them the doleful tidings. They had refused to listen to his entreaties in former days; they had derived no benefit from his example; but now, as he comes with a message directly from Heaven, as he comes to announce the impending doom so soon to burst upon the devoted cities, as he comes with the kind offer to take them by the hand and lead them to a place of safety, surely they will heed his voice and with him escape for their lives.

Where they were, or how employed, we know not. In the darkness of the night Lot found them. In few and hurried words he informs them of what he had just learned from the celestial messengers. Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city. He added, doubtless, words of persuasion. But they listened and laughed. He seemed unto them as one that mocked. Like those to whom Enoch preached, or the men upon whose ears fell repeatedly the warning voice of Noah, so fruitless and unavailing had been the ministry of Lot to the inhabitants of the plain; and even as in our own day the preaching of the Gospel is to them that perish foolishness, so to his sons-in-law did he seem as one that mocked when but a few hours intervened between them and terrible destruction. With a sad heart Lot returned to his home. The hours of the night wore rapidly away. There was little sleep in that dwelling. The angels appear to have spent the night there. The morning dawned, and now, say they, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters which are here, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

It is said Lot *lingered*. Whether because of sadness at the thought of the swift destruction coming upon his neighbors, or the regret he felt at forsaking his possessions—for, as we have seen, he loved the land—we know not. He lingered, and they laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters, the Lord being merciful unto them, and they brought him forth and set him without the city. This done they give to the fugitives the direction, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

One of the most wonderful features of this affair now presents itself. Without the gates of Sodom, and on their way to the neighboring mountain, Lot intercedes for the little city, Belah, on the extreme southern point of the plain. God hears his prayer, and directs him there to take refuge. I have accepted thee concerning this thing also that I will not overthrow this city for which thou hast spoken. Therefore the name of it was thenceforth called Zoar. And now the sun rises. It looks down, as of old, on the cities of the plain. The inhabitants are at their usual work. Planting and building; buying and selling; eating and drinking. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven, and he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities. There, where those cities stood, now flow, and shall flow on, till the end of time, the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. Go, measure it, sail upon its bosom, fathom its depth, and if, like the sailor of whom I spoke, a skeptic, or an unbeliever, you will come back, like him, with the assured conviction that God's word is true. That men have found or fancied difficulties in the statement given by Moses is not to be wondered at, or that questions may be proposed concerning it not easily answered. Some two thousand years after this event the wisest Commentator on the Old Testament Scriptures that ever appeared upon our earth directed *his* attention and ours to this catastrophe. With reverence we may ask *Him*, who spoke as never man spoke, for information on this subject. Lord, how were the cities of the plain destroyed? In what way are we to understand the language of Moses? Is it an allegory? Is it fiction, or is it fact? Listen to Christ's answer, an answer strangely overlooked by many who profess to interpret the Scriptures as philosophers, and as men of science.

They tell us of the bituminous nature of the soil of the cities of the plain; they talk wisely, according to the wisdom of this world, about electricity, and hunt up derivations for the word rendered brimstone in the account given by Moses. They are too religious to convert the whole narrative into an ingenious deception. We should say, perhaps, too sagacious; for there, as we have said, roll on, from age to age, the sluggish waters of

the Dead Sea. One generation after another has gazed upon it awe-stricken, and from father to son has descended the tradition.

Here once were situated Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim. Hence, while admitting the fact of their overthrow, they seek to account for it by secondary or natural causes, and what is most wonderful, at the same time profess great reverence for the authority of Christ. He says, and I believe *him;* he says, and let him be true and every man a liar: The same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.

Jesus Christ also, as you may remember, adverts to the terrible doom of Lot's wife. By Moses the account is given in few words. She looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. Scarcely any passage of sacred writ has given occasion for more fanciful speculations. Into *them* I enter not. The simple fact stands forth upon the sacred page. She heeded not the direction given, Escape for thy life. She looked back, probably with a longing desire, even then, for the home she was leaving, and she perished in the general doom of the ungodly. A timely admonition to all who like her have heard God's warning voice, and are striving to shun the wrath to come, to forget the things that are behind, and to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. *Remember Lot's wife.*

Just here, had the pen of inspiration been guided by the hand of partiality, the history of Lot had ended. But it is still continued. He who alone was deemed righteous among all the inhabitants of the cities of the plain, for whom angelic messengers are sent, to warn and save, is presented unto us as having fallen, fallen foully into most abominable sin. Is this he who maintained his integrity, his upright walk even among the men of Sodom, whose righteous soul was vexed from day to day by their ungodly deeds? It is even he; but ah, how fallen! how loudly he speaks to us from the solitary cave in the mountain, Let him that thinkest he standeth take heed lest he fall. It seems to us, too, that had Moses intended to have taught the doctrine, once in grace always in grace, or, that though God's children may fall foully they should not fall finally, it seems to us that he would have carried his history a little further; he would not have ended it, as he does, with the drunkenness and incest of the man who, beyond a peradventure, was once high in the favor of God. We cannot help thinking that were the doctrine to which we have referred true, there would have been somewhere in the Bible, in the writings of Moses, or the prophets, or the apostles, a ray of light thrown upon the darkness that now envelops the lamentable end of the once righteous Lot.

We advert a moment to the great Teacher's practical improvement of this terrible catastrophe. Thus shall it be, he says, when *the Son of man is revealed.* He refers, primarily, to his coming at the destruction of Jerusalem, but connects with it, as on other occasions, that second advent when He shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Like the destruction that fell upon the cities of the plain, *that* also will be at an unexpected hour. They were thoughtlessly engaged; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded, when sudden destruction overtook them. *Even thus* shall it be when the Son of Man is revealed. As it was then with the beautiful vale of the Jordan, so at that day with the entire earth, it shall be wrapped in one universal mass of flame from heaven, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. So hath God himself decreed; so runs the record of his will; while, in his providence, he has left there in the Holy Land, the waters of the Dead Sea to chant forth, in their low murmurings, an unceasing requiem for those who perished in their guilt, while the same waters cry aloud to generation after generation, echoing the words of him, the Saviour once, but then the Judge of quick and dead, Thus shall it be when the Son of Man is revealed.

In the Island of Goa there is a vegetable called the "sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, others close up, others continue flowering in the night the whole year.

THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and call'd him out
To gambol in the sun, he turn'd away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die!
'Twas night — he summon'd his accustom'd friends.
And, on this wise, bestow'd his last bequest.

"Mother, I'm dying now—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd;
And on my brow

"I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. O! tell me, is this death?
Mother! your hand—

"Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead
Shall I be miss'd?

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

"O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!"

"Father! I'm going home!
To the good home you speak of, that bless'd land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

"I must be happy then;
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother! the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We've stay'd to watch the buddings things,
Forget it not!

"Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister! my young rose-tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

"And when its roses bloom
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother! sing the tune
You sang last night. I'm weary and must sleep!
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
He breathed it not! the laugh of passers-by
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune.
But marr'd not his slumbers—he was dead!

THE DUTCH IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

IN the year of our Lord 1607, the memorable year in which forty-seven learned men began the English version of the Bible, Henry Hudson sailed in search of a northeast passage to India. For two seasons he strove in vain to penetrate the ice barriers, and then turned homeward. His patrons abandoned their enterprise, and the "bold Englishman," in his time

"The greatest sailor since the world began,"

went over to Holland, and entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, whose awkward argosies then vexed the waters of almost every sea.

Two years later, in a yacht called the *Half Moon*, the intrepid navigator again ventured among the arctic ices. Voyaging north and south along our coast, he anchored, September 3rd, 1609, inside of Sandy Hook.

While Hudson lay there at anchor the natives from the western shore came on board, seeming to be highly pleased with the arrival of the Europeans. They were dressed in ornamented deer skins and mantles of feathers. The pipes for the enjoyment of the Indian weed were especially curious to the English. The natives brought green tobacco to exchange for knives and trinkets.

The next day a boat was sent to explore the bay visible through the Narrows. Sounding as they went, they saw "a narrow river at the westward, between two islands," supposed to be Staten Island and Bergen Neck. The country was well wooded with lofty oaks, and a delightful odor of grass and flowers was wafted over the river. The party proceeded up the bay about six miles, and were on the point of returning, when the boat was suddenly attacked by two canoes containing twenty-six Indians. John Colman, an Englishman who had accompanied Hudson in his northern voyages, was killed by an arrow penetrating his neck, and two others of the crew were wounded. After the friendly behavior of the Indians this sudden act of hostility on their part can be explained only on the supposition of some indiscretion committed by the boat's crew. It is certain, however, that the northern Indians did not regard the European strangers with the same degree of wonder and veneration as the natives of Mexico.

Colman's was the first European blood shed in the peaceful waters of the Hudson. His companions buried him at Sandy Hook, and the spot still appropriately bears the name of Colman's Point. Additional precautions were taken against the Indians, but, singularly enough, they came off to the *Half Moon* on the follow-

PURCHASE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND BY GOVERNOR MINUIT.

ing day without exhibiting any hostile intentions, and manifesting indeed no knowledge of the fatal affray. Only two of them were allowed to go on board the vessel. These Hudson forcibly retained and caused to be dressed in red coats, at the sight of which the other Indians returned to the shore. In a short time a canoe came off with two men, one of whom was also detained, doubtless as a hostage, but not being closely guarded managed to jump overboard and swim to the shore.

Eight days after his arrival Hudson sailed through the Narrows into the "most beautiful bay of New York," and turned his prow toward the River of the Mountains, whose perpetual inundation washes the shores garlanded by our fair metropolis and her daughter cities. And as his eye drank in the soft charm of the magnificent autumnal landscape, he doubted not that the broad Mohicamnittuck flowed down from the India for which he had been so long in search.

After cautiously sounding his way through the Narrows, the *Half Moon* first "went into the river," and anchored near the Kills, "in a very good harbor for all winds." The Indians came off to them without hesitation, even making a show of love, but Hudson, having in remembrance the fate of Colman durst not trust them. On the following morning twenty-eight canoes, made of "single hollowed trees," and filled with men, women, and children, visited the vessel. The oysters and beans which they offered for sale were gladly purchased, but not one of them was allowed to go on board. In the afternoon the *Half Moon* ran six miles further up. The strangers were delighted with the loveliness of the surrounding country. "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon," said Hudson, "and abounds in all kinds of excellent ship timber."

Joyfully on the following day they entered the "River of the Mountains," seeming to them the portals of a new world. The light wind permitted them to sail but a few leagues, and at nightfall the *Half Moon* anchored just above Yonkers, in sight of "a high point of land which showed out five leagues off to the north." The next day a favorable wind carried them rapidly up Tappan and Haverstraw bays into the magnificent region of the Highlands. At night Hudson anchored near West Point. The following morning was misty, but when the sun rose, the light clouds dispersed, revealing to the voyagers the grandeur of the overhanging mountains. While the *Half Moon* was getting under weigh the two savages who had been detained at Sandy Hook, watching their opportunity, leaped out of a port-hole and swam ashore, scornfully deriding the crew as the vessel sailed away. Toward night the summits of the distant Catskills loomed up in the distance. Here they found "a very loving people and a very old man." Much of the following day was consumed in taking in fresh water and the purchase of vegetables from the Indians. Five miles further up the River, Hudson landed in a canoe. The old man who accompanied him was a "governor of the country," and conducting the stranger to his cabin provided for him with Indian hospitality. In his "Journal," Hudson says:

> The tribe consisted of forty men and seventeen women. There I saw three, in a house well constructed of oak bark and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being built with an arched roof. It contained a great quantity of maize, or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth; and there lay near the house, for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house two mats were spread out to sit upon, and some food was immediately served in well made red wooden bowls. Two men were also dispatched with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in haste with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned on board the ship.

After ascending the river as far as the site of Albany, Hudson retraced his way to Manhattan, and at once sailed for Europe.

The *Half Moon* returned with a number of adventurers, and in time the trading establishment on the southern point of Manhattan expanded into a prosperous Dutch village. Trading posts sprang up in the interior, and, for the greater security of the colony, the Hollanders entered into a treaty with the chiefs of the Iroquois under the tall oaks of Tawasentha. In 1619 the first English vessel entered the bay of New York. The captain ordered the Dutchmen away, but they smoked on in silence unmindful of the impudent stranger.

The Dutch East India Company was formed in 1623, and in that year the colony of New Amsterdam received an accession

of thirty families of Walloons, hardy Protestants from the Flemish frontiers. During the severity of the religious persecution in the seventeenth century, they had fled from the Franco-Belgic provinces to Holland, and became domesticated there. An infant was their first production on American soil; and the name of Sarah De Rapalge, born at the *Wallebogt*, (Walloon Cove,) is chronicled as the first Christian child who saw the light in the province of New Netherland.

Holland was already a land of liberty and religious toleration, and from the first New Amsterdam so far followed the example of the mother country that, in the estimation of the rigid Puritans of the North and the Catholics of the South, she became a "cage of unclean birds."

In 1626 Peter Minuit arrived as governor of the colony. It was stipulated by the West India Company to send out, temporarily, with their emigrants, a schoolmaster, who, being a member of the Church, should also preside at the religious meetings, on the Sabbath and other days, leading in the devotions, and reading a sermon. Some individual was usually designated as a *Ziekentrooster*, (Comforter of the Sick,) who was to comfort the people and edify them, by rendering aid to the minister of the Gospel. Two individuals, whose names are preserved, came out with Peter Minuit in that capacity.

The first act of the governor was to purchase of the Indians the island of Manhattan. Of this interesting and most important event in the early history of New York we give an excellent illustration, engraved from the celebrated painting by William Ranney. The Dutch, foreseeing that the Island of Manhattan would, from its admirable position, become the center of their American commerce, and the capital of their province of New Netherland, desired to superadd to their original title, by discovery and occupation, the higher right of honest purchase. The natives ceded Manhattan, then estimated to contain twenty-two thousand acres of land, for the sum of twenty-four dollars.

The transaction is represented as occurring at the southern extremity of the island, near the present Battery. In the distance are the high grounds of Staten Island, with the nearer shore of Governors' Island in front, while a ship is lying at anchor not far from the shore. The principal figure in the foreground is Director Minuit, attended by the Provincial Secretary, Isaac de Rasieres, the *Schout*, or Sheriff, the *Kranck-besoecker*, or "Consoler of the Sick," and various other officials. The dresses of these persons are all faithfully copied from authentic representations of the Dutch costume of that period. The red men, in their savage attire, with their sqaws and children, are engaged in examining, with wonder and delight, the trinkets and European cloths given them as the consideration for the purchase. In the background is the rough cabin with Dutch occupants, and the unsubdued forest. Neither Plymouth nor Boston can point to such an incident in their history. The purchase of Manhattan was imitated only by Penn, fifty-six years later, under the famous elm of Shackamaxon.

In 1633 came into office the redoubtable Wouter Van Twiller, "a model of majesty and lordly grandeur," as the charitable Knickerbocker lovingly calls the successor of Minuit.

He was exactly five feet five inches in height, and five feet six inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at the bottom, which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were very short, but steady in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that inflexible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full fed cheeks, that seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into the mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with a dusky red like a Spitzenberg apple. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty.

Van Twiller owed his appointment to a family connexion with the great Van Rensselaer. From a humble clerk the doughty Dutchman suddenly became a ruler of men. Yet, in spite of his inefficiency, New Amsterdam flourished. The West India Company had just established the

AN OLD DUTCH GROCERY.

patroons. One hundred and four soldiers were sent over to protect the colony. Schoolmaster Roelandsen came to instruct the children, and good Dominie Bogardus to lead in holy ways both old and young. At last the sleepy director fell into merited contempt. Even the dominie was constrained to call him a child of the devil, and threatened him with a terrible shake from the pulpit.

To their great surprise one day an English vessel, the "William," entered the waters of Manhattan, and boldly held her way up the Hudson, or the Mauritius, as the old river of the mountains was called by the Dutch, in honor of Prince Maurice.

The wrath of Van Twiller was aroused. He raved and swore between great bumpers of wine, and pointing to the vessel, declared that for the honor of the fatherland she should be brought back, and the English be in no wise permitted to trespass upon the domains of the House of Orange. This was, indeed, accomplished, almost the only notorious achievement during the seven years' administration of Van Twiller, excepting the purchase of Paggank, or Nut Island, which to this day bears the name of Governor's Island.

The sluggish Van Twiller was succeeded in office by William Kieft, a turbulent adventurer, whose portrait had been gibbeted in the city of Rochelle. He was a quick-witted man, delighting in magnificent schemes, and possessing great alacrity in mischief. The Dutch claimed everything from Delaware River to Cape Cod. A few harmless Swedes settled along the former, and Kieft fought them valiantly with proclamations, declaring that if they persisted in remaining there he would not be responsible for the consequences.

He attempted to introduce reforms above the capacity of the people, and even of himself. The zealous director built a harberg, or city tavern, at the head of Coenties Slip, which afterward became a noted edifice. Kieft also kindled an Indian war that brought innumerable evils upon the natives, and came near exterminating the colony of Manhattan. Hitherto the settlers had lived in almost uninterrupted peace with their dusky neighbors, although the latter suffered greatly from the avarice and "firewater" of the traders. A chief of the Weekquaesgeeks had been murdered in cold blood fifteen years before, and the Indians can never forget an injury. The River Indians became jealous of the Mohawks on account of the partiality shown them by the Hollanders. Mutual animosities were excited. Kieft was delighted with the prospect of an outbreak. When the dark warriors brought the tribute of corn and wampum demanded by the governor they threw it at his feet with bitter curses. Hostilities ensued. On a stormy night

BROAD-STREET IN DUTCH TIMES.

of February, 1643, more than a hundred Indians were murdered in cold blood at Corlear's Hook and Hoboken. The flames of the burning villages were easily seen from Fort Amsterdam. The hatchet was now fairly raised, and the colony would have been exterminated had not the English furnished timely aid. The Indians were subdued after sixteen hundred of them had perished.

During these unfortunate events the "Council of Eight" sent home a dolorous account of the affairs of the province. They said:

Our fields lie fallen and waste; our dwellings and other buildings are burned; not a handful can be either planted or sown this fall on the deserted places. The crops which the good Lord permitted to come forth during the past summer remain on the field, standing and rotting in divers places, in the same way as the hay, for the preservation of which we poor people cannot obtain one man. We sit here amid thousands of Indians and barbarians, from whom we find neither peace nor mercy. We have left our beloved father-land, and unless the Lord our God, had been our comfort we must have perished in our misery. Several handsome buildings, erected by settlers upon their plantations, now lie in ashes through a foolish hankering after war; for all right-minded men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us until a few years ago, injuring no man, and affording every assistance to our nation. But now they rove in parties continually around, day and night, on the Island of Manhattan, slaying our folks not a thousand paces from the fort; and it is arrived at such a pass that no one dares move a foot to fetch a stick of fire-wood without a strong escort.

But, however much occupied with the Indians, the busy Kieft found time to look after the morals of New Amsterdam, which at this early period of her history do not appear to have been of the best character. Many and fierce were the proclamations sent forth against evil-doers. All persons were admonished to abstain

from fighting, from intercourse with heathens and negroes, from theft, calumny, and all other immoralities. The court sat on Thursday of each week, and absentees subjected themselves to a fine of one shilling for the first offense. Immoderate drinking also gave rise to much

mischief. All persons, "except those who sold wine at a decent price and in moderate quantities," were forbidden to sell any liquor under a penalty of twenty-five guilders and the loss of their stock. All sea-faring men found ashore after sunset were to forfeit two months' wages, and he who was guilty of selling guns or ammunition to the Indians was to be punished with death. The cultivation of tobacco was thus early regulated by law. All contracts, sales, or public acts, in order to be valid, had to be written by the secretary of the province, a measure that gave room to much complaint against the director, but was just, for the reason that the majority of the people were unable to read or write.

Stuyvesant, a man of honor and a wooden leg, became Kieft's successor. The colonists revered him "as if he had been the Czar of Muscovy." But while the new governor promised justice to every person, he emphatically declared it to be treason to petition against one's magistrates whether there be reason or not. "If any one shall appeal during my administration," he exclaimed, "I will make him a foot shorter, and send the pieces to Holland."

Under the vain, but energetic Stuyvesant, the Church became a state institution. The people, however, enjoyed religious toleration, and republican sentiments gained ground. The colonists had lived in the exercise of civil and religious liberty in the father-land, and they were not to be deprived of these sacred rights by the aristocratic and headstrong director of New Amsterdam.

A council of nine was organized, and the privilege of a burgher government granted, although Stuyvesant was greatly displeased with "this impudent intrusting of power with the people." A schout, two burgomasters, and five schepens formed a municipal court, as in the cities of Holland.

When the long-continued animosities between the English and Dutch settlers in America had subsided, and the land of the Pilgrims had become the home of intolerance, the New Englanders flocked to Manhattan. Lands were granted to the new comers, who intermarried with the Dutch, and soon acquired influence.

Early in the administration of Stuyvesant the old harberg, or tavern, was converted into a stadt-huys. There travelers to and from New England had been accustomed to rest. There being no money in the treasury, the magistrates received no pay, but enjoyed many week-day privileges, and on the Sabbath sat upon state cushions, while listening to long sermons upon the doctrine of predestination and the perseverance of the saints. For many years the burgomasters held their sessions in this quaint old stadt-huys, where the doughty Kieft had smoked long pipes, and entertained with long stories his oleaginous companions.

Stuyvesant conquered the Swedes, but New Amsterdam in turn came into the possession of others. In 1669 King Charles granted the whole territory of New Netherland to the Duke of York and Albany, and the same year Nicolls was sent out with four ships and four hundred and fifty men to take possession of the colony. The Dutch were obliged to surrender, although Stuyvesant, the last of the patroon governors, declared that "he would much rather be carried out dead" than submit to so great a humiliation. New Amsterdam then contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, furnishing a striking contrast to that magnificent city which will soon contain over a million souls. The majority of the Dutch settlers remained, passing their lives in happy domesticity, living in quaint houses on curious old streets, and trafficking in quaint groceries of which we have given an idea in our illustrations, and which would this day be veritable curiosities on the Island of Manhattan. In 1763 the city was retaken by the Dutch, to be ceded the following year to the English, in whose possession it remained until the close of the Revolutionary war.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

A LAY OF LUCKNOW.

ASLEEP!—amid the awful thunder
That speaks of coming doom,
While swarming hosts of fiendish foes
Round Lucknow's fortress loom.
Worn out by toil and suffering,
Death closing darkly round,
The daughters of the island-race
Lay on the hard, cold ground.

The Englishwoman's troubled rest
Is broken fitfully;
But hush'd in motionless repose,
The head upon her knee,
A Scottish woman pillow'd there,
Dreams of the far-off home,
Where her old father from the plow
At eventide will come.

What sudden sound 'mid that wild roar
The charmèd vision breaks,
As, springing from her kindly couch,
The Highland woman wakes?
The Scottish ear—the Scottish heart,
'Mid that stern din of war,
Hears the shrill Highland bagpipe speak—
The slogan sound afar!

"We're saved! I hear Macgregor's peal,
Ay foremost in the fray:
O, Highland hearts and hands are true;
We're saved this blessed day!"
She stands amid the hero band
Who wage the hopeless strife,
The harbinger of coming aid,
Of rescued love and life.

They listen! But that distant sound
Reaches no Saxon ear;
For them no Highland pibroch tells
That Scotland's aid is near:
Again the voice of war sends forth
Defiance stern and high;
Despairing, though undaunted still,
Are England's chivalry.

Once more that cry: "The Campbells come!
We're saved!" They pause again.
O blessed Heaven! she speaketh sooth!
They hear the bagpipe's strain.
High 'mid the roar of deadly strife
The Highland music swells;
And of the God-sent aid at hand,
The mountain slogan tells.

Down, as one man, the leaguer'd force
Fall lowly on their knees,
And tears, and prayers, and bursting sighs
Float on the eastern breeze.
Full, fuller, swells the changing strain,
Borne through the rending line
Of conquer'd foes—*they* hear it now!
The sound of "Auld Lang Syne."

O! blessed be His holy name
Who, in our direst need,
Can thus, through swarthy myriads,
Our faithful comrades lead.
Yet even with the memory
Of mercy all divine,
Will come a ling'ring echo, too,
Of Scotland's "Auld Lang Syne."

THE WELSH PULPIT.

THE Welsh are a people among whom the pulpit is a power. The alienation of the working classes is a theme never discussed in Wales. In that country "the masses" are under the power of the Gospel: "Bethel," "Capel Sion," "Bethesda," and "Ebenezer," are always thronged. The most ignorant on the affairs of this life at least feel some interest in questions pertaining to another. In the busiest day of the week the smith leaves his anvil, the grocer his shop, the shoemaker his last, the farmer his field, to hear the stranger-preacher, whose name, though he heard it on the Sunday, he may have quite forgotten. Follow them to their respective employments, listen to their conversation, their shrewd remark, their warm discussion, and deduct, object, detract, philosophize as you may, the impression still clings, that the pulpit is there a power.

On the still Sabbath morning, station yourself by that "lonely house of God." The chapel-house is the only habitation near; you see no other human residence. Can a congregation ever be assembled there? Can the place ever be filled? It is about ten. The worshipers "come, and still they come;" through silent glen, over mountain-top, through pass and defile, along stony lane or scarce visible foot-path, on horse or on foot, in small groups or one by one; all pointing their way to that small, gray, low-roofed house, surrounded by that (O how quiet!) resting-place for their dead. They all confess to some mysterious power of attraction there. It is past the time; the place is now filled; the dirge-like but soothing sound of praise, in fine harmony with the scene around, now ascends. Wait a while; the text is read; the discourse begins; and you soon see that gray-coated shepherd, red-plaided matron, burly farmer, giddy youth, and sober age, alike confess, by look and attitude, that there is power in the word preached.

And the associations, those great annual gatherings, the "May meetings" of Wales, who can describe them? Everything about them proclaims the presence of a power. A truce is given to denominational differences: the Methodist is less a conference man; the Baptist less baptistical; the Churchman less lofty. Hospitality, boundless and indiscriminate, is

the "order of the day." Everybody rises early that morning. Cottages and farm-houses, newly whitewashed, glisten in the sun. The dust of a year is disturbed; a general purification has been going on for weeks. "Godliness and cleanliness" are seen strikingly associated. Even the very few who never go to any place of worship have put on their best apparel. The association is the theme of every tongue; it has inspired dreams of pleasure and of pride; it has brought up to the surface, along with the good, some evil. The whole country is moved; the people for miles around keep "holy-day." The roads are thronged with pedestrians, horses, and vehicles. The whole population seems on pilgrimage. A vast assemblage of people, in a not populous country, meet on a sloping field, one of nature's own galleries, before a tented platform, from which they are addressed. You are girt around, it may be, with lofty hills, some richly wooded, some bare and bleak, with here and there an opening, through which you catch an entrancing glimpse of deep blue sky, or of boundless sea; openings which, in your present mood of mind, seem like avenues into eternity. Nature wears her richest garb, for it is in June. The public services begin in the evening. The bustle does not yet subside. You wonder when the people will cease to come; the mass before the platform is still increasing. The first sermon is already over; but the circumstances are yet unfavorable, for still they come. The multitude, worn out with fatigue and excitement, rest themselves on the grass, on vehicles, or on rude extemporized seats. Another preaches, grows warm, and brings us still more into sympathy with the occasion. When he finishes, we are prepared for more. The solemn stillness of evening has stolen on. There is a pause as solemn in the worship. O look at that gorgeous sunset! Was ever magnificence like that? Surely this is the richest grandeur of time, intended to tone us into sympathy with a grandeur imperishable. The hills, the trees, the fields of growing corn, the meadows, the thousands of upturned faces, seem bathed in an atmosphere of softest light. How the ray flutters and trembles on the distant wave! The preacher, too, feels the beauty of the hour. Pale, and with befitting emotion, he rises, and says, simply, (but with what effect!) "I am warned by the down-going sun not to occupy much of your time; thank God, the Sun of righteousness never sets!" and then reads for his text, "The Sun of righteousness shall arise, with healing in his wings." The allusion brings around us the glory of both worlds. The inspiration of nature and of religion is evidently upon the preacher; he has a genius in sympathetic contact with the scene around him; he seizes every passing incident, and makes it contribute to the great end which has brought him there. As he proceeds his voice awakens the distant echoes. He raises no vulgar shout; his voice is but the wing of the soaring soul. His ideas and his tones expand and swell with the growing elevation of his theme. Glowing with holier afflatus than the scenery of time, however grand, can inspire, the line which divides the perishing from the immortal is fast fading from his rapt prophetic vision. Sources which bubble ever fresh in the depths of eternity, supply the rapid current of his thought. Away on loftier heights than Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon ever reached, he surveys interests more varied, and destinies more stupendous, than ever floated in the vision of statesman, or inspired the ambition of king. He sees nothing before him but deathless spirits; he is now a prince in the world of thought; he bears sway in the kingdom of souls; his scepter waves over a territory in the unseen. Presumption quails beneath that imperial glance: rebuke, winged with sarcasm, tranfixes the cowering hypocrite; towering pride is scathed with the lightning of holy indignation; consolations fall like the dew of heaven upon the troubled conscience: hope for the guilty and oppressed is lifted high; wonder, amazement, gratitude, remorse, and thanksgiving, these are the various emotions kindled; emotions the consequences of which reach on forever. The vast throng disperses, to meet on the morrow, when something similar will again be witnessed.

In a country where this is a specimen of what not seldom occurs, the pulpit must be a power.

Here, then, we have a fact worth volumes of recent discussion on preaching. What are the elements of this power? Doubtless there are some peculiarities in the social condition of the people. Less political agitation prevails. A large com-

mercial class, with its attendant good and evil, does not exist. The town system, with its peculiar vices and corruptions, is not so largely developed. A lower order, dependent upon a class above, yet fearfully distinct from it, cannot be found in any large numbers. When the revival of religion took place, it thoroughly penetrated the nation. These and other circumstances must be borne in mind, in the attempt to form a just estimate of the Welsh pulpit.

What is emphatically designated the "hwyl" is a peculiarity so striking in Welsh preaching, it so immediately arrests the unaccustomed ear, that we are justified in giving it especial and early attention. The word "hwyl," (pronounced *hooil*,) like many other Welsh words, is a highly figurative one. A ship is said to be in full "hwyl," when it leaves port with full and spread sails, under a favorable breeze. And a preacher is said to be in full "hwyl," when, in happiest mood, thoughts and words coming quick and apt, and rising like a man inspired to the loftiest heights of his theme, he inevitably, and as a matter of course, *intones* or *chants* his fervid thoughts. No! let us at once confess neither of the above words adequately expresses this peculiarity. It is something between a chant and a song, but greatly unlike either. We are not unaware that what is thus described will, in some cases, when listened to, excite a smile. Nor are we ignorant that some of the more "*knowing*" among the Welsh themselves think the practice rather absurd and vulgar. And not long since we read the remarks of a learned American doctor, on a similar peculiarity in American preaching, and his dictum on the matter is, that to adopt any tone peculiar to the pulpit is highly absurd. Is it really so? At first the preacher *talks* very simply; by and by he changes his tone; you would then, perhaps, say that he *discourses* to you; he still rises: you now see and hear something of the orator; he *declaims* and *reasons;* at length, passed through all these stages, you see clearly that passion and feeling, the grandest forces of the soul, are at work. Winged thoughts and words come forth, all-glorious with the hues of heaven. They are poetry. How can they be otherwise? Reason, imagination, feeling, and passion are the factors. Figures and metaphors become the native speech. With such thoughts is the "hwyl" so unnatural or absurd? Occasionally you may fancy you hear in its tone the wail of unearthly sorrow, or the jubilant song of the redeemed. Are not poetry and music twins? And is it possible to be impassioned upon the most elevated themes, without adopting a tone more or less peculiar to them? We think not. The style and tone must accord insensibly. The principle is illustrated in all oratory. The peculiarity of the Welsh "hwyl" is that the principle is carried to a further extent, and acted upon in a mode that accords most remarkably with the genius of the language and the people. When it is a mere habit, without inspiration, it is an intolerable oratorical vice; as such let it be condemned; but whatever material for criticism it may furnish, it has a power, when natural and genuine, over the masses of the Welsh people, which none but those who have witnessed its effect can easily believe. Until the preacher has arrived at this stage of his discourse, whatever he may have said, he has got no farther than the Welshman's understanding; the "hwyl" at once finds its way to the heart. Under these overpowering intonations, even Englishmen have been subdued by the mystic power of an unknown tongue. Like music and song, they evoke a sympathy scarcely dependent upon words. Christmas Evans was scarcely less indebted to those magic peals which made his hearers tremble or rejoice at his imperial will, than to his marvelous allegorical and dramatic power.

The efficient Welsh preacher is generally a man of rude and vigorous health. The athlete who stands before you on the Association-day (and he represents a class) is daily braced by the up-hill walk or mountain ride. His is rarely a student's life. His soul and body are not shriveled by prolonged subsistence upon Greek and Hebrew roots. He is no effeminate recluse. He may be a pluralist in the best sense of the word, having the care of more Churches than one, and the duties thus devolving upon him contribute not a little to his vigor. His firm step, and face bronzed by blast and sun, betoken all this. He converses more with nature than with books. He has, in consequence, that kind of mental and moral vigor which a good athletic frame so highly favors.

If his thoughts are not often profound, never subtle, they are generally manly. His ministry glows with life. Whatever defects it may have, it has the redeeming elements of energy and force. There are striking exceptions to this rule even in Wales. At the present day one of the most gifted men in the Welsh ministry has always suffered from feeble health. Still the rule is as we have stated, and as might have been expected. The amount of work now done by the most notorious preacher of the day, and which is regarded by many as Herculean, has been the ordinary life-service of many a Welsh preacher "unknown to fame," except among his own native hills. Wales has been evangelized by such men, and the pulpit of the present day owes no small share of its popular power to its possession of such men still.

Nor let this fact of adequate physical power be underrated. In no profession, if its duties are properly discharged, is every energy more continuously taxed. *Mens sana in corpore sano* ought to be a condition of entrance into all our colleges. Physical, mental, and moral health are closely connected. Men who, as preachers, move the world, must be in all respects men of power.

Fancy then, reader, a mind and body thus well strung, brought to bear with *wondrous entireness* upon the work of preaching. This concentration of the Welsh preacher is quite remarkable. The social condition of the people favors it. We have known many men of power in Wales, whose thonghts by day and dreams by night seemed utterly engrossed with their favorite work. They seem to know little else, to care for nothing else. This was the focal point in which all their powers and passions met. How to make every sermon *tell*; of this they thought, of this on every fit occasion, and with every congenial mind, they talked. Yes! preaching was with them a passion, all-engrossing, all-absorbing; upon it they mused till the fire burned. With them the apostle was never allowed to degenerate into the pedagogue, nor the pastor into the clerk. They were no committee men; they would never have excelled as secretaries; they did not attempt a little of everything, far less to teach it. The thousand heterogeneous claims upon his English brother do not press upon the Welsh preacher. We will not pause to enlarge upon the difference; let the fact be noticed, and let it have its proper place among the reasons which must be assigned for the power of the Welsh pulpit.

But probably the main difference between English and Welsh preaching, and the source of the peculiar power of the latter, must be sought in the language and the mode of thought employed. It has frequently occurred to us that if ministers, who happened to have sprung from the lower orders, and who have therefore been familiar with their language and entire mode of thought, would in the course of their ministry, if suitably located, lay aside their acquired speech and style of thought, and speak, on occasions especially devoted to this purpose, to the degraded thousands around them the words of God in their own peculiar tongue, the effect would be great. To some men in the ministry whose education is imperfect, and to whom a more polished mode of speech is by no means natural and easy, this temporary self-degradation, if such it may be called, for a lofty purpose, would, we conceive, be no very difficult thing. There need be no coarseness; there *might* be less in reality than sometimes marks pulpit exhibitions of higher pretense. All that is meant is, that their usual medium of communication be adopted. No language has such power over a man as that in which he thinks.

All classes of the Welsh people—all who speak the Welsh language, rich and poor, educated or otherwise, use precisely, with the slightest possible variation of dialect, the same medium of communication. In ordinary conversation, the language of the most highly-educated minister is that of the meanest of his people. The distinction between the conversational language of an educated Englishman, and that, say, of an illiterate peasant, has no counterpart in Welsh social life. This fact must be duly noted; then let it be observed that this popular medium of communication is, with scarcely an exception, used in the pulpit. Nor is there anything in this language that is offensive or disagreeable to the most educated or critical. Probably the Welsh language has been more cultivated of late years than at any previous period in its history; still the most learned men in Wales find it quite natural

and agreeable to use in all ordinary conversation the language of the least cultivated; and the most accomplished Welsh preacher feels it no condescension to clothe his thoughts in the language of the poorest in the throng. This may in great measure be accounted for from the derivative nature of the language, every word being constructed of monosyllables, each one of which has a connectional meaning in forming the word. In the naturalness of the construction of the words the utmost perfection is said to exist; and enthusiastic Welshmen can be found who claim for it the honor of having been spoken in Paradise. The same homely idiom, the same occasional, but by no means glaring incorrectness, the same natural but negligent grammar, may be observed in the sermon as in the fireside talk. There is no polishing of sentence, no elegantly-turned period, but there is the natural euphony of impassioned word and thought. There is the heightened language with the rising thought. But the thought is still expressed in the people's tongue. In his wonder at the little power which English preaching has over English poor, the Welshman is apt to forget this fact. The almost exclusive care which the Welsh preacher bestows upon the *thought* is quite marvelous; all the study has been to simplify it, never to elaborate, to turn it round and round, to put it in many lights, and under many hues—to humanize, and, if I may so speak, to Welshify it. The farmer carries home with him the abstrusest principle, it may be, packed in the homeliest words of a homely illustration. This was the pre-eminent glory of Williams of Wern; he put the thoughts of a philosopher in the language of a child. The highest philosophy fell unexpectedly from his lips, and the people rose to the height of great arguments unawares. What would be like grave chapters in moral science, as treated by some "Rev. Dryasdusts," we have heard inwrought in sermons that *told* on every peasant. We have even witnessed the singular process, by an accomplished artist, of doing Hamilton of Leeds into Welsh; some of the glory was lost, but none of the power. It is in this peculiarity of the Welsh pulpit that we find the main source of its great popularity.

The dominant aim of the Welsh preacher is impression. He seems thoroughly to understand the peculiar mission of the pulpit. More "intellectual preaching," however a few may urge it, is certainly not the demand of even well-instructed audiences. Upon this point, facts are decisive. The most instructive preachers are certainly not the most attractive. Nor are the causes far to seek. Those who seek intellectual excitement, and a high order of instruction—who are interested in the discussion of lofty and difficult themes—know well that the popular orator is not the man, nor the pulpit the place for them. More "intellectual preaching" is the cant cry of the intellectually small. There exist more efficient means of high instruction. In this respect the pulpit can never vie with the press; the attempt is generally as weak as it is foolish. In our day the press must be supreme in the domain of abstruse thought, and those who are capable of it will find in books the best answers to their highest questions. Disguise it as we may, the pulpit of the present day is only to a limited extent the instructor of the people. The preacher is no longer an oracle. There are other teachers whose mode of teaching will admit of more profound, more pertinent, more consecutive instruction, than any oral teacher can pretend to furnish. Thought, in our day, germinates and matures under other influences than those of the pulpit. Views are formed, questions are settled or unsettled, elsewhere.

The conclusion is, that *impression* must be the predominant aim of the preacher; it is not the understanding that is to be mainly addressed. He must sway the conscience; that is the end, all else is but means. For this, the pulpit has a power which the press can never wield. In his sphere the preacher has no rival. This distinction borne in mind, the idea of his ever being superseded is highly absurd. As long as the living voice retains its mystic power; as long as its tones become tremulous with the burden of the thought conveyed; as long as the countenance can be made luminous with mind; as long as words and manner can be inspired by "thoughts which breathe" within; as long as truth incarnate is truth the most impressive—so long will the preacher occupy a position unrivaled and alone. For bringing home to human souls those questions which, in the highest sense, affect human destiny, the pulpit is a means unique and all-powerful. The effective Welsh preacher pre-eminently understands all this.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

I SUPPOSE it is natural (that is, humanly natural) that opinions should be at once so diversified and so generally inconsistent on the subject of happiness; for happiness is a thing that every one appears to judge of vicariously. How few, except children, experience it consciously, or recognize and acknowledge its presence with them. It seems to be an inevitable law with the majority of us, that you can no more see the peculiar good of your own estate, than you can see your own profile shadowed on the wall. You twist and turn to look at it, and in the very effort to behold, it is lost. But other people's profiles you can see, judge, and criticise. Other people's happiness you know all about; you look at it, wonder at it, envy it, perhaps. How is it that men and women are so rarely able to see the sunshine that falls on themselves? It is a curious problem in psychology.

Perhaps we are all too selfish to be accredited appraisers of our personalities; and although, as regards this particular one, our partiality takes the unusual direction of undervaluing what belongs to ourselves, the injustice is none the less. And the fatuitousness of the judgment is as striking even as when you, my dear hard-featured friend, flatter yourself that the outline of your face is classical, and the turn of your head as noble as it is refined.

After all, it may be wiser to leave ourselves and our happiness alone. Egotism is the last thing that the human race needs teaching in these days. Therefore, without making "so much ado" about the bliss which falls to our own proper share, we might pursue our inquiries among our friends, our lovers, and acquaintance. Let us try to discover *who* are the happy, and wherein doth consist that intangible, impalpable mystery which constitutes their happiness

Happiness! how often has our ideal changed within a little time! It varies, we find, with every turn of our own fate, circumstance, or feeling. Is it not so with you also? But probably you never stop to consider within yourself what it is you are living for. You very often yawn during the morning hours, and, listlessly tapping your immaculate boot with a wonderful cane, "wonder how you shall get through the day." You find it tiresome that you have been to every place and seen everything that you care to visit or to see. You lament that there are "no more worlds to"—travel about. Sometimes, even, you get as far as an aspiration, "that there was something new to be done, that everything wasn't so worn out, so stale, flat, and unprofitable." And if any one asked you if you are happy, you would reply, with emphatic candor,

"Confound it, no!"

How odd! for you possess a considerable proportion of that "raw material" which even the most romantic of us admit to be more or less adequate, if not necessary, to constitute happiness. Consider. You are young—in the very bloom of a man's youth, which need not and should not be rubbed off much before thirty. You are strong and vigorous, when you choose to lead a healthful life. You have an average share of abilities, and believe that you have more. You are tolerably well-looking, and more than tolerably well satisfied with your looks. You have a loving mother and affectionate sisters. You possess, O! what troops of admiring friends; and you have an income sufficient for all your wants. How dare you not be happy?

Alas! you dare do all that should become a man, and discontent is as masculine an attribute as your hat, and, I must say, becomes you as well. Not that I intend to quarrel with it in this instance. I think you are like an oyster, and what is in itself a disease, is the one hopeful and valuable part of your being. If you were satisfied with your life, you would be in a still worse condition than you are. If you were "happy," you would be wretched indeed. But you have envied Jack Baggs, and there is a chance for you.

Now there is your friend Wentworth; it is a good trait in your character that your friendship with him has hitherto been so steady and unbroken, seeing that he is as poor in worldly gifts as you are rich, and that you move in widely different circles of society. Moreover, that he never neglects his own pursuits to chime in with your lazy employments, and so far from flattering your vanity or courting your distinction, there is no one of your acquaintance who speaks to you with such candor, or behaves with such straightforward independence. Only the other day, you remember, he informed you,

half-seriously, under the light laugh with which he spoke, that he wouldn't lead such a life as yours for all the worlds one ever has to give, all the riches in Fortunatus's cap. "Although," he admitted, sighing, "I don't undervalue wealth, as you are aware. A little more of it would make me very happy."

You know he alluded to his long-delayed marriage. He has been engaged for several years, and to one as poor and prospectless as young men who have every morsel of their own bread to earn generally contrive to fall in love with. What do you think of this for a trouble, an anxiety to keep life's sunshine from being too enervating? To see one you love better than your life, one whom every fiber of your nature is drawn to, with the instinct to cherish most tenderly, to protect most jealously; to see her constrained to fill a dependent position, while you are toiling, toiling in what sometimes appears a hopeless endeavor to make a union prudent. To do you justice, you feel a great deal for your friend; you would fain render him service, if you could. But he must make his own way "with difficulty, and labor hard." A rough way, a toilsome way, stones under foot, and oftentimes darkness overhead. But he will reach the goal sooner or later; there is little to fear for him.

Meanwhile, spite of labor, difficulty, and trial, do you know a man with whom you would sooner change places, when you come to reflect seriously on the subject? Do you know a man, in the whole circle of your acquaintance, who so often or so nearly trenches on the domain of happiness? What a serene face is his, when, the labor of the day over, he unbends to the enjoyment of the simple pleasures that are such delights to him. He appears to have the art of doing morally what clever chemists perform materially, when, from mean, and sometimes even noxious elements, they distill essences most fragrant.

Only three times within the last two years has he been with Lucy; but I think it is likely that many men in their whole span of life do not taste a greater amount of pure and beautiful happiness than these two, who love one another so perfectly, crowd into their brief festivals. And when other people sigh over the remembrance of past happiness, he is more apt to suddenly keep silence, while a light comes into his face—a visible thanksgiving, very beautiful to see.

Then his faith in the future is at least as vital and steady as his gratitude for the past. He knows—at least he *trusts* (which is better than knowing, he says) —that he and Lucy will be married one day; that one day they will be able to make their nest somewhere, like the birds, in some pleasant tree, with green branches all round, and the sky shining through.

Meanwhile, though he waits, he does not despond. He attains more than serenity in his quick sympathies with all human interests, his keen appreciation of beauty, his love of flowers and sunshine, music and pictures, (moving pictures, as well as those fixed to canvas,) his sensitive perception of the good and true in all that is before him, whether people in the streets, flowers in the fields, or clouds in the sky. In all this—his heritage from nature, of which his own true heart recognizes the value—Wentworth unconsciously finds, and ever will find, a happiness that you vainly look for half over the world, with "position," connection, all appliances and means to boot.

Truly, we may well ask, who are the happy? One twentieth part of these said appliances, which are all impotent to give ease or contentment to him who possesses so much, would, how often! remove the sharpest thorn from the path of those who tread their hard way unaided, only drawing gladness from the wealth of their own hearts. Thank God for that wealth of the heart! His justice and even-handed wisdom even our finite vision can perceive, sometimes.

Who are happy? *Not* they who, to our eyes, possess most means of happiness.

Not Mrs. Courtly, who married for love, with the unusual appendage of plenty of money, and the thorough approbation of her friends, and who is cited by every one as an example of "a fortunate woman indeed." Fortunate she may be; happy she is not, as I have known ever since I spent three days with her at her villa. She has so many pleasures, she has no time to be pleased. All those things that to most people are enjoyments, are to her only soporifics. It needs strong wine indeed to exhilarate *her*. She is clearly not a denizen of this *terra incognita*—this happy land.

Neither is pretty Laura Haverill, the

belle of her circle, the idol of her family, the universally admired and flattered Corinne of half a hundred evening parties. How many good gifts have fallen to her share? beauty, talent, affluence, and love —love as common to her as daylight, and, alas! as little thought of. Yet she is fretful, fastidious, *blasé* of the very blessings fate showers upon her. Her days seem to pass in an alternation of excitement and reaction. She is now in a whirl of gayety —anon plunged in the stagnant, unprofitable slough of ennui. What is it she needs, to convert her *matériel* into that mysterious, impalpable thing whereof we speak? I am not prepared to say. I do not pretend to tell *why* it is that these people, who appear to possess most of the means, appear farthest from the end: why they who receive most blessings are oftentimes least blessed. I only declare; I cannot profess to explain.

Very likely you would smile (yet I think it would be in a sad sort) if you knew the whole life-history of the woman that always occurs to me as the truest example of happiness I have ever known. But you shall see her.

She was already middle-aged when I first knew her. I heard she was once eminently attractive in look and manner, as, indeed, such a sweet simple nature and clear intellect as she possessed would make any woman. But at the time I saw her, all this was seen through the cloud left by severe suffering, both of mind and body, such as she had known almost continuously during the past ten years. Hers was a nature that lavished its love as summer clouds the rain; it fell noiselessly, abundantly, in simple, unquestioning delight of giving. In her earliest womanhood a younger sister was the recipient of all this wealth of tenderness and care. The sister married, went abroad, almost forgot her, or remembered her only in a way that was perhaps bitterer than oblivion. Then Anna loved, in the woman's great sense of loving, one who was to her the model of all manliness, nobility, and greatness. Within a few weeks of the time that they last spent together, when he, by every eloquence of look and tone, had persuaded her of his love while winning hers, he married a rich woman, old, unlovable, and foolish. Anna lost not only her love, but her ideal. The beautiful fabric of her life's dearest dream was shivered into a million pieces, and the very fragments were of dross.

After that her health failed, and all her relations being either far away, or indifferent to her fate, she went through the bitterness, worse than that of death, of a long illness in a hired home, attended by paid nurses; cared for at so much a-week. When she recovered, one or two of her kinder-hearted friends took her to stay with them for a time. It was on one of these occasions that I first met her. I remember what an impression I received from the sight of her cheerful face, that kindled anew with every new pleasure. And how many pleasures she had, and how intensely she enjoyed them! I did not know her history then, and I thought to myself how fairly apportioned must be the blessings of life, since she, who was poor and still suffering, evidently possessed compensating good gifts sufficient to make her happiness. I was right: but I did not know all. The good gifts were hers indeed, but they were of another and less tangible kind than I thought.

She very seldom spoke of herself, as may be supposed. Nothing can be more incompatible with the sort of unconscious, praiseful thanksgiving which was her daily life than the morbid self-analysis, the continuous, ever-flowing undercurrent of egotism that seems to be one of the prevalent diseases of these days. But once or twice she became unwontedly retrospective, and fragments of her past came out unawares. And the depth of feeling she involuntarily betrayed showed me very clearly that the peace she knew was not that of indifference, and that the joys which yet blossomed about her had their root in sorrows greater and sufferings keener than most of those about her guessed.

She had all a woman's passionate necessity of loving, but very little of its usual more selfish complement of the necessity of being loved. Thus, her love showed itself in and toward a thousand things that by no possibility could yield her return. Birds, and flowers, and music, books, pictures, shells, such things as these that other people admire and are content, she seemed rather to love; so fond, and grateful, and tender was her appreciation of their beauty. I have seen her radiant with a sort of tremulous delight in hearing of some lovely trait of character, or in

watching little children at their play, or in gazing at some exquisite bit of scenery. Sunshine was brightness to her, clouds were pictures, the wind was music. The air came to her most balmily, the breeze most freshly. She was attuned to nature somehow, so that all her variations were made musical; and even that which to other people would produce discord was only harmony with her.

She had faults undoubtedly; but I cannot think of them now. They were very visible to herself as well as to others. They did not make her miserable or despondent, but rather vitalized her energies for herself, and made her charity for others wider and warmer than in any other person I ever knew.

It was curious to hear her sometimes discussing, in her gentle way, with her hostess, a lady with an adoring husband, fair children, an ample fortune, and other minor advantages. This lady's views of life were gloomy; of humanity, condemnatory even to hopelessness.

"It makes me perfectly sick at heart to hear of such people. O dear! how much vileness and deceit exist in the world. Wickedness, crime, sin, meet us on every hand. Isn't it terrible?"

"Nay," would be Anna's reply, "I do not believe in the vileness of the world, nor in the utter depravity of mankind. Human nature must be very dear to the God who watches over its salvation. We have no right to cast out whom he receives."

"O, of course, religiously speaking," the lady would admit.

It was one wide difference between Anna's speaking and most other people's that, though rarely religious in language, it was always so in spirit.

Dear Anna! I left her very bright, with her health renewed into its usual strength, and her heart as blithe and grateful as a skylark's song. When I next saw her it was under a new load of pain and trial. A violent cold had settled on her limbs, and deprived her for many months of the power of walking. I found her confined to a sofa, in a suburban lodging, her window looking out over the trim road and opposite houses, with their little green gardens in front. But the aspect was south, and she was eloquent over the warmth and brightness of her domicile.

"This room is so cozy, and the people of the house are very considerate. And my friends here are so kind, and come to see me, and sit with me, and write me long letters when they are away. You see my suffering and helplessness bring out everybody's goodness. I feel quite glad and grateful, not only for my own sake, when old Mrs. Cross, who is so disliked, comes and brings me books and fruit; and Mr. Seamore, whom people call avaricious and selfish, sends his carriage to take me a drive, as he has done several times."

Soon after this a new hope brightened her life. Her youngest brother, who had been abroad many years, wrote to say that he longed for a home, and looked to her to share in and superintend it when he should arrive.

"I shall have a real home with my brother, my very own brother, my own home! O how good, how dear a blessing no one can tell!"

But I could guess, seeing her tears of passionate rejoicing, how sad had been the gap that now promised to be filled up.

Well, the happiness of anticipation she had, and enjoyed to the uttermost. The gladness of fulfillment never was hers. Her brother died on his passage home. By his death, moreover, a portion of her slender income devolved away from her. She was so poor now that she had to eke out her means of livelihood by working at her needle.

"But *that* is a blessing. To be obliged to work makes the time of my forced imprisonment pass more quickly. There is an added interest given to the work, you see, that only necessity could supply. It must be bad for me, if I had time to think too much of my brother. O my dear brother Francis, we were little children together!"

Her external fortitude broke down at the mention of her brother.

"It seemed so very sad and desolate at first. I had hoped and yearned so much. For a little while I felt quite heartbroken, like a chidden child. But then came the peace God sends to his chidden children. It is so comforting to feel that when trouble is with us God is with us too."

Not long after I saw Anna once again. She lay very quiet, and calm, and pale on her white bed. Strong in her love, undoubting in her faith, she was waiting for death.

"Dear, don't you grieve; there is no pain left now; and I have been thinking so happily. It is strange, my mother died while I was a little child, but I can remember her face now quite well. . . . How good every one is to me! I love you all very much, but not half enough. Nay, don't cry. Think how happy I have been, how happy I am, even though —. Ah, thank God for all!"

And when I looked on her an hour after, when her face shone with that wonderful shining that never comes till the earthly light is gone, and there has come on the mortal shell the passionless, emotionless, far-removed stillness of death, I, too, could say, "Thank God for all!" and think, as I turned again to the outer, living world of sunshine, sound, and movement, "Truly, she *is* happy."

PROVERBS SECULAR AND SACRED.

A FRENCHMAN loves a sparkling *mot*, or an aphorism effervescing with "glories," and "great souls," and "eternities;" while a true-born Englishman disdains such sentimental stuff: and the rich grave irony which shakes the sides of a Spanish don, would only draw forth the scowl of an Aberdeensman, or the dirk of a Highlander. Hence, in every community, it is with "Poor Richard," and his brethren among the people, that most proverbs have originated; and, in as far as any of them may have had a literary source, we should look for the first promulgation not to Hooker, and Milton, and Sir Thomas Brown, and the souls sublime, who were more cosmopolite than British, but to Latimer, and Shakspeare, and Bunyan, who never spoke to hearts of oak unless with an English tongue. Fine speeches may be quoted, but they are only the standing homely saws of Anglo-Saxon parentage which keep their ground, and are transmitted from age to age.

Sometimes, however, a maxim of the select circle finds its way into general use through the medium of some master-spirit, who, with access to good society, commands the attention of the multitude. A Benjamin Franklin, or a William Cobbett, reads the best authors, and then, in the plainest English, chats from the platform or the press on all sorts of subjects, and, with a plagiarism almost unavoidable, he gives forth, so as not to be distinguished from his own originalities, the choice thoughts and happy illustrations which rush upon his memory from all the fields of literature. As repeated by such a translator, the good saying is divested of the obscure allusion or the pedantic language, which restricted it to a peculiar coterie, and the quip of Herbert, or the conceit of Jeremy Taylor, is henceforth on the fair way to become a proverb of the people.

As far as we are acquainted with the proverbs of any modern nation, the bulk of them is older than its printed literature; and the number, we suspect, is very small which can be traced up to a definite authorship. But at this moment, there are many which are working their way into general currency, and after they have been somewhat shortened or new-shapen, we shall find among our every-day axioms:

> The evil, that men do, lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.
>
> Solitude is sometimes best society,
> And short retirement urges sweet return.
>
> Trifles, light as air,
> Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
> As proofs of Holy Writ.
>
> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> A man's a man for a' that;

as well as Gray's "Full many a gem," and Pope's "Ruling Passion strong in death," and Beattie's "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!" And we may add, that as we become more cultivated, and as a finer sense diffuses itself throughout the community, many a choice saying, now locked up in printed books, or only current among the well-informed, will pass into proverbial frequency: such as the remark of Coleridge, "To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed," and many of those vivid sentences in which, like sparks from a thunderbolt, Napoleon flashed out his own intensity: "The heart may be torn to pieces, while the soul stands unshaken." "It is the good cause, not the stake, which makes the martyr." "Usually the truest wisdom is a resolute determination." "On unity of action depends the success of means." "The man who least of all belongs to himself, is the man whom the events of Providence call to the government of nations." "Every hour of time lost is a chance of misfortune

for the future." "There are calumnies by which innocence itself is confounded."

Occasionally the proverb carries something *in gremio*, which so far fixes its date. Such sayings, as "Big churches, little saints;" God's friend, the priest's foe;" "Monks and mice seldom take leave without mischief;" "Touch a friar, and all cowls flutter as far as Rome;" and others, in which the German vocabulary abounds, would point to the dawn of reformation, when people were beginning to espy rents in the rochet and rust on the miter. English history has told us the origin of the adage which is read on the scroll of the Garter; and of more than one proverb, that great record of inventions and antiquities, the Bible, has preserved to us the age and the first occasion. "Is Saul also among the prophets?" is, of course, older than the days of Solomon: and David quotes as already a time-honored saying, "a proverb of the ancients;" "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." As far back as the age of Moses, it had become proverbial to compare a "mighty hunter" to Nimrod; and a proverb corresponding to "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," is immortalized in connection with Mount Moriah, and the crowning act of Abraham's faith.

Like primeval poems, the first proverbs would be abundantly simple. A certain trimness of terseness distinguished some saying, as in the case of the above quoted, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked;" and coming neatly through the lips and falling nicely on the ear, it grew into a favorite phrase, and was so oft reiterated that at last it could not be forgotten. But as by and by men grew more ingenious or refined, mere neatness was not pleasing enough. The pillar required to be fluted, the rectangular plinth was exchanged for a florid capital, the single verse was replaced by an elaborate stanza, and the proverb suggested improvement. A humorist stuck a feather in its cap or added a sting to its tail, by way of making it more arresting or more emphatic; or a poet turned it into metaphor, and fitted it with meter, so as to make it more convenient to the memory. "Know thyself," was the Heaven-descended simplicity of that oracle which faced the devotee as he approached the Delphic shrine, and it may be accepted as the fundamental precept of the old Greek ethics: but "Know thyself" grew trite, and from Æsop, with his fruit-basket slung behind the back, visible to all save the owner, down to the Ayrshire bard:

> O wad some power the giftie gi'e us,
> To see oursel's as others see us,"

moralists have striven to furbish up the old familiar maxim, and bring out its meaning anew. Μηδὲν ἄγαν, "Ne quid nimis," "Exceed in nothing," is an advice so good, that it is quite a controversy who first gave it. Diogenes Laertius claims it for Pythagoras. Aristotle assigns it to Bias, and something very like it can be detected in Homer and Hesiod, not to say Euripides. And now every nation has its own way of saying, "Stop in time;" "Too keen an edge does not cut," say the French, "Too fine a point does not pierce;" "Too many sacks are the death of the ass," cry the Germans; and "Too much wax burns the church," re-echo the Portuguese; "Too many sailors sink the ship," shout the boatmen on the Nile, while the English captain translates it, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and the Scotch steward or stoker replies, "O'er mony greeves but hinder the wark."

To an ethnologist, or a student of human nature, there can be no materials more valuable than the proverbs of a people. They are its most genuine cardiphonia; the confidential communings of the nation in the unreserve of its own homestead; the deliverance of the collective wisdom on all the subjects which engross its thoughts and form the theme of its most frequent discussion. In authorship there may be idiosyncrasy. Byron may be no true type of the Anglo-Saxon, nor Erasmus of the Hollander; but neither Englishmen nor Dutchmen can repudiate their proverbs. These are the nation's own composition; its autobiography; what Augustine would have called its confessions and retractations. Before a maxim could become a proverb, it had to pass the ordeal of universal suffrage; and, without millions of votes in its favor, it could never have been installed; and now that it has reached this rank, it is the accredited representative of its constituents; and as long as it carries their commission, we are entitled to regard it as their exponent. With this, the People's Own Book, in our hand, we cannot fail to perceive the native servility of the Hindoo, the self-pos-

cessed worldliness and mere materialism of the Chinaman, the gorgeousness of the Persian, the pensive enthusiasm and fundamental religiousness of the Slavonian, the high-souled chivalry of the Spaniard, the sly vindictiveness of the Italian, the gayety of the Frenchman, the thrift and caution of the Scot.

Nor is it merely revelations of principle which these proverbs afford, but they give us every race in its humor. According as the bee feeds on the thyme of Hymettus, or the heather of the Grampians, the honey is differently flavored; and even so, the wisdom hoarded in these ancient hives has an aroma characteristic of the various regions where it has been gathered. The basis, or essential principle, may be the same, but the gust or bouquet differs according to the national genius. Take the following group:

Since I wronged you, I have never liked you.
The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one I did not expect.
Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who was hanged.
If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron.
The gallows was made for the unlucky.
To be a merchant, the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales.
A fool, unless he know Latin, is never a great fool.
If the rings are lost, here are the fingers still.
He who wants to be rich in a year, comes to the gallows in half a year.
A gentleman would rather have his garments rent than mended.
They took away the mirror from me, because I was ugly, and gave it to the blind woman.

"In these "refranes" of Arragon and Castile, the humor is subtle, and the satire, where satire occurs, is very delicate, and full of quiet dignity. The first two examples and the last are an expedient of frequent occurrence in the proverbs of Spain. In order not to give offense, or by way of "an excellent oil which will not break the head," the Mentor admonishes his friend by reproving himself, or confessing his own stupidity. Broader in their mirth, and more caustic in their tone, is the following cluster:

A wilfu' man should be unco wise.
He that has a meikle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o't.
He that teaches himsel' has a fool for his maister.
He [the miser] wad rake hell for a bodle.
It is an ill cause that the lawyer thinks shame o'.
Lippen to me but look to yoursel'.
"Mair whistle than woo'," as the souter said when shearing the sow.
Ye'll mend when ye grow better.
Ye wad do little for God if the deil were deid.

The reader will not fail to contrast the frank directness of the "ye"—the German "Du"—in the last specimens, with the self-accusing "I" of the courtly Spaniard. In all the samples there is perhaps no one more characteristic, than "Lippen to me, but look to yoursel'." Cromwell must surely have heard it before he gave his famous watch-word, "Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry."

The natural productions, and the usages of countries, are inevitably mixed up with their proverbs. "Never trust to a well in front," is an excellent Bechuana proverb, which we acquired the other day from Dr. Livingstone, obviously the proverb of travelers through arid regions. So far akin to it are the Arabic, "The last drinks least;" and, "If water is present for ablution, the use of sand is discontinued," alluding to the mock ablutions in sand which the Mecca pilgrims go through during those portions of the march when there is too little water for washing. "The over-hasty traveler neither saves his cattle, nor makes out the journey," is a Bedouin adage; as also, "Fairer than a white egg in a green meadow," implying, "entertainment for man and beast;" food and repose in charming combination. The sea-faring habits and the amphibious territory of the Dutch, come out in their sayings: "The best pilots are ashore;" "Pull gently at a weak rope;" "After ebb comes flood, and with prosperity come friends;" "Cover the pot—an eel is in it;" "Large fish leap out of the kettle;" "Coupled sheep drown one another;" "The first in the boat has the choice of oars;" "Still water stinks;" "A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea." The proverbs of Arabia abound in lions, horses, and camels; those of Spain and Italy, in asses; those of England in foxes, dogs, and cats; and, judging by this rule, the animal which has laid the most powerful hold on the Frenchman's imagination, is the wolf. "The lion's nose is well defended," is a very deep remark of some Assyrian explorer. "Let the night be your camel," is the ripe result of the experience of some white-bearded cattle-lifter among the sons of Ishmael; and, no doubt, Abd-el-Kader was well acquainted

with the simile, "More beautiful than a black horse with white feet;" as well as that maxim, "The eye of a good horse serves for a tooth;" for as long as the eye flashes, there is no need to look for age-marks in the mouth. "If one, two, three, say you are an ass, put on a tail," is Spanish advice; and "A braying ass eats little hay," is Italian experience. And not to multiply canine, feline, and vulpine adages, we may give a specimen of Gallic lycanthropy, "Wolves do not eat each other." This must be the effect of French civilization, for in Russia they have the reputation of being cannibals; and they have modified the proverb into, "Provender is scarce when the wolf eats his comrade." But there can be no doubt about the following: "The death of the wolf is the health of the sheep;" "When the wolf is dead, all the dogs give him a bite;" "Talk of the wolf, and you will see his tail;" "He who kennels with wolves must howl;" "Counted sheep are eaten by the wolf;" "The wolf is not so big as he is reported;" and, "The wolf will die in his skin."

As proverbs are meant to be portable, it is essential that they should be packed up in few words, and it is very desirable that they should assume the shape most convenient for the memory. Hence, in every language, a large number have taken the form of poetry; and, in the languages of Europe, they have extensively availed themselves of the mnemonic aids supplied by rhyme and alliteration. "A cat may look at a king;" "He that comes unca'd sits unserved;" "Out of debt out of danger;" "All is not gold that glitters;" "Time tries a';" are instances where much of the pith depends on that sort of initial rhyme so native to our tongue and so agreeable to the Scotch and English ears. Of rhymed endings the examples are equally abundant. In English, we have, "Safe bind safe find;" "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" "When the cat's away the mice will play;" "Early to bed and early to rise, is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise;" "He who would thrive must rise at five;" "He who has thriven may sleep till seven;" and a multitude besides, but not more than can be paralleled in Dutch, Spanish, and German.

The following may be regarded as having a universal reputation; most, if not all of them, being found, with occasional slight variations, throughout continental Europe, as well as in England and the United States:

A bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit.
A guest and a fish stink in three days.
A hungry belly has no ears.
A little gall spoils a great deal of honey.
A little spark kindles a great fire.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
After rain sunshine.
All is not gold that glitters.
All keys do not hang at one girdle.
An old ox makes a straight furrow.
As you make your bed so you must lie on it.
Better alone than in bad company.
Better be envied than pitied.
Better bend than break.
Better late than never.
'Twixt the cup and the lip there's many a slip.
By night all cats are gray.
Claw me and I'll claw thee.
Empty vessels make most noise.
Every hair casts its shadow.
Everybody's friend is everybody's fool.
Every one for himself and God for us all.
Every one knows best where the shoe pinches him.
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Four eyes see more than two.
Get a good name and go to sleep.
God cures, and the doctor gets the thanks.
God helps him who helps himself.
Good wine needs no crier.
He that lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.
Those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.
Ill weeds grow apace.
It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest.
It is a wise child that knows its own father.
Like master like man.
Look not a gift-horse in the mouth.

Matthew Henry, in his Commentary on the Bible, abounds in proverbs. And as we turn over the leaves of his "Exposition," so rich in sanctified wisdom, and through which there reigns such an atmosphere of perpetual summer, we cannot fail to recognize the frequent occurrence of these fruitful sayings, as one great element of our instruction and enjoyment. "When the wine is in the wit is out;" "The wicked cut their throats with their own tongues;" "Drive the nail that will go, and draw out that which goes amiss;" "Forecast is as good as work;" "To keep doing fairly and softly goes far in a day;" "Many a beau becomes a beggar;" "God blesseth the giving hand, and makes it a getting hand," and similar sentences, flashing out from every page, some of them the old current coin of the realm, and others newly struck in the Henrican mint, surprise the reader by their vividness, and enrich him by their sterling solidity. Like

steel in a fountain, the sparkle pleases the eye, and the tonic strengthens the heart.

To a mode of instruction so universally acceptable, Divine wisdom has graciously condescended in giving the Volume of Inspiration; and the proverbs of Scripture are not confined to the collection of Solomon; but some of those which we most frequently quote, are scattered over various books of the Old and New Testaments. "Like people, like priest;" "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," occur in the Prophets. "Everything is beautiful in its season;" "A good name is better than precious ointment;" "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," are proverbs of Solomon, but recorded in the book of Ecclesiastes. The Sermon on the Mount, and other discourses of our Lord, abound in aphorisms which have now become pre-eminently proverbial: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" "A city set on a hill cannot be hid;" "It is more blessed to give than to receive." That proverb of the ancients, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked," reappears in various new and striking forms. "The tree is known by its fruit;" "A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things." With Napoleon it was so favorite a saying, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," that one of his admirers has given him the merit of originating the maxim. The apostolical epistles, that of St. James more especially, are rich in true proverbs; such as, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" "Behold, how great a matter," or, more literally, as the Vulgate renders, "how large a forest a little spark sets on fire!" Perhaps, however, the proverb from the apostolical writings in most frequent circulation, is the one which St. Paul has adopted from Menander, and which, as Dean Alford suggests, may have become, in the days of the apostle, a current commonplace: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Over and above the Scriptural derivation of individual axioms, Christianity has exerted an incalculable influence on the proverbial literature of European nations, in the way of refining their language, and raising their tone. We have still some vulgar proverbs preserved in books, but, except among the offscourings of society, they are practically obsolete; and even Italy would hardly adopt the low and heartless morality of sayings still current in some Mohammedan countries: such as the severity of the Egyptian maxim, "Prostrate thyself before the wicked monkey in his day of power;" and the horrible selfishness of the saying, "If the water come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet," referring to the Moslem tradition, that when the water overflowed the high places, the antediluvians tried to save themselves by standing on the bodies of their children.

Here, however, we have reached our limit We only add, that "The Proverbs of Solomon illustrated by the parallel proverbs of all nations," is still a desideratum in Biblical literature. It would be interesting to see how many of them, curiously metamorphosed, reappear in the lands of the Christian and Mussulman; and it would also be found that some of them—perhaps from being too high and too holy for the average taste or ordinary uses of a fallen world—still remain untransplanted in their own "garden inclosed."

OUR LETTICE.

I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice,
While droop'd and twinkled her lashes brown,
"Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man,
There's many a better about our town."
She laugh'd securely: "He loves me purely;
A true heart's safer than smile or frown;
And nothing harms me when his heart warms me,
Let the world go up or the world go down."

"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,
Ay trusting nothing that's out of sight:
New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye,
A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white."
She raised serenely her eyelids queenly:
"My innocence is my whitest gown;
No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me.
Whether the world goes up or down."

"Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale man,
And sickness knocketh at many a door;
And death comes making bold hearts cower breaking:"
Our Lettice quiver'd, but once—no more.
"If death should enter, smite to the center
Our small home-palace, all crumbling down,
He will not blight us, nor disunite us:
Life bears love's cross, death brings love's crown."

THE END OF A GOLDEN DREAM.

I DREAMED that I returned home, a few evenings since, somewhat earlier than usual. The "wee ones" gathered around me in a group, and, *sans ceremonie*, commenced to rifle my pockets of what was in them, and felt sorely disappointed, as I could perceive, when they found such a small variety of coin. A profound silence was maintained on all sides for a few moments, when the oldest lassie, with all that presence of mind peculiar to her sex, particularly about money matters, assured the younger "riflers" that they should have more when papa *made* it. The word *made* immediately caught my ear, and, folding my arms, I paced the floor up and down, asking myself the question, "What is the difference between *making* and *earning* money?" To Webster I, of course, referred; but laid down the ponderous volume dissatisfied with the definition he gave of each word. I thought I knew more about the matter than the great lexicographer himself, (which, to be sure, was quite modest in me,) and at once came to the *sage* conclusion that it was only he who amassed a very large sum in a very short time who *made* money, and only he who toiled from morning until night, and sometimes from night until morning, who *earned* it.

Impressed with this belief I betook me to my sanctum, and throwing myself into my old oak chair, made a resolution to lose no time, but set my wits to work to make money, hard, golden pieces; no paper trash would suit me. Yet how was I to do it? I gazed around me; I looked up at what used to be my greatest treasure, my books; but now they had no charms for me; I needed *money!* My eyes rested on the burning coals in the grate, and they glistened like so many lumps of the pure metal, ready for transmission to the Philadelphia mint, and I laughed a hearty laugh at the brilliant idea. I was a wealthy man. Pshaw! I destroyed the illusion; for, in a moment after, I inadvertently raised the poker, rammed it between the bars of the grate, poked half of my golden nuggets out on the fender, and sent most of my valuable *dust* up the chimney, followed by a curling column of *smoke!*

I stood astounded, but was not to be baffled. I looked again up at the books; but on the back of each was plainly stamped MONEY! Even the words *Holy Bible* appeared to me to read HARD MONEY!

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Surely these insignificant articles don't want to change masters. I might dispose of them; but the auctioneer's fees, and the advertising of their sale would swallow nearly all they would bring." Here I was aroused from my thoughts by the arrival of the evening papers. No sooner had I opened the first than my attention was attracted to a number of advertisements, some professing to cure incurable diseases, others to eradicate corns, and others to make hair grow on heads as sapless as mahogany chips. "Ha! ha!" roared I, as I cast the paper from me. I need no elixir to transmute stones into gold; I will invent a medicine to cure, or an ointment to heal, and *make my fortune!* It is infinitely better to do so than to speculate in real estate or stocks, having but little capital; and to start what Jones and I were speaking of, an Australian Quicksilver Mining Company, is at present not feasible, therefore I will confine myself to my patent medicine.

But here a new difficulty beset me. What was I to invent? What ill to which flesh is heir that has not, ere this, commanded the prayerful and earnest consideration of philanthropic men like me, and for which infallible remedies had not been discovered? I could not follow in any beaten path; I should come out with something original to take. I racked my brain, and I scratched my head, but all in vain; nothing new would turn up. Perseverance will, however, accomplish miracles, and at length I hit upon a most charming invention, could I only make it succeed. I was satisfied I could, and, before I properly considered it, I sat down and wrote the following advertisement, which I immediately forwarded to the daily papers:

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

TEETH FOR ALL!!!

THE OIL OF SALINOTERRENE.

PROFESSOR MUNGELESS, the world-renowned dentist, has just arrived in this City from Europe, where he has had the honor of being patronized by all the reigning Monarchs, from whom he received the highest testimonials for his invaluable Oil of Salinoterrene, which, after years of labor and research—years

which he devoted solely for the benefit of his fellow-man—he has discovered. It has the effect on a man or woman of threescore and ten, the full time allotted to human beings, that it has on children of tender years. All those who have lost their teeth will do well to apply at once to the Professor, and save themselves the necessity of wearing *false teeth*, when they can procure beautiful natural ones of their own by simply *rubbing their gums* with his wonderful Oil. It will start old and decayed teeth from their sockets, and replace them by beautifully formed sets.

As the Professor has been commanded by his Imperial Majesty, the EMPEROR SOULOUQUE, to appear at the foot of his Royal Throne, during the present year, to *rub his royal gums*, his stay in New York will be limited.

Address Professor MUNGELESS, No. 1 Tuskar-street. Single bottles, $5; per dozen, $50.

This finished, I set to work to make up the oil, and no alchemist of old ever worked harder than I did in my vain endeavor to discover what would make old women's tusks grow. I hit the mark, as I believed. Hog's lard would soften the gums; potash clean them; vitriol burn the roots out, and clay, when put round any living root, will cause young plants to spring forth. I was in ecstasies, employed a number of hands, and in a short time had an abundance to supply my customers, who called upon me in droves. I grew pompous; I was realizing a fortune, but, in the height of my prosperity, I was arrested as a swindler, a quack, a receiver of money under false pretenses, a murderer; for my Oil of Salinoterrene had so completely burned the palates of sundry old women that they were unable to partake of any nourishment; hence they starved to death.

I was brought before a magistrate; I was examined, and committed to the Tombs. The Grand Jury found true bills against me on all the charges, and the excited populace of this excitable city were only kept from hanging me in front of that stone image, blind-folded Justice, which looks silently down from our City Hall, by the timely arrival of a few companies of the National Guard, and a regiment or two of Irish and German dragoons. Next morning the newspapers were filled with accounts of me, some true and others false; and after the excitement had blown over, visitors from all sections of the country came to pay me their respects in my cell. I was horror-stricken; I sighed for my lost peace of mind, and, in an agony of despair, I awoke.

O that awakening was beautiful! I was poor, but I had peace of mind. I had enough, and sighed not for more. I had robbed no one to realize a fortune; the curses of neither widows nor orphans hung over my head, and, instead of being an inmate of a lonely cell, I was a free man, breathing the full, fresh air of heaven, and lisping a prayer to my Maker.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

A WRITER in a late number of the *North British Review* makes some shrewd remarks upon the poets and the poetry of the present age. His criticisms apply with equal pertinence to many who preach, especially to such as belong to what the writer calls the *spasmodic* class; and *spasm*, he defines to be "weakness trying to be strong and collapsing in the effort." If we mistake not, we have witnessed in the pulpit, as well as in the printed poem, the efforts of some who may be said to belong to

THE SPASMODIC SCHOOL.

It is their fatal fault to seek for that which is rare and peculiar, and to be afraid of that which is common, and timid of matter-of-fact and mere flesh and blood. If they do not do this intentionally, then so much the worse is it for the class of mind that is so limited and perverse as to take this direction instinctively. Either they seem not to share our ordinary feelings and plain humanities of thought and speech, or they cannot grasp ordinary realities; for the emotion to be sung, or the character to be painted, must have branched off far from the ordinary channel of human affairs, and run into an isolated and particular experience, before it is fitted for their poetic purpose. They refine upon reality till it becomes the faintest shadow, and only attempt to grasp it at the stage in which it cannot be laid hold of.

Our spasmodists appear to take for their text, and apply it at all times and in all places, the words of Ecclesiasticus: "A man's mind is *sometimes* wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower." They forget that this is only sometimes so, when the darkness of night shuts in the view, for example; and so they will not avail themselves of what the seven watchmen may see when the broad light of day lies on the land, and reveals the many features of the landscape.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

KEEP thy *heart*, says the wise man, with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. But, as is quaintly and pithily said by Dean Young,

There is oftentimes a prodigious distance between a man's head and his heart; such a distance that they seem not to have any correspondence; not to belong to the same person; not to converse in the same world.

Our heads are sometimes in heaven, contemplating the nature of God, the blessedness of saints, the state of eternity; while our hearts are held captive below, in a conversation earthly, sensual, devilish. It is possible we may sometimes commend virtue convincingly, unanswerably; and yet our own hearts be never affected by our own arguments; we may represent vice in her native dress of horror, and yet our hearts be not at all startled with their own menaces; we may study and acquaint ourselves with all the truths of religion; and yet all this out of curiosity, or hypocrisy, or ostentation; not out of the power of godliness, or the serious purpose of good living. All which is a sufficient proof that the consent of the head and of the heart are two different things.

AIMING AT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE writer last quoted, in alluding to man's attempts to do what Christ declares to be an impossibility, that is, to serve two masters, thus advises:

Learn to be one man; that is, learn to live and act alike. For while we act from contrary principles, sometimes give, and sometimes defraud; sometimes love, and sometimes betray; sometimes are devout, and sometimes careless of God; this is to be two men, which is a foolish aim, and always ends in loss of pains. "No," says wise Epictetus; "learn to be one man:" thou mayest be a good man, or thou mayest be a bad man, and that to the purpose; but it is impossible that thou shouldest be both. And here the philosopher had the happiness to fall in exactly with the notion of the text: "We cannot serve two masters."

NOTES OF WARNING.

IN former days, on a dangerous rock on the coast of Scotland, a deep-toned bell was so placed as to be rung by the motion of the waves. To this warning bell Mrs. Hemans alludes in the lines:

When the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be.

THE COMFORTER.

THE word Paraclete, from the Greek word used by Saint John to designate the third person of the Trinity, sounds strangely to English ears. Found in dictionaries, and used occasionally by poets, as in those lines of Charles Wesley,

O source of uncreated heat
The Father's promised Paraclete,

it has never taken root in the language. It sounds stiff, pedantic, un-English. On the contrary, as is well said by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*,

How gracious and tender, how divine, yet how English, is that word Comforter as the equivalent of the Paraclete in the latter part of St. John's Gospel. Yet most of us, perhaps, are not aware who it was to whom our language owed that glorious translation. Five hundred years has this word been passing from lip to lip, wherever English is spoken. It has been ascending in hymns and prayers, alike in the music of cathedrals and in the simplicity of family worship, by the giant flood of the Mississippi, in the plains of Australia, and beneath the palms of India. Who first employed the word that has sunk into so many hearts, and risen from so many lips? A poor priest, with bare feet and russet mantle; but that priest was John Wiclif!

HEAD WORK.

THE visible, from the nature of the case, takes precedence over the invisible. In nothing is this more manifest than in the general appreciation of manual over intellectual toil. As has been well said:

Literary labor is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plow, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be so equipped with wheels and pinions as to entirely conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at a premium, because the clock-work would seem to show that it cost something to make it.

CHARITY.

THERE is, at times, a remarkable point and pithiness in the moral teachings of the Eastern sages. A Persian thus relates an item in his own experience:

Having in my youth notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold," said I to him, "other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of your brethren."

ADMIRATION.

RUSKIN, in his "Elements of Drawing," has some very good practical advice. He says:

Never force yourself to admire anything when you are not in the humor; but never force yourself away from what you feel to be lovely in search of anything better, and gradually the deeper scenes of the natural world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fullness of passionate power, and your difficulty will be no more to seek or compose subjects, but only to choose one from among the multitude of melodious thoughts with which you will be haunted; thoughts which will of course be noble or original in proportion to your own depth of character and general power of

mind; for it is not so much by the consideration you give to any single drawing, as by the previous discipline of your powers of thought, that the character of composition will be determined. Simplicity of life will make you sensitive to the refinement and modesty of scenery, just as inordinate excitement and pomp of daily life will make you enjoy coarse colors and affected forms. Habits of patient comparison and accurate judgment will make your art precious as they will make your actions wise; and every increase of your noble enthusiasm in your living spirit will be measured by the reflection of its light upon the works of your hands.

THE SONG OF THE DOVE.

Our readers will agree with us that this is one of Moore's most beautiful lyrics. Notice the exquisite charm of the rhythm throughout, and especially the unlooked-for third rhyme in the ante-penultimate verse of each stanza. The song was originally published in a Dublin newspaper, and has been strangely omitted in the standard edition of the poet's works:

Sweet dove, that homeward winging
  O'er endless waves thy lonely way,
Now hither bend'st thee, bringing
  The long-sought olive spray:
It tells that love still reigns above,
  That God doth not his own forget,
That mercy's beam upspringing
  Shall light the lost world yet.

And see in heaven ascending,
  Yon radiant bow of peace unfurl'd,
Like love's bright arms extending
  To clasp a weeping world.
Hail, union bright of mist and light,
  True type of sinners' hopes and fears;
When light celestial blending
  Draws glory out of tears.

MOTHERS FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Is there not truth beautifully expressed in this short sentence, from an unknown pen?

It is much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when, after all, the children are leading her; and they keep her, indeed, where the river is the narrowest and the air the clearest; and the beckoning of a radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder that she often lets go her clasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to her neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written, "Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Here is a spirited little lyric, by Charles Kingsley, which will be new to most of our readers:

Who will say the world is dying?
  Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
  Flash, and will flash to the last.

Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
  Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
  Ante-room of hell.

Still the race of hero spirits
  Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
  "Wife, and Child, and Father-land."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
  Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
  Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
  While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
  Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
  While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
  That the world is young.

THE LIFE TO COME.

It is said of Richard Watson, who seldom grew weary in the company of congenial spirits, that he was wont to retort upon those who suggested the lateness of the hour as a reason for separating, "Why talk about late and early; are we not immortal?" So Mr. Greyson, in one of his letters, invites his correspondent:

To resume these edifying speculations when we shall be less likely to be injured by them and less liable to interruptions; say, ten thousand five hundred and forty-nine years hence, at your pleasant house in Paradise-street, in the Heavenly City, the metropolis of the better country, in full view of the immortal verdure and glorious sunlit summits of the everlasting hills. There will I wrangle with you with much delight for a thousand years!

PATERNAL DUTY.

A writer in the London *Leisure Hour*, makes the following remarks, which are as full of truth as they are of good common sense:

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, of brethren and sisters; a taste for

home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property, simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.

The National Magazine.

MAY, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

The Great Awakening, as it is aptly called, is the prominent theme of conversation, not only in religious circles, but among all classes of the community. It has been compared to the memorable revival in the days of Whitefield and the elder Edwards. So far as we can judge, the present outpouring of the Holy Spirit is even more copious, and its effects are more powerful. It is not confined by denominational limits, nor bounded by localities. The means employed are widely diversified, and, in the main, entirely free from extravagance or any objectionable feature. The weekly religious papers cannot find room to chronicle the progress of the revival, and the daily secular press is strangely occupied with accounts of prayer meetings, exhortations, and the narratives of sinners who have found the Saviour. The interest, at the present time, appears to be increasing in all directions.

Nathaniel W. Taylor, Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, died in New Haven on the tenth of March, in the seventy-second year of his age. In the earlier part of his ministerial life he was an exemplary and laborious pastor, and an eloquent and successful preacher. To the end of his days his preaching was noted for clearness of statement, logical accuracy, and pungent appeal. Thirty-six years ago he was appointed to the professorship which he held until the day of his death. He discharged its duties with ability, and with an enthusiasm that, while it charmed the large classes which successively filled his lecture room, was potent in molding their doctrinal views in accordance with his own. Not only with those who professed a religious creed differing from his, but with many who like himself took Calvin for a theological guide, he had, in the course of his life, many, and some rather bitter controversies. Certainly not upon these does *he* look back as the most interesting portion of his probationary state; and now that he has gone hence we choose rather to think of him as a disciple who, differed widely from ourselves on some minor points, but who loved our common Lord, and whom we hope to meet in a realm where polemical theology can have no place. Several weeks before the final summons came he laid aside all active labors, patiently waiting, as he said, for the end, and committing his spirit, like the first martyr, to the Lord Jesus; and thus he fell asleep.

The Rev. Dr. Croswell, another venerable servant of Christ, has been gathered to his fathers. He was in the eightieth year of his age, and had been for the long space of forty-three years rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, Connecticut. He was a type of the true Christian gentleman, courteous at all times, full of benignity, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. In the city where he spent the larger portion of his life his name was a household word, and it will long continue to be "as ointment poured forth."

All Alike.—We learn from one of our exchange papers, that a mass meeting of the citizens of Taylor County, Virginia, was held at Boothsville on the 8th of March, at which the following, among other resolutions, was passed unanimously: "That the five *Christian Advocates*, published in the cities of New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, having become abolition sheets of the rankest character, we ask our commonwealth's attorneys and postmasters to examine them, and, if found to be of an unlawful character, to deal with them and their agents as the laws of our state direct."

Sensible people those citizens of Taylor County! In this region it has been thought that "the five *Christian Advocates*" are not all in precisely the same category. One of them, at least, has endeavored to steer between Scylla and Charybdis, but the effort has been in vain. It shares the same fate as the most fearless and outspoken of them all. It is an "abolition sheet of the rankest character," say the citizens of Taylor County, in mass meeting assembled. So, tried by the standard of those who buy and sell men, women, and children, is every other periodical that ventures to whisper a word against the abomination, or to utter a syllable in favor of down-trodden and crushed humanity. The issue is fairly made. There is no neutral ground. The hair-splitting sophistry by which well-meaning men have argued for a difference between abolitionism and anti-slavery is utterly repudiated, laughed at, treated with contempt by our slaveholding fellow-citizens, in the Church and out of it. "If I were anti-slavery in *sentiment*," said an eminent Southern divine, "consistency would compel me to be an abolitionist in *action*." He that is not *with* us is *against* us is the slaveholder's motto. It is openly avowed, not in the far South only, but all along the "border," not by fire-eating politicians merely, but by the professing followers of Christ. Nor does the distinction between "mercenary" and sinful slaveholding, which has been used as an opiate to lull the conscience, meet with any more favor. It is boldly and arrogantly claimed that the institution itself is right, and he who seeks an apology for that which is in accordance with the will of God is not considered as a friend, any more than he who honestly aims at the *extirpation* of what he has been taught by the fathers of the Church to consider a great evil. We accept the dividing line. It is clearly drawn, and cannot be misunderstood. It leaves pro-slavery of every shade on the one side, and anti-slavery on the other. The mad-dog cry of "abolitionist" is no longer terrible. It will soon cease to be even offensive, and in the days of our children, if not in our own, like

the epithet Methodist, at first given in derision, it will be a name, as the embodiment of a sentiment, in which to rejoice and be glad.

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Mr. Seward's Speech.—The speech of Senator Seward, of New York, delivered in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, is pronounced by the Northern press generally (excepting the pro-slavery allies of the administration) as a model one, and "worthy of the best statesmen of our best days." We make the following brief extract:

THE SOUTH WILL NOT RESIST.

Do you tell me that the slave states will not acquiesce, but will agitate? Think first, whether the free states will acquiesce in a decision that shall not only be unjust, but fraudulent. True, they will not menace the republic. They have an easy and simple remedy, namely, to take the government out of unjust and unfaithful hands, and commit it to those which will be just and faithful. They are ready to do this now. They want only a little more harmony of purpose, and a little more completeness of organization. These will result only from the least addition to the pressure of slavery upon them. You are lending all that is necessary, and even more, in this very act. But will the slave states agitate? Why? Because they have lost at last a battle they could not win, unwisely provoked, fought with all the advantages of strategy and intervention, and on a field chosen by themselves. What would they gain? Can they compel Kansas to adopt slavery against her will? Would it be reasonable or just to do it if they could? Was negro servitude ever forced by the sword on any people that inherited the blood which circulates in our veins, and the sentiments which make us a free people? If they will agitate on such ground as this, then how, or when, by what concessions we can make, will they ever be satisfied? To what end would they agitate? It can now only be to divide the Union. Will they not need some fairer and more plausible excuse for a proposition so desperate? How would they improve their condition by drawing down a certain ruin upon themselves? Would they gain any new security for slavery? Would they not hazard securities that are invaluable? Sir, they who talk so idly, talk what they do not know themselves. No man, when cool, can promise what he will do when he shall become inflamed; no man inflamed can speak for his actions when time and necessity shall bring reflection. Much less can any one speak for states in such emergences.

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Sewing Machines.—Last month we gave our readers an epistle from an intelligent lady in the country, setting forth her own practical experience in the use of these wonderful instruments. The machine to which she referred was one of those known as *The Grover and Baker* improvements, and her eulogy seemed to us at the time rather highly colored. We have since had an opportunity to examine one for ourselves, and to test its value. Beautiful in its exterior appearance, the instrument was admired by the female portion of our household; and its internal arrangements, with its highly polished and delicate machinery, were a source of wonder and study for the boys. But it was not made for ornament, nor for a mere display of ingenuity. The grand question to be solved was, Will it work? Not hastily was that question settled. Patience, and practical instruction, in addition to the printed directions, were required. A needle or two broken in the attempt; thread suddenly snapped; the treddle perversely obstinate, because of the untutored foot, and other little discouragements were the result of the first experiments. But they have all been overcome. The instrument does its work, does all that its proprietors have promised, and its merry hum, now sounding in our ears, carries us back to the days of our grandmother, and brings her precious spinning-wheel before our mental vision. We make no invidious comparisons between this and other modifications of the sewing machine. All of them, we believe, are alike in the fundamental principle, patented some ten or eleven years ago by Elias Howe, of Massachusetts, and each has minor peculiarities and points of excellence. From our own personal experience we are enabled to attest the simplicity of the Grover and Baker machine, the ease with which its mode of operation may be learned, and the beauty and durability of the work performed by it.

We have in preparation for our next number, an extended article on the general subject, to be illustrated by engravings designed to show the principles upon which these machines are constructed, and, so far as can be done by pen and pencil, to make our readers familiar with the modus operandi of one of the most important inventions of the age.

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The Origin and Use of Tobacco.—The Mohammedan legend on the subject is too long to repeat under its eastern garb. Suffice it that a viper was restored to health by the warmth of the Prophet's body. Immediately on convalescence the ungrateful reptile announced the intention of biting his preserver. The Prophet expostulated. An argument ensued, which ended in the viper's carrying out its original project. The Prophet sucked the venom from his wounded wrist and spat it forth. "From the drops sprang that wondrous weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet." But whatever the origin of tobacco, no plant has exercised so much political influence. The Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all those who took snuff in the churches. The Empress Elizabeth was less severe. She declared that the snuff-boxes of those who made use of them in church should be confiscated to the use of the beadle. At Berne the use of tobacco was classified with adultery. In Transylvania the penalty was far greater; in 1639 entire confiscation of property was the sentence of those who should plant tobacco, while consumers were condemned to fines varying from three to two hundred florins. Amurath IV. hung persons found guilty of smoking, with their pipes through their noses and a tobacco pouch hanging from their necks. The Grand Duke of Muscovy forbade smoking and snuff-taking under the penalty of having the nose cut off; while Mohammed IV., son of the Sultan Ibrahim, in 1665, punished the practice with decapitation. It is related of Amurath that a smoking saphi once struck the monarch himself for smoking with him incognito on board a caique. Amurath informed the saphi that the royal decree referred equally to himself. "No," replied the saphi, "I fight for and would die for him. It does not apply to me." A few days subsequently Amurath sent for him, and making himself known, gave his fellow-offender a good appointment. But such penal regulations appear always to have been evaded. Those modern Amuraths, railway directors, says the *London Athenæum*, arrogate to

themselves the right of inflicting a fine of forty shillings, and expulsion from their line, on any one guilty of the sublime act. But it is sweet to smoke under difficulties. Were the prohibition removed, smoking on railways would probably cease. We know of one young man who feigned madness to secure a carriage to himself. Another, on seeing a bishop alight at an intermediate station, immediately made for the compartment, and calling for a guard complained that the carriage was reeking of tobacco smoke. "To be sure, those clerical gentlemen do smoke terribly," answered the official. "Then don't accuse me of it hereafter," rejoined the youth with an arch smile. On one occasion a railway guard thrust his head into a carriage filled with devotees in the act of their devotions, and placing his hand on a cushion, observed, "There are two very good rules on this line, gentlemen. Smoking is strictly prohibited, and the company's servants are forbidden to accept gratuities."

In our own day and country the war against the weed is carried on with equal earnestness, but without the least apparent success. "Don't imagine you can drop the use of tobacco by degrees," exclaims one of its enemies. "The idea of using less and less, till the habit tapers down to nothing, is well nigh ridiculous. Use little as you please, and you nourish an appetite which never dies so long as fed with one morsel of aliment. The last indulgence with the quid or cigar seldom comes, and thousands testify to failure by this method, where one is successful. We do not pick out an eye, or cut off an arm, by a lingering process! Why should we be so unphilosophical as to bid a man drop his cups, or drop his tobacco, by a lingering process? This is inflicting needless agony! It brings to mind the lady who cut the tail of her lap-dog, piece after piece, day after day, supposing it would be less painful than a single excision.

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BUTTER AND CHEESE.—The value of these products is often underrated. A few facts will serve to correct this mistake. The amount of butter reported in the census of 1850 was over 315,000,000 pounds. This, at 20 cents per pound—the average wholesale price for some time past in New York—would bring over $63,000,000. The amount of cheese reported in the same census was over 100,000,000 pounds. This, at 10 cents per pound—also wholesale price in New York—would bring $10,000,000. The aggregate of both is $73,000,000. Now the value of slaughtered animals, put down in the census, is $109,000,000. So that the value of the butter and cheese is about two thirds as great as that of the slaughtered animals in the whole country. The cotton crop is stated in the same census to be over 800,000,000 pounds. This, at 15 cents per pound—the wholesale price quoted in New York not long since—would bring over $120,000,000. Thus the butter and cheese of the country is worth more than one half as much as the crop that is regarded as the staple of the entire South. These rough estimates are full of interest to all who make or eat butter or cheese. They should impress all with the importance of improving the quality of these articles of food.

WATER IN THE DESERT.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, thus describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert:

The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed, about two feet long, and insert it in a hole, dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method, might have been applied in many cases, in different countries where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first made known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practiced in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travelers on our Western deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface.

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FALLACIES OF STATISTICS.—Archbishop Whately remarks upon the overrated importance of statistics:

Increase of a thing is often confounded with our increased knowledge of it. When crimes or accidents are recorded in newspapers more than formerly, some people fancy that they happen more than formerly. But crimes, especially (be it observed) such as are the most remote from the experience of each individual, and therefore strike him as something strange, always furnish interesting articles of intelligence. I have no doubt that a single murder in Great Britain has often furnished matter of discourse to more than twenty times as many persons as any twenty such murders would in Turkey. Some foreign traveler in England is said to have remarked on the perceptible diminution in the number of crimes committed during the sitting of Parliament as a proof of our high reverence for that assembly; the fact being, as we all know, that the space occupied in the newspapers by the debates causes the records of many crimes to be omitted. Men are liable to form an over-estimate of the purity of morals in the country as compared with a town, or in a barren and thinly-peopled as compared with a fertile and populous district. On a given area, it must always be expected that the absolute amount of vice will be greater in a town than in a country, so also will be that of virtue; but the proportion of the two must be computed on quite different principles. A physician of great skill and in high repute, probably loses many more patients than an ordinary practitioner; but this proves nothing till we have ascertained the comparative numbers of their patients. Mistakes such as this (which are very frequent) remind one of the well-known riddle, "What is the reason that white sheep eat more than black ones?"

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JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.—A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal that unless he paid over ten thousand roubles (two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise so many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benkendorff, the chief of the secret service, who he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of some of the delinquents, and who was one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who were deemed incorruptible by the common rumor. The party referred to offered the Count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof of the venality of the president of the court of appeal; and for that purpose that he should be intrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded in notes privately marked. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The

count consented. Since the good old times of Alexander I. the officials never make their bargains or receive any money before a third party. Their dread of the anger of Nicholas even occasioned them to resort to many precautions formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. The proposition was acceded to; and his host caused an officer of gendarmerie to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified by the action of his fingers that their pecuniary transactions had better precede the gastronomic entertainment; the host accordingly handed him a small roll of bank-notes; the president counted them over in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphitryon deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret-police agent, and then sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked. It was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his overcoat, and put his hat on his head, when, on the preconcerted signal, the officer of gendarmerie rushed into the apartment with an order from the Count Benkendorff to search his person: "Do not give yourself the trouble to search him," said the excited nobleman, "you will find the bank-notes in his hat." The president smiled blandly, and took his hat off at once; it was empty: when his nephew went out he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait, and doubly punished the informer; first, by deciding the case against him; and secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the ten thousand roubles advanced by the police. "Can any one doubt," says the writer who supplies the anecdote, "that this worthless minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office?" In any case, what a state of things must have existed, when such a story could be currently told, and generally accepted as true!

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A Wife Compressed into a Ring.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a lady, meeting him in a public parlor, ventured to say, "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulcher!" A shudder passed through the whole company. "This jewel, madam," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which I could always carry about me. Eight days afterward he sent for me and showed me the empty coffin, a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on a table. He had, through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel which shall never more leave me."

This burial by chemistry is an improvement upon the process of *cremation* lately proposed by the French papers. Should it become popular a widow may hereafter have her husband made into a bracelet, with a chain attached to remind her of the hymeneal bond. A husband will have his wife done into a pin, and certain academicians—old fogies—we know would make very good coat buttons.

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A man named Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner: They had sat down to dinner, and while she had left the room, or her back was turned, he put poison into her soup. Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse and left the room. By a wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with the spoon, and finding she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates, and ate his soup. After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been placed before him unintentionally by his wife. Now, how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung! If the man had died without a confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.

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Remarkable Coincidences.—The custom of *libation to the gods* was common with the Greeks, Romans, Chinese, and Tartars. All the ancient nations had feasts of the same nature with the *Saturnalia*. The tradition of the *Deluge* is very general. It is commemorated among many nations by different religious institutions. The Egyptians spoke of certain brazen pillars, on which Mercury had inscribed the principles of the sciences, which had withstood the power of the flood. The Peyrun of the Chinese, a favorite of the gods, was preserved in a boat, in the general deluge. Vishnoo, one of the gods of India, in the form of a fish, conducted the vessel which saved a remnant of the human

race. According to the Edda of the Scandinavians, the deluge was formed of the blood of a giant. The fable of *the giants attacking heaven* prevailed not only in Greece, but in India and in Siam. The story of *Atlantis*, or the lost continent, an old tradition of the Greeks, related by Plato, is current in China and all the Asiatic nations. The worship of the *grand lama*, the priest of the god Fo, in China and Tartary, is founded on the doctrine of *Metempsychosis*, which also forms a part of the belief of the Brahmins, Persians, and Egyptians. According to Kæmpfer, as quoted by Monsieur Bailey, the doctrine of *the two principles*, namely, inert matter, and a universal soul pervading all nature, and acting upon matter, lies at the foundation of the worship of the *Amida*, or *Xaca* of the Japanese; the *Fo* of the Chinese; the *Butta* of India; the *Budhum* of the Isle of Ceylon; the *Sammona Kodom* of Siam; the *Sommona-rhutana* of Pegu—different names for the same idol god.

SMALL CHANGE

Eloquence of the Bar.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office he visited Frontier County, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days he determined to volunteer for the defense. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defense was, "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the case with great ability. He confuted the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted; he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, *you shall have the pistol!*" So saying he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A case somewhat similar occurred several years ago in one of the criminal courts in Brooklyn. A man was charged with having stolen his neighbor's pig. A young lawyer, a gray-haired old man now, we know him well, was appointed to defend the prisoner. The evidence was clear and conclusive, but the young limb of the law so wrought upon the feelings of the jury, picturing the desolate home of the prisoner, and the agony of his wife and children, should the husband and father be convicted, that many of the jurors were in tears, and without leaving their seats gave a verdict of not guilty.

"There now, run home," said the counselor, and never be caught in such another scrape."

"And am I clear?" asked the culprit.

"You are," replied his lawyer.

"But," said he, loud enough for judge and jurors to hear, "what shall I do with the pig?" "O," replied his friend, "cook it, and eat it. The jury, upon their oaths, declare that you didn't steal it!"

—

Anecdote of Henry Clay. — The great statesman and orator was traveling somewhere "out West," and put up for the night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name of Henry Clay. There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof. He was astounded, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the "great man" appeared, the admiring Boniface bustled forward, and made his rude bow. "Mr. Clay, I believe sir?" said he.

"That is my name," said the gentleman, in his affable tone.

"Mr. Clay, the *Congressman?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, I've *heerd* of you, and I thought I'd just ask if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

—

An Accommodating Dentist. — A Western tooth-puller, who has the reputation of being a notorious wag, has issued the following business circular:

Benevolent Institution. — Dr. J. Payne, dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform all operations on the teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful silver cup will be presented to the person having the most teeth extracted, and a splendid gold watch will be awarded to the person having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth extracted for a dollar a dozen.

—

AN IRISH GUN.

On Irish land,
In court did stand
A farmer whose name was Fox:
Accused he was—
Abused he was—
He'd stolen, they said, an ox.

But he denied it,
His oaths decided
The matter in his behalf:
"That ox," said he,
"Belonged to me
Ever since it was a calf."

Just after that,
Of our friend Pat
The trial was begun;
Accused he was—
Abused he was—
He'd stolen, they said, a gun.

"Och' now," he thought,
"I've just been taught
How this is clear as crystal;
That gun," said he,
"Belonged to me
Ever since it was a pistol.

—

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital he called upon a rich grocer. The great man, addressing him, said, "I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" "No, I don't," said Abernethy, "I want a pennyworth of figs."

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Beards.—A certain baron, who gloried in a tremendous pair of red whiskers, had collected his friends for a hunting party at his chateau; and wishing to show his wit and amuse his guests, he called a gardener who was working

near, and who wore no beard, and asked him why he could not wear a beard.

"Sir," replied the peasant, "when the good God gave out the beards I came a little late; the light, the brown, the black were all distributed, and none remained but red. I preferred to go without rather than have one of such color."

The baron was surprised to hear the laughter of his friends, for he was quite unable to see the joke.

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MANY persons spend so much time in criticising and disputing about the Gospel that they have none left for practicing it. As if two sick men should quarrel about the phraseology of their physician's prescription, and forget to take the medicine.

—

"THIS tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, etc. These particulars gained, he asked—

"Do you let anything with it?"

"No," was the reply; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone, it will tumble down!"

—

A JUDGE, presiding one day in court, asked a sailor whether he saw the plaintiff strike the defendant. "Who is the plaintiff?" asked the sailor. "Pretty man, you are, (said his honor,) that you don't know the plaintiff from the defendant! Well, where did you see the man strike him?" "Abaft the binnacle," said Jack Tar. "Where is abaft the binnacle?" inquired his honor. "Pretty judge, you are," responded Jack, "that you don't know abaft the binnacle!"

—

SELDOM have we met with anything more neat than the following verse, which some genius dedicates

TO MY OWN NOSE.

O nose! thou rudder in my face's center,
Since I must follow thee until I die;
Since we are bound together by indenture,
The master thou, and the apprentice I;
O be to your Telemachus a mentor,
Thou oft invisible, forever nigh.
Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
From hostile tweak, or love's blind mastery.
So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
For hawthorn lanes and copses of young oak,
Scenting the gales of heaven that have not yet
Lost their fragrance since the morning broke,
And breath of flowers, "with rosy May-dew wet,
The primrose, cowslip, blue-bell, violet."

—

MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING EXPENSES.

Hard was I driven, through many a stony way,
To bring my daughter to a wedding day;
But thought not, till I gave away my idol,
I ever should be saddled with the *bridal*.

—

GRAN'PA'S SPECTACLES.—"There now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there now! gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?" Shortly after, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand and an errand on her lips:

"You are going to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Going to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are gran'pa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

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WHO'S SEEN MY WATCHMAN?—A rough genius coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake, in a wicker cage, which he deposited with his other plunder under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds, half-full of drunken and sick travelers. During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and on his return, finding the "critter" gone, he yelled out: "Everlasting misery! who's seen my watchman?" Many heads popped up from the flea-infested, dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article. "What was he, old feller, you're inquirin' for?" says a bald-headed man. "Why, my watchman; all my dust is under my bed, here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone." "Guard! was he a nigger or a white feller?" "No! he was a California rattlesnake; nine feet long, and fifty-two rattles on his tail. Have any of you fellers seen the tarnal critter crawlin' round here?" They hadn't, but all who were able to get out of bed and make for the door, did so in an instant.

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UNCLE ISAAC was a great stickler for grammar. He always stuck to it that the adjective *good* admitted of no degree of comparison; "for," said he, "what is good is good, and good is good enough." One day brother Jake was reading aloud the adventures of an unlucky and not remarkably bright youth. When he came to the sentence, "Long ere Joe returned," Uncle Ike suddenly interrupted for the seventeenth time. "Tut, boy! that's a very bad grammar; read correctly—long-*eared!* there is no such compound adjective as 'long ear.'"

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JUDGE PETERS was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H., who was pleading before him, stated the law applying to one of the important points of his case; the judge, lifting up his head, said:

"Why, Mr. H., *I* didn't know there was any such law." H. immediately replied. "I didn't suppose your honor did." The whole audience were convulsed with laughter, considering it a palpable hit.

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JERROLD says that young boys who marry old maids "gather in the spring of life the golden fruits of autumn."

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THE vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

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A SCOTTISH parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make, when he prayed for the council and parliament, that they might hang together in these trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out: "Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people." "But my friends,"

said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so it's only a strong one."

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One of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body, or anywhere else, was lately made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Me. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread!"

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KEEP TO THE POINT.—Lord Tenterden had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a county magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken," his lordship sharply retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say *yes* or *no* without further prevarication."

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Beranger was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing: it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are waiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

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A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate, one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one, replying, asked, very earnestly, "How big is your lot?"

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"I hope you will be able to support me," said a lady, while walking out with her intended, during the slippery state of the sidewalks. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father."

Recent Publications.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. This is another of those magnificent contributions to geographical and statistical knowledge which have been recently given to the world by English travelers, and which have been reprinted by the *Messrs. Harper*, in a style fully equaling the original editions. The volume is a profusely embellished large octavo, a fitting companion, in style and general appearance to Livingstone's great work on Africa, like which it introduces us to scenes heretofore undescribed, and many of them unvisited by preceding European travelers. Furnished with a passport from the Emperor of Russia, Mr. Atkinson was enabled to pursue his travels with every facility, and he found the nations everywhere ready, on beholding the magic talisman, to afford him all the assistance that he required. The title of his book gives some idea of the extent of his journeyings through a region of which we have no other sources of correct information. He writes in a plain, straightforward style, giving, as he assures us, a simple narration of facts taken from journals kept with scrupulous care during the whole journey. In boats, in carriages, and on horseback he traveled about thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles in the course of seven years, and his indomitable perseverance in the midst of danger and difficulty is not less remarkable than his ardent love for natural scenery and his restless spirit of adventure. The limited space at our disposal will not allow even an abstract of his route, but we shall gratify our readers by transcribing a few of those marked passages with which our copy abounds.

GAMBLING IN RUSSIA.

At one of the large mining towns in the Altai there lives a man who has become rich from gold mines, and is a celebrated card-player. It is no unusual circumstance for him to visit St. Petersburg; and as Ekaterineburg is about midway between the capital and his place of residence, he is sometimes obliged to stop on the way to repair carriages, after a run of more than two thousand versts; in fact, it is often absolutely necessary. This man's fame having spread far and wide, his detention in the town for the first time was an event which afforded the lady I have just alluded to the utmost delight: she could not permit such an opportunity to pass without trying a rubber with so renowned a champion. At her particular request, a friend arranged that they should meet at dinner. She has been heard to say, no hours ever dragged on so slowly as on that forenoon; still, the sun ran his course, and directly dinner was over down they sat to cards. The evening went on with varied success, the lady was enraptured, and rose from the table the winner of a large sum. She invited her opponent to play the next day; after some demur he consented, and the following day the contest was renewed, and continued until she had lost all. Nothing daunted, she urged him again to defer his journey for four-and-twenty hours, as her half year's income would arrive by the post the following morning. But then came a difficulty about getting the money at once, as there was some formality which would delay it a day or two. After much trouble, she persuaded the person to whom it was consigned to waive the usual form, and let her have the money immediately. She got it, and so strong was her ruling passion, that every moment seemed lost until seated at the card-table. In a few hours she left it without a kopek—her half year's income entirely gone!

Speaking with some of the most intelligent men on this subject, their reply was: "In England you have the daily papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequaled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards."

PRECIOUS STONES FOUND IN THE OURAL.

The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors: the most beautiful a deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray, and cream-color; also a ribbon jasper, with stripes of reddish-brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied, some of most brilliant

colors. Orlite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black; when made into vases it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables and various other articles. The vases are usually of a most classic design; this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a most magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of which I have now seventy-two varieties.

Most magnificent jasper tables are made in this Zavod, inlaid with different colored stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853 I saw one of them in Ekaterineburg, on which four or five men had been employed for six years; not an uncommon circumstance; indeed some examples have occupied a longer period. The cost of labor alone in England (provided the material were found there) would effectually prevent such work ever being executed in our country. Here wages are almost nothing. I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eightpence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds of rye flour per month to make into bread; meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream-color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. *He* also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout.

THE SIBERIAN GOLD MINES.

In Eastern Siberia the gold-washing begins the first week in May, and ends on the tenth of September, when all the workmen must be paid off and sent to their homes: some have to walk as many as two thousand versts. The rich miner sends his gold away once a year, most of which arrives in Barnaoul in the beginning of October; but those who are not rich send it twice in the year—the first part in the beginning of July, and the second when the works are closed in September. When it is delivered to the authorities in Barnaoul it is considered the property of the crown, and the miner has no more control over it. Here the gold is smelted and cast into bars, ready to be forwarded to the capital; but before the miner receives his share of the value, it has been in the possession of government five months. Six caravans leave Barnaoul with the precious metals every year; four in winter by the sledge roads, and two during the summer. The first winter caravan leaves early in December, and reaches St. Petersburg before the end of January; the others follow in succession. Two officers and a small guard of soldiers are sent with each caravan, and the gold and silver are delivered by them at the Mint. Although both metals have been assayed by the proper officer in Barnaoul, and the proofs sent to the Mint, it is again assayed to prevent the possibility of a bar being changed on the transit.

The silver obtained in the Altai contains a small portion of gold, with a minute quantity of copper. These metals are not separated in Siberia; they are sent in pieces, about fourteen inches square, by one and a half inch thick, and the gold is extracted at the Mint in St. Petersburg. About thirty poods of gold is extracted from a thousand poods of silver, the whole annual produce of the Altai silver mines. The greatest quantity of gold obtained in Siberia in any one year was about seventy-five thousand Russian pounds; this was considered enormous, but California and Australia have made it appear small in comparison. There is much of the gold regions yet unexplored, both in Northern and Eastern Siberia.

PERILS OF BEAR-HUNTING.

Mr. Atkinson is an excellent shot, and a keen sportsman. He found ample scope for all his skill during his rambles, and tells some almost incredible stories of the prowess of the natives. On one occasion, he says,

A very large *bear* had been seen by the woodcutters about fifteen versts from the gold mine, and two men, one a hunter, held in great repute for his daring and skill, determined to make his acquaintance. After wandering about for some time they came upon his track, quite fresh in the long dewy grass. He was evidently near; this made them cautious, and they prepared for action. Presently a loud growl saluted their ears; then out he sprung from a thicket, about thirty-five paces distant, where he stood snuffing the breeze and eyeing the intruders.

The hunter fired, and the ball struck, but not in a vital part. In an instant the wounded animal charged; the other man, who was less experienced, reserved his shot until within twenty paces. The rifle missed fire; at once the brute raised himself on his hind legs, and, tearing the earth beneath him, rushed on his first assailant, striking him down with a blow that stripped his scalp and turned it over his face; then seizing his arm, he began to gnaw and crush it to the bone, gradually ascending to the shoulder. The man called to his companion to load and fire; but the fellow, when he saw his friend so fearfully mangled, ran away and left him to his fate.

Late in the evening he reached the gold mine and reported what had happened, but it was too late to make any effort in behalf of the mangled hunter. The officer ordered a large party out at daylight the next morning, with the coward for a guide. He took them through the forest to the spot where the encounter had taken place, of which there still remained ample evidence, but no remains of the victim were met with except some torn clothing and his rifle. By the state of the grass, it was evident that the man had been carried off into the thick forest. A most diligent pursuit was therefore made; sometimes the track was lost, but the pursuers of the bear were too well skilled in woodcraft to be foiled, and at length discovered his larder. He had dragged the hunter into a dense mass of wood and bushes, and, to render the place still more secure, had broken off a great quantity of branches and heaped them over his body. These were quickly stripped off, when, to their great surprise, they found the man, though frightfully mutilated and quite insensible, still living! Two long poles were immediately cut, to which saddle-cloths were secured in the middle. One horse was placed in front, another at the back, and the ends of the poles secured to the stirrups, thus forming a very easy conveyance. The sufferer was placed upon the saddle-cloths, and carefully propped up, and then began the painful march back as fast as possible.

On their arrival at the gold mine he was taken direct to the hospital; the doctor dressed his wounds, and administered all that medical skill and kindness prompted; his patient survived, but long remained unconscious of everything around him. After more than two months had elapsed a slight improvement took place, and his reason appeared to be restored. His first question was about the bear, and then he referred to his own defeat. He spoke of nothing else, and was constantly asking for his rifle to go and kill "Michael Ivanitch," (the bear.) The medical men thought his mind seriously affected. As he gained strength, there arose in him so great a desire to have another combat with his powerful and ferocious enemy that it was considered necessary to place him under some restraint.

The summer had passed over and autumn had arrived; the frost had scorched the foliage, changing it into golden and crimson hues; and as it was now thought the poor lunatic had forgotten his adventure, less vigilance was exercised toward him. The opportunity was not lost, for he secretly left the hospital, and started off for his cottage. All the family being absent except some young children, he was enabled to secure his rifle and ammunition, and provide himself with an ax and a loaf of black bread, which he stowed in his wallet. Thus armed and provisioned, he left the village in the evening without being seen except by the children, and was soon lost to them in the forest.

When it was discovered that he had escaped, people were sent out in various directions to seek him, but they returned without success. More than a week passed over, during which nothing had been heard of him, when one day he walked into the hospital carrying the skin of a huge black bear on his shoulders, and throwing it down, exclaimed, "I told you I would have him." This man was a fine old hunter: it was not a spirit of revenge which prompted him to this daring act; the fact was, he could not brook the idea

of a defeat. Now his reputation was re-established he was happy; his health was again restored; nor was this the last bear that fell before his deadly rifle.

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Source of Power; or, the Philosophy of Moral Agency. By REV. S. COMFORT, A. M. This is a book for those who *think*, and not designed for that large portion of the community who read merely for amusement; or who, as has been wittily said, only think they think. Mr. Comfort grapples with some of the mightiest and most momentous questions that have ever agitated the human mind, including moral agency, the mental faculties, the nature and functions of conscience, and the connection between man's perfect freedom and the absolute prescience of the Supreme Being. He is, of course, opposed to the Calvinistic interpretation of these problems, and develops a theory which evinces much patient investigation on his part, and some originality. To students of theology and of moral science the author's views will afford themes for meditation and for the exercise of the reasoning powers. Where they do not agree with him they will find it profitable to examine the grounds of their dissent, and for many things which have seemed to them intricate and perplexing they will here meet satisfactory solutions. On the general subject a passage from the introduction discloses a fact to be deplored, and looks to a coming future which we fear is as yet afar off:

> The aversion to metaphysics which seems to have obtained so strong a hold upon the common mind is alike unfounded and morbid. It has been indulged in a great oversight of the facts in the case, and the character of the best minds of former ages. Nor can it be denied that the present age is far from being distinguished for close, strong, patient, and hard thinking, at least on the part of the masses. Hence the more staid, matter-of-fact stock of reading matter is at a discount in the market. The popular suffrage in this "fast age" is accorded to the imaginative, racy, exciting, descriptive, that which does not levy the heavy tax of deep thought, close attention, and much reflection upon the reader. The public taste in this respect regulates the demand, and the character of this controls the pens of those who furnish the supply. The result, consequently, is, that a prominent feature is thus stamped on the literature of the age, both sacred and secular, from the Sabbath-school book, professedly adapted to the juvenile mind, to the more elaborate work designed for those of riper years. But the current of fashion, in this as well as all other things, is unsteady and ever shifting in its course, which fact of itself authorizes the sanguine hope that, with a coming generation, the more solid in the current literature will at length supersede the imaginative and less substantial.

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The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Development. By WILLIAM C. FOWLER. *Harper & Brothers.* Mr. Fowler's larger work, of which this is an abridgment for the use of schools, has been for some time before the public. Its favorable reception led, he tells us, to the preparation of the present volume. The author's principles are, in the main, those of Lowth, from whom nearly every writer upon grammar, from the days of Murray, appears to have borrowed without scruple, and in most cases without acknowledgment. Mr. Fowler has, however, some originality. His definitions of the parts of speech are, some of them, novel. "The article," he tells us, for instance, "is a part of speech serving to reduce a noun substantive from a general to a particular signification." This is sometimes the case, but not always. Take the lines quoted by our author in a preceding paragraph:

> The sun has long been set,
> The stars are out by twos and threes,
> The little birds are piping yet,
> Among the bushes and the trees.

Here the definite article is five times repeated, and it is certain that in neither instance does it "reduce" a noun from a general to a particular signification. Indeed all these articles, save the first, might be omitted without marring the sense or the meter:

> The sun has long been set,
> And stars are out by twos and threes,
> But little birds are piping yet,
> In many bushes and tall trees.

Our author has his own method of classifying verbs. They are "I. Those of the *ancient* or STRONG conjugation. II. Those of the *modern* or WEAK conjugation. But he defines his meaning. Those of the latter are "commonly called" (and why invent another term to express the idea?) "regular;" the former, "irregular." The verb "TO BE" is called by Mr. Fowler "The verb substantive;" but why he chooses thus to transpose the two words, instead of calling it a "substantive verb," he does not tell us, nor are we able to guess. Among the interjections we have a few that have not yet found their way into the dictionary. Some of them we never saw in print before: "Coh," "Knan," "Scat," "Shogh," "Hwo." With Mr. Fowler's chapters on the derivation of English words we are better pleased, and his rules for the choice of words and grammatical constructions are the most complete of any to be found in so small a compass. They may be profitably studied, not only in the school-room, but by all who seek to acquire skill and precision in the communication of thought.

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Leisure Labors is the title chosen by Mr. JOSEPH R. COBB for a collection of historical, literary, and political essays. The author is, he tells us, "a Southerner by birth and education, a Southerner in pride of mind and feeling," and, we may add, a Southerner in a great many other things, but not quite so rampant nor so fiery, not so full of wrath and fury, as we had reason to expect from his own preliminary description of himself and of his antecedents. True, we hardly know what is meant by the phrase "a Southerner in pride of mind." Judging from the slashing style in which he cuts up the poetry of Willis and Longfellow, it may possibly refer to the mental superiority with which "Southerners by birth and education" are to astonish the world when *they* begin to write poetry. Mr. Cobb is also very severe upon that degenerate son of the South, Thomas Jefferson, to whom he devotes a very large share of his attention. The sage of Monticello is by no means, according to Mr. Cobb, the great man he has been supposed to be. He was, it cannot be denied, "a Southerner by birth," if not by education; but, unlike Mr. Cobb, he was not a "Southerner in pride of mind." "He had," Mr. Cobb assures us, "ambition and selfishness in their fullest latitude," and then his "doctrines" and his "example" on some points were "highly exceptionable." So we have heard before, and

the thought always occurs to us, in these latter days, when reading the preamble to the Declaration of American Independence. Nearly one fourth of the volume is occupied by a sketch of the life and character of William H. Crawford, which is valuable for its facts, and more full in its details than any other memoir of that great statesman with which we are acquainted. The author's style, though not free from faults, is nervous and direct, and in the dearth of living works imbued with "Southern pride of mind" his book may fairly rank among the best of its class.

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Here in the East most of us have a very inadequate idea of the rapid growth and the present and prospective greatness of the "Great West." In nothing is this more manifest than in the establishment and endowment of literary institutions of a high grade. We have before us, in a pamphlet of fifty-six pages, printed in a style that would be deemed creditable to New York or Boston, *The Eighth Annual Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, and Students of Lawrence University*, an institution of which many of our readers never heard before. It is in the State of Wisconsin, in the village, or city, we know not which it is, of Appleton. It has a strong faculty, among whom we recognize the names of several graduates from the Wesleyan University at Middletown, and numbers, including the primary department, three hundred and forty-four students.

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Here is another instance of what the "Great West" has done and is doing in the way of education. It is a catalogue of the officers and students of what "will be hereafter known as *Cornell College*." It is located at Mount Vernon, in the State of Iowa. Some sixty thousand dollars have been secured toward the endowment of the institution, and the number of students is two hundred and eighty-eight.

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Sermons, occasioned by the death of Bishop Waugh, have been preached in many places; and several have been published. One, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Castle, in the Union Church, Philadelphia, is alike creditable to the preacher for gracefulness of style, and befitting as a tribute of affectionate regard for the departed bishop. The text is Matt. xxv. 21; the subject, the character and reward of the good and faithful servant. We make an extract from the preacher's analysis of the bishop's character:

He had a well-ordered, well-balanced, well-directed mind. There was no faculty, power, or susceptibility disproportionately strong, out-growing, overtopping, and throwing other faculties into the shade. All was in beautiful harmony, as nicely adjusted as the wheels and springs of a time-piece that move the hands upon the dial, and tell truly the time of day. He had a true estimate of himself and of others, and never exacted more than he was willing to give. He never made himself little by trying to appear great. He was never the hero of his own story, or with design monopolized the conversation and attention of the circle where he moved. His words were few and well chosen, and truth sat upon his lips as serenity and honor did upon his brow. A child could approach him without timidity, but a man would not have dared impudently to presume. He neither sacrificed his own rights or trespassed on the rights of others. He was always in his place, and magnified it. He was prepared for any emergence, and always rose above it. He had no whims, or oddities, or airs, or putting on smile or frown, warmth, or coldness, for effect, but was always and everywhere perfectly natural; a sincere, brave, honest-hearted man. He loved his Master, his brethren, and his work.

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Without anything sparkling, brilliant, or overpowering, there was that wholeness, strength, and symmetry which everywhere commanded respect and esteem. No one could be long in his company, or on intimate terms with him, without loving the man as much as he revered the minister. His piety was deep and uniform, consistent and constant; every-day holy living. It was not so much what he said, or what he did, as the spirit and manner of saying and doing every thing. It was seen and felt, rather than heard. His appearance, manners, movements, seem to throw an atmosphere of purity and heaven around him. In the conference, in the council chamber, in the family circle, in public and in private, there were the same amiableness, dignity, gravity, and purity which sat as a halo of glory upon him. What Bishop Burnet said of Archbishop Leighton, I am persuaded could be said with as much truth of Bishop Waugh: "That in free and frequent conversation with him for above two and twenty years, I never knew him say an idle word, a word that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never saw him in any other temper but that I wished to be in in the last moments of my life."

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It will not be for want of books upon the subject if the present generation are not familiar with the Holy Land. Yet another has been added to the long catalogue. It is entitled *The Land of Promise: Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon*. By Horatius Bonar, D.D., a writer well known on this side of the Atlantic, by previous volumes of a religious character, several of which have been noticed in our pages. These "Notes" are plain and practical, the author seldom indulging in speculation, and confining himself mainly to facts and descriptions. It is a desirable book for those who have not the time or the disposition to wade through more bulky volumes. A good map showing the author's route, and several picturesque engravings, enhance its value. There is also appended an ample index, with explanations of words and phrases. The author's "Notes" on the topography of Jerusalem, which are given in an appendex, indicate care and painstaking. It is a well-printed duodecimo volume of five hundred and sixty pages, a *fac simile* of the English edition, from the press of *Carter & Brothers*.

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Hymns of the Church Militant. This is simply, the fair compiler tells us, a book of hymns for private use. She has made her selections from a great variety of sources, and has thrown her materials together without classification, or any order of arrangement. Her book contains some of the best hymns in the language, and quite a number that, in our judgment, were hardly worthy of a place in such good company. But on this subject, as on many others, great allowance is to be made for diversity of taste. Scarcely any two persons would perfectly agree in the selection of hymns for a volume, and it is quite as much as the compiler could expect if she has fully satisfied herself. We note that several hymns, heretofore found only in our own collection, are inserted. We have that beautiful hymn of Ford's:

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;

those stanzas of Charles Wesley as altered for our book,

All praise to the Lamb, etc.,

and Dr. T. E. Bond's two stanzas, beginning

Father of spirits, hear our prayer,

which were taken from a long poem published originally by the author in a Baltimore periodical. The volume is a well printed duodecimo of six hundred and forty pages, from the press of *Carter & Brothers.*

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Valuable additions recently made to Harper's Classical Library, in their usual style of neatness of type and binding, are the *Works of Tacitus*, in two volumes. The text is that known as the Oxford translation, which has been revised, and is accompanied by copious notes, and an ample index.

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One of the most unobtrusive charitable institutions, and one that is effecting a vast amount of good, is *The Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children*, of which we have the Fifth Annual Report from the Board of Directors. Its object is sufficiently explained by its designation; and the results, as detailed in the report, are not only creditable to the managers but highly gratifying to the philanthropist. It is satisfactorily shown that the attempt to redeem idiocy is not always vain, and that the imbecile in body and mind may, by suitable training, be elevated to the rank of rational beings. Surely no object can commend itself more forcibly to the benevolent, and no charitable institution is more worthy of countenance and support. We make room for one "case" as given in the report.

Case.—An orphan boy of fourteen years was brought to us in 1856. His father died from intemperance, and his mother from consumption. He was left in poverty at a very early age, with none but a sister's feeble hand to sustain him. He was an imbecile in body and mind. Thrown among the jeering street boys of a village, his moral tastes were easily perverted; he could not speak with distinctness, walk erect, or think aright. He became obstinate, untruthful, profane, and generally depraved. He was shut out from common schools, and needed domestic care. He is now a bright boy; stammering in speech, and somewhat tottering in gait, it is true; but after one year's residence with us, he was sent home alone, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, by railway and stage; stopped all night at a hotel, paid his own fare, made a visit to his friends, and is now with us, an industrious, useful, trusty boy. He was nearing the *lowest grade* of idiocy; he is now being adorned with honesty and virtue, the highest gifts of manhood.

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From the Fifth Annual Report of the *New York Ophthalmic Hospital*, we learn that during the year 1857 the number of patients in the institution was one thousand and forty-three, of whom by far the larger portion are reported to have been cured or relieved, while the number pronounced incurable is only seventy. After alluding to the results of the past year, the surgeons of the institution give it as their opinion, "that neither the Legislature of the State nor the Common Council of the city need call in question the meritorious character or worthiness of this increasing charity, but cheerfully give it their united support."

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

Color of Rural Buildings. — Mr. Vaux, in his "Country Houses," noticed at the time of publication in the pages of The National, remarks that

The question of color is a most interesting one in any design for a country house, and seems at present but little understood in America, by far the greater number of houses being simply painted white, with bright green blinds. By this means each residence is distinctly protruded from the surrounding scenery, and instead of grouping and harmonizing with it, asserts a right to carry on a separate business on its own account; and this lack of sympathy between the building and its surrounding is very disagreeable to an artistic eye. Even a harsh vulgar outline may often pass without particular notice, in view of rural scenery, if the mass is quiet and harmonious in color, while a very tolerable composition may injure materially the views near it, if it is painted white, the human eye being so constituted that it will be constantly held in bondage by this striking blot of crude light, and compelled to give it unwilling attention.

In country houses the design has to be adapted to the location, and not the location to the design; for it is undesirable, and generally impracticable, to make the natural landscape subservient to the architectural composition. Woods, fields, mountains, and rivers, will be more important than the houses that are built among them; and every attempt to force individual buildings into prominent notice is an evidence either of a vulgar desire for notoriety at any sacrifice, or of an ill-educated eye and taste. The colors of rural buildings should be carefully varied. They should be often cheerful and light, sometimes neutral, seldom dark, and never black or white; and there is, fortunately, no end to the combination of tints that may be used in painting a house. The constant recurrence of about the same requirements will, of course, lead to much similarity in plan, particularly in small buildings; but the monotony that this would occasion may be agreeably relieved by variety in color, both in the interior and exterior. Different patterns of paper will make two rooms of the same proportion no longer alike; and the same result will be observed on the exterior, by adopting different tints for the walls and the woodwork. Another important point to be considered is, that it is entirely insufficient to use only one or two shades of color for each house. Every rural building requires four tints to make it a pleasant object in the way of color; and this variety costs but little more than monotonous repetition, while it adds much to the completeness of the effect. The main wall should be of some agreeable shade of color, the roof trimmings, verandas, and other woodwork, being either of a different color, or of a different shade of the same color, so that a contrast, but not a hard one, may be established. The third color, not widely different from the woodwork, should be applied to the solid part of the Venetian blinds, and the movable slats should be painted of the fourth tint. This last should be by far the darkest used on the premises, for the effect of a glass window or opening in a wall is always dark when seen from a distance; and if this natural fact is not remembered, and the shutters are painted the same color as the rest of the house, a blank, uninteresting effect will be produced, for when the blinds are closed, which is generally the case, the house, except to a person very near it, will appear to be without any windows at all. This error is often fallen into, and requires to be most carefully guarded against.

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Spreading Manure on the Surface. — A writer in the Edinburgh *Journal of Agriculture*, commenting on the views of Professor Voelcker,

as to the exposure of fresh manure on the surface of the ground, relates the following striking experiment, made by a scientific man, for the purpose of testing expressly the several methods of using manure:

There being a difference of opinion among scientific men regarding the advantage of spreading dung upon the surface, and leaving it exposed some time before covering it in, Professor Legnitz, of Eldena, had recourse to an experiment for the solving of the question. For this purpose he selected two and a half roods, which he divided into four equal parts. To No. 1 no manure was given. No. 2 received about two tons of farm yard dung, which was spread immediately and covered in by means of the plow. No. 3 was treated in the same manner, with this difference, that the hoe was used instead of the plow. The same quantity of dung was carried to No. 4, and allowed to remain spread three weeks on the soil before being covered in by the hoe. On the tenth of October the four lots subjected to experiment were sown with about ninety-five pints of rye seed each. The following are the total results of the crop of each lot, grain and straw included: No. 1 produced 583 pounds; No. 2, 770 do.; No. 3, 818 do.; No. 4, 930 do. The writer very justly remarks that a single experiment should not be considered conclusive, but that it is sufficiently striking to warrant a repetition of it on a larger scale.

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The Value of Indian Corn.—Indian Meal contains more than four times as much oleaginous matter as wheat flour; more starch, and consequently capable of producing more sugar. The value of the annual crop of Indian corn in the United States is immense. It is cultivated in all sections, and thrives in almost every latitude. In it there is a natural coalescence of elementary principles which constitute the basis of organic life, that exists in no other vegetable production. In ultimate composition, in nutritious properties, in digestibility, and in its adaptation to the various necessities of animal life in the different climates of the earth, corn meal is capable of supplying more of the absolute wants of the adult human system than any other single substance in nature.

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Bones for Manure.—How Prepared.—Get a joiner to put together a rough box, something like a cooler for steamed food, but lighter at the sides, say eight feet long by three or two feet six inches high, and three feet wide, dovetailed and joined with white lead. The box prepared, put in the water of the preparation first, then the sulphuric acid, allowing one half *more bulk* of water than acid, and one half *less* weight of acid than bones; that is, to a gallon of acid allow a gallon and a half of water, and to one hundred pounds of bones allow fifty pounds of acid. To the water and acid the bones must now be added, (finely broken up into half-inch fragments, or less,) mixing the whole intimately and equally. This done, cover up the box or tank with straw or old sacks, laid on pieces of wood, or have a rough wooden lid to the box, and then allow the whole to stand untouched forty-eight hours. The process of manufactnre will then be complete. In anticipation of its necessity I would recommend the careful accumulation of house ashes, during the year, kept in some dry place. When the operation above detailed is completed, put the ashes in a heap in a convenient position for the tank; make there a basin at the top of the heap, and lift the dissolved bones out of the tank, placing them in the basin; turn over the entire heap with shovels two or three times, till the whole is well mixed, and the preparation will then be perfectly fit to be handled, or at least spread with shovels from a cart on the soil. This process may be attended with a little trouble at first, but once or twice done, the difficulty is past, and no one giving his attention to the matter will afterward regret his perseverance.

Another method, requiring patience and attention, but which is good when immediate application is not desired, is to use a watertight hogshead or cask, put in a layer of bones at the bottom four inches thick, a like layer of good dry unleached wood ashes, alternating in this manner until the cask is full. Keep this compost wet constantly with water from nine to twelve months, occasionally adding a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the water used, to fix the ammonia, and you will find the bones decomposed and available as a manure. We know no better method available to the farmer, and practical on a small scale. Another time we shall say more of the value of superphosphates, and of their application. Let us premise, however, that none of our readers need shudder at the idea of becoming too scientific in consequence. Our aim shall be to make our articles the medium of practical information, such as every farmer may comprehend and practice.

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Wall Roses.—The secret of growing roses against the wall might be packed in a lady's thimble. A two feet deep border of strong loam, four or five feet wide, to be as rich as rotten dungs can make it; the border to be thoroughly soaked with soft pond-water twice a week in dry weather, and when the roses are in bloom, to keep them thin in the branches, as if they were peach-trees, and to play the water-engine against them as for a house on fire, from the first appearance of insects till no more come. There is a reason for everything under the sun, and the reason for insects attacking roses in general, and those on walls more particularly, is from too much dryness at the roots, causing the juices to be more palatable through the action of the leaves.

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Pruning and Management of the Black Currant.—Black currants require quite a different system of pruning from the other varieties; the great point to aim at is to get as much young wood as possible every year from the lower part of the tree. This is increased by thinning out the old wood from the bottom, and the finest fruit is obtained from the young wood. In striking the black currant you should select young shoots about ten or twelve inches long, insert them in the ground, with the buds on, about six inches. The buds of the other sorts are rubbed off except about four, which are left on the portion out of ground. I have had black kinds struck on the same system, but they never lasted long; they die off limb by limb about the time they ought to make good trees. They like a moisture-holding soil; if planted on dry ground they suffer much in hot summers. Red and white sorts like a lighter soil; they produce their fruit from spurs on the

old wood. In pruning, cut a portion of the young wood back every year, and thin according to the growth of the tree.

GRAPES IN KANSAS.—A Kansas paper states that it is the intention of a gentleman in Virginia to carry to Topeka, early in the coming spring, two hundred thousand grape roots, embracing the most productive and hardy varieties cultivated in this country.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

The past month has been one of more than usual excitement in Congress, growing out of that stupendous fraud, the Lecompton Constitution. In the Senate most powerful speeches were made against it by Messrs. Seward, Crittenden, Bell, Foote, Wilson, Fessenden, and Douglas. It, however, finally passed on the 23rd of March, by a vote of thirty-four to twenty-four. The amendment merging the Minnesota with the Kansas bill was withdrawn. An amendment was adopted declaring that nothing in the act shall be construed to abridge or infringe the right of the people of Kansas to alter or abolish their form of government at any time or in any manner they may deem proper. In the House, on the 1st of April, Lecompton was thrown out by a majority of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twelve. . . . *The bill of General Quitman* for an increase of the army passed the House by an overwhelming vote. But seventy-three votes were recorded against it. The substitute reported by Mr. Faulkner—the administration measure—was defeated by a vote almost without parallel, although it had been asserted on the best authority, and still remains uncontradicted, that the president would not call out or use the volunteer force, if placed at his disposal. It passed the Senate on the 1st of April. . . . *According to the plan* laid down by the War Department for the service in Utah, there will be by July next five thousand five hundred troops in that territory, amply supplied for an active campaign. Should it be necessary this force will consist of about one third cavalry, sixteen guns of artillery, and the rest infantry. Three fifths of this force has yet to be sent. Russel, the contractor for transportation of this army, will employ three thousand five hundred teamsters to drive wagons carrying the supplies. This will give some idea of the magnitude and cost of the undertaking. . . . *The War Department* has received dispatches, dated January 23, from Lieutenant Beale, who is the superintendent of the wagon road across the continent by the way of the Mohave and Colorado Rivers. He reports that the camels employed in his expedition had stood the cold weather and snow of the Sierra Nevada admirably, and indeed had fattened in that climate. He expects to arrive home in March, when he will be able to show whether the route will be practicable for travel at all times of the year. . . . *The Court of Appeals*, of this State, have made an important decision in the suit of the Harpers against one of the insurance companies, which refused to pay the amount of insurance upon their burned building, on the ground that camphene, a dangerous article, was used, and was the cause of the fire. The Court decided that when a company take a risk upon a workshop they do so upon all articles commonly used in it; that camphene is one of the articles legitimately used in their business, and that the insurance is not, therefore, invalidated by the origin of the fire. . . . *Mohammed Pasha*, Rear-Admiral of the Turkish Army, arrived in this city on the 5th of March, and remained one week previous to his departure for Washington, during which time he was lionized by a committee of the Common Council. In Washington he was well received in all circles. He returns to this city in order to have built a first-class flag-ship for the Turkish navy, after which he intends starting on a hunting excursion, accompanied by Vice-President Breckenridge, and several other distinguished personages, to Red River. . . . *The Constitutional Convention of Kansas* on the 30th of March ordered a remonstrance to be immediately sent into Congress protesting against the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution. The Convention have decided to submit the new constitution to a vote of the people on the third Tuesday in May, and also that an election for State and county officers shall take place at the same time; all laws not repugnant to the constitution to remain in force until they expire by their own limitation. . . . *The bark Adriatic*, so long under libel in a French seaport for running down the Lyonnaise, and which has twice made her escape through the indomitable energy of Captain Dunham, has arrived safely at Savannah. . . *Judge Slidell*, of Louisiana, has become insane from the effect of a blow struck upon his head by a ruffian, during the last election in New Orleans. . . . *Nathan Jackson, Esq.*, of this city, celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday, a few weeks ago, by a donation of fourteen thousand dollars in cash, and nine acres of land, worth ten thousand dollars, to Williams College, Massachusetts. . . . *The result* of the Court Martial upon Colonel Sumner at Carlisle Barracks is an honorable acquittal from both the charges preferred against him by General Harney. The result seems to give general satisfaction. . . . On the 1st of April the Collins Steamships were sold by auction for the sum of fifty thousand dollars over their liabilities.

The Supreme Court of Georgia, in the important Savage will case, have decided that a man has a right to make a will devising property to his widow during her widowhood, and cutting her off entirely in the event of her marriage. It had been ably contended by General Mugan on the other side, that such wills were in restraint of marriage, impolitic, and illegal. . . . *A Negro woman*, at Montgomery, Alabama, was recently put up at a raffle; eighty chances, at ten dollars a chance. She was at the nice marketable age of thirty years. . . . *The Ohio House of Representatives* passed bills repealing the acts of last winter, for the prevention of kidnapping from that State, and refusing the use of the jails of the State for the holding of fugitive slaves. . . . *Another kidnapping case* came to light in this city last month. John R. Finally and his wife were brought before Mayor Tiemann, charged by Sarah Taylor, a colored girl, with having induced her to enter their employ, taken her to Washington under the allegation of going to Newark, New Jersey, and attempted to sell her there for six hundred dollars. Finally and his wife were arrested in Maryland and brought to this city. They are to be tried for the offense this month. . . . *The Young Men's Christian Association* of Pittsburgh has distributed twenty-two thousand bushels of coal to the poor of that city since the commencement of the hard season. Some five thousand persons have been relieved during the winter. . . . *Commander Hartstein* has had the gold medal struck in his honor by order of the Legislature of this state, forwarded to him by Governor King, and handsomely acknowledged it.

. . . *A fearful massacre* is said, by advices from New Orleans, to have taken place at the Rustan Islands, one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants having been murdered by the Indians. . . . *Late accounts from California* state that much time had been consumed in the Legislature on bills for the suppression of mobs and insurrections, which was manifestly aimed at the Vigilance Committee, and of which the fate had not yet been ascertained. The Legislature had sent a memorial to Congress asking that the mail contract be divided between the two competing lines of steamships. . . . *The Supreme Court of California* has rendered a singular decision in the Stovall fugitive slave case. The court says that though by the law the negro is unquestionably free when brought by his master upon California soil, yet, as Mr. Stovall is in bad health he must in this case have his slave. They take particular pains to say that this must not form a precedent, however! . . . *A negro named Bracy* struck a citizen of Auburn named Nunphy, with his pick, on the 19th of February, so that the brain oozed from the wound, and he would certainly die. The citizens took the negro, held and overawed the sheriff and his posse, who attempted to take him in charge, and hung the murderer the same day to a tree. . . . *A man named Jose Anastasia*, who was to have been hung at Monterey recently, was reprieved by the governor, but the under-sheriff in charge did not choose to understand the order, and hung him up. . . . *Henry Bates*, the alleged defaulting state treasurer, had been tried for the third time, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict of acquittal. . . . *From Central America* we learn that General Lamar, our minister to Nicaragua, was formally received by the Martinez government, and addressed the president in a speech which gave very great satisfaction. The Yrisarri Treaty was under consideration in the Legislative Assembly, and the general feeling was that it would not be approved of, except with such modifications as would render a reopening of negotiations at Washington necessary. Carey Jones had taken official leave of the government, and departed for home. General Jerez was appointed Minister of War and Hacienda for Nicaragua. . . . *Don Miguel de Castillo* had been inaugurated as President of San Salvador. In this republic the people were agitated by reports of a contemplated fillibuster invasion from the United States and revolutionary conspiracies. *The New Granadian Congress* met at Bogota on the 2d of February. The President, in his message, stated that Mr. Buchanan had determined not to preserve the hostile attitude toward New Granada which had been assumed by Pierce's administration, and that the convention lately negotiated between the two republics would end all differences and disappoint an "interested" American press. The Foreign Secretary alluded to the convention in his report, and hopes that Congress would consider it fully with a view to approving the clauses which are beyond the jurisdiction of the executive. An official decree increases, by one and a half per cent., the taxes now paid by commercial establishments on the Isthmus of Panama. . . . *The news from the South Pacific* is interesting. General Vivanco's forces shelled the town of Arica, from the frigate Apurimac, on the 21st of March, and took possession of the place after a severe battle. General Vivanco had withdrawn his troops from Iquique. An attempt at revolution had been made at Lima, but was put down. In Bolivia the garrison of Cobija robbed the treasury at that place and deserted for Peru. They were overtaken, and twenty-one of the mutineers shot.

The most important news from England since our last, is the defeat of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the French Refugee question. The ministry had resigned in consequence. The resignations were at once accepted, though much sensation was caused by the announcement, and the Earl of Derby, at her majesty's solicitation, undertook the task of forming a new ministry, in which he succeeded. Lord Derby had delivered his inaugural address, giving an insight into his intended policy, which was generally regarded as a successful steering between the danger of offending the pride of the English people, and the fear of injuring the Anglo-French alliance. The conflicting interests have been reconciled at least for the time, and the Derby ministry may hold power longer than was at first supposed. The members of Parliament in the Derby ministry had all been re-elected without opposition. A London committee to organize the opposition to a conspiracy bill had been formed. . . . *The young Prince Albert* is pursuing naval studies, with a view, it is said, of passing his examination forthwith and entering the service as a naval cadet. . . . *Dr. Livingstone* and his companions in the African Exploring Expedition have sailed in the steamer Pearl from Liverpool for Africa. . . . *The effect of the ministerial defeat* in France was very decided, as there was evidently no expectation of so untoward a result, and for some time threatened to be the cause of a serious misunderstanding between the two countries. However, all angry feelings have been got over, at least for the present. The tone of the government papers is much lowered in the knowledge of the event. The trial of the conspirators against the life of Louis Napoleon, had terminated in the conviction of Orsini, Pierri, and Rudio, who have been sentenced to death, and of Gomez, who is condemned to penal servitude for life. All admitted their complicity except Gomez. Orsini and Pierri were executed on the 10th of March. Rudio was imprisoned for life. Persons alleged to be parties to a vast conspiracy in France had been arrested in the departments. The emperor had abolished the butchers' monopoly in Paris, which act was giving him much popularity among the people. Generals Changarnier and Bedeau had been officially notified by the *Moniteur* that they might return to France. . . . *The official opposition* to the payment of the Stade Dues tolls was being organized in Hamburg by the United States Consul and others. . . . *Advices from Constantinople* say that the city of Corinth had been destroyed by an earthquake; but only thirty persons were killed. A very disastrous fire had occurred in Constantinople and another at Adrianople. . . . *The Prince of Prussia* had offered to grant a political amnesty on the occasion of his son's marriage, but been refused permission by the Cabinet, who think that he has no power as Regent to perform an act of that character. The prince has appealed to the law officers of the crown. The Prussian Regency question has not been definitively settled. The Danish ministers had withdrawn their resignations. . . . *The news from the East* is of more than usual importance, especially from China. Canton was taken full possession of on the 30th of December, and the Cantonese evacuated the city on the same day. Commissioner Yeh, Governor of Canton, and the commander of the Tartar troops had been taken prisoners. Yeh has been sent to Calcutta as a prisoner. . . . *From India* we learn that Lucknow had not been taken. The cannonade was to have taken place on the 22d of February. Nena Sahib, with a few followers, was reported to be wandering about the country. The king of Oude had been tried, found guilty, and banished for life.

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JOHN STARK.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—No. V.

THERE are several lives of the hero of Bennington, but none of any great merit, either personal or literary. The first one, which was prefixed to a reprint of Major Rogers's Expeditions with the New England Rangers, originally brought out in London in 1765, was published at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1831. It is the chief authority for all that have since appeared, and is, without doubt, authentic and trustworthy. It seems to have been written by some of the Stark family. It is largely drawn upon by Edward Everett, in his sketch of the life of Stark, contributed to "Sparks's American Biography;" the which sketch, by the way, is the foundation of the present paper. I have used its language freely wherever it would suit my purpose.

John Stark was born at Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 28th of August, 1728. His father, Archibald Stark, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. In his youth he removed to Londonderry, in Ireland, but not finding that locality agreeable, he emigrated with a party of his countrymen to the New World, in 1721, or thereabouts, and eventually settled in Nutfield, or Londonderry, as the town was named after their Irish home. Here John was

born, the second of four sons, and here the family remained until 1736, when they moved to Derryfield, or Manchester, as it is now called. The childhood and youth of the future hero were passed in obscurity. We hear nothing of him until 1752, his twenty-fourth year, when he went on a hunting excursion to Baker's River, in the northwestern quarter of the state. The party consisted of four, John and his brother William, and two of their neighbors, David Stinson and Amos Eastman. Their hunting-ground was far beyond the English settlements, in an unbroken and dangerous wilderness. They were lucky for a time among the beavers on Baker's River, but were unfortunate enough to fall in with a band of St. Francis Indians. They came upon the trail of the red skins, and prepared to decamp quietly. William Stark and Stinson took to the canoe, and Eastman followed on the banks of the river. John remained behind to collect the traps. The Indians, numbering ten in all, came upon him suddenly, and made him a prisoner. They questioned him of the whereabouts of his companions, and he did what a brave man should do, under the circumstances, pointed in the wrong direction, and succeeded in leading the Indians two miles out of the way. His friends became alarmed at his prolonged absence, and fired off their guns to let him know where they were. This betrayed them to their enemies, who hurried down the river to intercept them. Eastman was captured, and John was ordered to hail the boat, and decoy his friends ashore. Instead of doing this he advised them to pull for the opposite bank. They took his advice, and were fired upon by four of the Indians. John knocked up two of the guns, and saved the fugitives for the moment. The rest of the Indians fired their pieces, two of which were again knocked up by the brave hunter. The last volley told, for Stinson was killed; William, however, succeeded in escaping. The savages were enraged with John, and but for the certainty of his being one day redeemed in good hard cash, they would have scalped him on the spot. As it was, they beat him soundly, and taking possession of the furs of the party, they retreated to Coos, near where Haverhill now is, bearing their two prisoners with them. The next day they sent three of their number with Eastman to St. Francis, retaining Stark, to help them hunt. He shot one beaver, and trapped another, and was allowed to keep the skins. In about ten days the band returned to St. Francis, where the two pale faces were compelled to run the gauntlet. The young warriors of the tribe were ranged in two lines a few feet apart, and armed with rods. Down this lane of pitiless foes the captives of the Indians were made to run. When they reached the council-house, where the lines terminated, they were safe; but previous to reaching it they were at the mercy of their captors, who laid about them with a will. Eastman ran his gauntlet, and was severely whipped; but Stark, who had a ready wit, snatched a club at starting from the nearest Indian, and dashing it about right and left as he ran, reached the council-house with scarcely a blow, to the confusion of the young braves and his own delight. The old Indians enjoyed his prowess, laughing heartily at the discomfiture of their sons.

The two hunters remained among the Indians three or four months. We have no particular account of Eastman, whose bruises were doubtless healed at the proper time; but Stark seems to have caught the Indian spirit. They ordered him to hoe corn at first, but knowing that they regarded this sort of labor as only fit for women, he cut up the corn and spared the weeds, to show them that he was ignorant of such unmanly work. Failing to accomplish his object by these means, he at last threw his hoe into the river. "Hoeing corn," said he, "is the business of squaws, not warriors. I will hoe no more." They named him the young chief, and adopted him into the tribe. He was ransomed by a couple of gentlemen who were sent among the Indians by the General Court of Massachusetts, for the purpose of redeeming some of the citizens of that province. Not finding the men they were in search of, they exceeded the letter of their instructions, and ransomed Stark and Eastman instead. Stark cost them one hundred and three dollars, Eastman only sixty. They returned home by the way of Albany, their former masters accompanying them, selling the very furs which they had stolen from them!

This passage from the early life of Stark, eventful as it may seem to us now, was nothing at that time. Scarcely a town in New England but could show a

similar instance of captivity and adventure.

As his own state neglected or refused to pay his ransom money to Massachusetts, Stark started off in the following year to the head waters of the Androscoggin, on a hunting excursion, to raise the necessary funds for that purpose. We are not told of his success, but the report which he brought back determined the General Court of New Hampshire to explore the country. A company was formed, and Stark was engaged as their guide. The field of the intended exploration never having been brought within the acknowledged limits of the English settlements, was claimed by the Indians, and fearing the evils that might result to the colonies if New Hampshire should take forcible possession of it, the Governor of Massachusetts protested against the measure, and it was postponed. The next year (this was in 1753) it was rumored that the French were building a fort in this coveted region. The Governor of New Hampshire sent a party of thirty men with a flag of truce to remonstrate against this proceeding. Stark was the guide. He conducted them to the Upper Coos, leading them over the route which he had traveled when he was made a captive by the Indians, but finding no trace of the French they returned to New Hampshire.

In 1755 an expedition was planned against Crown Point. A corps of rangers was enlisted in New Hampshire, and Stark, whose reputation as a successful and daring scout was well known, received a lieutenant's commission. The regiment to which he belonged was stationed at Fort Edward, on the east side of the Hudson. A sharp battle took place here between the French and English forces, but as it does not appear that Stark was actively engaged in it I shall not describe it. The English were victorious.

In January, 1758, a party of the rangers was sent on an expedition to Lake Champlain. They were commanded by Major Robert Rogers, who afterward published in London an account of his American campaigns; Stark was his lieutenant. Altogether there were seventy-four men, including the officers. They marched from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry, where they prepared snow-shoes, and provisions for the expedition. This done they pursued their journey, now on Lake George, which was frozen over, and now on land, floundering through drifts of snow. They reached Lake Champlain in six days, striking it half way between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Here they discovered a sled on the ice, passing between the posts of the enemy. Stark and twenty men were ordered to intercept it in front; Rogers and another party threw themselves in the rear to cut off its retreat, leaving a third re-enforcement to guard the center. Stark and his men marched to the post assigned them. While they were on their way, Rogers, whose position in the rear enabled him to see the whole surface of the lake, discovered ten other sleds passing in the direction of the one first seen. Before he could apprise Stark of the fact the latter was seen by the teamsters, and they turned and fled to Ticonderoga, closely pursued by Rogers and his men. He took three of the sleds, and seven prisoners; the rest escaped. From the prisoners he learned that a large body of French and Indians were assembled at Ticonderoga, ready for service, at a moment's warning. This being more than he had bargained for, he drew off his men, and retreated to the station he had occupied the night before.

They retreated Indian fashion in single file, Rogers in front, and Stark bringing up the rear, the post of honor in a retreat. It was a rainy day, and their guns were wet, so they pressed forward to their former camping ground, where they knew their fires were still burning. They had scarcely marched a mile when the head of the band gaining the summit of a hill, fell in with the enemy, at least two hundred strong, drawn up in the form of a crescent, and waiting to surround them. The front men of the English received the enemy's fire at the murderous distance of five yards. Several were slain and wounded; among the latter was Major Rogers himself, who was shot in the head. He ordered his men to fall back to the opposite hill, where Stark and another officer, who commanded the rear, had posted themselves to cover the retreat.

The retreat was made in good order, but the fire of the enemy was severe upon the English, several of whom were killed, while others were taken prisoners. Stark

and his hardy rangers blazed away from the hill, and avenged their comrades in gallant style, enabling Rogers and his party to place themselves to advantage. The French endeavored to flank them, but were driven back with loss. They then assaulted the rangers in front, but the latter had the advantage of the ground, and repelled them. They attempted to surround them, but without success. The action commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till sunset, when Major Rogers received a second wound through his wrist, which prevented him from holding his gun. He began to think he had had enough fighting for one day, and was about to order a retreat, but Stark declared that he would shoot the first man who fled. "We have a good position," said he, "and we will fight till dark, and then retreat. It is our only chance of safety."

At this moment the lock of his gun was broken by a shot from the enemy. He said nothing, but waited till he saw a French soldier fall, when he sprang forward, seized his gun, and resumed the action. The French used all their blandishments to induce the brave rangers to submit, assuring them that large re-enforcements were at hand, and would slaughter them without mercy, while if they surrendered they should be well treated. The rangers answered with their death-dealing rifles. At dark the fire of the French ceased, and the Americans withdrew. They retreated all night, and in the morning found themselves six miles south of the advanced guard of the enemy on Lake George. They had escaped safely, but they were still forty miles from Fort William Henry. As the wounded were unable to march any further on foot, Stark and two of his men volunteered to proceed to the fort, and return with sleighs. They had a difficult task before them, for the snow was four feet deep, on a level, and could only be traversed in snow-shoes; but the stalwart fellows performed it royally, reaching the fort by evening. The next morning saw them back with sleighs and a reinforcing party. The next night the whole band lodged in the fort. The English had fourteen killed, and twelve wounded and taken prisoners; one hundred and sixteen of the French were killed or mortally wounded. The difference was immensely in favor of the former; thanks to their position, and the determined spirit of Stark. When the corps was reorganized he was promoted to the rank of a captain.

In July, 1758, an expedition was planned against Ticonderoga. The English force, numbering sixteen thousand men, started from Fort Edward on the morning of the 5th, and proceeded down Lake George in bateaux. They halted at dark at Sabbath Day Point, and Lord Howe, the commander of the English army, invited Captain Stark to sup with him in his tent. Stretched on a bear-skin the gallant young lord and the hardy New Hampshire ranger conversed about the coming battle. After a few hours' repose the march was resumed, Lord Howe leading the van in a large boat. At daybreak a reconnoitering party returned, and reported the French at the landing-place. The English army effected a landing at noon, and Stark and Rogers, with their rangers, were sent forward to clear the woods before the main body. They were directed to open the way from Lake George to the plains of Ticonderoga. This route was intersected by a creek, which was crossed by a bridge. The bridge was in possession of the enemy. The van of the rangers, commanded by Rogers, halted as they drew near the French and the Indians, but Stark declared it was no time for delay, and pushed forward to the bridge, driving the enemy before him. The road being now free the main body came up, Lord Howe commanding the center, and heading his column. He fell in with a part of the advanced guard of the French, and immediately attacked and dispersed it; but exposing himself too eagerly he was slain at the first fire. His loss put an end to the fighting for that day; the advanced parties of the Americans were called in, and the French kept themselves within their intrenchments.

The next morning the rangers were ordered to their former post, and Stark with a strong detachment was sent forward to reconnoiter the fort. They returned in the evening, and the whole army passed the night on their arms. The French force was vastly inferior to that of the English, consisting of only six thousand men, but they were encamped before their fort, and had intrenched themselves behind a breastwork of trees. This breastwork was almost impervious to an advancing

foe, being eight or nine feet high, and presenting an unbroken front of sharpened branches and interwoven limbs. It was a formidable defense. On the morning of the 8th the troops moved to the attack, Stark's division of Rangers leading the van. Within three hundred yards of the intrenchments his advanced guard were fired upon by a party of French; their comrades came up to their support, and the enemy were driven in. The light infantry now moved up to their right, and the bateaux men to their left. In the mean time the main body of the army was forming. At ten o'clock the rangers were ordered to drive in the advanced guard of the French, preparatory to a general assault. The regulars moved up to the breastworks and attempted to storm them, but without success. They persisted for four hours, but finding it impossible to carry the works the British general-in-chief ordered a retreat. Stark and his rangers were employed till late in the evening in bringing up the rear. It was a bloody and disastrous day, no less than seventeen hundred regulars, and three hundred and fifty provincials being killed or wounded. A general retreat was now ordered, and by the evening of the next day the whole army had returned to their camp on the southern shore of Lake George. At the close of this campaign Captain Stark obtained a furlough, and shifting his forces from the fields of Mars to those of Venus, entered into an engagement with a dearer foe than "that sweet enemy, France," as Sir Philip Sydney says in his sonnet. To speak less poetically, he married. His *affiancée* was a Miss Elizabeth Page, the daughter of Captain Page, of Dunbarton.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

We hear nothing of Captain Stark from the close of the Seven Years' War till the breaking out of the Revolution, a period of sixteen or seventeen years. It is to be presumed, however, that he passed his life peacefully and happily on his farm, occasionally fighting over his old campaigns with his neighbors and companions in arms. Unlike many of the latter, when it became evident that a conflict must take place between the colonies and the mother country, he felt no hesitation as to the side he should join. From the first his mind was made up to fight for his native land. One after another his old friends went over to the ranks of the enemy, but he remained firm and true to his convictions of right. Major Rogers, his old commander in the Seven Years' War, adopted the British cause. His brother William, who had been present at the surrender of Ticonderoga and Crown Point—who had assisted at the capture of Louisburg, and had fought with Wolfe at Quebec—in a fit of pique joined the royal standard. But John never for a moment wavered. When the committees of safety were organized in 1774, he became a member of one of those bodies for the town in which he lived. The news of the battle of Lexington found him, as it did Putnam, ready for the fight. Ten minutes after he heard of it he had directed the volunteers of his neighborhood to rendezvous at Medford, near Boston, and was on his way thither at full speed. He was speedily followed by about twelve hundred men, who concentrated themselves at Medford. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts organized them into two regiments, one of which was placed under the charge of Stark, who was unanimously elected a colonel. On the glorious 17th of June, his regiment formed the left of the American line on Bunker's Hill. They were posted with a detachment of Connecticut troops under Captain Knowlton, behind the rail fences and the mound of grass, of which the latter had formed a temporary breastwork between Mystic Hill and the road, as described in the account of the battle in the life of Putnam. The Americans at this point were opposed by the British right wing, which, curious enough to relate, was commanded by Lord Howe, a brother of the Lord Howe who was the friend of Stark in his Canadian campaign, and who fell, the reader will remember, on the plains of Ticonderoga. What memories of the past must have rushed through the mind of the old ranger when he saw the brother of his former friend the enemy of his native land! As I have before described the battle I need not dilate on the part which Stark performed in it; suffice it to say, that the British recoiled three times before the terrible fire of his men, who retreated, when retreat was inevitable, in such order that they were not pursued. On no part of the field was the execution greater than where the New Hampshire regiments were stationed. An anecdote is related of Stark, to whom came a re-

port in the heat of battle, that his son, a boy of sixteen, had just been killed. "This is not the moment," he said, turning to the officious tale-bearer, "this is not the moment, sir, to talk of private affairs. Go back to your duty." The rebuke was worthy of a Spartan. It turned out in the end that his son was not killed; he served through the war as a staff officer.

After the battle Stark's regiment was stationed on Winter's Hill, where it remained till March, 1776, when the British evacuated Boston. He was then transferred to New York, and shortly after he joined the American army in Canada. He was now on the old battle-grounds of his youth, in the neighborhood of Crown Point and Ticonderoga. It was while the troops were at the latter place that the news of the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to them. The failure of the Canadian campaign and the disastrous occurrences at New York drew Stark and his regiment from the Northern army to the banks of the Delaware. They led the vanguard in the attack upon Trenton, and fought gallantly at Princeton. The term for which his men had enlisted expiring about this time, he proceeded to New Hampshire to raise new recruits. His popularity soon filled his regiment, and he communicated the intelligence to the council of the state, and to Washington. Repairing to Exeter to receive instructions from the authorities, he was informed that a new list of promotions had just been made, in which his name was omitted, while those of other officers, who were his juniors, were found. He conceived himself deeply wronged in the matter, as according to military usages he undoubtedly was, and refused to submit to the slight which Congress had put upon him. He declared that the officer who would not maintain his rank, and assert his own rights, was not fit to be trusted to vindicate those of his country. The proposition was too sweeping to be entirely true, but there was a show of good sense in it, which was enough for the irate colonel. He waited upon the council, and upon Generals Sullivan and Poor, stated the grounds of his dissatisfaction, and his determination to quit the army. He then surrendered his commission, and returned home; not to join the British, as his brother William had done on a somewhat similar occasion; nor to betray his country, like Benedict Arnold.

He took a nobler revenge; he fitted out for the army all the members of his own family who were old enough to join it! He gave everything to the good cause but his services; those he reserved till he should have justice done him. He threw up his commission in the spring of 1777; in the summer of that year the Eastern States were invaded by a formidable army from Canada. This force was commanded by Burgoyne, and consisted in part of German troops, veterans of the Seven Years' War. They were amply supplied with the necessaries of war, arms, ammunition, and military stores; they had a considerable force of Canadian and American loyalists for spies, scouts, and rangers, besides several bands of savages, whose hearts were as sanguinary as their war dresses were grim. Altogether the army numbered ten thousand strong.

The New England States, especially Massachusetts and New Hampshire, were alarmed. They felt that their frontier was uncovered, and that they must make a great effort to protect the country. The New Hampshire committee of safety met and formed the whole militia of the state into two brigades; the command of one was tendered to Stark. He refused at first to accept it, but at length consented, on condition that he should not be obliged to join the main army, but be allowed to hang on the wings of the enemy in what was then called the New Hampshire Grants, but is now the State of Vermont. He was to exercise his own discretion as to his movements, accountable to no one but the authorities of New Hampshire. His conditions were complied with, and the militia took the field without hesitation. Stark's name, like that of the king, in Shakspeare, was "a tower of strength."

Stark and the New Hampshire militia were encamped in the neighborhood of Bennington, on the 13th of August, where intelligence reached them that a party of Indians, attached to the forces of Baum, the Hessian commander, were within twelve miles of that place. Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg and two hundred men were detached to stop their march. Late at night General Stark was advised that these Indians, and a large body of the enemy, with a train of artillery, were on the way to Bennington. He moved for-

ward in the morning with all his men to the support of Colonel Gregg, whom he met in full retreat four or five miles out of town, flying before their foes, who were then within a mile of him. He halted at once, and drew up his men in battle order. The Hessians halted also, and immediately intrenched themselves. Not being able to draw them from their position, which was an advantageous one, he fell back for a mile, leaving his skirmishers to deal with them. They were lucky enough to kill thirty, without any loss on their own side. The next day nothing was done except by the skirmishers, whose prowess alarmed the Indians, and made them desert their allies. The position of the combatants on the 16th, the day of the battle, was as follows. On the northern bank of the Wollamsac, (a tributary of the Hoosic,) were the German troops. Nearly in front of their battery, on the other side of the river, was a band of Tories. The river was shallow enough to be fordable anywhere, but its course was so serpentine that Stark, who was on the same side as the Germans, had to cross it twice on his march to their position. His plan of the battle consisted of a series of simultaneous attacks. Two hundred men, commanded by Colonel Nichols, were to attack the rear of the enemy's left. Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, was to fall upon the rear of their right; while Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were to advance with two hundred on their right and one hundred in front. The latter detachments were to divert their attention from the real point of attack. At three o'clock in the afternoon the action commenced, by the party of Colonel Nichols, who, gaining the position assigned to them, fell upon the enemy furiously.

The rest of the detachments performed their work, while Stark, who had wound his way along the meandering river, hearkening the while for the sound of the guns, rushed upon the Tories. Their cannon opened upon him, but to no purpose; the brave New Hampshire militia charged to the very mouths of the guns, and finally drove the Tories across the river, pell-mell into the ranks of the Hessians, who were driven from their breastworks. "The action," said Stark, in his official report, "lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw. It was like one continued clap of thunder." The thunder, however, was all on one side, for Stark had no cannon. In the meantime the battle was going on in another part of the field, and decidedly in favor of the Americans. The Hessians kept their ranks unbroken, and fought gallantly, till all their ammunition was expended; then they threw away their muskets, and rushed to the charge with their sabers. They were overpowered by the undaunted militia, who compelled them to give way, leaving their artillery and baggage on the field.

The battle was won. But it was nearly lost again, through the cupidity of the militia, who immediately dispersed to gather the plunder. While they were engaged in this (to them) very natural and laudable occupation, intelligence was brought to Stark that a large re-enforcement of the British army—a re-enforcement which would have arrived the day before, but for the badness of the roads, was in full march within two miles of him. The retreating Hessians took courage, and wheeled about to a renewed attack. The British came up, and the militia being once more in order, the battle raged again. It was contested with great obstinacy on both sides, but the result was rather unfavorable to the Americans, who were driven from post to post till they were just on the verge of flight. It was no wonder, for they were already worn out, while the British were fresh and active. But at this moment a regiment of Berkshire militia, who, like the British detachment, had been detained by the weather, came up and decided the fate of the day. The enemy fled at sunset, and were pursued till dark, when Stark drew off his men, to prevent them from firing upon each other by mistake. "One hour more of day," he said, "and I would have captured the whole body." The fruits of the victory were four pieces of brass cannon, several hundred stand of arms, a quantity of German broadswords, and about seven hundred prisoners. Two hundred and seven of the Hessians were killed; the number of the wounded was not known. The Americans had forty wounded, and thirty killed. Stark's horse was shot under him. Baum, the Hessian commander, was mortally wounded. As Southey says, in his famous little poem on the Battle of Blenheim,

"It was a famous victory."

A good anecdote is told of a clergyman in the Berkshire militia, who, on the morning of the battle, waited on Stark, and addressed him as follows: "We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." "But," said Stark, "do you wish to march now, when it is dark and rainy?" "No," said the clergyman. "Then wait until the Lord gives us sunshine, and if I do not give you fighting enough I will never ask you to come again." The weather cleared up in a few hours, and the men of Berkshire followed their pastor into the battle.

The reader has, no doubt, missed in this account that famous embellishment of the battle, Stark's speech to his soldiers. "See there, men," he is said to have exclaimed, "there are the red coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark's a widow!" It is possible that Stark might have said this, but as his wife's name was Elizabeth, and not Mary, the only proper name from which the nick-name "Molly" could be derived, I have my doubts about it. The famous battle words of famous commanders have generally been manufactured long after the battles were fought. Wellington always denied the laconic "Up, guards, and at them!" Taylor denied "A little more grape, Captain Bragg;" and those who were with Lawrence in his last moments deny his stubborn "Don't give up the ship." Taking these facts into consideration, and not seeing how Elizabeth can be Molly-fied, I beg to remain skeptical as to that lady's predicted chances of widowhood. I shall omit the part of Hamlet.

The defeat of the Hessians at Bennington deranged the whole plan of Burgoyne's campaign; he was compelled to halt to procure stores, which he had expected to find at Bennington, and his projected march to Albany was retarded a month, during which time the militia flocked to the standard of Gates, and put him in a condition to compel the surrender of the British army. Three days after the battle Stark communicated the intelligence of it to Gates, but left Congress to find it out the best way they could. Two days after the battle they passed a resolution censuring him for assuming a separate command. His conduct was considered destructive of military subordination, and highly prejudicial to the common cause. On the 4th of October, however, they thought better of the matter, and voted "That the thanks of Congress be presented to General Stark, of the New Hampshire militia, and the officers and troops under his command, for their brave and successful attack upon and victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington, and that Brigadier Stark be appointed a brigadier-general in the armies of the United States." His victory had vindicated him in their eyes for what they were at first disposed to consider rebellion. In addition to the communication which he sent Gates, he transmitted an official account of the battle to the state authorities of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Vermont; and sent to each of these states some drums, muskets, and swords, trophies taken from the field.

The rest of Stark's military career may be briefly summed up. He took the field again after the battle of Bennington, and, placing his army in the rear of the enemy, wholly cut off their communication with Lake George and Canada. In the spring of 1778 he took command of the northern department; shortly afterward he received an order to join Gates in Rhode Island. The British decamped from Rhode Island in November, 1779, and he took possession of their former stronghold—Newport. In May, 1780, he joined Washington, who was at Morristown, New Jersey. He was present at the battle of Springfield, and shortly before the defection of Arnold he supplied that officer with a detachment of New England militia which he had recruited for his use. He also acted on the court martial which condemned Major André. He commanded the Northern department again in the summer of 1781, his head-quarters being at Saratoga. His health was now seriously impaired by the hardships he had undergone, and for a time he was forced to give up active service. When peace was declared he retired to his farm at Manchester, on the Merrimac, where he remained till his death, in 1822. He died at the ripe old age of ninety-four. His family raised a monument over his remains on the 4th of July, 1829. It is a block of granite in the form of an obelisk, with the simple inscription:

"MAJOR-GENERAL STARK."

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

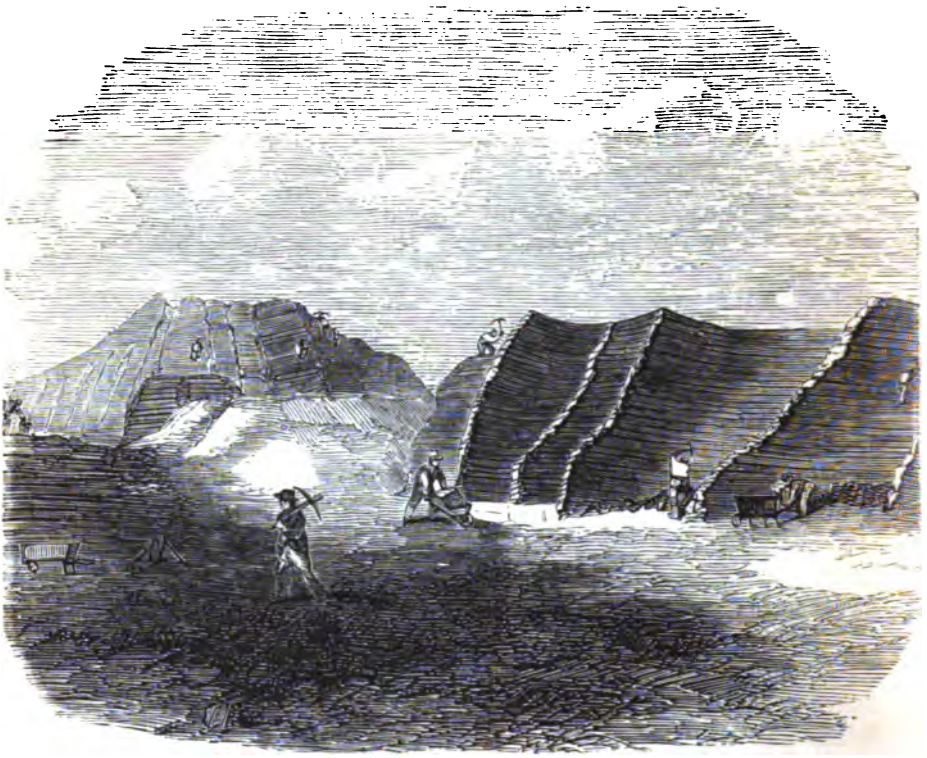
I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, O, they love the better
The Few our father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.



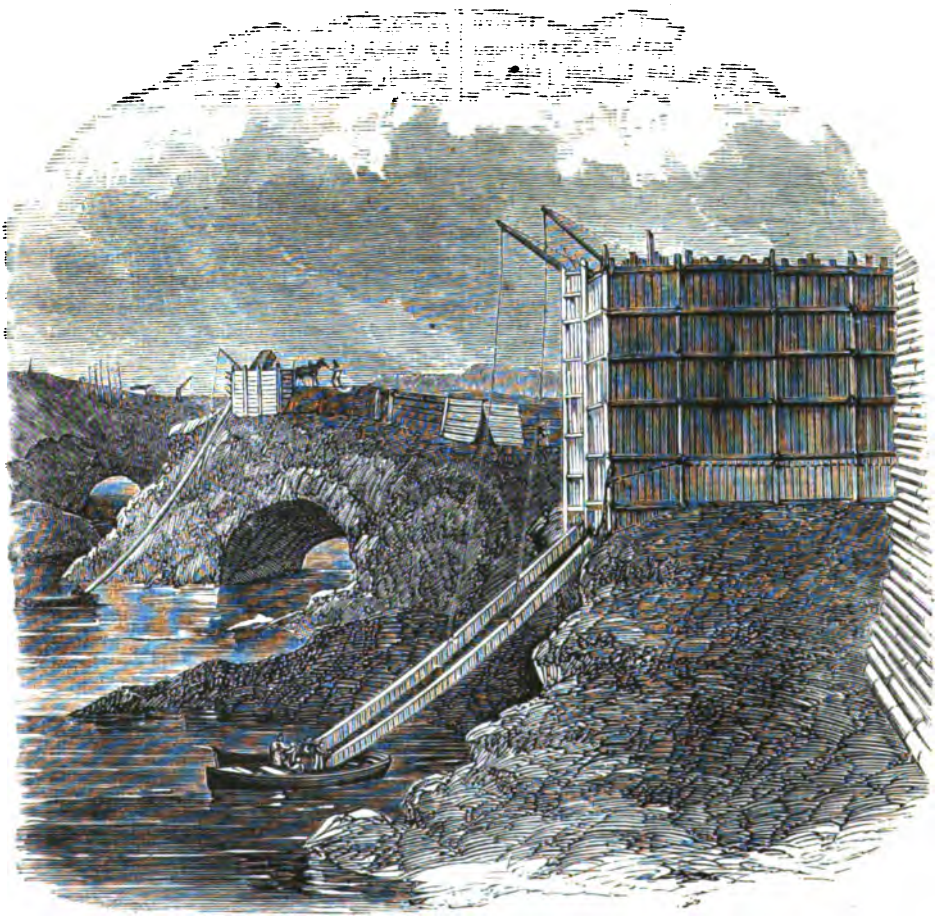
GUANO QUARRY IN ONE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

THE CHINCHA GUANO ISLANDS.

WITH this are forwarded two sketches made during our late visit to the Chincha Islands, and, considering the importance of the group, concerning which the world in general probably is comparatively ignorant, they may prove interesting. We found one hundred and twenty-six sail of ships lying at anchor, some of them having been waiting four months for their turn to go under the shoots, the time being governed by their tonnage, at the rate of ten days for every hundred tons register; but a vessel measuring one thousand tons is loaded in three days by the shoots, if the men work well. They also use large launches, which, of course, is a tedious business. The export of the guano has increased considerably during the last few years: between three and four hundred thousand tons are the annual amount at present, which is effected by the aid of nine hundred working hands, three hundred and twenty of them being Chinese, who enter into contracts to serve their employer, (the government contractor,) Don Domingo Elias, for four dollars a month, renewing it, if they choose, with the increase of four dollars monthly, and a bonus of one hundred and twenty. Those who work on their own account are paid eight and ten rials, four and five shillings, for each cart that they load. They live in a collection of dirty huts made of bamboo and mud; they, nevertheless, appear to be happy and contented, and in general are well conducted. We landed at a wooden pier on the north island, ascended the slope of the guano hill, passed through the settlement, and walked round a quarry which forms the subject of one of the sketches. The men with pickaxes work their way into the guano, leaving a sort of wall on either side: here it was so hard that it requires a heavy blow to remove it. It is then conveyed in wheelbarrows either direct to the mouths of the shoots on the

edge of the cliffs, or to the huge carts running on tramways for the same purpose.

The principal hill of guano is in the background, with the laborers at work on its side. This was originally sixty or seventy feet in height above the natural rock of the island. The color varies very much, in some parts being as dark as warm sepia, and in others as light as that of a Bath brick: where the men are digging, the ammonia is very powerful, affecting the eyes; it is often found in nearly a pure state, in large crystallized lumps. Passing round to the westward, toward the passage between the north and middle islands (which was crowded with ships, principally American,) we came upon the southwest shoots, which I chose for the other sketch. The hut to the right is the head-quarters of the man employed to regulate the loading and dispatch of the boats, which are seen under the shoots receiving the guano. The inclosure in the foreground, over the shoots, is to prevent waste by the wind blowing it away, and to enable the workmen to form a constant collection near the mouths of the canvas tubes, seventy feet in length. Following the cliffs to the left are seen the huts of the Chinese, and another shoot, with an embankment and tramway on it leading to the quarries. The cart is just tilted: the horse draws it back up the incline. In the background stands a machine intended for scooping out the guano; but it is in disuse, as it did not answer. Close behind it, on the north side of the hill, but not in view, are the settlement, Governor's house, etc. The cliffs are perforated in all di-



BOATS RECEIVING GUANO IN ONE OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

rections, forming picturesque arches and caves. They are also working the middle island, an English ship lying under a shoot one hundred and forty feet in length, the cliffs being perpendicular. The surface of the guano is covered with skeletons of birds and bones of seals; and I brought away, as a reminiscence, the tusks of three from the skulls imbedded in the soil, which is like a rabbit warren, from the hundreds of holes running in every direction. These are made by a bird about the size of a pigeon, which remains hidden during the day, sallying forth at dusk to fish.

The south and smallest island has not yet been touched. We landed, and, with some difficulty, scrambled up the face of the rock, ascending by a steep hill to the top, which is literally covered in one part down to the sea with skeletons of sea-lions and seals, the former as large as twelve and fourteen feet in length. It is supposed that they crawl to the highest point as they feel death approaching. The guano on this island is perforated by the birds even more than on the middle one, and as we walked we were constantly breaking through the crust, and sinking half way to the knee. Two birds, with an egg, were dragged from their hiding-place.

There is much diversity of opinions respecting the formation of the guano. Considering its depth, (it being in some places one hundred and forty feet above the natural rock,) its great solidity, and the extent of its superficial area, it would appear impossible that any number of birds since the Flood could have been the cause; yet deep below the surface, and in the center of the hill, eggs and skeletons of birds are constantly found. It affords a subject for discussion, but I doubt if there will ever be a unanimous opinion respecting it. Gold and silver ornaments are discovered occasionally, having been buried by the ancient Peruvians more than three centuries ago.

We remained on the island nine days, on two of which, being Sundays, our chaplain's congregation was increased on one occasion by about forty, and on the last by one hundred people from the merchant vessels. It must be borne in mind that there were many more ships in the passage and also to the north than I have represented

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

THE common stickleback of our rivulets is a much more interesting member of the great fish family than careless observers might suppose. His strength, his courage, his capacity for enduring almost any degree of heat or cold, his ability to live either in salt or fresh water, and, lastly, the singular instinct which gifts him with the desire and power to construct a "nest" for the protection of his offspring, place him, notwithstanding his diminutive size, in the ranks of royalty among fishes.

The stickleback belongs to a class of fishes termed Acanthopterygii, from the dorsal and lateral defensive spines with which they are furnished. The generic term by which the special family Stickleback is distinguished is *Gasterosteus*, from the Greek word *gaster*, the stomach, and *osteon*, a bone, in allusion to the bony plates by which the sides of the stomach are defended. These little fish have also other popular names, which likewise refer to the plate-armor with which their sides are defended, or their sharp aggressive spine. These names are, Sharplin, Banstickle, Prickleback, etc. The different species are distinguished by the number of defensive plates, or of spines. One small and very pretty kind is the ten-spined stickleback (*Gasterpungitivs*;) while the most rare of the family, seldom, if ever, found in fresh water, is the fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gasterspinachia.*) This last, however, will also, like his congeners, live in fresh water. He is, indeed, of aspect sufficiently distinct to account for his difference of habit, being formed almost like a short eel, but stamped indisputably as a true stickleback by his spines, and other gasterostean characteristics, not omitting his nest-building faculty, in which he is nearly as distinguished an architect as his brethren of the brooks.

Among other interesting peculiarities of these little fish, is their chamelion-like power of assuming different colors under different influences. In the breeding season, or when agitated in the almost continual conflicts which they wage against each other, their usual dull green changes to the gayest hues of scarlet contrasted with milky white, the most vivid grass-green with purple, and sometimes in combat becoming, in their most terrible anger, nearly jet-black. The vanquished, how-

ever, soon loses his bright hues, recovering a faint reflection of them at the moment of dissolution, as though in the delirium of his last agony he saw himself the victor instead of the vanquished. Placed in a tank with others of his own size, he never ceases to combat till he remains undisputed monarch of his domain; so that it is impossible to keep a number in the same vessel. A single pair, however, under fortunate circumstances, might exhibit the interesting spectacle of the construction of the nest.

Nest-architecture has been generally thought to be confined to birds; for the few quadrupeds which have been described as making nests—such as the rabbit, the field-mouse, and the squirrel—merely prepare beds for their young. The only true nests, therefore, except those of birds, are constructed by fishes; and yet, till M. Coste read his interesting paper on the "Nidification of Sticklebacks" at the French Academy, modern naturalists knew nothing of this peculiarity in the habits of fishes, at least they published nothing; though Aristotle had stated above two thousand years ago that a certain little fish constructed a nest like that of a bird; a statement that was either overlooked, discredited, or disregarded. Clive, it is true, among modern naturalists, stated that the black gobie deposited its spawn in a kind of nest; and it is now thought that this was the fish alluded to by Aristotle.

M. Coste was enabled by a long series of unwearied observations to describe the whole process of construction of the stickleback's nest; and the following narrative, as subsequently detailed by Orbelin, is the result of his interesting discoveries.

At spawning-time the males—for they are the builders, the ladies remaining perfectly passive—may be seen busily engaged preparing for the erection of the family-nursery, evidently an arduous task for such miniature architects. Every bit of the material is carried in the tiny mouth, and often from considerable distances. His various contrivances to prevent the foundation of his structure from being carried away by the stream are exceedingly interesting; the most common being the deposit of a layer of sand on the lighter materials, which he also brings in his mouth. The floor thus formed, is cemented by means of a gluten which he obtains from his own skin by continuous rubbing; an operation from which he evidently suffers great fatigue, and sometimes appears for a time quite overcome in the effort.

His next process is to attach a row of small uprights, or twig-columns, to this base; in the performance of which he exhibits the most fastidious delicacy of taste, taking them out over and over again to refix them in a position more to his mind. Sometimes he may find a portion of the materials unsuitable; in which case he takes down a part or the whole of the structure, regardless of fatigue and trouble, and carries the useless lumber to a distance, so as not to encumber his future proceedings. As the walls rise he cements them as he had previously done the base, and then completes the roof in a similar manner. The structure when quite complete has two entrances—a front and back door, as it were—which he preserves in the desired form by frequently pressing in and out in opposite directions, so as to keep the nest in form and sufficiently open.

When the nest is finished fatal combats often ensue for its possession; and when at last preserved or conquered, the triumphant male invites some favorite female to come and occupy the edifice, over which he keeps guard during the whole time she is depositing her eggs; always wearing in honor of the joyful occasion his brightest hues of white and scarlet, or more regal purple. He continues to maintain his guard in full uniform until the eggs, or spawn, are all hatched, and the young fry begin to disperse; and then retires, his office over, and his gay colors faded to the usual dusky green.

THE DUTCH IN NEW YORK.

IN 1663, according to Mr. Watson, almost all the houses in New Amsterdam presented their gable ends to the street; and all the most important buildings, as the "Stuyvesant Huys" and the "Stadt Huys," were set in the foreground, to be seen the more readily from the river. The chief part of the town then lay along the East, at that time called Salt River, the ground gradually descending from the high ridge corresponding to the line of Broadway. The three half moon forts, named the *Rondeels*, were built at equal distances for the defense of the place, the first at Coenties Slip, and the third at the "Water Gate," on the outer bounds of the city, being the foot of the present Wall-street. Between Moore and Whitehall streets lay the shipyards, and where now tower stately trees on the Battery were numerous rocks forming "the Ledge."

In our last number we gave an engraving of a group of old Dutch tenements formerly standing on the corner of Broad and Garden streets, whose places are now occupied by immense warehouses; and also a sketch of an old grocery, bearing the number 41 Broad-street. Whether it was erected by a Stuyvesant, a Hardenbrook, or a Schermerhorn, is not known. It escaped the great conflagration of 1776, and in 1830, when still occupied, as the sign on the door indicates, was known to be one hundred and thirty-two years old.

As the first settlers of New Amsterdam were from Amsterdam in Holland, they brought with them to the New World the same manners, customs, and opinions that prevailed in the land of their nativity. The fashion of their apparel and the form of their dwellings, in particular, were *fac similes* of such as they had been familiar with in Holland, where gable fronts, leaden windows, and sharp pointed roofs are characteristic features of both city and village—of the stadtholder's palace, the burgomaster's mansion, and the peasant's hut. Thus the young has outgrown the old; and in the native home of the Hollanders we have often lingered over those quaint old scenes for which one looks in vain among their children in the Western World.

The cottage style was usually adopted by the founders of New Amsterdam. Most of their buildings consisted of a single

story, independent of the sharp-angled roof before mentioned. It is true some of the more wealthy could boast of a second story, and a few of the higher class even of a third, but these latter were considered as palaces among the humble edifices of the commonality. The walls of the buildings were constructed of small black and yellow bricks called *clinkers*, imported for the purpose from Holland, and serving as ballast for the ships in which they were brought across the Atlantic. The lime used by the builders was made of oyster shells, with which the bay and the rivers at that time abounded; and this mortar was found after the lapse of two hundred years to be harder than the bricks themselves.

In some instances, however, the houses were constructed of wood, with a brick front next the street, a mode of building which prevailed a long time in the city, especially with those who wished to make some show at little expense. But in whatever manner the building was constructed its gable end always faced the street, and generally terminated in battlements that resembled two opposing flights of stairs, starting at the eaves on each side of the front, ascending with the angle of the roof, and meeting at a little brick turret which surmounted its apex.

The acute angle of the roof was well calculated to avert the danger to which buildings of a different shape would have been exposed from the heavy falls of snow prevalent at that period. On the gable front were four large iron figures, designating the year in which the building was erected, and at the same time serving the purpose of what modern builders called anchors, to secure the walls and floor timbers. In his description of New Amsterdam, the good, but somewhat facetious Knickerbocker says:

> The house was always supplied with an abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the top of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his own mind; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter. In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife, a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never open except on marriages, funerals, New Year's day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water —insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere matter of fancy, or, what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.
>
> In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestible signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such an occasion. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings called tea parties. These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher class or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the hours were earlier.

We should have observed that the fireplace was an object of particular regard in a Dutch family. It was surrounded by blue and white tiles, on which were rude pictures intended to illustrate some important Scripture narrative, or the most striking incidents of Æsop's fables. There "Tobit and his dog flourished at great advantage. Haman swung conspicuously on the gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully flouncing out of the whale, like harlequin through a barrel of fire."

Many of the customs of our worthy Holland ancestors have become obsolete, but a few still remain, that of call-making on New-Year's day being the most important. In the good old Dutch times every family prepared in advance a supply of sugar-coated and raisin-hearted cakes, called "New Year cookies," which were given to callers on that day. It was customary then, as now, in the city of

THE OLD FRENCH CHURCH D'ESPRIT.

New York, to visit for a moment all the friends, and the men carried with them a bag for the presents just mentioned. When this was filled they went home to empty it and start again. When calling upon a family it was customary to repeat, by way of salutation and good wishes, the following lines, of which we give merely a verbal translation:

Long may you live,
Much may you give,
Much may you inherit,
And happy may you die!

And we are acquainted with a hospitable Knickerbocker family where the savory cookies are still prepared and the pleasant salutation is still given by two visitors fond of the olden time.

New York was retaken by the Dutch in 1763, but was held by them only a few months. Their descendants, however, form the most stable and reliable part of our heterogeneous population. Having lost their political predominance on Manhattan we shall hereafter regard them more from a religious point of view.

The name of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church is derived from its historical associations.* The term Protestant was applied in the sixteenth century to the Reformers, and those who denied the authority of the Pope and rejected the un-Scriptural doctrines of the Church of Rome. The appellation was first used in 1529, when six princes of the German Empire formally and solemnly protested against the decrees of the Diet of Spires. But during the progress of the Reformation a difference occurred among the Protestants on some points of doctrine, as the real presence of Christ's humanity in the Lord's Supper. Those who held to it were, from their great leader, called Lutherans, and they who rejected it, Reformed. The Reformed Dutch Church was the branch organized in Holland, where they termed their houses of worship "Churches under the Cross," so great were the persecutions experienced at that time. It was from this Church, whose bosom was the refuge and the resting-place of the persecuted Huguenots, Waldenses, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the exiled Puritans, that the branch established in New Amsterdam soon after its settlement, derived its origin. Before tracing its history in New York, however, we shall notice the Huguenots and Lutherans of the colony in Manhattan.

At an early period the Reformed Dutch Church made provision for the Huguenots who emigrated to this country during the persecutions that preceded and followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Calvin, a native of Noyon, in Picardy, was protected by Margaret of Navarre, sister of Francis. The Christian Institutes of the great reformer were dedicated to the king, who was at one time desirous of uniting with the German powers against the Emperor Charles; but wishing to show the soundness of his faith, he caused one of his heretical subjects to be burned at the stake. The king was present on the occasion, and declared that if one of his hands were affected with heresy he would cut it off, and would not even spare his own children.

During the eighty-seven years in which the Edict of Nantes was in force, the Huguenots were allowed to practice their religion and educate their offspring, but after its revocation under Louis XIV. the churches were destroyed, children taken from their parents to be educated as Catholics, and at least five hundred thousand of the most industrious and peaceful citizens of France were banished from their country. Many of these French Protestants settled in the colony of New Amsterdam, and one of their number, Thomas Pell, purchased a large tract of land in Westchester.

As early as 1652 the Rev. Samuel Drisius was called to the church of New Amsterdam, as a colleague with Dr. Mega-

* We are indebted for most of our information concerning the Reformed Dutch Church to Dr. Dewitt's "Historical Discourse."

polensis on account of his knowledge of the English and French languages.

In 1704 the old French Church D'Esprit, of which we give an illustration, was erected by this worthy class of Christians, many of the descendents of whom are still to be found in the city.

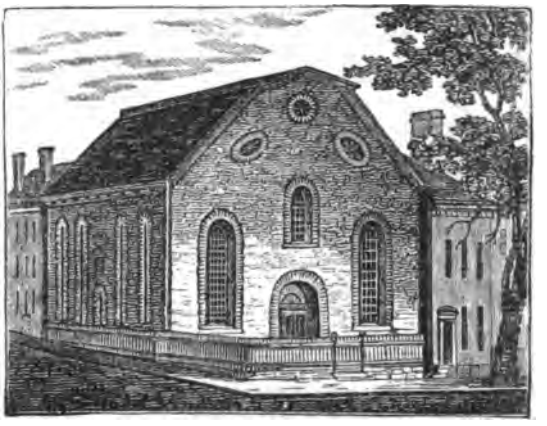
An interesting fact is related concerning the first Huguenot settlers at New Rochelle, in Westchester County. Though toiling in the forest twenty miles from the town on Manhattan, their fervent zeal led them to unite with their brethren in New Amsterdam in the public worship of the Sabbath. Such was their reverence for that holy day, that after the labors of the week they would take up their march on foot in the afternoon of Saturday and reach New York by midnight, singing the hymns of Clement Marot by the way. Engaged in the worship of the Sabbath they would remain until after midnight, and then take up their march in return for New Rochelle, relieving the toil of the way by singing Marot's hymns.

At the time of the erection of the Church D'Esprit, in 1704, New York contained only about six thousand inhabitants. The celebrated wall, built as a defense against the Indians and the English, had been partly demolished, and the stones applied to the erection of the new City Hall, on the corner of Nassau and Broad streets. Broadway was not paved until three years later. The luxuries of tea and coffee were entirely unknown to the good people of the city. The docks and slips rented for twenty-five pounds per annum, and the corporation sold two hundred acres of land for twenty shillings the acre. The inhabitants of Harlem were permitted to erect one mill and no more, provided they did not "hinder the passage of sloops and boats round Manhattan Island." The city was lighted, "in the dark time of the moon in the winter season," by lanterns hung upon poles, projected from the windows of every seventh house, each of the seven paying an equal proportion of the expense. The city watch consisted of four sober men.

The first German Lutheran church in New York was dedicated in the year 1767. It stood at the corner of Franklin and William streets, a section of the city which is still called the Swamp, and was then covered with trees and bushes in which birds built their nests. At this date the Park was "out of town." Six years before, as the record informs us, "that part of the high road to Boston, which leads [now Park Row] toward fresh water, extending from Broadway to the place where the Negroes were burned in 1741, and to which the gallows has lately been removed, begins to be regulated as a street, and a few houses have been erected."

During the occupation by the British the chaplains of the German regiments stationed in the city officiated by turns in the church for a considerable length of time, the Hessian soldiers assembling with the congregation for Divine worship. Several Hessian officers who received mortal wounds in the battle of Long Island were buried in the Cemetery. A number of coffins have since been disinterred containing the manes of these hireling veterans in full military costume, with their side arms, cocked hats, boots, and queues. The Lutheran Church was vacated in 1830.

The establishment of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York dates from the settlement of Manhattan. The first religious meetings were held in temporary buildings. In 1626 "François Molemakee was employed in building a horse-mill, with a spacious room above to serve for a congregation, and a tower was to be added, in which the Spanish bells captured



THE OLD LUTHERAN CHURCH.

THE OLD GARDEN-STREET CHURCH.

at Porto Rico the year before by the West India Company's fleet were intended to be hung." After the arrival of the minister, Bogardus, in 1663, the loft was relinquished for a plain wooden building on the East River, and near this church a dwelling house and stable were erected for the domine.

In 1642 the famous navigator, De Vries, instituted measures for the erection

of a new house of worship. He relates in his journal that, dining one day with Governor Kieft, he said to him, "that it was a shame that the English when they visited Manhattan saw only a mean barn in which we worshiped. The first thing they built in New England, after their dwelling-houses, was a fine church. We should do the same." It was resolved that the new edifice should be within the fort (now the Battery) at its south-east corner. This continued to be their place of worship until the church in Garden-street was opened in 1693, and was then relinquished to the British government and occupied by the royal military forces for public worship until 1741, when it was destroyed by fire. When they were digging away the foundation of the fort in in 1790 to make way for the government house, built on the site of what is now the Bowling Green, a stone was found among the rubbish containing the inscription, "In the year of our Lord 1642: W. Kieft being director-general, has this congregation caused this temple to be built." This curious relic was removed to the belfry of the church in Garden-street, where it remained till both were destroyed in the great fire of 1835.

The Garden-street church was opened in the year 1693, the pulpit, bell, and several escutcheons having been removed to it from the old house of worship in the fort. The year after a baptismal basin was procured, on which was engraved a few lines of poetry, written by the domine Selyus, setting forth the important truth that the hope of freedom from condemnation cannot rest on mere water, but must be founded upon faith in the blood of Christ. This curious relic is still in use in a church on the Fifth-avenue.

When the new church, of which we give an illustration, was erected on the same site in Garden-street in the year 1807 it was suggested that the bell was too small. But as it had been brought from Holland, and was the first one used in this country, having often with its silver tones struck with admiration the ears of the native Indians, it was retained in the new edifice, whose fate it shared in the great conflagration to which allusion has been made.

The old Garden-street church was the only house of worship for our Dutch ancestors until the erection of the New, or, as it was afterward called, the Middle Dutch Church, at the corner of Nassau and Liberty-streets. The old French church, of which we have spoken, was on the lot just east of Nassau, between Pine and Cedar-streets. The ground cost five hundred and seventy-five pounds, and the church was opened in 1729. At its first erection it had no gallery, and the ceiling was one entire arch without pillars. This building, now the New York Post-office, presents the exterior aspect of its early days, and calls up impressive remembrances in the minds of the Knickerbockers. Our quaint illustration of the remarkable edifice is the *fac simile* of a plate which was struck off in the year 1731, when, as appears from the dedication to the Hon. Rip Van Dam, the church was completed.

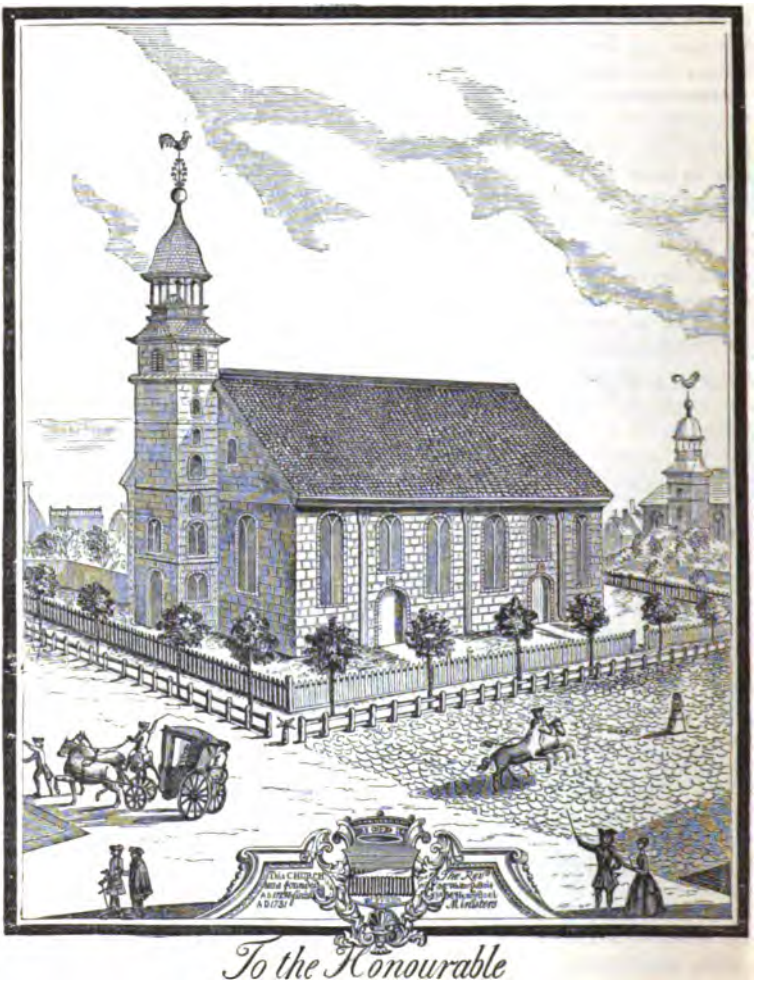
For some time after the opening of the house on Nassau-street the preaching was entirely in the Dutch language, a circumstance prejudicial to the Church, for the reason that the English inhabitants were constantly increasing in number, and many individuals and families were withdrawing to other denominations, especially the Episcopal. In 1763 it was decided to introduce preaching in English, although a large number resisted the innovation to the last, even to the extent of instituting a suit in the civil courts, which was decided against them, so blinded were the people of those times by prejudice. A pastor was called who could preach in both Dutch and English.

During the occupation of New York by the British forces, in the Revolution, several of the churches, especially where the congregations zealously espoused the cause of independence, were sadly desecrated. The Middle Dutch Church was used as a prison, and afterward as a riding-school for the British officers and soldiers, and became the scene of habitual ribaldry, profanity, and dissipation The whole of the interior, galleries and all, was destroyed, leaving the bare walls and roof. It is stated that a Mr. Oothout obtained permission from Lord Howe to take down the bell, which had been cast in Amsterdam in 1731, and in the preparation of whose metal a number of the citizens of that place threw quantities of silver coin. He stored the bell in a secure place until the British army evacuated the city When the church was reopened it was

brought forth from its hiding-place and restored to the old position. On Sabbath mornings it now rings out its clear silver tones from the belfry of the Dutch Reformed Church in Lafayette Place.

A new and horrible chapter of the Revolution might be written, were we acquainted with all the cruelties practiced in the Middle Church while it served as a prison-house. It is supposed that a large number of prisoners were starved to death through the cupidity of the officer in charge, who withheld the rations and appropriated what was saved thereby to himself. Many skeletons were afterwards found buried in the immediate vicinity. The sugar house, behind the Middle Church, the jail, the Jersey prison-ship, and the thousands of Americans who fell victims to disease, hunger, and cruelty, are affecting memorials of that sorrowful, but glorious epoch of our history.

Upon the conclusion of the treaty of peace, and the withdrawal of the British


To the Honourable
RIP VAN DAM. Esq
PRESIDENT of His Majestys Council for the PROVINCE of NEWYORK
This View of the New Dutch Church is most humbly
Dedicated by your Honrs most Obedient Servt Wm Burgis

forces on the 25th of November, the citizens gladly returned from their seven years' exile to their "altars and their homes."

The Middle Church was repaired and reopened July 4, 1790. The pastor, Dr. Livingston, thus alluded to the recent history of the edifice:

When destruction is caused by the hand of Heaven, by earthquakes, storms, or fire, we are silent before God, and dare not reply. But when men have been the instruments it is different, although proper to forget the interposition of the means. I dare not speak of the wanton cruelty of those who destroyed this temple, nor repeat the various indignities which have been perpetrated. It would be easy to mention facts which would chill your blood! A recollection of the groans of dying prisoners, which pierced the ceiling, or the sacrilegious sports, and rough feats of horsemanship exhibited within these walls, might raise sentiments in your mind that would, perhaps, not harmonize with those religious affections which I wish at present to promote, and always to cherish. The Lord has sufficiently vindicated our cause, and avenged us of those who rose up against us. He guided our Joshua for the field, and led him, with his train of heroes, to victory.

But as New York increased in size the tide of population turned to the upper part of the city. The audiences which had formerly assembled in the Middle Church withdrew to the more convenient places of worship up town, and it became evident that this time-honored edifice would have to be relinquished. The North Church, on the corner of Fulton and William-streets, erected in 1769, and closely identified with the present revival, sufficiently accommodated the members in the lower part of the city, and an opportunity having occurred to lease the Middle Church to the United States government for a post-office, the edifice was abandoned. The last sermon was preached by Dr. Knox, the senior pastor, recently deceased, on Sabbath evening, August 11, 1844. That good man said:

We now bid adieu to this place, endeared by more than a century's fond associations. It is a moment and an occasion of melancholy sadness. But our God is not a God of the hills or of the valleys, of this place or that place alone, no mere local Deity. We bow to his will, indicated by his providence, and cherish the hope that his gracious presence, here vouchsafed so long with us and our fathers, will also, elsewhere, be with us and our children. The vaults around, wherein repose the precious dust of the honored dead, are secured from invasion, and are at the control of those who feel the deepest interest in their sacred contents.

After the discourse a brief address was made by Dr. De Witt, and the service closed by him with pronouncing the apostolic benediction in the Dutch language.

LITTLE BENNY AND SANTA CLAUS.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stocking,
Stuff'd as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who fill'd them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stocking hid;
While I turned me to the table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore;
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fast and tight!
So he stood, abash'd and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And eagerly, while his bright eyes
Watch'd the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Caus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And I straight recall'd poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambol'd 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purr'd beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer;
"God bless fader, God bless moder,
God bless sister"—then a pause:
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmur'd, "God bless Santa Caus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above them weeping
Thankful tears—O undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

THE SICK CHILD.

HERE is one of the few pictures which, although deriving no importance from size, or interest from high associations connected with the subject, has not only made a sensation in the world of English art, but, as the necessary consequence thereof, brought its painter at once into reputation as a man who has that in him which may develop a new phase of painting, much such another as Wilkie introduced with the "Blind Fiddler." Mr. Clark, however, resembling Wilkie in choosing domestic subjects for the exercise of his genius, differs from him immensely in choice of incident. The two pictures which have come under our notice by Mr. Clark, "The Dead Rabbit," at the British Institution, and "The Sick Child," now before us, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, are both somewhat *distrait* in feeling, although the dash of humor pervading them is of the genuine kind which moves our hearty sympathies; for who could refuse a smile of recognition to the intensity of the interest manifested by the boys over their dead pet in the former picture, or not be feelingly amused at the piteous dolor of the face of the "Sick Child?"

While we smile at this, however, we shall enter deeply into the maternal tenderness of the action of the mother, who, although only stirring a basin of soup, has that dignity in our eyes which gathers around and ennobles one in the performance of a loving deed. In fact, home-feeling sanctifies the place; in that rough cottage interior, with all the coarse incidents of a laborer's life that have sprung up about this poor family, there is something holy and good that may well elevate it above many a loftier home.

The habitual affection which holds this family lovingly together is strikingly exemplified by the artist in the sick child's clinging as he does so closely to the father, thereby telling a tale of many a romp and rough game between the poor ailing infant and its robust parent. See the care with which he holds the little one, half afraid that now in sickness it could not sustain the rough contact with his coarse though loving and tender grasp? Look at the homely grace of the mother as with pious regard, wholly absorbed in the maternal task, she bends forward to catch some share of the reply to the man's inquiry of the progress toward health of the little patient! Her face is far from beautiful, but dignified with tenderness, made beautiful by love, and this is where the art of the painter has come into play in such a manner that we cannot fail to be interested even in the sordid details of the household, so many signs of which are scattered about, as the cracked looking-glass on the mantel-shelf, the basket, the dead hare, the cupboard, etc. By the dead hare, apparently just brought in by the father, we surmise that he is a gamekeeper or watcher on some gentleman's land.

But the crowning interest of the picture is that most extraordinary rendering of emotion which the face of the child presents to us. This really is in itself one of the very remarkable works of the year in the way of art. The success which has rewarded Mr. Clark in this is highly merited by the thoroughly simple, honest, and conscientious manner in which he has set about so difficult a task as the rendering of an infant's expression under such peculiar circumstances; for the reader will do well to consider how much study must have been gone through before so remarkable a success was attained by a young man, indeed a very young man, for such we understand Mr. Clark to be, how few opportunities (and what intense appreciation of those few) must have fallen to his lot; yet the result is one of those great triumphs which seldom befall even artists of twenty years' practice and success.

The action and attitude of the child also should not escape our observing admiration; notice the shuddering repugnance of its manner in looking at the basin, hardly able even to cast its eyes upon

THE SICK CHILD.

it, and the huddle-together of its little feet. The other child's calm indifference, being thoroughly wrapped up in delight with his father's pipe, is curiously and characteristically in contrast with the dolor of the little invalid, and its introduction a capital thought of the artist.

ANAIK TIMOR, THE SORCERESS.

HAVING occasion while staying at Pontrieux to visit Tréguier, I took a cross-road which I had traversed before, and which I calculated would bring me to my destination before evening. In this I found my memory had deceived me, for night overtook me before I had accomplished a third of my journey, and I became fearful of losing myself among the various by-paths, which in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. To add to my embarrassment, the wind rose and the snow began to fall.

I had just reached a sort of moor, covered with heath, over which the wind swept with a sullen roar, and which offered no shelter from its relentless fury. Enveloped in my fur-cloak, I bent my head to the storm, and continued to struggle along the uneven path. Turn what way I would, I could see nothing but a white moving cloud, which seemed to confound both heaven and earth. Momentarily, however, the storm would abate, and the wind sink so as to enable me to distinguish the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive howls of famished wolves: then, again, the blast would overtake me, groaning and moaning until all was lost in one great roar.

I had at first a sort of proud enjoyment in battling with the whirlwinds, which tossed like the waves of the sea around me; but insensibly cold and fatigue lessened my ardor, and I began to look out anxiously for some shelter. By good fortune the path I had continued to follow now began to dip into a narrow gorge, where I was soon able to distinguish the outlines of several leafless trees; and as I proceeded, I seemed to leave the storm behind me. At last I arrived at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the noise of the storm, deadened by the surrounding mountains, reached me only as an echo; the snow also fell less heavily. I raised my head, glad to breathe freely once more.

I knew by experience that the valley must contain habitations. A washing-shed and a solitary oven soon confirmed me in this belief; and a few steps further I perceived a hamlet, composed of about a dozen cabins. The first which I approached was dark and empty; but, guided by the murmur of voices, I reached one standing by itself, and pushing open the door, found myself in the midst of a Breton *filerie*, (spinning party.) A dozen women, crouched upon their heels around a blazing fire of furze, were turning their spindles, chatting and singing the while. Several children lay at their feet asleep; and a young mother, seated in the most distant corner of the hearth, was suckling a new-born infant, murmuring in a low voice a cradle-song. On my entrance they all turned round; I had stopped at the threshold to shake off the snow with which I was covered, and now placed my stick near the door, in accordance with the custom of the country. The mistress of the house understood by this that I demanded shelter.

"The blessing of God be upon all here," said I, advancing to meet her.

"And on you," she replied, with Armorican brevity.

"A shroud covers the moor, and wolves themselves could not find their way."

"Houses were made for Christians."

Uttering these words the peasant-woman motioned me to the hearth. All the spinners made way for me; and I took my seat by the young mother, while the mistress of the hut threw upon the fire an armfull of dry brambles. A long silence ensued, the laws of Breton hospitality forbidding the host to question a guest until he has himself spoken. At last I asked how far I was from Tréguier.

"Three leagues and two thirds of another," answered the peasant-woman; "but the waters are out, and the road is dangerous without a guide."

"Will one of your men serve me as such?"

"The men of this place have gone to Newfoundland in the St. Pierre."

"What, all?"

"All. The master perhaps knows that those of the same parish embark together when they can."

"And you are expecting their return?"

"Every day."

"Ah! yes," exclaimed one of the spinners, with a sigh; "may God protect

them! The other vessels have returned to Bréhat, to Saint Brieuc—everywhere. The Saint Pierre is the only one that delays."

"And yet," continued a second woman, with emphasis, "it is quite time the men returned."

"Indeed! Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the peasant-girl who sat beside me on the hearth. "Ask Dinah, there, how many bushels of barley she has left in her bin," said she.

The young peasant blushed.

"Not to mention that she owes me as many measures of milk as her child numbers days," added the mistress of the house.

"Or that her landlord has threatened to sell her furniture," added a third.

"So that," continued the first speaker, "I have advised her to pray that the sailors of the Saint Pierre may be successful in their fishing, and get a double share!"

"I only pray God to bring Jean back," said the girl, pressing her infant to her breast.

I was struck with the sad and profoundly passionate tone in which these words were uttered, and I turned and looked at Dinah. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four-and-twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth: with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being motionless by her side. There was in the proud, yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her half-parted lips, and black eyes, ever ready to vail themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untamable pride, tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second, she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away in some embarrassment. But while I was thus engaged, the conversation had continued among the spinners, each of whom was talking of what she would do when the Saint Pierre had returned.

"I shall pay a visit to the town, and for once eat my fill of wheaten bread," said one.

"My brother has promised me a silver ring, worth thirty blancs," said another.

"I shall buy a mass for my mother's soul."

"I shall go to St. Ann's absolution."

"And you, Dinah," I asked, "what will you do when Jean returns?"

"I shall put his child into his arms, and we shall be united again," she answered, with a blush.

At this moment the black cow at the end of the hut put her head over the low partition which kept her out of the room, and lowed.

"There is some one approaching," said the mistress of the house.

As she spoke, a sharp blow shook the door, and a rough voice was heard without. "Is there room for the poor in this dwelling?" it asked.

"Anaïk Timor!" exclaimed all the women.

"Anaïk!" repeated Dinah, involuntarily pressing her infant closer.

"But who is she?" I asked.

"A beggar, who reads the future and tells fortunes," replied the mistress of the hut.

"Is there room for the poor in this house?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

"Let her in, or she will make mischief among us," remarked Dinah.

A spinner rose and opened the door, and Anaïk Timor appeared. She was a little old woman, whose tattered garments revealed in various parts her withered limbs. She carried at her back a coarse canvas wallet, from which peeped the neck of a bottle, and held in her other hand a prickly stick, hardened in the fire. The snow, which had drifted into the folds of her dirty and ragged clothes, gave a speckly appearance to their dull color, and several locks of gray hair, stiff with frost, hung like icicles around her wrinkled cheeks. Her gray eyes had the sharp, yet vacillating expression, peculiar either to insanity or intoxication.

She stopped short in the middle of the room, and shook herself, uttering at the same time a low growl. "Much trouble you give yourself to receive old Timor," said she, throwing a discontented glance around. "You let her knock, and do not answer."

"We were not expecting you," replied the woman of the house, a little embarrassed.

"No—no one ever expects me!" growled Anaïk. "What does it matter to those who sit by the warm hearth that others are freezing outside? But take care; every one has their turn!"

Although I was well acquainted with the privileges accorded to beggars in this part of the country, and had been accustomed to see them, when once admitted, place themselves on a perfect equality with the masters, I was astonished at the imperious, not to say menacing tone, assumed by the old woman. While thus scolding, she relieved herself of her wallet, and having deposited it in a corner, advanced to the hearth, where she perceived me. "Ah! there is a gentleman here," said she, stopping short, and fixing her piercing glance on me—"a gentleman with fine linen, a watch—Jann had one too—and gold earrings, and ribbons in his shoes! While Jann lived, old Timor was not obliged to knock at people's doors with a beggar's staff! But he has gone to rejoin his father and sisters! So now every one tramples on the widow who has buried her only son." And she began to croon almost unintelligibly—

"J'avais neuf fils que j'avais mis au monde; et voila que la mort est venue me les prendre—Me les prendre sur le seuil de notre porte, et je n'ai personne pour me donner une goutte d'eau."

While she murmured this song she knelt down on the hearthstone, and extended her skeleton hands over the fire, whose dying gleams flickered over the sparkling rime in her hair. Her haggard, restless eyes wandered, meanwhile, from face to face, till they fell upon Dinah, when a flash of hatred crossed her features. "You here, you raven!" she cried; "what business have you among honest folks; you, the ropemaker's daughter?"

I glanced at Dinah, who turned very pale. The words "ropemaker's *daughter*" explained the young girl's timidity, and the vague feeling of ill-will evinced toward her by her neighbors. She belonged to the race of *Kakous*, still esteemed among the peasantry of Bretagne an accursed one.

"You carry yourself mighty high!" continued Anaïk, "because a young man of the village took it into his head to like you; because you have a young child. I, too, had a husband and children! But wait a little; it is just a year since I foretold you evil days—"

"Why do you wish me ill, Timor?" asked Dinah, in a gentle, timid voice.

"Why? do you ask me why? Has not your husband chased me from his door?"

"Because your taunts made me weep."

"My taunts!" repeated Anaïk; "I called you the *ropemaker's daughter!* Was it not true? And yet Jean declared I was drunk! He threatened me; yes, he threatened me, old Timor! ah! ah! ah! He thought he had set his foot on the viper; but it can sting yet. An hour is coming when I shall be revenged on all who have despised me—who have made me wait at the door! Ay, ay, good folks, your pride will have a fall, and your misfortunes will come from Tréguier."

"From Tréguier?" repeated Dinah, quickly. "Have you seen any one from there?"

"I have," replied the beggar.

"What, this night?"

"Just now."

"And did you hear any news?"

"A ship has arrived."

"The *Saint Pierre?*" exclaimed every voice.

Anaïk glanced wickedly around, and laughed aloud.

"No; a Saxon* ship."

The spinners uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "Heaven confound those pagan islanders!" spitefully exclaimed one: "I thought it had been our people."

"These Saxons have also been to Newfoundland," observed Timor.

"Do they bring any news of the St. Pierre?" asked Dinah, disturbed by the beggar's malicious smile.

The latter did not appear to have heard her.

"They stopped to drink at Marechs; and as the captain could speak French, I heard what he said."

"And what was it about?"

"He talked of pieces of ice as large as mountains, which float in those seas and crush the vessels."

"And he has seen such?"

"He has seen them."

"And he has heard of shipwrecks?"

"No, but on his way home he met with spars and masts."

"The wreck of ships?"

"And on one of the planks he found the words 'Saint Pierre!'"

This speech of Anaïk Timor's fell like a thunderbolt among the spinners, who dropped their spindles.

"'The Saint Pierre!'" they all ex-

* The Bretons call the English Saxons.

claimed at once; "he said the 'Saint Pierre'?"

"Of Tréguier."

"You quite understood, you are sure?"

"Sure."

Then their despair burst forth. I, too, had been startled by this announcement; but the beggar's smile excited my suspicions.

"Do not believe her," I cried; "she is trying to terrify you; she is tipsy!" and addressing Timor: "You did not see the English captain, nor did he say that the Saint Pierre had been wrecked. You lie, you wicked *groach!*"

At this name, which in Bretagne signifies the worst of sorcerers, the beggar's eyes glared, and she rose with a savage growl. "Ah! hearken to him!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot upon the hearth, "hearken how the gentleman speaks to old Anaïk! I lie, and I am drunk!—good. Let the women consult the warnings; let them listen if the sea-water does not drip drop by drop at the foot of their bed; let those who have broken their twelfth-cake look and see if the share of the absent is not spoiled.* Ah! Timor is a *groach*—good, good! God will answer both the gentleman and the women of Loc Evar. God has his own signs, and drowned men can speak!"

"Listen!" interrupted Dinah, who had risen, pale and trembling.

We listened, and distinguished, mingling with the bursts of the tempest, the notes of a hymn. It soon became more distinct, and as it approached we were able to distinguish the voices, which were singing the *Cantique des âmes*.

At the first sound of this most lugubrious hymn the women all crowded together in an agony of terror; I, myself, struck by this apparent answer to Timor's appeal, remained motionless, as if fascinated; but as the voices began to die away, I darted to the door of the hut, and took several steps outside. As far as my eye could penetrate the darkness, the valley was entirely deserted, the snow continuing its silent descent, and the hurricane still raging upon the mountain.

During this scene Anaïk Timor was the only one who remained unmoved. On re-entering I found her standing erect, gazing triumphantly at the frightened women. Suddenly her eyes rested on me.

"Ah! ah! I was a fool," she cried; "just now some one said that old Timor lied!"

"And she has not yet given proof to to the contrary," I replied, making a strong effort to regain my composure.

"Has not the gentleman heard the voices?"

"I have heard some pilgrims, who, as they passed, were chanting a hymn." She looked at me fiercely, and shook her head:

"Good! that is the way they talk in towns. No one in the town believes in the soul; they treat their dead as so many dogs, that rot entirely in the hole in which they are flung. Well, well! God will yet teach the heathens what he can do. Perhaps the gentleman means to deny that those who have just passed are the drowned sailors of the Saint Pierre."

"And the gentleman would be right," interrupted a grave voice. I turned: a priest stood on the threshold.

The women rose, exclaiming, "The recteur!"

The latter advanced slowly into the room, and fixed a severe look upon Anaïk Timor.

"What business have you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"The poor have a right to go wherever there is a morsel of bread to be found among Christians," whined the beggar.

"It was not hunger," replied the priest, "but your wicked delight at being the bearer of evil tidings that brought you so late along our road."

"Then the beggar has told the truth!" cried Dinah, with a palpitating heart.

"No, not entirely," replied the priest.

"Then, what is the news?"

"The English vessel which is now at Tréguier has not only brought news of the loss of the St. Pierre; it has brought also those whom it saved."

"Saved! They are saved?"

"At least a part of the crew," replied the priest. "When the wreck occurred, six men made a vow, that if it pleased God to save them they would come barefooted and vailed, to hear the mass that I should say for them at the altar of the Holy Virgin."

"And those six—?"

"Are saved."

"Where are they?—where are they?"

* A sign among the Bretons which announces the death of the absent.

"You have just heard them pass."

The women rushed tumultuously to the door.

"Stop!" cried the recteur, barring their passage. "You cannot see them."

"Are they not here?"

"They are here; but they have all vowed not to lift their vails till after the holy service."

"Their names, at least their names," cried the excited Dinah.

"It would be a violation of their oath," replied the priest; "for they have sworn that neither to wife, to mother, nor to sister, will they make themselves known till after the accomplishment of their vow. Respect their solemn promise made before God."

There was a cry of despair, and, as it seemed, a moment of hesitation. Each woman named aloud her father, son, brother, or husband, endeavoring to glean some answer from the recteur's face, as name after name was pronounced; but the priest immovable continued to invoke the sanctity of the vow, and to entreat them to submit to its conditions. At last several, listening only to the promptings of their grievous impatience, exclaimed that, at whatever cost, they must know their fate. The recteur vainly attempted to detain them: they rushed to a second door, and opened it precipitately.

"Go, then," he cried, indignantly; "go, violate the sacred vow made before God. But tremble lest he punish your sacrilege, and the first who lifts the vails of the shipwrecked men seek in vain him she expects!"

Dinah, who was in the act of going, suddenly recoiled.

"Ah! I will not go," she cried, terrified.

"Submit yourself, and pray," he replied, authoritatively; "your suspense can endure only for a short time. Bear it unmurmuringly, as a punishment for your many sins. Be you one of the happy or of the afflicted, endeavor to bend to his Divine will. Let each of you consider herself from this moment a widow or an orphan; let her heart accept this sacrifice, and if he she mourns presently issue from the tomb, let her regard it as a miracle, for which it will be her duty to thank God as long as she lives."

The women burst into tears, and fell on heir knees.

The recteur endeavored to calm them, addressing to each some especial consolation. He reminded them of Mary's devout resignation, the holy patronness of broken hearts; and having announced that he was on his way to celebrate a mass for the deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners he made them promise to accompany him to the church, and join their prayers to his

All followed, with the exception of Dinah, who, turning abruptly on her heel, ran up to old Timor, who was seated by the hearth, and seized her hand.

"You know who are saved?" she asked, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Who? I!" replied Anaïk.

"You must have met them at Tréguier."

"Well?"

"Jean! Where is Jean?"

The beggar sneered.

"The priest desired you to wait."

"No," exclaimed Dinah, who had sunk upon her knees, with clasped hands and wandering eyes; "no, tell me, I conjure you, Anaïk, if you have seen Jean; if you have recognized him. O! a mere sign to say Yes; or if he has perished; well, still let me know it! Better to die at once than wait. Anaïk, Anaïk! Ah, do not—do not refuse me!"

"And what will you give me for my news?" asked the beggar.

"All that I have," cried Dinah. "What will you have? Here, my ebony beads, my cross? Here they are."

"They are not enough."

"Well, then, take the gold ring he gave me. Take all, Anaïk; all that I have in the world."

And she knelt at the old woman's feet, pressing her child against her bosom with one hand, while, with the other, she offered her cross, ring, and beads. Timor held her thus for several instants, as if expiring beneath her glance; then bursting into a wild laugh, she said,

"You may keep them all; for to torment you is better than anything you can offer me!"

Dinah rose with a bound, and darted out of the cabin.

I was too interested in the result to remain behind, and followed her.

She ran through the hamlet, and we reached the church together. The women were all there, the tapers burned upon the altar, the choristers were in their places.

Suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and the six shipwrecked men appeared, enveloped in white shrouds, which effectually concealed their persons.

A smothered groan burst from the women; several names escaped amid their sobs, but the vails remained immovable.

It were vain to attempt to describe the awful solemnity of the scene which followed. The silence which reigned throughout the church was broken only by the voice of the priest; and if, for a moment, a murmur were audible, it rose as if to remind the murmurer of patience, and the sound died away!

What sublime power has the will over the human soul! Every woman there was awaiting the decree that was to influence the remainder of her life; yet each, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, knelt motionless before the altar.

I glanced round in search of Dinah, and discovered her kneeling in the porch, her face raised to heaven, her arms hanging powerless by her sides, and her babe lying before her, like a victim awaiting the blow, with no intention of evading it.

At last the recteur pronounced the blessing. A shudder ran through the crowd, and the moment that followed was one of intense agony. Every head was strained, and all arms were extended toward the altar.

"Put your trust in the Lord!" said the priest; and, taking by the hand the man who stood nearest to him, he made him step forward, and raised the shroud! There was a scream; and the next instant he folded his wife to his heart!

The priest raised the second shroud, and then the others. As each vail fell to the ground a scream of joy resounded, echoed by a sorrowful murmur; but as the last fell, loud groans and sobs of despair burst forth.

I turned quickly to where Dinah knelt. She was in the same place, in the same attitude, still gazing intently in the direction of the altar. All the vails had been raised, and still she sought Jean.

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I passed the rest of the night at the parsonage, while the recteur occupied himself in offering consolation to the orphans and widows. At break of day I resumed my journey to Tréguier.

The storm had ceased; and the sun, unencumbered by mist, shone joyously in the heavens; the birds, under its enlivening influence, flew among leafless branches glittering with frost; the hawthorn hedges had shaken off their robes of snow, and displayed their ruddy berries; all creation seemed to revive under the warm breath of spring, which passed over the frozen earth.

Just before descending the hill, I turned to give a last look at the desolated village I was quitting, and perceived in the distance Dinah, Jean's widow, descending the opposite slope, her child in her arms and in her hand a mendicant's white staff.

HAVELOCK, THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

AN unusual sight was witnessed in the harbor of New York one bright morning of the last winter. The flags of the countless ships in the port were flying at half mast. But that, in itself considered, was not a strange sight. It betokened—death; and death, even among those whom their country delights to honor, is no novelty. They pass away, and their country's colors are lowered to tell of their departure and mutely to do them honor. But now, no order has come from the government to hang out these insignia of mourning. It is not one of our own citizens who has finished his course. A stranger who had never visited our shores, whose very name until quite recently had been unheard among us, a foreigner, has died in a far-off land, away from his home and his kindred. The news of his death arrived by the last steamer, and spontaneously the flags in the harbor are trailed to do him reverence. The hardy mariners needed no prompting. It was the outgushing tribute of their respect for a brave man. *Havelock is dead!*

A soldier and a Christian, a meek disciple of the Lord Jesus, and a bold military chieftain! It is not easy to realize the union of these characteristics in the same individual. It savors of incongruity. And yet we have heard of a preacher of righteousness in military uniform. Captain Webb was faithful to Christ and to his country. The names of others are doubtless in the Book of Life; and that Henry Havelock, the hero of Lucknow, was a brave and successful soldier is the testimony of all who knew him, and that he was a devout Christian, a man of faith and prayer, his biography sufficiently attests. A sketch

Nena Sahib, whose name will be but another word for cruelty and treachery, had received news of the defeat at Futtehpore, and wreaked his vengeance upon women and little children. One hundred and thirty-six, many of them tender infants, and their mothers, after suffering every indignity, were cruelly and with ingenious atrocity put to death. These were fugitives who had been persuaded to put themselves under the protection of this miscreant. But he had not yet done. The women and children of the helpless garrison, consigned to a captivity worse than death, were still in his hands. Upon these helpless prisoners he would wreak his savage revenge, and ere the sun rose next morning he had perpetrated a deed of relentless cruelty to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Havelock says:

He filled up the measure of his iniquities on the 15th, for, on hearing that the bridge on the Pando Nuddee had been forced, he ordered the immediate massacre of the wives and children of our British soldiers still in his possession in this cantonment, which was carried out by his followers with every circumstance of barbarous malignity.

This horrible catastrophe will never be remembered without a shudder. Modern warfare knows nothing equal to it for deliberate barbarity. The agony of mothers and the cries of infants come back to every man who reads the cruel story; and no one can wonder that the soldiers, as they passed through Cawnpore, and saw the words written on that bloody wall by mothers in their dying anguish, should have vowed vengeance against the perpetrators of this deed of blood. And the day of vengeance was at hand. On the 16th of July, 1857, Havelock reached Cawnpore, and with an army of thirteen hundred men attacked and utterly routed the rebels, who numbered at least five thousand men. The author of the Indian mutiny says:

Perhaps in no action that ever was fought was the superior power of arrangement, moral force, personal daring, and physical strength of the European over the Asiatic more apparent. The rebels fought well; many of them did not flinch from a hand to hand encounter with our troops; they stood well to their guns, served them with accuracy; but yet, in spite of this, of their strong position, of their disproportionate excess in number, they were beaten.

But the general's gratification at the victory was sadly neutralized by the shocking sight presented within the city. He had pressed on with the hope of opening the dungeon, and liberating the prisoners, of restoring children to their parents, and wives to their husbands. He found only their mangled and mutilated remains.

Rarely, indeed, since the massacre of the innocents, had men looked upon a more sickening sight. The very blood, in some places, went over the soldiers' shoes. Steeped in that blood they found locks of ladies' hair, leaves of religious books, the bonnets and hats of little children, and their mothers' combs, in strange confusion. Sword-cuts marked the wall here and there; and amid them were scattered the messages of dying mothers to their countrymen. There, too, was the well, into which the dead had been thrown for burial, and the wounded for death. Their corpses had been heaped together, and were still uncovered. The men of other regiments came up, exasperated and saddened at the mournful tidings. Rugged men, who had charged to the cannon's mouth on the previous day, wept like little children as they turned from that spectacle of guilt and suffering.

Cawnpore was now completely in the power of the conqueror; and yet under this terrible provocation, through the influence of their gallant general, the British soldiers raised not a hand against the inhabitants, and not a single English bayonet was soiled by their blood.

Remaining but a few days for rest and refreshment, General Havelock, on the 21st of July, crossed the Ganges, with his little army, and commenced his march for the relief of Lucknow. On the route he had several engagements with the enemy, and incessant vigilance was necessary, for their attacks were sudden, and were made frequently when least expected. In addition to this, cholera had begun to attack his little army. Soldiers who had charged with irresistible power by day, at night lay down weak with disease. The army had many wounded, but they had many more sick. He could not reckon on more than twelve hundred healthy men; and he already had nearly three hundred invalids. To send the sick and wounded back to Cawnpore, would require a convoy of at least three hundred men. He could not spare that number from his army and hope to reach Lucknow, still

thirty-six miles away. What a night of trial to Havelock's faith! Still his dispatch shows no change from his cool and quiet style. He exhibited no fretfulness that he, the victor of two battles in one day, was beaten back by a more powerful enemy than Nena Sahib.

We give an extract from a letter to his wife at this time. It is dated six miles from Cawnpore, Sunday, August 9, 1857:

I know not when I may have leisure to write a line to you again, so I will avail myself, not of a Sabbath's rest, for that I have not, but of an incidental cessation of work, to give you my views. I have fought seven severe fights with the enemy, and by God's blessing have beat him in every one of them. . . . But I will say no more of public matters than that I have everywhere beaten my foes, but that things are in a most perilous state. If we succeed in restoring anything it will be by God's especial and extraordinary mercy. . . . I must now write as one whom you may see no more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis. . . . Thank God for my hope in the Saviour. We shall meet in heaven.

And thus in all his letters, as well as in his conversation, amid the din of battle, and when seeking needed repose for himself and his jaded soldiers, his thoughts appear to have continued reference to his Saviour and to his home in heaven.

Terrible indeed was the condition of the besieged within the walls of Lucknow. One after another of the leaders within the beleaguered garrison had been cut off. Famine stared them in the face, and death in its most frightful form. They had among them cholera, small-pox, and fever. But all the while this fearful struggle was going on, the patient endurance and Christian resignation of the ladies and soldiers' wives animated by their example the devoted band who defended them. Many had been made widows and their children fatherless in the struggle, but they never ceased to exhibit a self-devotion in the common danger that renders the part they took not the least memorable in the defense of Lucknow.

On the 24th July arrived the first letter they had received since the commencement of the siege. It was from one of the officers in General Havelock's staff, and announced the presence of his army on the Oude side of the Ganges, opposite Cawnpore, and the probability of the relief of Lucknow in two or three days.

The joy of the beleaguered garrison on hearing this news needs no description.

A reply was immediately returned, begging that two rockets might be sent up the moment he arrived at the outskirts of the city, in order that they might make what efforts they could to aid him in the perilous passage to the Residency. Need it be told how many eyes were on the stretch for weary days and nights, anxious to be the first to announce to their fellow-prisoners the joyful news of succor at hand, nor how the long days passed and hearts grew sick with despair when the expected aid remained unheard and unseen? "We knew not then," says Brigadier Inglis, "nor did we learn till the 29th of August, or thirty-five days later, that the relieving force, after having fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, had been obliged to fall back for re-enforcements."

At length, after many weary days and nights of hope deferred on the part of the besieged, and many bloody conflicts on the part of Havelock's gallant band, the day of deliverance came.

As the brave 78th are passing through an archway, "which literally streamed fire," a bullet strikes General Neill on the head, and he falls to rise no more. The men, enraged, fire a volley against the wall, in the vain hope that some stray bullets may enter the loop-holes and avenge their brave leader's death. Recalled to their duty by Havelock's word, they march on, leaving the dying and the dead behind them at every step. Now it is getting dark, but the road is lighted up by the incessant flight of shot and shell and the furious play of musketry. One obstacle after another is conquered, and the way at last is clear. The gate of the Residency is before them, and with a cheer, which British soldiers know how to give, the vanguard of Havelock's "Column of Relief" enters in, bringing to the beleaguered garrison safety at least, if not deliverance.

And who shall picture the greetings of that night—the joy of those who once more began to hope, or the gratitude they felt to that brave heart who for near a hundred days had struggled through an overwhelming tide of battle, disease, and death to bring them deliverance!

"Our reception," says one, "was enthusiastic, old men, women, and wan infants pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers."

Since the day that Havelock had been intrusted with the important command—

since the day that he had asked his wife to pray that God would enable her husband to "fulfill the expectation of government," sustained in the execution of a mission so congenial to every feeling of his chivalrous nature, and supported under baffling disappointments by the testimony of a good conscience—this Christian hero had steadily kept before him the work given him to do; and now that his heavenly Master had permitted him to see it accomplished, his gratitude found expression in the words of the Hebrew warrior: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy great name give glory."

And now the end of his career had almost come. Disease, induced by anxiety and care, had fastened upon him. He lingered long enough to hear of the estimate in which his country held him for his bravery, and of the first of the series of honors which had been conferred on him by the Queen. This was cheering. He was grateful, but as modest and unostentatious as ever.

From his sick-room he wrote one more letter to his family, from whom he had been so long separated. He assumes a cheerful tone; says nothing about his alarming symptoms, and gives no intimation but that they shall hear from him again. It was the last letter he ever wrote.

He was well aware of the danger that was impending; yet, while he felt his jeopardy to be extreme, he was thoroughly at rest. The peace of God which passeth all understanding was keeping his heart and mind through Jesus Christ. Should he be about to pass through the valley of the shadow of death he would fear no evil. Why should he? There were the rod and the staff to comfort him. There was "the Resurrection and the Life" awaiting to be the strength of his heart, and his portion forever. How often had he cheered his brethren by the assurances of life and immortality, when they were in thickest danger. How many times had he talked of Providence, of the keys of Hades and of Death, of the destruction of the last enemy, of departure to be with Christ.

His illustrious companion, Sir James Outram, having called, he thought it right to say to him what was then upon his mind. "For more than forty years," was his remark to Sir James, "I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Often had they faced it together, even during that recent memorable advance for the relief of Lucknow. There, however, God had averted it; but here it was present in all its power, and must be met. "So be it," was the imperturbed response of Outram's comrade; "I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain."

"I die happy and contented," he kept on saying, knowing whom he had believed, and persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to him until that day.

On the 24th his end was obviously near at hand. His eldest son was still his loving and faithful nurse, himself, it should be remembered, a wounded man, and especially needing kindly care. Waiting on his father with unflagging and womanly assiduity, he was summoned to hearken to some parting words.

"Come," said the disciple thus faithful unto death; "come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." And Havelock died.

SOLOMON SARTOR AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

"TUT, tut, Mrs. Bantam," our friend Sartor broke in the other day at the dinner-table, "not so fast in your judgment on Spiritualism; your views are too sweeping. It is high time we began to look at this matter of Spiritualism in a calmer light; and if you will permit me to give my opinions on the subject, and can listen to a long-drawn disquisition, then you are welcome to all I can utter. And first of all let me say that there is a vast difference between spirit-rapping and spirit-rapping*ism*. Spirit-rapping is a serious, and if you please a scientific matter; but as to Spiritual*ism*, let us throw that to the dogs, as some one, no matter who, would do with physic.

"The peculiar doctrines of this blattantism are much older than the rapping era. This pseudo-light has gathered its consuming material from various sources. 'Vestiges of Creation' created a few sparks; Waldo Emerson cast in phosphorescent gleams; the Fowlers for years worked out of men's rugged head-bumps (particularly the spirituality bump) sundry *gas* glimmers; and the whole matter culminated in 1848, and blazed out in the lurid ball-fires of Jackson Davis! Since

then he has been the great high priest of the splendiferous harmonia-temple, with numerous under-priests and vestal virgins (?) around the altar.

"The whole matter was glimmering in its lurid light when spirit-rappings came up; these last were laid hold of as new vehicles to carry forth their murky torch-lights! Of Bedlam born, let us hope that it will go down to its well-merited oblivion! So much for the *ism*; the scientific portion deserves a candid looking into. The scientific jury is not yet ready to pronounce its verdict; but the people of the world-court have heard in snatches the evidence, and have some premonitions of what the verdict of our Faradays and Pierces will be.

"Galvani perceived the peculiar convulsions of the flesh of a newly-dressed frog, ('twas in France, Mrs. Bantam, where they eat such things,) and from that hint followed along until animal magnetism and the galvanic battery were produced. These, with Mesmerism, have been and are great mysteries. The mesmerizer was once thought to have supernatural power over his subject. So, too, electricity has given its day of wonderment. In these are two or three principles, galvanism, mesmerism, magnetism, electricity, which have a difference of operation under different names. There seem to be a few simples combining to produce the varying effects to which we give the names I have mentioned.

"Whether it is all *one* power, and that electricity, or two or three different principles, we cannot as yet tell. There is, perhaps, a combination of elements. We may throw the whole into a *genus*, with three species, magnetism, Mesmerism, and electricity; and the premonitions are that the afore-mentioned jury will add a fourth species to our *genus*, giving it, perhaps, the name already hinted at in the scientific world, the *odylic force*. Or at least, if not a new species, it will be found to be a new combination of our three species; or if driven from that, it may be found to be only a new development of electricity. I was in his house the other day where I was shown a pair of magnetized shears, which were charged six years ago when the lightning struck their house; this would lead us to think that electricity and magnetism are very nearly related.

"A few months ago, in the parlor of our friend Holcomb at Lee Dale, a specimen of this table-moving power was exhibited that throws light on the subject. You know Miss Brown, Mrs. Bantam? Well, she is impressible, and one evening she was visiting with Mr. Holcomb's young people while Mr. Holcomb was entertaining visitors in the sitting-room. The young people had no idea of spirits, but sat around the table, and out of sport formed a circle. Hands were joined on the table. In due time the table began to show signs of life! Mr. Holcomb and his visitors were called in. Each of the visitors, Jewett and Ransom, I should say here, would weigh his two hundred pounds or more. These stout men took hold of the table, and held it fast. Two of the circle arose, and passed around the table; the table whirled after them, carrying the two men with it, and making itself obedient to those who had magnetic will over it! No spirits were invoked, nor was there (in the mind of any one present) the presence of any power whatever beyond an earthly one. Mysterious you think, ha, Mrs. Bantam? Well, so was magnetism and the Leyden jar in their day of novelty.

"Take another instance. An exposer of spirit-rapping, who was a great mesmerizer, put a table under his power, just as he would mesmerize a man, and set men from the audience holding it until it was broken to pieces! There is a mysterious truth in Mesmerism, and spirit rapping (so called) will be found near akin to it.

"Davis himself says the best way to form a circle is to take a circular rope covered with silk and wound with silver and copper wire, and to hold this in the hands. A prime magnetizer, sure enough! Won't some of our thousand and one spirit followers feel rather funny when the world's jury shall get its verdict made out, and they find that their god, their heaven, their innumerable entangled and befangled "revelations" have all been but Mesmerism or a galvanic battery and its influences! Pity that some voice of warning might not be heeded by the thousands that are yearly being deluded by this snare of the tempter, ere the true way be entirely past their finding!"

"You know, Sartor," said Mr. Hopkins, "much is said about the want of any practical results from table-tipping; do you think your *odylic force* will ever be of more use?"

"Why Mr. Hopkins," continued Sartor, "there is the very source of the failure of the thing. People have supposed table-tipping is the action of spirits, and have tried to bring something good out of a false idea. You might as well strive to get useful teachings out of the puffings of a steam engine, calling the puffs the voice of spirits, as to get good out of the tippings of a table when consulted under the idea that 'spirits' are present. Magnetism has gone into the service of man through the instrumentality of the galvanic battery, which sends in undulating streams news items, fraught with weal or woe, over our wire-webbed land. Let us hope this new force will accomplish something.

The magnetizing performer of whom I spoke threw himself into magnetic connection with the table, and willed it to move hither and thither. The will in this case seems to be a powerful battery putting its subject into life; now I suggest that this power be applied to machinery. We will get us a large propelling wheel to which we will connect our machinery; we will then engage a company of mediums, who shall get into rapport with our wheel, and stand for six hours *willing* the great wheel on in its evolutions! You may laugh, Mrs. Bantam; but if a table may be made to spin around a room, why may not a wheel be made to turn as well? I hope our table-reporter will pass over this idea of mine to Ericcson and Paine, of water-light notoriety; they can carry out the principle; I shall only claim a copyright of the idea."

A long conversation on the literature of Spiritualism followed this expostion. None were able to answer the question, from whence this grandiloquent style? but all entered into a species of banter as to which could produce from any source the finest specimen of this puissant language. At another after-dinner *sociable* each one threw in a contribution. We give them here as veritable spiritualistic productions. Mrs. Bantam led off. Her selection ran thus:

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defects of the membraneous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the flandango.

"Now if the taps were caused by the vogation of the electricity from the extremities, the tympanum would dissolve into the spiritual sinctum and become identical with the pigmentum. Now this is not the case; in order to produce the taps the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subtend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the sterticletum.

"A friend of ours, who graduated with distinguished honors at one of the Northern universities, says that he must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the depression of the duodenum into the flandango could by any possibility cause the olfactory ossificator to ferment and become identical with the pigmentum. He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authors on the subject, winds up his argument with the remark that the vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albugenia by the parturition of the alveold process effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands, which abnormal and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distention of the auricular membraneous orifice, in which case the rappings become painfully audible!"

"Why," said Sartor, who acted as a kind of self-appointed moderator, "that, Mrs. Bantam, is simply a burlesque." Mrs. Bantam had overlooked that fact, and her item was ruled out.

Mr. Bantam followed his wife, and delivered himself of this veritable spirit *morceau*. It is from the spirit of Shelley:

The earth reels fast within the strong maelstrom
Circling around the vortex of its doom;
Death grasps with fleshless hand the helm;
His lips in mockery shout progression as she dips
Upon the marge of the abysm deep,
Where the coil'd serpents of the ocean sleep.

Wake, wake, O mortal! *ope thy slumbrous ears(!)*
Charm'd by circean melody of spheres,
The vices bred in passion's burning cave
Scream through the storm the vultures of the wave,
And ghouls tartarean, wehr-wolves of the sea,
With eager jaws distended follow thee.

"Very good," was the general verdict.

Mr. Hopkins tried his hand at quotation:

"The internal of all intellectuality hath its origin in God. The most glorified of all created existences capacitated to approach the throne of the Divine effulgence, receives the breath of his being as animating fire, and moves in the divinity of its loveliness. Hence, by adapted laws, the spirit descendeth to proximity with the ascending focality of physical nature when the elements affinitize, thence inchoating, cause that innovation which blendeth the majestic procedures, and by inversion infoldeth, and thence ascendeth through spiritual unfoldings to the attractive source of all the intellectual and morally pure. Thus proceedeth the self-existent to unfold, purify, and quicken anew, and ultimate in a heaven his works, as purposed in the Divine procedure. In this is epitomized the philosophical statement of that law by which shall be unfolded to their consummation the immensities of the terrestrial universes inhabited by spiritual intelligences, and also the infolding and ascension of these into immensities of the spiritual, and thence immensity of the celestial, and thence the immensity of the most glorious and divinely pure universe, the embodiment of all universes."

"Supersplendent?" said Mrs. Bantam.

"Clear as mud?" said Hopkins.

"Very exquisite," saith Miss Artiste.

"Sublime nonsense!" said Sartor.

There was a quiet; it was Budlong's turn.

"In the twelfth hour the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illumination; then shall the creation in effulgence above the Divine seraphamal arise unto the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme created beatitudes."

There was an abundance of such stuff on hand, but the company had had enough of it, and the party adjourned *sine die*.

The next dinner-time Sartor observed that there was curious literature elsewhere than among Spiritualists, and as an instance he read the following scrap, from an article on Spiritualism by a professor in a noted seminary, and which appeared in a noted weekly paper. Here is the morsel:

Yet there are, strange to say, and not so very strange either, some few who, having known the truth, but in some dark hour having lost sight of it, or who, for argument's sake, have opposed what they felt to be true, until they finally know not what they believe, or, whether they really believe anything or not; and hence, whatever most bewilders and intoxicates their minds, that for the time is the thing to which they cling until the former [what is meant by the former?—Sartor] have evaporated, and they again find themselves empty, and ready for the next process of installation or bewilderment.

"But," continued Solomon, "let us be done with these matters; I have a serious matter to settle with Mrs. Bantam. You remember some time ago, Mrs. Bantam, I brought the charge of plagiarism against your favorite poet, Longfellow? I could not substantiate the charge then, but I have here the facts which will, if once printed, send the author of "Hiawatha" tumbling down from his pinnacle of fame, down from the statuesque pillar where, Mrs. Bantam, your fancy has placed him. I have not had time to look through 'Hiawatha,' but here are specimens from some of his minor poems:

The rooks are calling,
It is the sound of woe.—*Longfellow.*

They weep each other's woe.—*Pope.*

They are chanting solemn masses.
Longfellow.

They chant to the sound of the viol.—*Bible.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
Longfellow.

The friar hooded and the monarch crown'd.
Pope.

The hooded clouds. . . .
Patter their doleful prayers.
Longfellow.

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard.
Thomson.

But their prayers are all in vain.
Longfellow.

Bring no more vain oblations.—*Bible.*

There he stands. . . .
Crown'd with flowers.—*Longfellow.*

And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
Dryden.

Like weak, despised Lear,
A king—a king!—*Longfellow.*

Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then press'd that monarch's throned king.
Halleck.

Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.—*Longfellow.*

Her breath was sweet.—*Pollock.*

The shades of night were falling fast.
Longfellow.

Night's sable shadows o'er the ocean fall.
Denham.

A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device.
Longfellow.

The knight with new device upon his shield.
Dryden.

The accents of that unknown tongue.
Longfellow.

The tender accents of a woman's tongue.
Prior.

Dark lowers the tempest overhead.
Longfellow.

And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house.
Shakspeare.

"I hope, Mrs. Bantam, you will have no more to say after *such* testimony. Longfellow may consider himself extinguished."

"That is somewhat an old but rather fitting remark of yours, Mrs. Bantam, and every year brings new proof that while the childless *know* all about training children, they make sad failures whenever they really have a chance to try their hand. I have often noticed that the poorest of mothers is an old ma— pardon me, ladies —a woman who is advanced in life before she becomes a wife. There is a great difference, as you say, in training other people's children and one's own. I once sat at the table of a friend who had just returned from a visit where, as it seems, a child had behaved very unseemly. My friend told the story of the child's 'wrongs' over very definitely, describing at our dinner-table, with dramatic pathos and fatherly ire, the sauciness of the said little fellow, while at the same time his own little Willie was giving living illustrations of his father's direful story! 'Didn't the father notice it?' Not a bit of it! His own Willie was perfect.

"Another friend of mine, who had a very saucy lot of children, entreated me one day, if I knew anything out of the way in his boys, to let him know. I knew enough to make up a book entitled 'Acts of Scapegraces,' and did gently hint a fault or two in this anxious father's ears. It would be so kind in me, he said, to give him information. I did, I say, give him an item or two. Well for me, I did not give him more, for, speaking hyperbolically, I thought I should lose my head. 'I was misinformed; I must be mistaken; it could not have been his boys; he knew his boys too well; they were above such things, and he would not believe a word of it; it was so unreasonable, it could not be so.' I backed out, and learned this lesson: Most men that ask you to tell them of their faults, or of the faults of their children, think themselves and children perfect, and are merely giving banters to show a flaw in their diamond character if you can.

"As you observe, Mrs. Bantam, it is difficult to tell just how far nature and how far education are responsible for faults and virtues. I look at the matter in this light: Nature sends forth children of various minds. Nature intends there shall be a difference in the capacities of men. We can never make all men to be alike; but education, mental and moral, may warp, model, change, and remodel the natural propensities of the heart and mind. Here is the rough iron bar; you may beat it into sledge-hammers, or work it out into fine Damascene blades; you can never make gold of it, however; it will, in the sledge or the razor, be iron still. So, too, you may take the golden ingot and work it up into baubles for show—beautiful jewel tinsel work; turn it into the nimble coin, or beat it into the polished watch-case-ment; but in jewel, eagle, watch, it is always gold. Have you not noticed that there are iron, utilitarian minds that can never be turned into gold? You can make of them great sledge-hammer-minded men, or educate them to Yankee 'cuteness' and shrewdness. So, too, your Evas and Ida Mays, your poets and painters of golden mind, may be molded into what you will. There is the bauble Bulwer; and the useful Greenleaf Whittier, who issues golden coin; the time-warning Kirk White; and the jewel Byron, who pampered the pride and passions of men. (I have run from the mind to its products I see; but do not the thoughts of men pass as portions of the pure gold of mind?)

"I am fearful that I shall get into sermonizing here at the table, but at the expense of a little interest let me rattle off a disquisition on child training. The commonest idea prevailing among parents is, that though the child have its wild way *now*, its own good sense will teach it the true way when it comes to years of discretion. The poet Coleridge had a skeptical friend that was peculiarly an advocate of this idea. 'Don't,' said he, 'teach the child anything of God or religion; don't

prejudice the mind; let the child be left to form its own course and own ideas.'

Coleridge contended that it was a duty to culture in the child-heart whatever was desirable to be there. The friend oft combated this idea. One day the two were walking in Coleridge's garden. They came upon a place all overgrown with weeds. 'Why,' said the friend, 'Coleridge, do you suffer the weeds to grow here?' 'O,' rejoined Coleridge, "I am experimenting a little. I did not wish to prejudice the soil in favor of flowers. I thought perhaps the ground would get tired of its everlasting weeds, and some of these summers produce, without any care of mine, a fine parterre of flowers?" The friend was beaten; and so, too, from this little allegory, should every parent take warning. If we wish the flowers of virtue to spring up in the child-heart there must be planting and culture. Only let the child alone and weeds of error will grow fast enough! Our John Randolph said he should have been a French atheist had not his mother taught him to say 'Our Father who art in heaven.'

"But the most forceful argument against letting the young pursue the way of evil, is the fact that though they reform they will find the influences of evil following them ever after. It is one thing to turn from a thing, but another to have all the sad memories blotted out! Pardon me, ladies, but this very day I was reading an incident that illustrates this point. A young man sent back the letters and keepsakes to one to whom he was betrothed, saying: 'I restore all; and now everything will be as we were before we were acquainted.' To which she made answer: 'To be sure you have sent back the letters and the trinkets; but can you restore the fond endearments I have lavished upon you? Can you restore the holy hopes I had centered in you? No! I have all these gifts, but my heart is breaking!' So the young may be severed from the gay round of follies, but the warm, impulsive, innocent emotions of the young heart will be lost in those giddy mazes never to be regained!

"An enemy wished to injure his neighbor, and with a great price he rented a piece of ground on which he was to have the privilege of raising one crop. He sowed thistles! Give up the young heart to the enemy and it will take years to eradicate the evils sown there.

"Most of the evils that come in upon the young are unheeded, from the false idea that no influences or evil effect can be seen. Because the evil tendencies of a bad book or of a night at the theater are not seen at once and tangibly, the mother ceases vigilance and banters any one that can to trace out the evil. These influences are like enlarging rivers. Stream after stream comes into the flowing Amazon, which lose their waters in the general flood. There is no perceptible change in the river; but the accumulated streams make the river after all. So the tide of life from infancy gathers in its influences. A mother's frown, a sister's smile, a tiny book, a scene of wickedness, a place of prayer, all yield their unperceived impressions, and the sum of life will be in accordance with the surrounding impulses. If good influences have preponderated their impress will be left; and it is most bitterly true that evil will leave its murky stains! You may cover the grass with linen, and pour on clear water for days, and though the sun will dry up the water as fast almost as you cast it on, and no perceptible result be seen, yet the linen by the process will become white as the driven snow. The most obdurate heart—even that of a bedlamite—may be tamed and made mild by the dews of kindness and the sunshine of smiles!

"It is a serious thing, Mrs. Bantam, to have the molding and modeling of a youthful heart and mind! and with that remark I shall go my way for this time."

"I promised, Mrs. Bantam, to give you, at some convenient time, my notions of doctors of medicine, and now, while our Dr. Budlong is out, will be as good a time as any. About eight years ago it was my lot to reside for a year or two in a very sickly region. 'Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together,' and this aforesaid region become the resort of all the quacks and new-beginners of the country. There were men of all 'schools,' and amid the plenitude of afflictions none of them wanted for patients. But, alas! no matter what the disease, it was as good (or rather as bad) as death to be taken sick.

"Circumstances led me often into the sick-room, where I found opportunity to take note of the multitudinous practice of those who in this region were trying an

apprentice hand at mending the human system. O, it was pitiful to see the people die where seemingly there was very little danger of death! From that time I was down on the whole generation of doctors, from the Homeopath man to the man of steam! To help on the aversion I began to entertain, I was taking the then popular *Water-Cure Journal*.

"In falling out thus with physic I was pushed to the furthest verge of folly, and bid farewell to all medicine; I adopted the following very truthful ditty as my medical creed. With some abatements I have since made, there is a great deal of wisdom in these doggerel lines:

"SENSEOPATHY.

"Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

"Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whisky.

"Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you over fearful.

"Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

"But it is one thing to defy the doctors when well, and another to be helpless on a bed of pain. A time of sickness a few years ago brought me near the doors of the other world; all my fine notions of physicians fled; I cried lustily for help! It was no time to dally with old opinions when the pains and groans of my fevered body were like the anguish of one on an inquisition-rack! The doctor came. He was a man of sense, and skillful in his business, notwithstanding his attachment to the calomel practice. Help! help! that was what I wanted, calomel or no calomel! I found cause to love the man who watched over me so assiduously; and from that time I have had a great respect for sensible M.D.'s.

"And as to the 'school' of practice, Mrs. Bantam, all things being equal, I prefer the eclectic; but I have found one truth underlying all systems, and over and above all 'schools,' that ought, I think, to bear rule in this whole matter: Your quack of any school is a nuisance; but almost everything depends on the good sense and skill of the men: on their knowledge of disease and the human system. I never stay now to ask whether my physician be allopath, botanic, or eclectic; old school or new school; but first of all I want to know whether he understands his business.

"I have in other times said many hard things about these medical men, much of which I am now ready to recall. Just opposite my room Dr. Hewitt keeps his office. I see him driving out in the rain storms and in the blustering snows; hear him leaving his warm abode at midnight hours, and see him returning chilled and water-soaked only to meet a message from miles away for dispatch in that direction. And if he happens to be called, as too often happens, when all other remedies have failed, and the patient dies, it is all laid to his want of skill. I have come to think that even our every-day physicians are living martyrs to the cause of our suffering humanity. I now say, let them have their fees, round as they are; and more, the sympathies of the people who have their portion of the 'ills flesh is heir to.'

"By the way, I think this word 'heir' is in most cases out of place. It intimates that disease comes as inevitably as fate or the decrees. We bring upon ourselves by our own folly most of the 'ills' that flesh is pestered with. Living in malarious regions will bring agues; giving way to continual melancholy will bring on consumption; and they who fare sumptuously every day must expect to know what pains dyspepsia can conjure up; and they that will walk on paper-soled shoes will have colds; and colds are the progenitors of almost every kind of disease.

"I have a notion to deliver a set lecture some day on the *Laws of Health*. I shall hope, Mrs. Bantam, to have you in the audience."

"I perceive that our table reporter (or else his printer, which is most likely) has made several mistakes in reporting our colloquys.

"On page 343, April NATIONAL, we have: 'When one sits down to write knowing that the world is peaking in at the cracks he will be confounded, and, losing selfhood, will write magniloquently rapid!' I said 'magniloquently vapid!'

"Again, same page: 'But the great monopolizers laid hold of her, and she must

needs write up the list of that great paper.' I said 'The great monopolizer.'

"Once more, page 344: 'Pickwick set him up notes which came near laying him over.' I said, 'Pickwick set him up; Nates came near laying him over.' But these are trivial. Some one—the reporter, the editor, or the printer—deserves great credit for the accuracy of our table-talk as printed. It is no fine thing to be mangled in print. Let all concerned beware."

CHINESE CHARMS.

THE admiral of the British fleet, previous to the bombardment of the city of Canton, announced his determination to discountenance and prevent all looting or plundering, both as demoralizing and as subversive of the discipline that is essentially necessary to success. Yet, with becoming deference to the humane intentions of this general order, seamen, soldiers, and officers of both services will loot, and most probably the highest functionary on the spot, down to the lowest camp-follower, did loot. Were there not so many ten thousand dollars, and so many bars of silver, carried off in triumph (as prize) for her majesty's coffers? Be this as it may, both officers and soldiers on the spot managed to pocket a variety of little curiosities, many of which must be explained to them under the ambiguous heading given above of Chinese Charms; for, in all probability, up to this hour they are ignorant of what those valuable knick-knacks really are.

It is a well-known fact that there are official astrologers, appointed by the court of Pekin, to divine as to the fit time for marriage, shaving, bathing, or starting on a journey, etc., and to notify them in each year's imperial almanac.

It is not surprising, then, that with such august encouragement given to soothsaying, there should be found in China myriads of men and women adopting this as their profession, who are paid by the people for their advice as to the daily routine of life, the result of business speculations, the success of medical prescriptions, and so forth. And, of course, it will follow that the Chinese public of all classes put trust in auguries, and place an enormous value on magical spells and charms. This credulity of the populace is not connected with one special form of religion more than with another; for, from direct contact with the people, it will be found that Taouism, a native religion of China, and Boodhism, a foreign intruder into China, both have contributed their share to pamper that passion for mystery, and that belief in invisible powers, by which the ignorant seek to explain inexplicable phenomena, and to frame excuses or to seek consolations for their individual misfortunes.

But the tangible charms which, we presume, among other Canton prizes have fallen into the hands of our brave countrymen, may probably be arranged under two classes—the precatory, and the deprecatory. Of these, the latter is the more popular. They include every variety of magical invention for warding off sickness, disease, calamity, fire, and demoniacal possessions. We can select only a few, substituting English names for Chinese, with a word or two in explanation.

"The cash-sword" is made of a large number of old copper coins, strung together in the shape of a rude sword, and kept straight by a piece of iron running through the whole length. It is supposed to have great effect in frightening away ghosts and evil spirits, and in hastening the recovery of sick people. It may be found chiefly in houses where persons have suffered violent deaths, or have committed suicide; and not unfrequently it is hung up by the bedside of inner-rooms. As the copper coins may have been cast under the reigns of different monarchs, it is imagined that the presence of the several sovereigns will afford a guarantee against misfortune of any kind.

"An old brass mirror" may often be observed in the chief apartments of rich people; standing there for the purpose of enticing away foul and malignant demons. The notion prevails that it has the virtue of healing any one who may have become mad at the sight of a fiend. The demoniac has only to look at himself in the brazen mirror, and he is immediately cured of his ailment.

There is also "the Han jade-stone:" Of this the story goes that, under the Han dynasty, (that is, about the opening of the present era,) when a wealthy person died, each of his mourning friends dropped "a jade-stone" into his coffin: and, at this date, should any one be fortunate enough to obtain one of these rare buried jades,

he may consider himself secure from the power of devils and the fury of fire.

"The jade-stone seal" is something analogous; but is used principally as a guard against sudden fright. Very frequently it is worn by infants as frontlets or armlets, to show if the child be well or ill; the former being indicated by the clean appearance of the stone, the latter by a dark shade. Short, pithy sentences are sometimes cut upon them.

There is also "a peach charm." On the first of the new year a sprig of peach blossoms is stuck up over the door of the house, saying to the vile spirits that roam about creation, "Hitherto shall ye come, but no further." Yet one of their own poets has said: "If your own thoughts be free from impurity, of what need is this peach-charm?"

"The tiger's claw," real, artificial, or pictorial, is another common charm against sudden starts and frights.

"A three-cornered spell" is a paper with magical letters fancifully written upon it, folded in a triangular shape, and sewed on people's dresses, to ward off sickness and spirits. Every temple has a good supply of this cheap article, and there is a great run upon it. The paper generally is yellow; the writing is of red ink, and, to add due importance to the fragment, it is stamped with the temple-seal. Many are used as cures for the sick, by being burned and having the ashes thrown into a medical liquid, which compound draught is quaffed by the patient.

It has been said above, that they have also appendages of a felicitous or hopeful class. Such is "the Hundred-family Lock." A father has a son and heir born to him, and his best wish for his offspring is, that he may enjoy a long and a happy life. So he goes the round of his personal friends, to obtain from one hundred separate individuals, each three or four small copper coins, called cash. With this collection he purchases a neat lock, which he hangs round his child's neck, for the purpose of locking him to life; and it is presumed that these one hundred contributors will stand security for the child's reaching a good old age. There is the "neck-ring lock," likewise used for the same object, both by grown women and children.

Gourds made of copper, or of the wood of those people's coffins who have attained old age, are worn as charms for longevity; the former are slung round the neck, the latter round the wrist. This fancy is traced to the tradition that, in ancient days, gourd-bottles were carried by old men on their backs.

In Chinese houses, in collections of old furniture, in their carvings, and in their pictures, the peach figures very prominently. It is another charm for long life, called "Longevity peach."

A fabulous animal, which goes by the name Ke-lin, is believed to have appeared at the birth of Confucius and other sages. The body resembles that of the deer, the tail that of the ox, and it has only one horn; but its nature is said to be tame and kind. An image of this fabulous creature, or its picture, is worn by children as a bespeaking of great and good luck. Often a figure or painting of this unicorn is met with, presenting a child. This form is particularly respected by married people who wish or expect to be blessed with clever children.

Phylacteries are in common use with the more religious orders. These consist chiefly of tiny girdle books, and slips of paper, which are stitched up in different parts of the dress, or slung on the belt, or pasted on the walls and doors. They seem to contain Sanscrit or Thibetan words, much in use in Buddhist writings. Besides these talismans in writing, there are different forms of the three characters which the Chinese use to represent the grand total of good luck; Fuh, family increase; Luh, official emolument; Show, long life; to carry either or all of these about the person, or to have them in the house in pictures and wall-scrolls, is considered remarkably lucky, and predicative of certain felicity.

Such superstitious and romantic notions have their counterpart in the absurd and grotesque fancies that still lurk among the people of Great Britain; for example, the finding and nailing up of a horse-shoe, etc. And, as to the practice of divination in China by the Fung-shuy, or wind and water doctors, their functions differ little from those of the witches and wizards who, to this day, are not without influence in the ruder districts of Great Britain, and whose supernatural knowledge of events is firmly believed in by a considerable portion of the agricultural population.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF THE "FARMER'S BOY."

DR. CHANNING says: "Let us learn to regard manual toil as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits have toiled at the workbench and the plow."

A large majority of those men who have obtained enviable notoriety in the world of science, philosophy, or letters, have, by the force of genius and indomitable, persistent toil, risen from an humble position to their towering height. Quintius Cincinnatus rose from the plow to the governorship of ancient Rome. Arcaces, the founder of the Parthian empire, during youth and early manhood was engaged in the humble calling of a mechanic. Massaniello, a Neapolitan fisherman, pushed his way up to the generalship of an army of fifty thousand men. Zeno, the famous bishop of Constantine, rose to the largest diocese of his country, from the loom of a common weaver. The inventor of the spinning-frame, Sir Richard Arkwright, was in early and mature life, a barber. That giant among scholars, John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, spent his youth in the menial employment of a herdsman.

This list of men coming from the lowly walks of life, and filling the world with the renown of their genius, might be greatly extended. But these will suffice to show that poverty does not, by any necessary construction of that term, signify dunce, and that wealth and rank are no sure indication of superlative mental powers.

Coleridge says: "The shoemaker's trade has been followed by a greater number of eminent men than any other branch of mechanical employment." The following list of distinguished names belonging to the craft would seem to give confirmation to Coleridge's remark. St. Crispin, the patron saint of shoemakers, embraced and preached the Christian faith in perilous times, and in dying, sealed that faith with a martyr's blood. Linnæus was the founder of the science of botany. David Pareus was a distinguished professor of theology at Heidelberg, Germany. Joseph Peredal, a profound and distinguished scholar, died but a few years ago at Gray's Buildings, London. Hans Sachs was one of the most famous of the early poets. Benedict Baddouth was one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century. Holcroft, the author of the Critic and other works; Gifford, mathematician and poet, and founder of the celebrated London Quarterly Review, who was interred among England's great men in Westminster Abbey; Cloudesley Shovel who obtained a baronetcy, and became lord high admiral of England; Fox, the founder of the sect called Quakers, an author and a preacher of great repute; John Brand, secretary of the London Antiquary Society, and author of several learned works; Winckelmann, the learned German antiquary; Lackington, the millionaire, London bookseller; Roger Sherman, the jurist, judge, mayor, and statesman, one of the signers, and one of the drafters of the Declaration of American Independence; Carey, the missionary, the author, and translator; John Pounds, the real founder of the ragged school; Henry Wilson, of the United States Senate; and though last, not least, the subject of this paper, Robert Bloomfield, the immortal author of "The Farmer's Boy." Surrounded by such a grand galaxy of renowned names that have been more or less associated with the sedentary pursuit of sewing, pegging, and hammering together separate scraps of leather, we should suppose none would be ashamed of his calling who is a lineal descendant of St. Crispin.

As a poet, Robert Bloomfield must not be classed with such resplendent minds as Shakspeare, Milton, Young, Pollock, Byron, etc., each of whom differs greatly from the others, and all of whom are much more *admired* than *read*. Bloomfield had no towering imagination, leading him to indulge in "flights of fancy" far beyond the reach of mortal vision. But, like Bunyan, Goldsmith, Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Sigourney, etc., he thought and wrote to charm the million. And hence, while the works of those imperial poets, got up in gilded purple, may simply adorn the center tables of their would-be *literate* owners, answering no other purpose there than that performed by the polished ornaments standing on the parlor mantle-shelf, the *Farmer's Boy*, like the inimitable productions of the "immortal dreamer," will continue for centuries to be the delight and idol of all classes, tastes, and ages. Bloomfield is nature's child. His paintings are transcripts of nature's landscapes, human feelings and

experiences, and life's daily occurrences. Hence arises the fact that no one in possession of a pair of human eyes, a couple of human ears, a human soul, and a human routine of life's duties, trials, and enjoyments, can read our author with other than delightful emotions. That Bloomfield wrote for the "common people," himself distinctly affirms:

No deed of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse;
The roaring cataract, the snow-topp'd hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still;
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies:
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O, point these raptures! bid my bosom glow!

* * o * * *

Live trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckon'd as his cares and woes;
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own;
Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.

The biography of our hero is that of the literary class in general. Poor parentage, humble social condition, high aspirations, "pursuit of knowlege under difficulties," literary powers, undaunted perseverance, a seedy coat, a garret-home, coarse fare, a cold world's neglect, unrequited toil, life-long penury, a pauper's death and burial, and the unbounded admiration, and unmeasured laudation of posterity! We should not be under the necessity of deviating far from the most literal construction of the foregoing terms in giving a six lines obituary of the subject of the present sketch. The strongest objection might be urged against the remark that our poet had to await the discernment of posterity to appreciate his genius and merits.

A brief outline of a few of the most prominent epochs in the life of "the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl," may not be unacceptable to the readers of THE NATIONAL.

Robert Bloomfield was born in Suffolk, England, in that most memorable year in the history of this country, 1776. When but a year old he became fatherless. As an effort for the maintenance of six children, his widowed mother opened a school. This school must have been of an humble grade; for, at the age of seven years, Robert received his first instruction in writing by attendance at another school in Ipworth. Here he graduated, for the three months spent under the writing-master completed his term of schooling. At the age of eleven he became a "farmer's boy," by being received into the family of Mr. Austin, his mother's brother. It was here, doubtless, that he commenced, amid congenial scenery and employment, those mental operations which resulted in the production of the great poem which has immortalized his name. But, either from lack of generosity or want of ability, the only remuneration Mr. Austin made for his little nephew's services on the farm was his board. Such payment might have been ample compensation for the feeble services a stripling boy could render, but the indigent circumstances of the mother made it necessary that her son should not only be fed, but also clothed by other hands than her own.

Mrs. Bloomfield's two oldest sons were at this time carrying on the business of shoemaking in London. She wrote them in reference to taking their youngest brother under their care, and providing for his support. Though poor themselves, being dutiful and affectionate sons, they promptly returned an affirmative response to the maternal appeal. George, the elder of the two, engaged to initiate Robert into St. Crispin's art, while the younger brother generously pledged himself to clothe little brother Robert.

The widow now accompanied her darling boy to the great city, for she dared not intrust him during such a journey, and to such a place, into any other hands than her own. The good woman, on delivering her *protégé* into the hands of his guardians, charged them, "as they regarded a mother's blessing, to set a good example for him, and *never forget that he had lost his father*."

Robert had already contracted a strong passion for reading. Three quarters of a century ago books, especially juvenile literature, were not so plentiful or cheap as now. The poor boy's supply of reading matter had thus far been on quite a limited scale. Nor were his brothers able, in a direct way, to augment that supply. But the printed page was put into the hands of the knowledge-thirsty lad by means quite singular. The brothers being single men were, with two journey-

men they employed, domiciled in very humble bachelor quarters. A garret, in Bell Alley, Coleman-street, answered to them the treble purpose of workshop, dormitory, and dining-room. Robert being errand-boy, fetched the dinner for the four men and boy from a cook's shop near by. Accompanying the plates which bore the food, were as many pots of porter. The mugs being drained of their contents, were called for by a boy from the public house, who would bring with him the previous day's paper. Until Robert's coming among them, the four young men had taken turns in reading the paper aloud. Now Robert was installed perpetual reader.

But unlooked-for obstacles beset the path of our youthful aspirant. In the columns of the daily journal "words of learned length" presented themselves before him, the signification of which was above his comprehension. But a desideratum was at hand. One day the elder brother, in his street rambles, met with an old and well-worn dictionary, which he purchased, and presented to the young reader. Rarely has the greedy worldling been more elated with his good fortune, when suddenly and unexpectedly announced as heir to a princely estate, than was our ardent student on becoming proprietor of this fourpenny-lexicon.

But in some journeys the "hill difficulty" is frequently looming up before the traveler. Robert's progress in the pursuit of knowledge was by no means over one continuous enchanted plain. He soon made the discovery that to obtain a correct definition of words, and to know how to pronounce those words correctly, were two different affairs. Fortunately for the lad in this extremity, he had been well trained to the good old-fashioned practice of regular attendance upon the public religious services of the Sabbath. The fame of a deservedly noted metropolitan preacher attracted the youth to his place of worship. The Rev. Mr. Fawcet excelled in the use of choice language, and in pronunciation he was generally admitted to be good authority. Under such a teacher Robert found himself in a good school for a desirable acquisition; nor was he slow to profit by his advantages.

Another circumstance occurred about this time, which touched the latent spark of our hero's true genius. His brother George had become a reader of the *London Magazine*, and, as a matter of course, he shared such delicious fare with his *protégé*. Now every reader has his peculiar taste. Robert's bent was always in the immediate direction of the "poet's corner." Even a careless looker-on might have perceived that there was a warm sympathy between the poet and his youthful reader. Aspiration was fired; the latent embers were enkindled; there were soon a glowing and bright scintillation emitted in the form of measured, chiming lines, which were shown to the kindly elder brother, who so far approved the manuscript he read, as to advise its author to "try if our paper will give you a place in the poet's corner." He did "try." The musings were accepted, and duly appeared. We will not try to describe Robert's internal emotions of surprise, joy, encouragement, resolve, anticipations of future renown, etc., while with nervous fingers he held the sheet, and with almost tear-blinded vision and palpitating heart he read, and re-read his own warm effusions in the "poet's corner."

The judgment of able editors had confirmed his own convictions that his Creator had endowed him with true poetic genius. He set himself with resolute intent to cultivate the gift within him.

But the conviction is strong within him that the effusions of his brain are deserving more permanent and enduring record than that afforded in the columns of the common newspaper. Conscious of the possession of the "gift Divine," he forwards to the editors of the *London Magazine* specimens of the cogitations of his "inborn power." He has not miscalculated his powers, for the judgment of those able editors rejoices to number the unknown shoemaker's apprentice among its able contributors to the poet's departments of that popular magazine.

Passing by brief intervals of time, and not staying to notice minor pieces from our poet's pen, we hasten to notice certain circumstances and incidents attendant upon the production, publication, and career of the masterpiece of his genius—the great poem which created the halo that, for generations to come, will surround the name of Robert Bloomfield.

When about eighteen years of age Robert made the acquaintance of a man of the name of Kaye. Mr. Kaye was a man of some literary taste, and had made,

for those times, quite a collection of books. Among these were some choice volumes of poetry, as Milton's "Paradise Lost," Thomson's "Seasons," etc. The perusal of these afforded the youth a most delicious feast. But the "Seasons" were his favorite. These he read with a perfect enthusiam. It is not improbable they suggested the plan, in four distinct parts, of the "Farmer's Boy." But this mechanical arrangement is the only point of resemblance between the two poems.

Another circumstance, we think, contributed no small share to the forthcoming work. When Bloomfield had about completed his eighteenth year he made a visit of some two months to his beautiful, rural native county, the home of his early youth. Here he again trod the vale, climbed the steep, ascended the mountain, and drank in to his soul's repletion of nature's surrounding beauties. Here he again gave delighted ear to the murmuring stream, the song of the ascending lark, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the lambs, the hum of busy insect tribes, the song of the merry milkmaid, and the rough, honest jokes of the plow-boy. Here he inhaled the sweet odor of the new-made hay, the rich clover, the wild flowers of the vale, and the cultivated flowers of the garden. Strange indeed that such a soul, so filled, so overpowered with nature's beauties, should return to the overgrown and bustling metropolis, sit down in the stinted garret, and, amid the din and clatter of the cordwainer's hammer, give birth to poetic effusions rarely equaled.

We have no certain means of information as to the length of time the "Farmer's Boy" was in contemplation or preparation. It was probably the result of several years of continuous or intermitted mental toil. Bloomfield's biographers inform us that he *composed and committed to memory about six thousand lines* ere he committed anything to paper. Either of these, composing or committing, were most astonishing feats to be performed even under the most favorable circumstances, but especially so to have been performed amid the din of hammers, and "confusion of tongues" which belong to the daily routine of a fraternity of cobblers.

But, the "Farmer's Boy" is at length completed; and being transferred from the author's mind to paper, now presents itself in manuscript form, ready for the publisher's acceptance, the printer's types, the public's judgment and patronage. But where shall the publisher be found? Who will incur the risk of offering to the reading public the cogitations of an unknown cobbler's brain? Ah! there's the rub. But our unsophisticated and sanguine author goes forth manuscript in hand, intent upon finding a publisher of sufficient discernment to determine when an article of sterling value and intrinsic worth is presented for his acceptance.

And now commence, in painful earnest, the trials of an author's life; right on the threshold of his first real effort to apprise the world of the fact that he is a favorite disciple of the goddess of song. The poem is offered to several publishers, but all, in rapid succession, refuse to publish it. It is offered on very low terms; but none are found sufficiently adventurous or daring to speculate in the more than doubtful property of an indigent mechanic's mental cogitations. The editor of the *Monthly Magazine* has furnished us with the following account of the crestfallen Bloomfield's visit to his office:

> He brought his poem to our office, and though his unpolished appearance, his coarse handwriting, and wretched orthography afforded no prospect that his production could be printed, yet he found attention by his repeated calls, and by the humility of his expectations, which were limited to half a dozen copies of the Magazine. At length, on his name being mentioned where a literary gentleman particularly conversant in rural economy happened to be present, the poem was finally examined, and its general aspect excited the risibility of that gentleman in so pointed a manner, that Bloomfield was called into the room, and exhorted not to waste his time and neglect his employment in making vain attempts, and particularly in treading on ground which Thomson had sanctified. His earnestness and confidence, however, led the editor to advise him to consult his countryman, Mr. Capel Lofft, of Troxton, to whom he gave him a letter of introduction. On his departure the gentleman present warmly complimented the editor on his sound advice which he had given the poor fellow, and it was naturally conceived that an industrious man was thereby likely to be saved from a ruinous infatuation.

Such, then, was the judgment of the able editor of the most popular magazine in the world, and of "a literary gentleman," upon a production which was to give extended renown and enduring fame to its "unpolished" author. Great men sometimes err. The *literati* do not al-

ways discover the fact that there is wrapped up in "coarse handwriting"

Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

"The poor fellow" was not the first of his class whom kindly-intentioned men, priding themselves on their *literary acumen*, had tried by their "sound advice" to save from a ruinous infatuation. Henry Reed says:

It is not to be questioned that there is a right judgment, a sound taste, and a sickly taste. There are opinions which we may hold with a most entire conviction of their truth, an absolute and imperious self-confidence, and a judicial assurance that the contradictory truths are errors. There is a poetry, for instance, of which a man may both know and feel not only that it gives poetic gratification to himself, but that it cannot fail to produce a like effect on every well-constituted and well educated mind. When an English critic, Rymer, some hundred and fifty years ago, disloyal in his folly, pronounced the tragical part of Othello to be plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savor; when Voltaire scoffed at the tragedy of Hamlet as a gross and barbarous piece, which would not be tolerated by the vilest rabble of France or Italy, likening it (I give his own words) to the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage; when Steevens, an editor of Shakspeare, said that an act of Parliament would not be strong enough to compel the perusal of the sonnets and other minor poems of the bard; when Dr. Johnson remarked that Paradise Lost might be read as a duty, but could not be as a pleasure, and pronounced a sweeping condemnation on Milton's incomparable Lycidas; when, in our own day, a Scotch critic, Lord Jeffrey, declared of Wordsworth's majestic poem, the Excursion, that it would never do; in each of these opinions I know, as anybody may, with a confidence not short of demonstration, that there was gross and grievous falsehood.

Bloomfield did "feel" that his production "not only" gave "poetic gratification to himself," but that it could not, nor should "it fail to produce a like effect on every well-educated mind." This conviction was to him as a coat of mail against the sharpened daggers of literary critics, envenomed scorn, or (*un*) "sound advice." It was this unshaken conviction of the God-imparted possession of resplendent poetic genius that carried him to Mr. Lofft, who patiently waded through "coarse" manuscript and "wretched orthography," and in so doing did not fail to discover the true germ which lay hidden beneath such rude exterior. Mr. Lofft succeeded in procuring the sale of the manuscript to Messrs. Vernon and Hood for nearly two hundred and fifty dollars.

Our publishers soon found that their fifty pounds' investment was a shrewd business transaction. When the poem was published it was universally pronounced to be the great poem of the day. The demand for it was clamorous; its sale was tremendous; not less than twenty-five thousand. This was an almost unprecedented circulation for those days. The profits on its sale were such that the publishers, unsolicited, gave Bloomfield two hundred pounds in addition to the price of purchase.

We will not attempt to describe the joy of our poet on thus obtaining his just meed of admiration; finding himself almost in the first rank in his own proper department of an elegant, pleasing, and refining branch of literature. "A stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." Nor may we attempt to depict the chagrin over loss of funds and forfeiture of reputation for literary acumen of those editors, publishers, and "literary gentlemen," whose "risibilities" had been so funnily "excited" over the "coarse handwriting" and "wretched orthography" submitted to their inspection.

When we first commenced this sketch it was our intention to have scattered brief quotations from the "Farmer's Boy" at intervals along our path. But, on second thought, we concluded it was best to refer the reader's attention to the unmutilated piece, for it requires more poetic taste and judgment than we posses to make quotations of surpassing beauty from a production every line of which is so exquisitely beautiful.

The pecuniary or social reward which the "Farmer's Boy" brought its author was far beneath that to which he was so justly entitled. The learned, the noble, and the rich made him a few presents, some of which were of intrinsic value. Through the intercession of the Duke of Grafton a small annuity was settled on him, and a situation, uncongenial either to his taste or constitution, was procured for him in the seal office, which failing health soon compelled him to relinquish, when he returned to his former vocation of shoemaking. A nervous affection and lowness of spirits hastened his career to the grave. He died in August, 1823, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Perhaps Professor Wilson is too severe in his reflections upon England's treatment

of her distinguished literary men in the following remarks:

What did England do for her own Bloomfield? He was not, in genius, to be spoken of in the same year with Burns; but he was the best poet that had arisen, produced by England's lower classes. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. The "Farmer's Boy" is a wonderful poem, and will live in the poetry of England. Did England then keep Bloomfield in comfort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave? No. He had given him, by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other, most uncongenial with all his nature and all his habits, of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family the bare necessaries of life. He thus dragged out for many long years a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by the narrowest circumstances, and all the while Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with bitter taunts, the patronage that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an exciseman. Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own five pounds, how many purse-strings were untied? how much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue. Shame shuffles the sum out of sight, for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave.

It was no easy matter to deal lightly with such a man as Burns. In those disturbed and distracted times still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good, and much more was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power, for looking on him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable, and blameless life. Easy, indeed, would it have been to make him happy, but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead; and when he died, did England mourn over him, or after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone? No. He dropped into the grave with no other lament we ever heard of, but a few copies of poorish verses in some of the annuals, and seldom or never now does one hear a whisper of his name. O fie! well may the white rose blush red, and the red rose turn pale. Let England, then, leave Scotland to her shame about Burns; and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover her face with both her hands, and confess that it was pitiful.

TRAVELING IN INDIA.

A FEW months ago I started from Dacca, once the capital of Bengal, on a visit to Chittagong, a district which forms the southeastern extremity of the Bengal Presidency, and which has recently acquired an unenviable notoriety as the scene of one of the latest Sepoy mutinies and murders. The journey had to be performed partly by water and partly by land, so that both a palanquin and a boat had to be provided. When all things were ready, I repaired to the ghaut where my boat was waiting, and about midnight we started, having been detained by a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which swept over Dacca that night with terrific violence. I found an excellent bed with musquito curtains, kindly provided for me in my boat, so I soon turned in; the splashing of the oars in the Buree Gunga, or Old Ganges, lulled me to sleep, and the tide and the wakeful efforts of my boatmen carried me along.

I awoke early next morning, and had time and opportunity to mark the arrangements made for my conveyance and comfort. The deputy-magistrate of Moonshegunge had very generously sent me his guard-boat to take me to Doudcondy. It was a long, light, native boat, with a mat chopper, or cover, above, having two rooms fitted up with every convenience, and sixteen Bengalee boatmen to ply the oars. My palanquin was placed in front, and all my gear was arranged around me. This is the land of broad rivers and streams, which in the rainy season swell into seas; and on the smooth bosom of one of these splendid rivers we were gliding onward, when I came out in the early morn to view the scene and observe our progress. The sky was unsettled; dark, rolling, threatening clouds were flitting across the heavens. The morning was hazy, hot, oppressive, and uncomfortable. The tide was now against us, and my men were tired with their night's toil. We made but little way; so I was glad to land and walk on the shore, leaving my boat to wind its weary course round the churs and sand-banks which so abound at that season of the year in these broad majestic streams.

After a fatiguing walk I reached Moonshegunge, and was most kindly received by the deputy-magistrate. His house was a singular residence, an old fort, built in years gone by to defend these parts from the hostile incursions of the Mughs from Arracan. A winding path leads to its approach. You ascend a flight of steps, broad, massy, hoary with age, some parts crumbling to pieces, yet all neat and tidy, with splendid aloes on each step, and bearing marks all round of the taste and talent of the enterprising Resident. You pass under a venerable archway, where numer-

ous prolific Oriental trees entwine their roots, stems, and branches in a way most fantastic and picturesque. You enter a court where tame rabbits, beautiful birds, a splendid cockatoo, arms and armor, and numerous curiosities attract your attention. The rooms were all well enough for a bachelor, living here alone far from any European society; but his verandah and the panoramic view from thence were sublime. The verandah formed three quarters of a circle, all around decorated with rare plants and sweet flowers, displaying the gorgeous charms of an Indian flora. Below were rich cultivated rice-fields, where I saw the ryot, the native cultivator of the soil, actually manuring his land, a rare thing in India. Here and there were native villages, and clumps of trees, the mango, the tamarind, the cocoa, and the palm; and an immense expanse of water, cut into numerous channels by Nature's caprice; and boats of all sizes and shapes, passing hither and thither, as far as the eye could reach. Had there been only mountains with snowy peaks as the boundary beyond, the scene had been perfect. The visit was a rich treat; but soon I had to embark and pursue my solitary journey. The wind rose and became dead against us. We several times stuck fast on sand-banks, which are very numerous in these rivers, and very dangerous in a storm. The boat dashes upon them suddenly, sticks fast, the waves beat over you till the frail bark goes to pieces; thus many every year are lost. Through mercy, though the wind was high and contrary, we had no storm, and reached Doudcondy as the sun began to sink in the west.

When nearing the shore my boatmen beat their donga, a kind of rude native drum, to announce our approach, and, at the same time, to intimate that it was no common boat that was drawing nigh, but one belonging to a magistrate-saheb, as no boats but those connected in some official way with the Company Sirdar may beat a drum. My palkee-bearers were ready and waiting for me on the bank of the river, my dâk having been laid from this place to Chittagong. No house was visible, except a native hut or two in the distance, almost hid by the dense jungle that abounded in this region of dreary isolation from the busy haunts of men. My palkee was landed, and all my little stores, and my boatmen were made uncommonly *kushie* (greatly delighted) with the *chout buckshees*—the rather liberal gratuity I felt bound to give them, since their master, with true Indian generosity, had let me have his boat and boatmen free of any charge whatever. This is only a specimen of the genuine, generous kindness Europeans always meet with from their brother exiles in India, in whatever part of that vast land they may happen to meet. In a little while my baggage was stowed outside and inside my palkee; my bearers took their places before and behind; my mussalshee lighted his torch, as the shades of evening were rapidly gathering round us; and when all was ready to start I threw myself into my little box, to be carried jog, jog, jogging along, for two whole nights and a day, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. I made myself as snug as I could in my confined abode; mused much on the past and the future; committed myself to the protection of Him who alone can keep us safe "in the wide waste, or in the city full;" and, after a time, dropped to sleep.

When the morning dawned I was in the neighborhood of Tipperah, a part of the country under an independent rajah, a great hunting region, where wild elephants especially abound, and whence the elephants belonging to the East India Company are obtained. I got out and walked, as it was a splendid morning, and the sleep you can get in a palkee is not very refreshing. A few biscuits and oranges, which I had with me, were my breakfast. I felt grateful I had passed over the great and dangerous River Megna in safety, and that I had the prospect of getting a government steamer to take me from Chittagong to Calcutta; so that this, I trusted, was to be the last of my traveling by dâk in a palkee, which to most persons is always tedious and trying. However, on we went. The country became more and more interesting. On my left the Tipperah hills ranged in the distance, and the plains right and left seemed tolerably well cultivated. About noon my bearers set down my palkee in the midst of a large native bazaar. I had reserved liberty in arranging my dâk to remain quiet two hours during the heat of the day, and this was the place where I was to rest. A kind friend in Dacca—another proof of considerate kindness among Europeans in India—had furnished me with a patent apparatus for

making one cup of hot coffee, and I thought I could not better improve my "leisure hour" during this halt than by putting the usefulness of this article to the test. When I came out of my palkee, the natives busy at the bazaar flocked round me to gaze at the stranger saheb. I looked around for a place of shelter from the burning rays of the noonday sun, and saw an old, empty, dilapidated native hut, walls and roof transparent, no door or window of course, and the floor in keeping with the rest of the tottering structure. Thither I went, and there I proposed to prepare my coffee. When the group of natives around saw me advance to take possession of this miserable hovel, one of them very considerately and kindly ran for a broom, and swept tolerably clean as much of it as he thought I might need or use. I tried to sit down on the mud floor, but could not without considerable discomfort. I therefore said to the gaping crowd, in Bengalee, "Choukee assé ki na?"—"Have you got a seat of any kind?" One immediately said, "Ha, saheb," and ran and fetched a mora, a low seat made of wickerwork, which I very thankfully received, evidently to the great enjoyment of the whole company. I then produced and fitted up my apparatus, set fire to my spirit-lamp, and after a very short time capital coffee began to distill into my cup. At my request, another native brought me some milk, and with my biscuits I fared well, and enjoyed my repast much.

Ere long my bearers were all ready, and I started again. The day was peculiarly hot and trying, cooped up as I was in my palkee, and the sun beating on its slender cover; but a strong breeze helped me somewhat. Many were my musings, many my short naps, during the day, for the jolting of the bearers was such that I never could read with comfort when journeying by palkee dâk. Nothing particular transpired till my bearers set me down again in the midst of another large market. We came to a dead halt in the very heart of the bazaar. There I was on the ground, lying stretched in my palkee, among hundreds of wondering natives of Bengal, men, women, and children. They gazed with such amazement at me as showed that Europeans were very rarely seen traveling thus in this part of the country. The usual mode is to go all the way from Dacca to Chittagong by water; to save time I went by land. I arose, came out, stood erect; then said to them in their own tongue, "Come, see; here I am; look at me! come, look as much as you please." They smiled, and drew near. They brought me some beautiful plantains for sale, a very pleasant fruit, somewhat like an over-ripe pear; I bought the whole, and distributed them among the children around, greatly to the delight of all, especially the boys. A few picé, a small copper coin, were given me back as change when I paid for the plantains; the whole of these pice, amounting only to a few pence, I scattered among the crowd; their wonder knew no bounds. A little kindness to the natives I always found to go a great way; thus I gained their confidence, and left a good impression behind me.

In the afternoon we had to cross a river called the Fenny; palkee, bearers, myself, baggage, and all were obliged to do it in a canoe made of the trunk of a tree. The river was broad, but smooth as a pond; and we got over beautifully, narrow and frail though our barge undoubtedly was. While crossing, as was my wont, I conversed with my native bearers. "What mountains are these?" said I, pointing to the left. They gave me a name I did not catch; but one said, "Tigers and elephants are there, and wild men, too, who eat men." "Ah!" said I, "why do you tell me that? Will they come and eat me, a lonely stranger in your strange land? Have *I* cause to fear?" "O no, saheb," they all cried out; "fear not." And to lay my anxiety completely at rest, one said, "They never come into the Company Sirdar's territory." Having thus secured their attention I talked with them on matters likely to do them good.

After crossing the Fenny I walked a good way for exercise, talking with my bearers. They told me there was a very holy place near, called Seetakoond, where thousands and thousands of pilgrims assembled at their great Hindoo festivals. I asked why these crowds of pilgrims met there? "O!" they said, "there is a thackoor at Seetakoond, a muhadeo, a great god. "A great god!" I said; "what is he like? Has he hands?" "No," they said. "Feet?" "No." "Eyes?" No." "What, then, is he like?" I asked. "Pathur," a stone, they answered. "A stone!" I said; "a stone

cannot be God; a stone is God's workmanship, not himself; as this staff in my hand is *mine*, not *me*."

God, I told them, was in heaven; he sees all, knows all, hears all; he can help, save, and destroy; and taught them, as I best could, about the true God and Jesus Christ, whom he had sent. When pointing out the folly of idolatry, one of my poor bearers said, evidently with much feeling, in great sincerity, "Ah! saheb, of all God's creatures *we* must be the guddahs" (the donkeys) "to believe in such superstitions." "No," I said, "you are not donkeys. Were I to speak to a guddah as I am speaking to you it could not understand one word. You *do* understand all I say. You have mind; employ it; you have conscience; you know what is good, and what is evil; what is right, and what is wrong. Flee the one; follow the other; seek God; put your trust in Christ, not in Krishnu, and he will save you." In conversation like this many a weary hour passed pleasantly and profitably during my wanderings in India.

Night was now coming on apace once more. I felt somewhat anxious at this part of the journey, seeing a native keeping up with my palanquin, now before and now behind, and talking, as I thought, rather suspiciously with some of my bearers. It was a most lonely, unfrequented road, no European within a great distance, and I did not know but mischief might be brewing. Others had been attacked; why might not I? I had no weapon but my walking-stick and umbrella; and, thanks to a gracious Providence, even these I needed not as a defense. All went on well; the poor native was keeping up with me I found, as a protection for himself while traveling this lonesome district. I felt sorry I had wronged the poor man with my suspicious thoughts, though I had not betrayed them in words or in action.

About eight at night we came to the only traveler's bungalow on this road. All along the great trunk road from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces there are dâk bungalows, rest-houses, kept up by government, where travelers can rest and refresh themselves. They are placed at eight or ten miles' distance from each other. Here servants, and provisions, and sleeping-cots, and bathing-rooms are ready for all comers. Each traveler pays a rupee, say two shillings, which goes to keep up the bungalow, and then you pay, in addition, the servants for your provisions and attendance. In a country where there are no inns, and often no houses whatever within reach, these rest-houses, or traveler's bungalows, are a great convenience. Between Dacca and Chittagong I found only one of these. Here I was glad to halt and take tea; and soon set out again on my dark, dreary way. All night I traveled onward, without once resting or leaving my palkee. We seemed to have many ups and downs, and passed many narrow frail bridges, the sides of my palkee often rubbing and sticking unpleasantly against the bamboo-posts, that sustained our whole weight, while crossing deep narrow gulleys and streams. About three in the morning we passed Seetakoond. The great mela, or festival, was then being held; pilgrims from all parts of India were there; thousands were thronging the road as we passed; a strange, exciting scene. On I went without stoping, longing for my journey's end. When the day dawned I left my palkee for my morning's walk. To my delight I found myself in a remarkably fine mountain-pass, and Chittagong just at hand. Soon I heard the sound of the sepoy's bugle calling the corps to early parade. Ere long I descried sentries doing duty on the summit of little hills, with which the country seemed studded as with gigantic sugar-loaves. Neat residences appeared perched all around, on the top of this hill, and that, and the other, round the base of which my bearers wound their way with great speed and pleasure, their journey and mine being about to terminate. I heard them calling out, "This is such a one's purbout;" "This is such a one's hill;" "This is such a saheb's house."

At length we ascended zig-zag a very steep hill, and I was at home in my good old friend's comfortable and hospitable abode. My last set of bearers, who had performed their work well, were dismissed delighted with good buckshees, and with equal delight I looked at my empty palkee. A hearty welcome, a refreshing bath, an excellent Indian breakfast, soon made me forget all the toils of the way. Here my wanderings terminated for a time, and I had ample opportunity for admiring the beauties of this charming station, and gaining information respecting this singular and important district of Bengal.

A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.

THE Revolutionary war is a mine of inexhaustible historical wealth. After all that has been done to develop its resources, new and rich veins are almost constantly being opened. Though the more prominent actors in that glorious struggle have already been more or less largely noticed by the pen of the historian, there are still other names equally worthy of historic record, which are unknown beyond a very limited circle. To rescue these names from oblivion, and to trace their connection with events of the deepest interest to the American people, so far as the thing can be done, should be regarded as a Christian no less than a patriotic duty. And if this duty be ever done at all, now is the time to do it. In a short period their memorial will have perished, or, more properly, the means of perpetuating it will have passed away.

The subject of this paper, KIRTLAND GRIFFIN, Esq., died a few years since in Paris, Oneida County, New-York, at a good old age, and with a reputation as untarnished as virtue itself. He was born in Guilford, Connecticut; and, on approaching the years of manhood, gave himself to the service of his country, and was posted as a private at Ticonderoga. The duties and privations of the place soon broke down his health, so that after about six months he was obliged to return home. Not content to remain there, however, while his assailed country was calling for help, and hoping that service at sea might operate favorably upon his exhausted energies, he enlisted on board of a privateer, then being fitted out at Marblehead. The cruise was successful, and several prizes of considerable value were taken and brought into port. Young Griffin now finding his health materially improved, and the time for which he enlisted having expired, proposed to return home again. But his services having been found valuable, he was urged to remain, and consented to do so. His vessel again put to sea in quest of prizes; but, instead of accomplishing its object, was itself taken. As it was moving before a slight breeze, night came on, attended by a dense fog. When morning dawned, and the fog had passed away, the crew were surprised to find themselves in dangerous proximity to a British man-of-war, the "None-Such," carrying ninety guns! Their only hope, a very slight one, was in escape. They made the attempt, but failed. The enemy saw them; and, as a summons to surrender, discharged first one gun before, and then one gun behind them. But, as they did not stop, another shot was fired into their rigging. Seeing now escape quite out of the question, and resistance entirely hopeless, they sorrowfully surrendered. They were accordingly taken on board the man-of-war and carried to England. While the None-Such was lying at anchor in Plymouth Sound, Griffin was a personal spectator of one of the most painful casualties that ever happened to the British Navy, the sinking of the Royal George.

Still on board the None-Such, Griffin and several of his fellow-prisoners were seized with small-pox, and, in consequence, taken on shore and put into a hospital. One of them, a young man from Massachusetts, in a state of mental derangement, brought on by the violence of the disease, jumped out of a window in the second story of the building; but was so little injured by the fall, that he walked into the house again ere he had been missed! He survived, however, only a few hours after this singular event. A tender incident connects itself with the history of this unfortunate young man. When he became a party to the privateering expedition just named, he left a special object of affection near the city of Boston; no doubt with the confident expectation of soon seeing her again. But, alas, here the poor fellow is, sick unto death, among strangers, in the land of his enemies; destined never again to look upon one whose love was so precious a boon! But his heart was true to the last; for, availing himself of the ready pen of his friend Griffin, who was now nearly restored to health, he bequeathed to the young lady in question his earthly all; and Griffin had the great pleasure, after his release from prison and return to the land of his fathers, of seeing the provisions of the will fully carried out.

As soon as young Griffin and his fellow-captives were in a condition to be removed, they were taken to "Mill Prison," situated somewhere in the interior, the precise *locale* of which it is, now and here, difficult to determine. The number of prisoners, embracing almost every intermediate age from fifteen up to forty, averaged

about three hundred and twenty. Their personal sufferings can hardly be imagined. Regarded rather as *rebels* than as prisoners of war, they were treated accordingly. For full one year and a half they were furnished with neither fuel nor light; while their bodies had no other clothing, either by day or by night, than such scanty apparel as they had chanced to bring with them. They slept upon a bed of straw. Even when sick they had nothing better. Their rations, often of the most despicable kind, were served to them only once a day, and in sufficient quantity for a single meal, which was generally taken about eleven o'clock, A.M. Poor as it was, their food was devoured with a relish which none but the starving will be able to comprehend. In after years our subject often remarked, that his sense of hunger really seemed to him to be more acute *after* he had eaten what was given him than it was before. No wonder, then, that the prisoners often resorted to what our readers will doubtless regard as nauseating expedients to satisfy the cravings of appetite. Their hunting grounds were the basis of their prison walls, and the under side of old bits of boards and pieces of decayed woods. Scouring the former they were, now and then, fortunate enough to circumvent and capture a stray *rat*, which they instantly dressed and devoured as a precious morsel. From the other they occasionally drew a *snail*, which they at once put upon such little fire as they were able to prepare for the purpose; and having in this way killed and cooked the hapless victim, they applied their lips to his shelly habitation, and sucked him thence with a gusto unknown to the pampered epicure, even when regaling himself upon the most palatable viands. In one instance their fortune was admirable; it amounted to a sort of triumph. A neighboring gentleman seemed to take great pleasure in making them frequent visits, for the purpose, as they thought, of tantalizing them. But even these unwelcome visits were turned to good culinary account. He was always accompanied by a remarkably fat little *dog*, to which he was apparently much attached; at least the dog was evidently much attached to him. The prisoners took pains to pet the little fellow, from time to time, as they had chance, until he began to be much pleased with their friendly attentions. At length they contrived to detain him till his master was gone, when he instantly fell a victim to the executioner's blade! The roast would have been capital, so Griffin was often heard to affirm, only the head and jaws *would* remind them, even in the midst of the otherwise dainty feast, that they were dining upon an odious, "unclean" quadruped.

But if some came to tantalize, others came to comfort them. *Personal* enemies they certainly were not, and it is not wonderful that they often had the most satisfactory proof that their sufferings elicited the tenderest sympathies of those who came to see them. Of one man in particular, Mr. G. was in the habit of speaking, even to the close of life, in terms of the deepest respect, affection, and gratitude. It was the Rev. Robert Heath, understood to be in connection with Mr. Wesley. This gentleman visited them regularly, did all he could to alleviate their sufferings, supplied them with useful reading, and, above all, ministered to their spiritual necessities. The following is a list of books he gave them, which we copy from a memorandum kept by young Griffin at the time: "A Bible; Hervey's Meditations, in 2 vols.; Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises; Watts's Lyric Poems; Milton's Paradise Lost; The British Youth's Instructor; The Letter Writer Instructed; A Guide for the Young; Burkitt's Help and Guide to Christian Families; Shower's Reflections on Time and Eternity." Certainly a very respectable library. Some of these books are still preserved in branches of the Griffin family. To the poor prisoners they were more precious than silver or gold; to some of them, indeed, more precious than even food, starving though they were. Griffin had a little more learning than most of his fellow-captives, and was, withal, a fine reader, in which character he was made very useful to them. Seated upon a naked beam a little above their heads, at one end of the prison, he read from these books for successive hours, to as attentive an audience as ever man had. In this way the entire Bible was read through more than once during the period of their imprisonment.

As they had no lights they hardly knew how to dispose of themselves during the long evenings of winter. Yankee ingenu-

ity, however, finally conquered the difficulty. A lamp was constructed by filling the cavity of a bone with such little pieces of fat as could be separated from the meat brought them for food; each one feeling himself solemnly bound, hungry as he was, to contribute all he could in this way to the common stock. The wick was, not unfrequently, supplied from the nether extremity of Griffin's body linen! Thus equipped, he would seat himself upon the beam aforesaid, a fellow-prisoner by his side to hold their unique lamp, and so spend a long, cold, winter evening in reading to their mutual comfort and profit. The school was a severe one; but who will undertake to say that it did not contribute largely to their permament advantage? Many a conceited baccalaureate has gone forth from his Alma Mater far less amply equipped for life's battle-field.

Here Griffin himself, under the instructions of his clerical friend, commenced a new life, and ever after witnessed a good confession. He was in the habit of looking back to Mill Prison, dreadful as were its sufferings, as to the turning point in his immortal destiny. Everything about it was almost sacred in his recollection. While there he solemnly promised, should he ever be the father of a son, that his name should be Robert Heath. The condition occurred, and the vow has been fulfilled. Robert Heath Griffin is now a prominent and well-known citizen of Oneida County.

After being in prison some time, they determined, Herculean as was the project, and destitute as they were of appliances, *to dig out*. To do this at all, and to do it without detection, was a task that taxed them to the uttermost. At length their plan was laid. Their dormitory was separated from the rest of the building by a partition; and directly under the door through which they passed in going from one apartment to the other, there was a platform, six or eight feet wide, and raised a foot or more from the ground. The plan was to begin under this platform, where the parties engaged would be quite out of sight. Only one could dig at a time; for the design was to open a tunnel barely large enough for a single human body to pass out. The work of excavation was accordingly commenced with a mere *bone* in the hand of the operator. When the dirt was loosened, it was passed from one hand to another, and carefully stowed away in the pockets of the prisoners. Once in twenty-four hours they were allowed to go outside the prison into the yard, with a view to exercise for an hour in the open air. While out they stealthily unloaded their pockets; stamping the dirt under foot, so that it could not be easily distinguished from the common earth, which was almost instantly done by so many feet. When let out from the dormitory the prisoners were carefully counted by an officer as they came through the door, which officer stood some yards distant, so as not to come into unpleasant and undignified proximity to these "rebels." When in an extreme part of the tunnel, these subterraneous excavators could not always get out in time to be counted; and that their absence might not be detected, the prisoners were careful to return into the dormitory through the insterstices of a grate that had been constructed on one side of the door, a sufficient number of boys or small men, who came round a second time to make the count satisfactory. Amid the crowd and bustle that necessarily attended the enumerating process this was easily done.

Slow and tedious as was the operation, at length the work was completed, and the prisoners prepared to leave. But when they got outside the prison they were astonished to find themselves in a gentleman's garden, surrounded by a wall only a little less formidable than that which inclosed the yard of the prison! Even this, however, they contrived to scale. The plan was simple. One prisoner stood upon the ground against the wall, and another, standing upon his shoulders, could reach the top of it and get up. Number two now took number one by the hands, and, with aid from below, raised him to the top of the wall. Number one then carefully let down number two outside the wall, and then turned to lift up number three, and so on. In this way about one hundred and twenty succeeded in getting out, when a painful accident suddenly arrested proceedings. So many persons getting over the wall had loosened a large stone at the top of it, which fell directly upon the chest of a poor fellow who had just been let down, and who was lying prostrate. The fall of the stone, and the groans of the injured man, attracted the attention of a neighbor-

ing sentinel; and soon the whole garrison was in motion. Their long confinement and poor living had rendered the prisoners incapable of speedy flight, and large numbers of them were soon recaptured. For the apprehension of the rest five pounds per head were offered, and within a few days all save twenty were returned to the prison. The latter number escaped, finally and irrecoverably; some in one direction, and some in another.

All who had attempted to escape were punished by confinement in a dungeon, which had been erected with a view to this sort of discipline within the yard of the prison. The gloom of the dungeon soon became intolerable, and they determined to have light. They had already learned to stand upon each other's shoulders; and now they grew so tall, that with their heads and hands they pushed off the roof of the dungeon, so as to let in light and air in great abundance. It is almost needless to say, that their jailors, ere long, judged it best to return them to their ordinary quarters.

The prisoners were ever and anon playing off some practical joke upon their keepers. They had both time and shrewdness enough to plan, and numbers enough to execute, and hence often did up a fine thing in that line. An instance or two can hardly fail to be amusing.

Their prison was undergoing repairs, probably in consequence of the recent attempt at escape; and the prisoners were kept chiefly in the yard, especially during the day. They had observed a striking personal resemblance between one of their own number and "Billy," who daily brought mortar in a hod from outside the premises. It occurred to them that, perhaps, they might make something out of this circumstance. Possibly they could substitute their own man for Billy, and thus get him out of prison. A leading difficulty to be overcome was, the hod-bearer limped, and their man did not. They soon succeeded, however, in supplying the deficiency. Several of the prisoners, who were supposed to be the best judges of human locomotion, were placed where they could see Billy as he came from the outer gate to the prison and returned, with the hod on his shoulder. As soon as he had passed they would get up their own man, and see him take the limping step, marching him back and forth *à la* Billy. Thus they trained him with a mock hod upon his shoulder for several days, until he had gotten the very step. Next, to carry forward the counterfeit, they daubed his coat with mortar. To get the right sort of hat, they determined to trick Billy out of his. He was very talkative, and often paused some time to ask them questions. Having a special object in view, they themselves, in turn, became quite sociable. Ready at length for their *coup d'état*, they detained Billy to show him some great curiosity which they had just discovered under a portion of the prison floor. To look under, he was obliged to set down his hod and lay off his hat. The moment this was done, the *trained* Billy took up the one and put on the other; and, taking the proper limp, marched directly for the gate. The deception was so complete that he went out without the least opposition, the guard suspecting nothing but the honest regress of the veritable hod-bearer. Billy was detained as long as possible, so as to give the fugitive time to get away. When the former went back to the gate the deception was, of course, discovered, and an alarm-gun instantly discharged. The prison walls, upon which several sentinels were posted, commanded a view of the country two or three miles around; and it was not long before the escaped prisoner was seen running across the fields, and a file of men sent in pursuit of him. In a few hours he was again with his brethren in bonds. He alleged that his long confinement and want of food had made him too feeble for a race; though we should candidly admit that it was shrewdly suspected by his fellow-prisoners, that he did not much care to get away. Even Mill Prison, and especially as its regimen had now become considerably more lenient, was less dreadful to him than the solitude, the uncertainties, the unavoidable sufferings of a fugitive life. Indeed the original project looked upon escape as only a possible issue. The principal object was, a little pleasantry at the expense of the prison officials. So the latter regarded it; and hence, instead of inflicting punishment, heartily joined in the laugh.

Another "Yankee trick" was still more amusing. The Lord Howe and General Burgoyne compaign was now the engrossing topic in England. It was to end the

American war. When these two great captains should succeed in separating the North from the South, and the East from the West, in the revolted colonies, as they certainly would, the issue could be nothing less than the long-wished-for *coup de grace*. The rebels would be subdued, and George the Third would again sway his mild scepter over the American colonies. Language like this was often addressed to the prisoners; generally, however, it must be admitted, in the way of encouragement. The commanding officer would say: "My good fellows, be patient a little while longer. Deliverance will soon come. Everything is now in train for the finishing stroke. Advices are all of the most favorable character. Generals Howe and Burgoyne will soon consummate their plan, the war will be ended, and then you will be permitted to go home and see your mammas, and wives, and sweethearts." Language like this was, however, far enough from being grateful to the ears of the prisoners. They wanted personal liberty; but they did not want it upon such terms. They desired to see the dear ones at home, but would rather stay where they were, than see their country in chains. Patriotism was still the reigning passion.

After a while it was observed by the prisoners that the officers were quite reserved in respect to America. They scarcely alluded to the war; and when they did so, it was only in response to some persistent inquiry. The prisoners were convinced that something serious had happened to the British army in America, but *what* it was, they could not definitely ascertain. The officers were evasive and unsatisfactory in their communications; and yet the prisoners learned enough to induce the strongest conceivable desire to know more. An ignorant old man, who performed some menial office about the prison, was bribed by the gift of a "crown," (8*s*. 6*d*.) to bring them a newspaper, "containing the account of the capture of Burgoyne." That he had been captured was, of course, a bare conjecture. The old man in question knew nothing about it. He had heard something, but what he could not tell. The acquisition of so *large* a sum of money was, however, quite sufficient to command his best services. He soon found the paper, and brought it to the prisoners. They read, and were satisfied. So great was their joy, that they determined to make some audible manifestation of it. It was accordingly agreed, that near the middle of the then approaching night the prisoners should all of them, at a concerted signal, stand up upon their bed of straw and shout "*Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!*" This was to be done at three successive periods. When the time for the first round came the execution was admirable, making the old prison ring from center to circumference. As did the jailor at Ephesus, when his prison was so mightily shaken, our officers, who were just giving themselves up to "tired nature's sweet restorer," being roused, came rushing in among the prisoners, demanding, in angry tones, "What is going on here? What is all this noise for? We would be glad to know." But the poor fellows were all fast aleep, and, of course, quite ignorant of the causes of this untimely and obtrusive visit. The officers scolded and admonished them, and then retired. They had, however, only fairly gotten asleep again, when the same uproarious shout disturbed them, and, in their estimation, rendered another visit to the prison indispensable. When they got there, they found all quiet. The prisoners were as soundly asleep as before, and when aroused expressed the greatest astonishment that they should be thus disturbed in the dead of the night! The officers now comprehended the plot, and determined not to interfere again; hence the prisoners had the last round all their own way, without let or hinderance.

Thus they beguiled the tedious hours; sometimes reading, sometimes engaging in gymnastic exercises, and sometimes practicing a "clever" cheat upon their keepers. But the time of deliverance was now at hand. The celebrated *Paul Jones*, with his intrepid marine band, was hovering about the coasts of England, taking many a prize, and carrying off many a prisoner. The latter were generally taken to France, then the active and gallant ally of America. This was opening a door of hope for Mill Prison. Dr. Franklin was American envoy in France, with whom the British government negotiated an exchange of prisoners. At first only one hundred and seventy were exchanged, that being the number of British prisoners in France. The American prisoners were selected according to the order of time in which they had been taken. Griffin and most of his

personal friends were of the number. The day of their liberation "was a high day." Even the outsiders, "their enemies," in military parlance, participated in the common joy. It was agreed that when they were marched out of the inclosure, there should be one simultaneous *huzza*, supported alike by soldiers and citizens, by those within the prison, and those now emerging from it. And the thing was done in fine style. Even the lookers on could not refrain from tears, though the liberated captives were, as became them, most jubilant and most deeply affected. After the welkin had ceased to ring, and the echo had died away, "There," said a boy some sixteen years old, who had been taken with Griffin from the Marblehead privateer, and had shared with him in all the horrors of Mill prison; "there," shouted he, "my mother heard that in Massachusetts, I know she did!"

Here they had been in prison, far away from all that was dear to them on earth, full *two years and three months*. Who, then, can characterize their transports of joy as extravagant? The occasion fully justified every possible expression of satisfaction.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness and stench, and suffocating damps
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise;
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change.

Still they were not home. The broad Atlantic was between them and their native land. Besides, to consummate the exchange of prisoners agreed upon, they must needs go to France. They left the prison on the 15th of March, 1779, went on board a British transport, and soon found themselves at L'Orient, where their freedom was complete. How many found means to go at once from France to America is not certain. At any rate, Griffin was not of the number. The indomitable Jones greatly needed recruits, and as Griffin had not the means to get home, he enlisted under him and was put on board "The Alliance." The memorandum of which we have before spoken contains the following copy of a letter from him to his father:

L'Orient, France, June 6, 1779.

Honored Father,—I gladly embrace this opportunity to let you know that I am yet alive and in health. Blessed be God for the same! After a long confinement in a loathsome prison, that happy day came when I was released and sent to France. Here necessity compelled me to enlist on board "The Alliance," which is soon to go upon a cruise. When I shall return I know not. I must leave that to the Disposer of all things. Let me beg you not to grieve at my absence. I shall make it my study to return to my native country as soon as possible, should my life be spared.

Precisely how long he remained in the naval service it is difficult to say: certainly long enough to participate in the memorable battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis; the former commanded by Paul Jones, and the latter by Captain Pearson. In the old manuscript before referred to, we find the following entry: "Frid., Sep. 23, 1779, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the battle between Capt. Jones and Capt. Pearson commenced, and lasted 3½ hours." It is well known that though the "Alliance" was present, it did not take a very direct or very honorable part in the battle. For this, however, the subordinates were not responsible; and if they were, Griffin himself could not be, for the plain and satisfactory reason, that he was not, at the time, on board of her. For some cause, not now distinctly recollected, he was temporarily on board the "Richard" with Jones. The particulars of the action he has related a thousand times, and probably to thousands of persons. One incident has a thrilling interest. At a time when the two ships were grappled side by side—a thing that more than once occurred in the progress of the action—the contending parties met each other, sword in hand. Griffin faced his antagonist, who aimed a terrible blow at his head, which he had the address to ward off with his sword; at which instant one of his own party, wielding a gun and bayonet, thrust his deadly instrument by him and pierced the bosom of his enraged opponent, who fell dead at his feet! The very sword with which our young hero fought this battle is now in the keeping of his descendants. That the part he acted was honorable, is evident from the fact that his claim to nearly one thousand dollars prize money, supported by documentary evidence over the signature of Dr. Franklin, has been recently recognized at Washington, which sum will doubtless soon be in the hands of his heirs. The old manuscript named above contains a list of the names of all on board the "Alliance," together with a vast amount

of miscellaneous memoranda, which might be of great use to the more ample historian. We have room barely to say, it seems that young Griffin was first and last in nine battles at sea, and was from home not far from four years. When he returned he found his countrymen still advancing in their struggle for freedom, though obliged to contend with the most formidable pecuniary embarrassments. A single fact will sufficiently illustrate this. When he reached Boston he had to pay seventy dollars for his breakfast!—so greatly had the continental issue depreciated even before the close of the war.

Coming home, and feeling that he had now done his full part in the *regular* service, he prepared for settlement in domestic life. Accordingly, on the 21st of November, 1781, he was married to Miss Rosanna Parmele, of Durham, and soon after commenced housekeeping in his native town, Guilford, Conn. While in church here, the quietude of a New England Sabbath was disturbed by the startling intelligence that the British were landing in force at some point not now distinctly recollected. The services of the sanctuary were instantly closed, and all who could do so were desired to aid in repelling the encroachments of the enemy. A patriotic old lady, whose heart seemed to be stirred to its very depth, said, "Griffin, are you not going?" "Most certainly," was the instant response, "if I can get a horse." He went up to a Mr. Leet, who had already mounted his horse, not to go to the battle, but home, and said, "Let me have your beast?" With a tory heart and in tory style, he began to make excuses: "He couldn't get home on foot—his horse was hungry—wasn't well shod," and the like. The aforesaid old lady heard the answer, and said to Griffin, "Unhorse him! unhorse him!" Griffin was in the habit of obeying the word of command, and could not consistently hesitate now. Seizing the left foot of the unpatriotic Leet, he speedily and vigorously raised it until the rider was obliged to "go by the board," on the opposite side; when Griffin's feet instantly filled the stirrups, and he was *en route* for the scene of action. But the British met with a much warmer reception than they had anticipated, and the demonstration amounted to but little.

This ended Griffin's military career. He passed a few years in his native town, and then moved with his rising family into what is now the town of Paris, Oneida County, N. Y. He was one of the very first settlers, and the whole country was then nearly one unbroken wilderness. Details here, however, fall not within the scope of the present paper. Scattered and poor as were the population, and difficult as it was to get from one place to another, it was not long ere the itinerant herald of the cross came along, bringing the tidings of salvation. The Rev. Jonathan Newman was the pioneer. The Rev. Robert Heath, of Mill Prison memory, had predisposed our subject to Wesleyan Methodism, and with a glad heart he made welcome to his cabin these self-sacrificing men. Griffin was a member of probably the first class ever formed in Central New York, and continued to be an ornament to the Methodist Episcopal Church down to the day of his death. As a citizen, as a civil magistrate, and as a church officer, he was all that could be desired. Many an eye will moisten as it traces these lines. He was a Christian gentleman, and everybody loved him. He was the preacher's friend, and his house was the preacher's home.

One thing more, and we close an article which, though long, we trust the reader will not have found tedious. It has been stated that Griffin was released from Mill Prison on the 15th of March, 1779; and this day was ever after formally celebrated by him and his family. It formed a glorious domestic anniversary. Business was suspended, and the various branches of the family were, as far as possible, called together. On these occasions he would recount the incidents of his imprisonment; not only the incidents given in this brief narrative, but others of a more minute character. Men of true courage are always tender-hearted. Thus it was with Griffin. There were events in his history, the recital of which ever turned him into a child. He could not name them, though he had done it a thousand times before, without weeping. All who had heard him tell his stories knew beforehand when he would "choke down."

Blessed man! he is now with the general assembly and Church of the first-born. And O that the men of this generation might appreciate the debt of obligation they owe alike to the heroes of the American Revolution, and to the pioneers of American Methodism!

HOME, AND THE SEWING MACHINE.

HOME is the appropriate sphere of woman. Marriage is a dictate of nature, and expresses the relation that adult men and women should sustain to each other. Their mental, affectional, and physical organization; their affinities, and the comparative number of the two sexes, plainly indicate its propriety. It is honorable in the sight of God and man, and the most important institution of society. Well-ordered households are the foundation of virtue and prosperity. The altar of liberty must be reared by the hearth-stone, and the fire upon each must be fed by the same hands.

Home is the nursery of virtue, both public and private. Man's and woman's duties center there and radiate thence. All other relations should be secondary and subsidiary to these. Home consists, not so much in a splendid house, and rich furniture, and costly living, as it does in furnishing a condition conducive to the highest culture of the soul.

Most men and women have an ideal of home. Such is the nature of the domestic sentiment, that it forms an easy alliance with the imagination, and borrows from it both a creative and an enlivening influence. There is something more within the walls of the humblest cottage than the eye can discern. Bench, table, and bed are not the only furniture. All the fancies and impulses that most profoundly stir the heart of man, have their dwelling there. Beautiful, indeed, is that provision of our Creator, by which every man and woman has a birthright in the gladness and glory of the universe, because of their sympathy with home. Here, too, should be fostered those tastes, affections, and aspirations which render man acceptable in the sight of God. The agencies that move the world are nurtured in homes. It is the divine nursery of science and art, of philanthropy and piety. It is sanctified in memory by a thousand incidents. The fireside, the arm-chair, the cradle of infancy, and the couch of age; the family table, and the morning and the evening prayer; the chamber of sickness and death, beget an undying attachment.

The true glory and security of a nation, then, consists, not so much in armies and navies, palaces and treasures, as in its multiplied, virtuous, and genial homes. Upon these can be expended the purest and warmest patriotism. We want societies for the improvement of homes quite as much as for improving prisons and hospitals. Woman can have no more noble and patriotic mission than home necessities demand. Her proper influence here will more effectually quell dis-

order upon public occasions, than her presence at the polls, or in the halls of legislation.

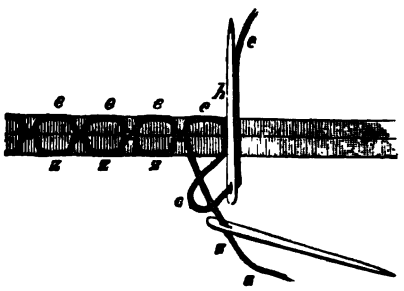
But it is too frequently the case that the housewife's cares absorb her time so much that she has but little left for educating her children and for the culture of her own mind, as deficiencies are disclosed and higher aspirations developed. Hence maternal influence is too little felt in society. The young and frivolous give it its tone. Woman's influence is too valuable to be thus neutralized. Her delicate sensibilities and virtuous inclinations indicate her as the pioneer in moral, æsthetic and hygienic reforms. To secure this end matrimony should afford opportunities for the health and beauty of maidenhood to ripen into graceful and dignified womanhood, and time for the many important services woman can render. Numerous obstacles, unavoidable in a measure, perhaps, have heretofore supervened to prevent this desirable consummation. We have, however, profound faith in the power of human genius, in view of the mechanical triumphs of the last century. The steam-engine, the railroad and steamboat, the spinning jenny, the cotton gin, the printing-press, the nail and the pin machines, and the magnetic telegraph have revolutionized the world of manufactures and commerce. Aid has now been vouchsafed to woman in the household, and genius has achieved in her behalf one of its grandest triumphs. We allude to the sewing machine. The point is well established, that nearly all kinds of sewing can be done better and cheaper by machinery than by hand, and at a vast saving of time and health.

Although the evils of hand-sewing have fallen heavily enough upon wives and mothers, with their alternation of labor, the effects upon the health, virtue, and happiness of professed needle-women are frightful in the extreme. Poverty, sickness, hunger, rags, and general squalor are too generally its concomitants. Avarice, extortion, and lust here find their victims. The confined attitude, the stooping posture, cramping the lungs and stomach, retarding respiration, circulation, and digestion, the curvature of the spine, the paralyzing stillness of the limbs, the minute, unremitting attention required, the strain upon the eyes over a monotonous task, have told with terrible effect upon the needle-woman.

And what are its wages?
A bed of straw, a crust of bread, and rags.

It is the most effective device of the arch enemy of mankind to perpetuate the original curse beginning with the fig-leaf aprons in the garden of paradise. War and the wardrobe may count their victims by millions. The glittering needle and the gleaming sword have pierced the hearts of the lovely, and drank the blood of the brave. A change is taking place. The sewing machine has revolutionized the drudgery of the seamstress. Doubtless this will cause individual suffering, but where it will inconvenience one needlewoman it will benefit ten housekeepers. No great change can take place in society without deleteriously affecting some. Should the prayers of saints be answered, and the millennium down upon us now, judges, and lawyers, and manufacturers of locks and safes might be injured in their business. If thousands of women were released from bondage of any kind, it would momentarily derange the channels of business, but the community would gain by it. Still the change now will not be so great as has been imagined. New applications of sewing will be invented; garments will be better made, and seamstresses will be better paid. At any rate, society will be greatly benefited by the change which the sewing machine will effect.

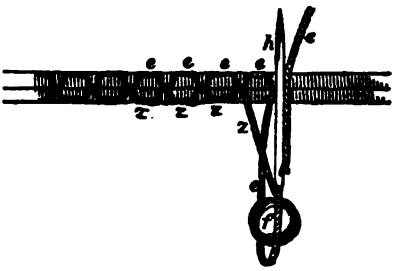
Prior to 1846 no sewing-machine had been constructed of any great practical value. In 1846 Elias Howe, Jr., patented his shuttle "lock-stitch" machine. The commissioner of patents remarks, in the report for that year, that this inventor had struck out a new path, and that it would be impossible by any other known means to sew as fast or as well. The stitch invented by Mr. Howe is illustrated by the following diagram, and may be made by hand, thus:



Take a soft piece of cloth, (*c*,) and two needles threaded in the ordinary manner. Tie the long ends of the thread together, and thrust the needle *h* head foremost partly through the cloth. Withdraw it slightly, and through the loop formed of the thread *e*, between the cloth and the eye of the needle *c*, pass the other needle, carrying the thread *z*. Withdraw the needle *h*, inclosing the lower thread, *z*, and the two will be interlocked, and the point of interlocking may be drawn into the fabric. Each surface of the cloth will show a seam of similar appearance, a single line of thread extending from stitch to stitch. The thread *e*, seen up the upper surface, is not seen at each alternate stitch upon the lower surface and the upper surface, but that seen upon the lower surface is exclusively the thread *z*. In making this stitch, Mr. Howe employed a needle with the eye near the point, to carry the upper thread through the fabric. The loop being formed below the cloth, the lower thread was passed through it by a shuttle, carrying a small bobbin, upon which it was wound. The cloth to be sewed was suspended from a plate upon small pins projecting from it; and was carried forward before the needle, which had a horizontal action. This machine was better adapted to seaming by giving the needle a perpendicular action, laying the cloth to be sewed upon a plate beneath the needle, and moving it forward by a wheel with points upon its periphery, which penetrated the cloth. The stitch invented by Mr. Howe is all that can be required for sewing, and no attempts have been made to improve it. The seam formed presents a beautiful appearance upon each side, and cannot be raveled; and when made of suitable thread, is as durable as the fabric sewed.

Many attempts have been made to improve the shuttle sewing-machine, but with little success. Mr. A. B. Wilson patented a machine in 1851, making the Howe "lock-stitch," but by a mechanism almost totally different, in which objections to the shuttle-machine were obviated, and many improvements were added. The Wheeler & Wilson machine is constructed according to his patents; and as it combines the qualities of a good sewing machine for families and general use, we have selected it to give point to our description, without, of course, intending to disparage, or undervalue any of the other machines now in use.

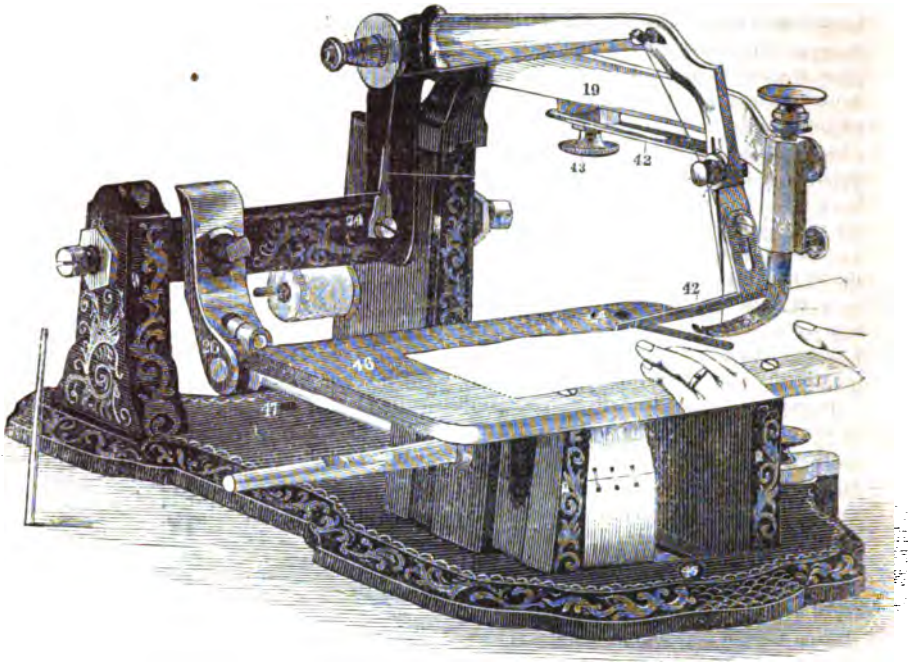
The merits of Mr. Wilson's invention consist in a "rotating hook," by which the stitch is taken; the "rough surface intermitting feed," by which the cloth is fed forward, and the length of stitch regulated; and the "yielding spring pressure," by which the cloth is held upon the cloth plate. The stitch may be made by hand in a manner analogous to the method of making it by Mr. Wilson's invention. This is illustrated by the following figure:



Take a needle, (*h*,) threaded in the ordinary manner, and a small ball of thread, (*f*;) tie the ends of the threads together, leaving an inch or two of the thread (*z*) unrolled from the ball. Thrust the needle (*h*) through the fabric, head first; withdraw it slightly, enlarge the loop of the thread, (*e*,) and pass it around the ball of thread, (*f*,) instead of passing the ball through it; then withdraw the needle entirely from the fabric, and draw up the loop, so that the points of the threads (*e* and *z*) interlocked, will be in the center of the fabric.

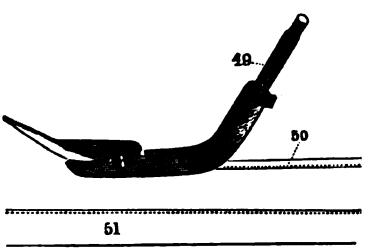
In Mr. Wilson's invention the thread, upon being thrust through the fabric by an eye-pointed needle, is caught by a rotating hook; the loop is enlarged, and carried around a bobbin containing the lower thread, as the loop is carried around the ball of thread in the foregoing figure.

Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems, etc. 42, 42, Fig. I, represents a guage for this purpose which is attached to the fixed arm, 19, by the thumb-screw, 43, and extends down to the cloth plate, with various projections for guiding the work. It is slotted and jointed so as to be adjusted in various positions, and is removed when not in use. A smaller one, very commonly used, but not in conjunction with the larger, is fastened to the cloth plate at the screw hole, 44.



WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE.

A "hemmer," 48, is furnished for turning hems of any width, as 50 and 51. This is substituted for that purpose in place of the cloth presser, 20. The hem is turned and stitched in passing through the machine. Motion is communicated to the needle arm, connecting by a driving wheel which may be arranged so as to give more or less strokes of the needle at each tread of the foot. Five is the usual number, and from seven hundred to one thousand stitches are made per minute, while the number that can be made by hand is ordinarily not more than forty or fifty. Seven hundred stitches form upward of one yard of seam with fifteen stitches to the inch, and about the same length of thread is required as in ordinary back stitching. The machine makes but little noise, so little that one hundred operated in the same room would not interrupt ordinary conversation. The bearings are so light and the friction surfaces so small that the driving power is merely nominal. The machine is placed upon a neat work-table, or furnished with a cabinet, as at the head of this article, and driven by a band and sandal treadles. The position of the operator is healthful, and the exercise of the lower limbs in using it is invigorating.



Baby-dresses and web-like *mouchoirs* are headed with pearly stitches; a shirt bosom, covered with tiny plates, is completed almost while a lady could sew a needleful of thread; three dresses, heavy or fine, are made in less time than is required to fit one; coats, vests, and the entire catalogue of the wardrobe, are gone through with railroad celerity. In hemming, seaming, quilting, gathering hemming, felling, and all sorts of fancy stitching, it rivals the daintiest work of the whitest fingers, and works with more thoroughness than the most careful housewife. The housekeeper is soon surprised at the facility with which she runs up seams, sews on facings, tucks, hems, plaits, gathers, quilts, stitches on cord, sews on bindings, etc., and wonders how she has

endured the drudgery of hand-sewing so long. Her spring and fall sewing, which dragged through the entire year with little intermission, becomes the work of a few days with this machine, and that relief is afforded which is necessary for women to discharge their proper duties. It only requires a drop of oil, now and then, and you have a ten-power seamstress in your parlor, eating nothing, asking no questions, and never singing the mournful "Song of the Shirt." It is warranted to work equally well upon silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloths, and is warranted one year, a sufficient time to test it thoroughly.

Full instruction for operating it is given at the sales-room. When sent some distance, so that personal instruction is inconvenient, a card of directions is sent, which are a sufficient guide. The mechanism, however, is so simple, and the arrangement so easily understood, that no serious difficulties need occur. The slight difficulties are readily surmounted, and practice makes perfect in the use of this as in anything else. Thousands of them are used successfully by persons of ordinary capacity.

The family machines are all alike, all of the parts being made by machinery. They are, however, differently mounted. The principal varieties are the plain table, the half case, and the full case. The cabinet or full case, of rosewood, black walnut, or mahogany, constitutes an elegant article of furniture. The half case (of various woods) is equally useful, less expensive, but less ornamental. Every part of the machine is enclosed, when not used, and secured from dust and injury. All of them are outfitted with extra needles, bobbins, and everything necessary to operate them successfully.

The manufactory for these machines, at Bridgeport, Conn., is organized upon the system adopted in the United States armories in the manufacture of fire-arms; the various parts of the machine being made by machinery. This system not only increases manifold the efficiency of the force employed, but secures great excellence of workmanship, and perfect similarity of parts for all the machines. The skillful hand, guided by intelligent mind, has apparently exhausted mechanical principles in securing mechanical combinations for effecting desired results. Probably no instrument of human invention is more effectively and cunningly devised than the machine for cutting the diagonal groove upon the periphery of the hook. Upward, forward, and lateral movements are combined with rotary motions in the two latter directions, and the hook, simple as it is, embodies all the efficiency that those various movements would afford in elaborate machinery for which it is the mechanical equivalent. This is but an illustration of the economy and combination of parts in the machine, and exemplifies the spirit that pervades the establishment. Without noise or confusion the various parts of the machine are elaborated, unconnected with each other, but kindred through the genius that devised them all. When assembled they instinctively recognize their position, relationship, and offices, and combine in an effective and harmonious whole.

Each machine, on being completed, is tested by three skillful machinists; and should the second or third trier detect the slightest defect, it is returned to the factory, the defect is remedied, and the machine again passes the same ordeal. Every machine is submitted to the inspection of a man who has been connected with the enterprise from its commencement. Being removed to the sales-room and sold, it is again examined, and put in complete running order.

Thousands are used by seamstresses, dress-makers, tailors, manufacturers of skirts, cloaks, mantillas, clothing, hats, caps, corsets, ladies' gaiters, umbrellas, and silk and linen goods, with complete success. But the great source of demand is now for family use, and the time is not far distant when a sewing machine will be deemed an essential piece of furniture in every well-ordered household.

Appropriately we may close with the "Song of the Sewing-Machine," from the pen of G. P. Morris, Esq.:

I'm the iron needle-woman!
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;
And, unlike the drudges human,
Never weary night nor day;
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!
Merrily I glide along,
For no thankless, sordid master,
Ever seeks to do me wrong;

No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread;
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,
Doom'd life's battle here to fight;
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,
And no under-currents flow
To destroy the throb of pleasure
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation
For economy and worth;
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic-chamber lone,
Where the smile of friend or neighbor
Never for a moment shone.

My creation is a blessing
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured:
Mine are sinews superhuman,
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—
I'm the iron needle-woman
Born to toil and not to feel.

DON'T AGITATE—A MATTER OF FACT.

O NO, we must not agitate, though such scenes as the following be enacted every day. Come, reader, with me into the sunny South. Let us visit a church in the beautiful state of South Carolina. It is a lovely place. Nature and art have lavished their best gifts to render it delightful. We will enter and join with the worshipers on this holy Sabbath morning, perhaps we may find food for our hungry souls. We enter. The inside equals the outside for beauty and comfort. Nothing dashing or imposing, but all bears the mark of Christian elegance and neatness.

The minister is already in the pulpit, and as he reads his morning's lesson, we will scan his person a moment.

His form is lithe and sinewy, of medium height, high square forehead, raven hair, and a keen black eye, that seems to flash fire, as it turns with a quick, restless motion, from one to another of his hearers. His thin lips, and deep-set eye, say plainly that no obstacle can long stand in the way of his determined will.

His subject is the sufferings of Christ. How vividly he portrays the scene in the garden, and the agony on the cross. How clearly and forcibly he brings before our minds those "three dreadful hours." We almost look around to see the weeping, heart-broken mother, as the Saviour turns his dying eyes and says, "Mother, behold your son." We see the gleaming eyes of the soldier as he lifts the spear to his side; and involuntarily shudder as the red tide trickles down to the ground. But the scene closes while the audience are yet in tears.

We leave the house with a feeling of remorse for having done so little to honor Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself for us.

After service the minister approaches, and kindly inquires if we are strangers in the place. We answer in the affirmative, and with true Southern hospitality, he gives us a cordial invitation to his fireside. We cheerfully accept the hospitality so freely given, and taking a seat in his family carriage, we are soon enjoying his pleasant home. We are introduced to his family, and in the society of his lady and two lovely daughters we pass a pleasant evening.

Our host is affable and entertaining, the daughters a little haughty, but polite and beautiful. At a late hour we retire to our room favorably impressed with Southern life and manners.

After a variety of remarks called up by the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, we drop into an uneasy slumber, in which the auction-block and the pulpit are strangely blended, from which we are aroused by the breakfast bell.

Breakfast over, the "Family Bible" is brought forward, and our host engages in the morning devotion with great zeal and fervor. Surely the yoke must sit lightly upon this man's servants, and before leaving we will just take a stroll over a part of the plantation. We start out, and soon find ourselves in the midst of the "negro quarters." The cabins look neat and comfortable, but hark! what sound is that? surely it is a cry of pain! Listen; I hear the sharp crack of a whip. Drawing near the spot from whence the sounds proceed, to our horror and utter consternation we behold a negro man of about thirty years tied to a tree, his hands are drawn up so that nothing but his toes can reach the ground, with a strap around his body, by which he is fastened to the tree. And our host, the *Christian minister*, ap-

plying a large hickory whip to his naked back. We started back in utter dismay at the appalling sight, while the poor fellow's bitter cries of, "O massa, massa, I didn't steal de money; O for God's sake don't; O mercy, mercy, massa," ring in our ears and are engraven upon our hearts. But the minister heeded not his cries nor regarded his supplications.

Down came the heavy lash with unabating force. One large hickory stick after another was used up and thrown down, while the blood trickled down to the ground. Again he pleads for mercy, declaring his innocence. The minister only held his hand when he was too tired to whip longer, and then only long enough to ask Sam if he would confess.

The daughters remained in the house, fully aware that their faithful servant was suffering death under the lash for their crime, but what was that in comparison to their suffering the *shame* of confessing to having *themselves* stolen their father's money. *He* was only a "*nigger*."

Poor Sam begins to grow weak from loss of blood and excruciating pain, and now with every blow the mangled flesh flies from his lacerated body. The minister! is bespattered all over with the flesh and blood of his victim. His back is all cut to pieces, and every blow opens deeper the bleeding wounds; the blood stands in puddles at his feet, but with renewed energy the rod is applied.

Sam's head drops upon his breast and he is silent, with the exception of a deep groan as the cruel lash cuts away the flesh from his back. Again the master pauses and addresses his victim with, "Sam, will you confess now?" The poor fellow faintly murmurs, "Water, massa, water! for God's sake, give me water, massa!" The minister unties him; and he crawls a few steps to a spring in the bank of the stream, and eagerly clutching a tin cup kept at the place, drained it *nine times* in succession, and then with a deep heart-rending groan, that seemed to pierce the very heavens, he *yielded up his life.*

Nature could no longer endure it, and his spirit escaped from a bondage more cruel than death, to a world where justice is awarded to all, there to await the coming of the Christian minister! the slave owner, and cold blooded murderer combined! They will meet face to face in that day which is to try men's souls. I fancy I should not like to stand in that minister's place then! Should you, reader?

On returning to the house with our host, the daughters anxiously inquired for Sam, and on being told that he was *dead*, they burst into tears, and confessed that not having enough money to complete their spring purchases, they had themselves taken it from their father's drawer!

[The preceding article is copied from the April number of the *Christian Repository*, a magazine published by "the United Brethren in Christ." We suppose it to be what the writer calls it, a matter of fact. She gives her name as a guarantee for the truthfulness of her statement.—ED.]

A TALE OF AN OLD MAN'S YOUTH.

I LIVED long, long ago, in a quiet New England village, which nestled in the heart of the Green Mountains of that most beautiful of all the states, Vermont. That village is known to many as the birthplace and early home of Powers, the great American sculptor. The brain and heart that designed the peerless Greek Slave, were working beside the silver-flowing Queechy, some forty or fifty years ago, in many a prank of boyish mischief, and the hands that carved and chiseled that white dream of beauty, then wielded a ponderous jack-knife, and whittled out of bits of wood some faint foreshadowing, perhaps, of that which was yet to come. It was this that had tempted me to select it from all others for my summer residence, during a year of sickness and distress in the City of New York. It had a pretty name—Woodstock—and was, I think, the fairest valley on which my eyes ever fell.

River and mountain, the bright Queechy, and the king of the hills, Mount Tom, lake, and wood, and forest, all were there. From one summit you looked down upon a region of pastoral beauty, with pretty low cottages, wide green meadows, and grazing flocks; from another you saw a fertile valley, with the river winding, like a serpent, through it, and mirroring in its bosom the clear blue sky. A third ascent, and a rock-bound country, gloomy with fir-trees, and keeping an unbroken silence like that of Siberia, met your view; while high up, upon the very summit of the great mountain, a lonely pond was lying, of which the school children told strange

tales. It had once stretched over vast acres, and bears and wolves had drunk from it when the country was wild and new; but with the march of civilization it had changed. Little by little the earth had filled it in, till the visitor could walk for half a mile securely on what had once been treacherous slime. But the ground quaked always beneath a step, and the prudent took good care not to venture too near the edge. I walked upon it once myself, and thought it very like these hearts of ours, in which, though we step ever so softly, we are ever liable to sink in beyond our depths, and, perhaps, rise no more.

But these were not all the attractions of the place. There were beautiful walks and drives; there were miniature lakes, upon which to row or sail a pleasure-boat; and a park, which was the pride of the whole state. It had grown up with the town, changing from an oval strip of ground, just boarded in and called a common, to a beautiful inclosure, hemmed in with maple trees as straight and luxuriant as trees could well be, decorated with an iron fence and gates, abounding with little walks and footpaths, and, in the spring, decked with grass as green as that of the Emerald Isle, and speckled and spangled with those two flowers of childhood — buttercups and daisies—like a carpet brought from fairy-land. It was a pretty place. I used often to sit and read and muse there; but when the summer months brought the usual influx of city visitors, I left the place to them, and wandered off in search of others more lonely.

In one of my mid-day walks I struck suddenly upon a grass-grown road, leading off the main path, at the distance of some three miles from the town. I followed it up a little hill, switching with my cane at the peppermint that grew on each side, or stopping to watch a speckled adder who glided lazily in or out from the fragrant thicket, as I drew near to, or receded from, his home. An old house stood half way up this hill, which was evidently the homestead of some well-to-do farmer. It was large and square, and standing back, with an orchard climbing the green hills at its rear. Across the road which I was following, and just opposite the house, were three immense barns, whose great doors were standing open, to admit the carts of hay the oxen were drawing slowly from the hill pastures. Through these doors I caught a glimpse of the river-road below, the river itself, the covered bridge, blue sky, and the woods beyond. It was a delicious bit of coloring, done by the hand of the Great Artist himself. At my feet was a little pool of stagnant water, on which some white geese and ducks were fraternizing, while a brood of half-grown turkeys, with their melancholy "Quit-quit," were making up a foraging party for an excursion after grasshoppers across the farm.

But the road, with its faint wheel-track on either side, and its broad streak of green in the middle, stretched on beyond the farm-house and the barns, and I soon lost sight of them as I descended the other side of the hill. It was more lovely here, if such a thing were possible; because, with the same view, and with the same houses standing in the distance, I also found a silence beneath the blue sky of noon that was delightful. On one side of the fallen stone wall a thicket of blackberries had grown over a heap of ruins, which marked the site of the first church or meeting-house ever erected in the town. On the other, and across the road, lay a little graveyard, sloping quietly down to the road and river below. The gate had rusted from its hinges and lay upon the ground, half hidden by the long grass that was growing over it. The tomb had not been in use for many a year; and as I peeped through the cracks of its door, I saw something lying on the floor, which I knew was nothing more nor less than the fragments of the bier on which the coffins had once been borne out, but which, just then, I was pleased to magnify into the bones of a skeleton. The tender blue of an American summer's day was in the sky, and the sun shone down brightly and hotly. Nothing seemed to stir, save the grasshopper who leaped and chirped among the graves—a kind of Old Mortality among the insect tribe.

I followed the path still further. And now, for the first time, it began to wind beside one of those bright leaping brooks peculiar to America, and to New England most of all. I sauntered along, looking for minnows in the sunlight, and wishing I had nothing more to do than to spend existence in the same way, when a laugh, most clear and musical, made me start and look up.

The road had wound around, so that the

lonely graveyard upon the hill was shut out from my sight. In its place I beheld before me a long avenue, or rather grove, of maple-trees, clothing the base and summit of another hill, far higher. The sparkling brook, with a last gush of music, leaped into the sunlit recesses of this forest, and was lost to my sight. But on my right hand stood a little bird's nest of a whitewashed cottage, surrounded on all sides by a field of waving oats now nearly breast-high. A narrow footpath led from the rustic gate up to the cottage door, which stood open; and at a well, close by the house, stood a young girl, apparently fishing with a line for something in the water, while a dark-eyed and very beautiful lady stood on the steps looking at her. A fat brown-and-white dog, with broad feet which turned out ludicrously, as if in no other way they could support the weight of his body, sat on the greensward in front of the gate, blinking sleepily at the sunshine and the flies. When he at last saw me, he put up his head and gave a terrible howl, as if he felt deeply insulted by my approach; a sound which alarmed his young mistress, so that she dropped the line she held, and started back from the well in dismay. I then saw that she had long auburn curls, and that her face was full of that exquisite life, and light, and bloom, which youth and a sunny heart can shed upon the most irregular features. There was nothing for me but to make my excuses for my intrusion as well as I could; so, after pacifying the dog, I opened the boarded gate, and walked up to her. It was Lucy, whom I thus met, for the first time.

It is strange how soon a perfectly natural and simple manner sets one at ease. I had always been called, and had always thought myself, the shyest of men; yet in five minutes I was talking with the little fairy as freely as if I had known her all my life. I had been introduced to Aunt Susan, who evidently regarded her young niece as the apple of her eye. I had been reconciled to Tiger, who, after much entreaty on the part of his mistress condescended to hold out his fat paw for me to shake, showing his teeth wickedly all the while, as if he would like to bite me, if she only was not there; and I had found the way to her heart by succeeding, after a long and patient effort, in rescuing from the well the line and pail with which she had been trying to draw water before I arrived. Then, seeing that I looked heated and tired, she insisted upon my coming into the cottage to have some of aunt's currant wine, while I rested. I was only too glad to see her abode, and followed without any hesitation.

I must own that I have tasted better and sweeter wine than that which had been spoiling for two months in the dark cellar at Gan-Eden; but I should have taken arsenic cheerfully, if her small hands had mixed the draught. I had seen her once or twice before in the park at Woodstock; had asked her name, and heard it, casually; and had afterward heard that her aunt had taken this place to please her, and that they were living entirely by themselves in their romantic solitude, with the exception of an old family servant who came with them from the city, and the uncouth dog, who was the prime pet and favorite of Lucy. More than this I had not sought to hear; and Gan-Eden might have been located in the moon for aught I knew. Now that I had stumbled upon it, however, I looked around with no small degree of admiration, as Lucy did the honors of the two rooms to which I was admitted.

It was a little bower of a place, perched upon the banks of that same merry brook which had so beguiled me, and with its windows facing the south and the west. I do not know if the sun was coaxed into doing double duty there, or not, but I am sure I never saw rooms so full of his golden light before. Every door and window was always left open of a pleasant day; and through the hop-vines and the honeysuckles came the warm and perfumed air, the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the busy hum of bees, till the rooms seemed all alive with light and sound. It was by no means an uncommon thing to see a swallow dart through from one window to the other, and a frisky little squirrel crept into the kitchen each morning, and chirped saucily for his breakfast. By and by he brought his family with him; and I found Lucy, one morning, seated on the floor, scarcely daring to draw her breath, while the pretty creatures nibbled away, close beside her, at the crumbs she had scattered for them. Her love for pets was not her least charm in my eyes. To be sure, when I found her, one day, with a spoon and pitcher, just outside the gate, trying to persuade a freckled ribbon-snake, who opened his brilliant eyes, and displayed his

thread-like tongue in scorn, to drink the milk she poured for him in little grassy hollows along the road, I did object; but I tolerated her spiders and flies, and bugs and beetles, and dogs and cats, and even mice, because she had them under her immediate protection.

It was my first day at Gan-Eden; but ah! it was not my last. Many a sunshiny afternoon was spent in the little parlor, with its wreath-framed pictures, its flowers of every hue, its vine-shaded windows, and sloping terraced door. I read to Lucy's aunt, but I looked at Lucy, and made strange blunders with my reading. I walked over the hills, and traced out the spring of the dancing brook; and the little garden-hat was always by my side, reaching up to my heart, and no further, when its owner stood beside me with her hands full of flowers and mosses, chattering as fast as her tongue could run, about her treasures. She treated me much as she did Tiger; and I was only too glad to be his fellow-slave. Yet I am sure the frank child never dreamed how dear she was growing to me. To her I was only "James," or "Brother James"—only a grave and serious man, too old, even then, to be more than a protector and a confidential friend; but not, alas for it! too old to love her, and that with a strength and tenderness a young man could never have felt. My staid manners made me seem even older than I really was; and her aunt intrusted her to me, in all our excursions, as complacently as if I had been made of iron, instead of bearing about a living, beating heart within my breast.

O, the golden days of that happy summer fled too quickly! Lucy met me, one afternoon, at the gate, with as sad a face as she could wear. "We are going!" she sighed. "Aunt says it is time to go back to the city; and so we leave Gan-Eden to-day; spend a few days in town, and then return to noisy New York. I am sure, if it were not for some we shall meet there, I should never want to see the place again."

It would have been well for me if I had attended more to what she had just said; but the thought of her going away from the only place on earth that seemed fit for her, swallowed up everything else.

"I should like to visit the old places with you to-day, Lucy."

"Come in, then, and we will go, while the servant is packing the furniture."

The trees had just begun to put on their glorious autumn colors, and banners of red, purple, gold, crimson, russet, pale-yellow, green, and brown, were flung out on every side. The September sunshine was yet warm in the middle of the day; and the smell of the beeches and the rustle of the dead leaves under foot—I remember them all, as if it were but yesterday! But when the light began to fade, and we turned toward home, I looked back at the lovely scene, and all was bare and gray, and perfectly desolate. Even so has my life been, Lucy!

It was a hard trial for her to leave the pretty place. There were so many leave-takings of old familiar spots, so many charges to the farmer who owned the house, to let the oak wreaths hang as they were till a new tenant came in, and "O, to be sure and feed the squirrels every day of his life;" so many hints after Tiger, who was always supposed to have been drowned in the well, or smothered under the luggage; and so many outbursts of joy at finding him, safe and sound, and generally fast asleep, that it was nearly dark before I got her to take the last look, and let me lead her to the pony carriage which was waiting at the gate. I got her safely in at last, and saw her drive away; the little garden-hat always turned toward the cottage as long as it was in sight. Little she cared about Gan-Eden, or all I was losing with it. But I consoled myself with the thought that I was inseparably connected with it in Lucy's mind. Never could she think of the flowers, and the sunshine, and the bees, without also giving a thought to the friend who had watched and loved them with her. I went back and leaned against the well, where I had seen her first; I bent down and kissed the rough board where her hand had often rested. If a tear fell now and then, and broke the image of the star which shone so tranquilly in the water below, it was only known to me, and to that star, and to Him who made us both!

The few days she had mentioned fled like so many moments, and after that evening of moonlight and music, she was to leave us. I stood with her in the parlor of her uncle's house, about ten moments before the arrival of the stage. There were curtains of some transparent rose-colored material at the windows, and she was festooning them back with some waxen

white flowers, with green leaves—the last clippings of her aunt's conservatory—and the warm light fell upon her face as she made a graceful courtesy to me.

"There! Is not that pretty? When you come to see us in the city this winter, I shall arrange our parlors in the same way, to make you remember Woodstock and Gan-Eden."

"I am not likely to forget either of them," I said, looking fondly down at her; and in another moment it would have all been said, if she had not laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered:

"Dear old James, I should so like to tell you a secret."

"Well?"

"But you must never let my aunt know I told you, or she would give me a terrible lecture. I suppose it is very improper and all that; but I should so like to tell you myself. I want you to come to us on the second week of January, and stay till after the twenty-fourth."

"And why till then?"

She blushed, and looked anywhere and everywhere but at me.

"Because on the twenty-fourth I am to be married."

With a strong effort, I mastered myself, and turning my face from the light, prepared to hear and answer her next question, which soon came.

"Are you angry?"

"Not I," I answered steadily. "But does your aunt know this?"

She opened her large eyes with wonder.

"Of course. How stupid you are getting, my dear old James. Why, she made the match!"

"Ah!"

"Edward is scarcely older than I am, but his father wishes him to marry, to make him steady, I believe, or some such nonsense; as if such a fly-about as I am would not unsettle him still more! However, we are very fond of each other."

"But how comes it, Lucy, that after all our familiar friendship, this is the first time I have even heard his name?"

She shook her curls about her face and laughed.

"O, I didn't like; I was afraid you would think it was silly. You are so grave and wise; and, indeed, I never should have had the courage now, only that I am going away. But would you like to see his picture.

"Yes."

She took a pretty little case of blue velvet from her pocket, and, unfastening the golden clasps, laid it open in my hand. I looked upon my rival. A dashing, handsome, audacious boy of twenty, with a midshipman's uniform, a pair of bright dark eyes, and an incipient mustache—that was all! He looked merry and happy enough, but he seemed more likely to be deeply in love with himself than with the pretty child they were going to give him for his wife. She needed training as well as loving, constancy as well as fervor. I could have been all to her, husband, father, and friend.

"Hark! there comes the stage!" she exclaimed, snatching the picture from my hand, and running away to call her aunt. Before she returned to me I was calm, at least outwardly.

"You will be sure and come and see us when you get back to the city, the very day you come," she pleaded, standing on the steps, and holding my cold hand in both hers.

"Yes, Lucy."

"And remember, what I told you is a secret," she added, dropping her voice a little. "You must not even speak of it in your letters, for aunt will always see them."

"I shall write, then?"

"What a question! Why, I depend upon you for all the news of Gan-Eden, and all the gossip of the town. You must go up to the old place now and then, James, for my sake, and feed my poor little squirrels. Dear old Gan-Eden!"

She looked wistfully up at me, and her tears began to fall.

"You have been so good, so kind!" she murmured. "O what shall I do without you?"

God bless her! If they had but left her with me for those autumn months, and I had felt it not dishonorable to make the attempt, she would have loved me, I am sure.

When I had seated her in the coach beside her aunt, she leaned from the window, and put back her vail.

"James."

I turned back when I heard my name, and went up to her. There were no careless bystanders looking on, none but those who knew and loved her, and who were incapable of misconstruing anything her

loving heart might make her do. As I stood beside her, she put her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear, "Do not forget Lucy!" Something warmer than the sunshine, something sweeter than the south wind, something softer than the new-fallen snow, and quite as pure, just touched my cheek, and the stage rattled away, and bore her from me.

I put that timid, innocent kiss away within my heart, and going to my room in a bustling hotel, locked myself in for the remainder of the day. Many years have come and gone, and my cheek has grown pale and thin, but Lucy's last farewell is remembered as vividly as in those first hours after I had lost her.

Who will wonder to hear me say I did not keep the promise I had made? I did write once or twice, but the letters I got in return only wrung my heart; and it was a relief to me when I left Woodstock, and so could let my wanderings plead as the best excuse for my silence. Her quiet friendship was no return for the love that pained every fiber of my being, and I knew it was best to sever every tie that bound me to her, at once. I wrote the farewell I dared not trust myself to speak, and made it as cold and calm as even her lover could have wished. Then I went for the last time to Gan-Eden, and spent one whole day in the places we had loved. My last visit was to the house, which still stood empty. I did not enter by the usual way, but crossed the brook, from the hill, and went round to the back of the house. At a low window, through which Tiger used to escape when his mistress had confined him to the house, lest he should follow us, I stopped, and raising the sash, looked in. The oak garlands which she had hung with her own hands upon the walls, rustled dryly as the cold wind blew. I saw a single faded rose lying on the floor. She had worn it in her hair on the evening of her departure, and I had seen her take it out and throw it aside before she tied on her hat. I had intended to secure it then, but something had drawn my attention away, and through all these weary weeks it had been waiting for me, that it might speak to me of her. Poor faded thing! I entered the room, and put the dead rose carefully in my breast. My footsteps made a hollow sound upon the decaying floor, and the squirrel, fat and sleek as ever, ran from a hiding-place behind the door, and vanished through the window. It was a pleasure, at least, to think the little fellow had not fallen into neglectful hands since she had gone. I leaped out upon the ground again, took one long last look into the dear old room, shut down the window, and turned away. From that hour there was no Gan-Eden for me, save in my dreams.

I went away to the land of gold. My fortune was already sufficient for all my wants, but I felt that stirring and striving within me which must be silenced, and I knew no better course to take. I plunged into the wildest speculations, and bought and sold at such daring risks that those who had known me in my quiet and steady days, said I had gone mad. And so I had —and yet I prospered, because success was nothing to me. Like King Midas, everything I touched turned to gold, till the sight of it became almost hateful to me.

Now came the time when I might have filled Lucy's place, had I wished it. Beautiful women looked kindly on the butterfly, who would have spurned the caterpillar. But I had grown moody and reserved, and their smiles and blandishments fell on me like sunshine on granite. If ever I sat by my lonely fireside and thought of marriage, the words of the gentle Elia came to my mind: "The children of Alice call Bertram father," and I sighed, and stirred the coals, and let my thoughts wander away.

It was a selfish life, as well as a lonely one. But one day there came a change. It was ushered in by a terrible illness, and a suffering like unto death. When it passed, I was another man. The angel had "troubled the waters;" a Hand which was not mortal had laid me in the pool; my eyes were opened, and my infirmities were healed. I saw that if all that could make earth glad and beautiful, had been taken from me, it was only that I might learn to lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves cannot break through, nor steal. I heard the poor crying out on every side for succor, and when I was able, I gave it, for the sake of Him who held the poor in loving remembrance. It is most true that no good work which is done in the name and for the sake of God, can ever lose its reward. Even while I was thus holding the "cup of cold water" to the parched

lips of his little ones, his grace was filling my heart with a new and living light.

It was then that I first sought some tidings of her. The friend to whom I wrote gave me a brief answer. She was dead! Carried away by the raging of the great pestilence; and the young husband had already filled her place with a second wife.

From that day I have never written her name until now; but she has always lived within my heart. My affections are no longer placed on the things of this world; they bud and bloom in a brighter one, and I hope one day to gather their blossoms there.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

ISAAC.

WE have traced the history of Abraham and his son, Isaac, down to that severe trial of the father's faith and the son's obedience, his virtual offering up in the land of Moriah. A brief detail of the more prominent events in the life of Isaac, and the very remarkable coincidence which has caused him to be regarded, in all ages, as a type of Christ, will form the subject of the present essay.

It is said that in the natural world the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day. In the moral world the observation frequently holds good. Darkness is emblematic of grief, sorrow, distress; while peace, and comfort, and joy are not only poetically but with truth symbolized by light dispersing the clouds and dispelling the darkness. Very often is it found in man's history, that just when he is most wretched, when the midnight of his sorrow has reached its darkest hour, the light of gladness dawns upon his soul and sorrow and sadness flee away. So was it in the case of the father and the son when the voice of God arrested the sacrifice, and Abraham unbound the willing victim. With light hearts they descended the mountain, and returned to their dwelling-place praising God.

There is a tradition among the Jews that the report was brought to Sarah that Abraham had in reality slain his son, and that the news thus brought was the occasion of Sarah's death. The story is embellished with many fanciful details, but is evidently untrue, inasmuch as her death did not occur until some four years after this event, namely, in the year from the creation 2145, when she had attained the one hundred and twenty-seventh year of her age. Her character is held up in the New Testament for imitation, and although she gave evidence, on one occasion, that her confidence in the Divine promises was not so strong as that of Abraham, yet she appears everywhere as the faithful wife, the affectionate mother, the devoted servant of the Lord. She died in Hebron, a city afterward much celebrated in Scripture history, and situated about twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem. She had been Abraham's partner sixty-two years; the sharer of his joys and his griefs, his consolations and his trials, and *now*, it is not wonderful that "he mourned and wept" for her. There was no *stoicism* in the religion of the patriarch: he could endure affliction; he could bear up under trials the most severe; but he knew nothing of that philosophy which affects to deny or conceal the natural emotions of the heart. He sorrowed, but not as those who have no hope; he looked forward to a reunion beyond the grave, and as he gazed upon those cold remains, once beaming with loveliness, his tears were the natural tribute of a warm heart at the remembrance of her worth. In the transaction recorded in the ensuing chapter we have an interesting specimen of courtesy to a stranger on the one part, and on the other of honest and manly independence. The sons of Heth, who was the grandson of Ham, in whose country Abraham was now sojourning, offer unto him the choice of all their sepulchers that he may bury his dead. They do this because he is a stranger in that country which God had promised him, and because until now he had no foot of land to call his own; a stranger and a pilgrim. In the choice of our sepulchers, say they, bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulcher. One of them, known as Ephron, the Hittite, being the owner of a suitable burial-place, offers to give unto the afflicted stranger his field and the cave that was therein. I give it thee, says he, in the presence of the sons of my people I give it thee: bury thy dead. But Abraham refused to receive it as a gift, and having ascertained its value, weighs out the four hundred shekels of silver, and thus by purchase comes into possession of a small part, and that part a burial-place, in the land, the whole of which God had promised unto him and his de-

scendants for a possession. He bought this burial-place evidently with the design that by means of it his posterity should be reminded of God's gracious promise. It was to be, says Bush, four hundred years before his seed were to possess the land of Canaan. In that length of time it was probable that without some memento the promise itself would be forgotten; and more especially during their Egyptian bondage, of which God had forewarned Abraham. But their having a burial-place in Canaan, where their bones were to be laid with those of Abraham and Sarah, was the most likely means of keeping alive in every succeeding generation the hope of ultimately possessing the whole land. Accordingly we find it did produce this very effect, for as Abraham and Sarah were buried in that cave, so were Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Leah, notwithstanding Jacob died in Egypt. And even Joseph, on his death-bed, some two hundred and twenty years after, took an oath from the children of Israel that when they came into possession of the promised land they would carry up his bones from Egypt and bury them in the sepulcher of his fathers. The purchase of this cave and field for money is the first instance on record of the precious metals being used for purposes of exchange. Till then, and long after, says Dr. Hunter, both among the posterity of Abraham and other nations, wealth was estimated by the number and quality of cattle; and cattle were the principal instruments of commerce. Thus Homer speaks of a coat of mail valued at one hundred oxen; a caldron worth twenty sheep, and a cup or goblet estimated at twelve lambs. A criminal, according to the magnitude of his guilt, was condemned to pay a fine of four, twelve, or a hundred oxen. A wealthy person is called a man of many lambs; and Hesiod speaks of two brothers fighting for the *sheep* of their father, that is, contending who should be his heir. From the statement before us it seems that silver was even then employed as a more commodious medium of traffic, and from that period to the present the precious metals have been used for the purpose to a greater or less extent by all civilized nations.

About three years after the death of Sarah, when Isaac had attained his fortieth year, he was married to his cousin Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel. It is somewhat remarkable that one of the longest chapters in the Bible is entirely occupied with the circumstances connected with this marriage, while so many events that appear to us of far greater importance are passed over in a verse or single sentence. It is another evidence of the assertion: God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

The chapter referred to gives a beautiful description of the simplicity of manners prevalent in that age, and may have been written for the purpose of showing that God's providence extends to matters of apparently trivial importance, as well as to those which in human estimation are of great magnitude. Following the narrative of Moses, although some think the event is not related in its proper place, we find Abraham again entering into the bonds of matrimony and blessed with a number of children. The latter years of his life appear to have been spent in tranquillity and peace. After the trials and afflictions through which he had passed, it is pleasant to look upon him as the evening shades appear; to view him approach the boundary of his earthly career, like the sun in his appointed course hiding himself behind the western hills, and like that sun destined to rise again. An old man, says Moses, full of years, being one hundred and seventy-five, he was gathered to his people; and his sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the Cave of Machpelah, by the side of his beloved Sarah. Such is a faint outline of the eventful life, the exalted character, and the peaceful end of him who stands forth upon the sacred page as a model of faith and obedience, of generosity, integrity, and honor. The father of the faithful and the friend of God, he was gathered, says Moses, to his people: meaning by that expression, not that his body mingled its dust with that of his ancestors, for this, as we have seen, was not the fact; but that his soul, purified from earthly corruption, winged its flight to the company of those who had preceded him; into the society of *his* people, of the just made perfect, of Enoch, and Noah, and righteous Abel. To each of his several children he had bequeathed a separate portion, but under the direction of God the chief of all his substance was given to Isaac, who was designated as the heir of his father's possessions and of God's promises.

The life of Isaac, for the most part

passed away with few incidents of moment. By far the most important and interesting event in his career was that to which we have already adverted, whereby he became to all ages a prefiguration of the great atoning sacrifice, a type most memorable and illustrious of the world's Redeemer. To this we shall again recur after noticing a few of the peculiar traits in his character as pointed out by the sacred writer. He seems to have been fond of meditation and prayer. He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide. That is, when the shades of night drew on, and the toils of the day were over, he went forth that he might be alone with his God; to meditate upon his goodness, and to hold communion with him; and this seems to have been the prevailing feature of his character. His affection for his parents seems to have been great. He was always obedient, dutiful, and kind. His grief at the death of his mother was severe, for it was three years after that event when it is said Isaac was comforted after his mother's death. At the burial of his father he appears to have forgotten the insults and injuries he had received from Ishmael, and the two brothers, so unlike in disposition and temper, mingled their tears together at his grave. He had been married twenty years before his sons, Esau and Jacob were born, and their birth is mentioned as a signal answer to his repeated prayers. "And now we are introduced to the prolific source of most of the troubles which afterward arose to disquiet the family of the patriarch. Isaac loved Esau, but Rebekah loved Jacob. Whatever may be said as to the ground of this parental partiality, it is clear that nothing could be more unhappy than the consequences to which it led. The distress which embittered the remainder of Isaac's life may be traced directly to this source, teaching us by an impressive example the lesson which all parents may expect to learn from the indulgence of a similar weakness. A distinction among children, while it sows the seed of discord between the heads of the family, produces effects upon its objects still more disastrous. It kindles the flames of jealousy and resentment between brothers and sisters, and renders the heart, which should be the seat of every gentle and kindly emotion, the habitation of anger, malice, and revenge. It will be entirely owing to the interposition of a kind and merciful Providence if those parents who thus sow the wind do not reap the whirlwind." (Bush.)

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that, as we saw in the history of Abraham there was a famine in the land of Canaan, so also there was one in the days of Isaac, and that, as in the case of his father, he too was obliged to leave the country for a season. These repeated famines in a land which God had promised them, could not fail to draw the attention of the patriarchs from the mere earthly possession to that better inheritance of which Canaan was a type. During the prevalence of this famine, while Isaac dwelt in Gerar, a city of stony Arabia, he fell into the same fault of which his father had been guilty in the same place. He suppressed the truth with reference to Rebekah, and most keenly was he rebuked for it by the king of that country, who was in all probability himself an idolater. So have I heard the man of the world lecturing the professing Christian on his deviations from the straight path of integrity, and asking a question that ought to suffuse the face with crimson, and make the ears tingle. What is that religion worth that does not make its possessor honest, upright, a man of truth? Why, think you, were not these things suppressed by the sacred historian? Why did he leave these blots upon characters otherwise so faultless, so pure? For our admonition, doubtless, they were written; and they stand upon the sacred page like beacons on some sea-girt coast, to warn the mariner from the rocks that threaten shipwreck and destruction.

During Isaac's sojourn in Gerar his wealth increased so rapidly as to excite the envy of the Philistines, and in consequence of this feeling, we are told that all the wells which his father's servants had digged in the days of Abraham his father, the Philistines had stopped them and filled them with earth; a wanton piece of injury, and one well calculated to destroy his flocks and herds, which of course could not exist without water. Isaac bore these injuries with great patience, and instead of seeking to be revenged for them, or in any way to retaliate, he removed from one place to another, until his enemies were wearied with molesting him, and permitted him to dwell in peace.

The latter part of the patriarch's life

was spent in darkness; whether from disease, or accident, or natural weakness in the organs of sight, he became totally blind, and continued in this state forty-five years, during all of which time he appears to have possessed his soul in patience. Shut out from the light of heaven, imposed upon by his wife, and deceived by his son, as we shall see more at large when considering the history of Jacob, he had much to try his patience, and to test the strength of his faith and the firmness of his reliance upon the promises of God.

The time at length arrived when Isaac must go the way of all the earth; and in the one hundred and eightieth year of his age, like as a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered into the garner of his God. His sons, Esau and Jacob, appear to have buried their mutual hostility in their father's grave, and together pay the last sad tribute of respect to his moldering dust.

His character, although not faultless, may be held up for imitation to the old, the middle aged, and the young. When bowed down by the decrepitude and infirmities of many years, he is a model of evenness of temper, resignation, and composure in the prospect of dissolution. His last recorded act is a blessing, and his last words, "God Almighty bless thee, and give thee the blessing of Abraham." Those in middle life may learn from him a lesson of domestic piety and devotion, conjugal fidelity, prudent foresight, and persevering industry. Let the selfish and contentious stand reproved by the example of his moderation, by his patience under unkindness and injustice, and by his meek surrender of an undoubted right for the sake of peace. To the young he is a beautiful example of filial obedience and affection; and in his younger days he was selected by infinite wisdom to typify and shadow forth the Lord Jesus, the atoning lamb of God. Let us notice some of the more important and obvious particulars in which Isaac typified Christ. In the first place Isaac was a *promised* son. Numerous and oft-repeated were the promises of God relative to his birth. Long delayed was the fulfillment of that promise. So with the world's Redeemer. In the thick darkness that settled upon our earth after the first transgression, there was given to our first parents a promise couched in language far from explicit, but, like the glimmering of a star, sufficient to excite attention and to inspire hope. In after ages this promise was again repeated, and at every renewal with still increasing clearness; but long was its fulfillment delayed, and many exclaimed: "Where is the promise of his coming; for since the fathers fell asleep all things remain as they were from the beginning."

But again, Isaac was a son of faith and expectation. His father, it is said, staggered not through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. So the faithful, in the long night which preceded the dawning of the Day-star from on high, relied upon the promise and looked for the consolation of Israel. These all died in faith, says the apostle, not having *received* the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them and embraced them. At length the promise to Abraham was fulfilled; a son is born; his name is Isaac, which means joy, gladness; and when the fullness of the time was come, a herald from the upper world is heard saying, Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Isaac was the only son of his parents, affectionately beloved by them, their joy and delight: so Christ was the only begotten and beloved son of his father, was daily his delight and rejoicing always before him. Abraham, at the command of God, refuses not to doom this, his only, his well-beloved son to die; and God commendeth his love to us, that he withheld not his Son, but freely gave him up to die for us. Isaac might have resisted and refused, but in meekness he submitted, knowing such to be the good pleasure of his God; and Jesus Christ exclaimed, Lo I come to do thy will; no man taketh my life from me. I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again. The age of Isaac, as I observed in a former lecture, is supposed to have been the same as that of Christ when he was offered up; and in either case we see the parallel still further extended, that as Isaac had committed no crime for which he was to die, so in Christ there was found no sin, neither was guile found in his lips: he was offered as a lamb without spot. As the father and the son proceeded on their way to the place of which God had told them, Isaac himself bore the wood by which he

was to be sacrificed; and as Jesus journeyed toward Calvary he bore the cross and endured the shame. But here the parallel ends. Isaac, although willing to die and virtually offered up, was rescued by the voice of God calling Abraham to stay his hand; but Christ drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and poured out his life upon the cross.

See now at what pains God has been to make man acquainted with the plan of the world's redemption. To the generations which preceded Christ's advent, he gave types, and shadows, and figures, that by *them* they might be led to Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Myriads *were thus led to Christ* and became inheritors of the promises; for it was true then, as it is now, and will ever continue to be, there is no other name given under heaven whereby man can be saved. Doubtless in those ages many rejected Christ, and refused to be saved through that sacrifice of which the offering up of Isaac was a type and a shadow. They perished in consequence of such rejection. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who, at this day, rejects the Saviour, when the types of a dark age are done away, and the shadows have been dispelled by the meridian brightness of the Sun of righteousness. O deep and dark indeed will be that damnation which results from a willful rejection of so much light and so much love.

SQUINTING AS ONE OF THE ARTS.

OCCASIONALLY in the world's history arts have been lost. Thanks, however, to man's ingenuity, their number is, on the whole, upon the increase. Sometimes they spring up in a night, invented and patented before morning; sometimes they have a long struggle for existence, but win it in the end. Perhaps the most interesting cases are those where despised merit at length makes good its claim, asserting itself until the Society of Arts is forced to open its ranks for a new member. It seems to us that the claims of squinting, to be considered as such, have never as yet been recognized nor even examined. At the best, it has never taken higher rank than as an accomplishment, giving a very limited pleasure to very few, and utterly barren of other results. Certain new ideas, however, have at length brought it into repute, and made it prominent in society as an intellectual relaxation. Not only so, but the power of judicious squinting—a power susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—has become, in the eyes (how we miss the usual phrase, "in the hands!") of the philosopher, a valuable instrument of scientific investigation.

These are not paradoxes, but simple matters of fact. If we were not continually being reminded, by the history of science, that the simplest secrets are the last to be discovered, it would astonish us to reflect for how long a time men lived in ignorance of the advantage of having two eyes. They would realize, of course, under the contingence of losing one, the convenience of having the other to fall back upon; but not until the second quarter of this century was it clearly seen what other specific purpose was served by a double organization; or in what respect, except that of beauty, which is after all conventional, the perfect man was superior to the Cyclop. The history of this discovery is wonderfully interesting. It may thus be shortly written: A few ingenious gentlemen squinted thoughtfully and knowingly for a few evenings, and the problem was set at rest. Science was satisfied, but the art of squinting had yet to be popularized. Science, out of gratitude, lent her aid, and invented a stereoscope; thus making a repetition of the original experiment, to which she was so much indebted, to become a charming recreation for all, and teaching, among other things beautiful and instructive, how much is gained by the power of judiciously converging our optic axes.

When a one-eyed man looks, as we have seen one look, into a stereoscope, and declares the effect to be wonderful, we feel for him; but delicacy forbids us to expound to him that he has missed the purpose of the instrument, nor can ever see its true wonders. When a lady, on the other hand, naïvely declares that the effect is to her improved by closing one eye, we see that she is one who is not living up to her privileges, and proceed gently to show her that she is sacrificing one of her most important optical advantages. "Madam," we say, "you cannot squint with one eye; and this little instrument was invented simply to assist you to squint, nothing more." Having startled

her to attention, we explain to her that with one eye she was simply looking at a photograph slightly magnified, the objects in which were rendered apparently solid only by the distribution of light and shade, as in an ordinary picture; but that there are two pictures on the slide, which are dissimilar, and that both of these must be seen together, before any real solidity is given. That the lenses do combine these dissimilar pictures into one, is perhaps most simply shown by covering them over alternately with a piece of white paper on which cross-lines have been drawn; the cross is then seen, on looking into the instrument, to be lying upon the uncovered picture. "You see then, madam, that one must be placed on the other." She evidently thinks it in a double sense an imposition.

However, our present purpose is not with the stereoscope, except in so far as it is an appliance which enables thousands daily, without their knowing it, to practice an art whose claims we happen now to be taking under our especial patronage. Squinting, in fact, opens a new source of pleasure, and puts us in possession of a new power absolutely unattainable by any other process. It was invented long since, this art of seeing double; but, probably from being known to be a power often developed under discreditable circumstances, and obtained, it would seem, only in exchange for other more valuable faculties, it has fallen into disrepute, and is rarely practiced in sober society. Now, however, that in these our times its practice has become with artificial aid an almost universal recreation, its advocacy can be open to no suspicion.

We are familiar, and men have long been so, with the idea of machinery superseding manual labor; but few realize the fact, that the purpose of an optical instrument can be to save muscular exertion; and yet we may reasonably enough imagine what would have been the consequences of the *non*-invention of the stereoscope. The wonderful results brought to light by squinting would for a time have remained known only to the philosophers. Those few who could appreciate the scientific import of those experiments to which we have before made reference, would have repeated them with their proper eyes, and communicated the results to one another. Soon, however, the general world would have caught up the interest; a mania would have set in, and the optic muscles of society at large would have had a hard time of it. Fortunately, a philosopher appeared as a *Deus cum machina*, and saved them; so that now those who want only to enjoy the results, and are content to wonder, are spared the necessity of subjecting their optic axes to a tedious drill.

In this case there is a royal road, cheap and expeditious enough. But it is, as it were, a railway cut through a tunnel and between close embankments, and those who travel by it see nothing by the way; so that, for so short a distance, we advise those who like exercise and roadside interest, to walk it.

It was announced, at the time of the first introduction of the stereoscope, that the same results might be produced without the instrument as with it, by the simple convergence of the eyes to a point in front of and between the two diagrams. There were few, however, who tried the experiment with success, and fewer still who arrived at any conclusion as to how the appearance of solidity was produced by these means. Squinting, in fact, with precision is a difficult matter. With most persons, the attempt to bring the eyes to a point at a distance of eight inches in front of the nose, would probably be not attended with immediate success; and to bring that point back or throw it forward an inch at the word of command would require some practice. The fingers, however, must learn to measure on the violin lengths which are calculable with mathematical nicety, before the right note can be sounded; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any possess, or have eighteen pence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in white lines on a black ground, let him endeavor as hereunder written. Holding one about a foot from him, and directly in front, let him place the point of a pencil in the center between the two diagrams, and then move it gradually toward his eyes, steadily looking at it. At first the two diagrams will be seen as four, for no single object appears single to us unless we are looking directly at it, as may be verified by holding a printed page about half a foot behind a candle, and trying to read it

through the flame, when the flame will be seen double. As the pencil, however, approaches, a point will soon be reached when the four diagrams will have become three, the two middle ones approaching one another, and at last coalescing. Here stop, and looking still at the pencil, suddenly withdraw it, and leave the eyes fixed upon the point where it was. A stereoscopic image is now visible to those who will take a little trouble to see it. Not the same, however, as the same slide will give through the stereoscope, but that reversed. Sixteen out of the twenty-five which form the set are reversible without distortion; the others are simply thrown into Chinese perspective. As we are concerned only to view the middle one, the outside diagrams of the three are in our way; can we not get rid of them? The triple appearance is simply accounted for: the right eye looking at the left hand picture still sees the other one, just as, though looking at one candle, we still are conscious of another, if it happens to be near it; and the left eye, again, though it is looking across at the other picture, still sees out of its corner that which is immediately in front of it. To shut the obtrusive images out, all that is wanted is a card with a hole in it about an inch square: this held with the middle point of the hole where the pencil was before it was withdrawn, will let the stereoscopic image through, and stop the two others.

A small card-board box about the size and shape of an ordinary stereoscope, with such a screen as we have described fixed permanently in it at the proper distance, which may readily be found by experiment, and two holes at the top for the eyes, will, we may promise our readers, fully repay the small investment of ingenuity and trouble required for its construction. If across the aperture of the screen a thread is stretched with a small knot in the center, it will generally direct the eyes even of the uninitiated squinter at once to the precise point at which the stereoscopic effect starts into view. We have thus not only put ourselves out of all obligation to lenses, but we have obtained a most curious and interesting result. The solid image we now see differs, as we have said, from that which the same diagrams produce for us when looked at through the ordinary stereoscope. It seems nearer to the eyes, and smaller than before, and is, besides, reversed, concavities having become convex, a raised pyramid showing like a hollow box, and a railway tunnel being turned inside out, as one might serve a stocking. Does any one ask the reason, he is in a fit state to receive further instruction. Perchance, friend, thou knowest not the distinction between fore and aft squinting. The former of these mysteries of the art we have already descanted upon; the latter, though not generally open to neophytes, we are not unwilling to divulge.

There are, we imagine, few persons who can readily converge their eyes to a point *further* from them than two objects, as two candles, so as to see an image of a third candle between them. It is not, however, by any means an unattainable feat. The first condition of success is that the two objects be nearer together than the two eyes. The ordinary stereoscopic slides are unfit for the purpose of these further experiments, corresponding points upon them being not closer to one another than two inches and a half. Some of those geometrical diagrams which we have mentioned are, however, so simple that they may readily be drawn to a diminished scale. With a pair so drawn, the attempt may be made. A hint to success may be furnished from these considerations. We shall want, as before, to banish the two side-images; but as the eyes are now not to cross in front of the diagrams, the left-hand diagram must be concealed from the right eye, and conversely, so that the eyes may look straight forward at the pictures in front of them respectively. To do this at once will therefore simplify the problem. Place the two diagrams nearly close together upon the table; hold a card vertically as a wall of partition between them, so that the eyes may look each down a different side of the card. Soon a single picture will be seen, or rather, we should say, a solid image produced by the combination of the two pictures. This image will be the same as is produced in the ordinary stereoscope by the same diagrams placed in the same way; so that, if we construct a small box with a vertical wall of partition permanently fixed in it, we have a home-made stereoscope without lenses; its only imperfection being that it is not adapted for viewing pictures of the size of those with which photography now so

abundantly supplies us. These may be used with the box we first described, and since that will reverse them, strange and highly curious results will sometimes be produced. The foreground of a landscape, for instance, may retire into the distance, and the objects in the background come forward, while a street may be thrown into perspective that agrees better with Hogarth's caricature than with the rules of the academy. If we cut a slide in two, however, and make the diagrams change sides, our first box will unite them into a true solid image, while a box of the construction last described would, if the distance between our eyes were greater than it is, distort them. The lenses of a stereoscope, therefore, aid us in two ways: they give us the advantage of viewing larger pictures; and, again, save us the trouble of finding the right point at which to look, by artificially placing the two pictures together, and leaving us to look at them at our leisure. For our part, gratefully acknowledging this assistance, we yet contend that as long as the optic axes remain uneducated, men will not appreciate at its true value a discovery which throws clear light on part of the mystery of vision, and distinctly gives the nineteenth century a new idea. That we obtain our perception of solidity from the fact that the two images of a solid body formed in the two eyes are dissimilar, could not be demonstrated otherwise than by recombining two such dissimilar plane images, and obtaining therefrom a perception of solidity. Herein was the art of squinting the hand-maid to science. Most persons, regarding the stereoscope as belonging to the genus "optical instrument," are content to set its wonders down to natural magic. True; but as it is an illusion which any one, with ten minutes' practice, may reproduce at pleasure without any instrument whatever, and helps, moreover, wonderfully to explain that other illusion of our seeing things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minds in the present generation have been led up to the discovery of highly interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—MONTAIGNE.

Not the least hopeful result of the great revival of religion, now so general among almost all denominations of Christians, is their unity of purpose and of effort, and the abeyance, for the time being at least, of sectarian exclusiveness. It is a realization of the vision in which Giant *Bigotry* fell and broke his leg. "I wished," said the matchless dreamer, "that it had been his neck!" His neck will be broken before the end cometh, and Christ's prayer that all his disciples may be one, even as He and the Father are one, will yet be answered. In the mean time, as a memento of what has been, and is not yet utterly extinct, we copy an eloquent passage on

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

It is taken from a sermon by the celebrated CUDWORTH, preached before the British House of Commons in the days of Cromwell, and reads as though it might have been written last year:

Love is, and has ever been, the most wanting of the Christian graces. What do we see in Christendom? A vast complication of ecclesiastical machinery, churches established and churches unestablished, to keep men in the trammels of sectarianism; a vast accumulation of doctrines to be believed, duties to be performed, and rites to be observed; a vast array of Biblical learning and criticism, in which every word is examined, weighed, and defined. We have creeds, confessions, liturgies, prayer-books, catechisms, and forms of faith and discipline. We have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachers. We have councils, convocations, synods, conferences, assemblies, and other ecclesiastical bodies without number. We have commentaries, reviews, magazines, religious newspapers, and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon thousands of religious books, from the four page tract to the quarto volume. We have cathedrals, churches, chapels, and schools—in short a wondrous and complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and agencies. But WHERE IS OUR CHARITY? All these things are but means to an end, and that end is charity out of a pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned.

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

BAYNE, whose critical acumen has been noticed in our pages, has frequently a beautifully suggestive passage:

There is a beauty in the face of man when his God smiles on it, as on the face of the babe in his cradle, on which a father looks in joy, which must not be taken away. There is an earnestness in the heart and life of a man when he knows that the eye of the Eternal is on him, which must not be foregone. There is an eternity of consequence in every act of an immortal, which he cannot deny and continue to work. The

finite being staggers in bewilderment when separated from the Infinite; he cannot stand alone in the universe; he cannot defame his spirit without darkening it; he cannot scorn faith without weakening reason; he cannot deny God, and reach the full strength and expansion of his faculties as a man. Coleridge says truly, that religion makes all glorious on which it looks. How effectual and sublime is the education I receive in the survey, if every object I meet is gifted with a power of exhaustless suggestion, and every leaf of the forest, and star of the sky, is a commissioned witness for God; and not the most careless trill of woodland melody; no chance gleam of sunlight over the fountain that leaps from the crag, and, reckless as it is, must stay to reflect in its rainbowed loveliness the beauty of heaven; no wild wave tossing joyously on the pathless deep, but has power to call into action my highest and holiest powers of wonder, of reverence, of adoration.

JOHN FOSTER.

THE writer last quoted thus graphically and truthfully delineates one of the most profound thinkers of the age in which he lived:

Earnestness was, perhaps, Foster's distinguishing characteristic; over his every page you seem to see bending the knit brow and indomitable eye of the thinker. This man, you feel, is conscious that it is a great and awful thing to be alive, to be born to that dread inheritance of duty and destiny which awaits every spirit of man that arrives on earth. He shakes from him the dust of custom; he little heeds the sanctions of reputation; afar off and very still, compared with a voice coming from above, he hears the trumpetings of fame; calm, determined, irresistible, his foot ever seems to press down till it reaches the basal adamant. This earnestness is made the more impressive from the manifest leaning of his mind toward the gloomy and mysterious. Of habits of thought deeply reflective, he retired, as it were, into the inner dwelling of his mind, there to ponder the insoluble questions of destiny; like dim curtains, painted with shapes of terror, of gloom, and of weird grandeur, that hang round a dusky hall, waving fitfully in the faint light, these questions seem to us to have hung round his mind, filling it all with solemn shadow; he looked on them as on mystic hieroglyphs, but when he asked their secret, they remained silent as Isis; he ever turned away saying, in baffled pride, I will compel your answer in eternity; yet always turned again, fascinated by their sublime mystery, and stung by their calm defiance. No word of frivolity escapes him; he tells men sternly what they have to dare, and do, and suffer; he never says the burden is light, or the foe weak, but the one must be borne, and the other must be met. You feel, in perusing his works, as in going through a rugged region, where Nature, forgetting her gentler moods, desires to write upon the tablet of the world her lessons of solemnity and power; you perceive that only hardy plants can breathe this atmosphere, that here no Arcadian lawns can smile, no Utopian palaces arise; then awakens in you that courage, you seem to be conscious of that sense of greatness which the strong soul knows in the neighborhood of crags and forests, where the torrent blends its stern murmur with the music of the mountain blast.

INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE.

AN incident in the life of Audubon is well known and is gracefully told by Dr. Storrs:

One of the most interesting passages in m[illegible]rn literary history, is that in which the great ornit[illegible]gist of our time met the sudden destruction of the [illegible]sures he had accumulated in fifteen years of incess[illegible] exploration. At the shock of what seemed an ir[illegible]di-able disaster he was thrown into a fever which [illegible]d well-nigh proved fatal. "A burning heat," as he [illegible]scribed it, "rushed through my brain; and my d[illegible] were oblivion." But as consciousness returned, a[illegible] the rally of nature fought back the sudden incursio[illegible] of disease, there sang again through his wakening thoughts the wild notes he had heard in the bayous of Louisiana, the everglades of Florida, the savannahs of the Carolinas, and the forests that fringe the sides of the Alleghanies. He saw again the Washington eagle, as it soared and screamed from its far rocky eyrie. He startled again, from her perch on the firs, the brown warbler of Labrador. He traced in thought the magic hues on crest and wing, that so often had shone before the dip of his rifle. And the passion for new expeditions and discoveries, arising afresh, was more to him than medicine. In three years more, passed far from home, he had filled once more the despoiled portfolios; and at every step, as he told his biographer, "it was not the desire of fame that prompted him; it was his exceeding enjoyment of nature."

I AM.

WHO can conceive a more beautiful connection of sublime ideas than is found in the following. The authorship is attributed to Bishop Beveridge:

"I AM." He doth not say, I AM their light, their guide, their strengthening tower, but only I AM. He sets, as it were, his hand to blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he said: "Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they poor? I AM riches. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things: I AM wisdom and power; I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminence, super-eminence, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity. JEHOVAH, I AM! Whatsoever is amiable in itself, and desirable to them, that I AM. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is good and needful to make men happy, that I AM.

GREATNESS AND MEANNESS

Are so nearly allied that a very trifling matter marks the boundary between them. Emerson thus explains it:

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.

TRUE POLITENESS

Is a Christian grace. It is obedience to the injunction of the apostle: Be courteous. The great and good Lord Chatham says:

As to politeness, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description, defini-

tion, being able to comprise it. I would, however, ven- to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the prefer- en- of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occur- -s in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual at- -ion to the wants of those with whom we are, by -ich attention we either prevent or remove them. owing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civili- -ies, will never be politeness—that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.

From a volume entitled "Plain Parochial Sermons," recently published in London, we take this practically suggestive passage:

Did you ever watch a sculpter slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not molded at once. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it, put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expressions. It is a work of time: but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed for ever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man, under the leading of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul; habits of love, purity, and truth, habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently mold and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

THE ABUSE OF LOVE.

There are those who need only a hint like that which follows, albeit the hint is a pretty broad one, to induce them to correct an evil habit into which they have fallen:

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his own hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in by those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

GOOD INFLUENCES NEVER LOST.

An inference as to spiritual things is here drawn from an admitted fact in the natural world:

It is a law in the material world, that nothing is absolutely lost. The place, the form, the material of objects change. Our bodies die, and turn to dust. The whole animal and vegetable creations have their period of growth and decay. The waters wear the stones. But in this change, there is no loss or destruction of elementary particles. Dissolving elements appear again in new combinations, and new forms of utility and beauty. The waters absorbed by the atmosphere, go up by the mountains, gather into clouds, and descend in showers to water the earth, and enter into the structure of all living things. And may not a law something like this exist in God's spiritual kingdom. Will He, who watches over the changing elements of senseless matter, so that no one particle is ever lost, or comes short of its destination, permit those good influences which, by grace, have originated in the faith of his people, ever to be lost, or to come short of their end? Will they not certainly enter into this glorious building, and contribute something to the completeness of its form and perfection of its beauty? The good influences exerted by pious men, often seem to men to be utterly dissipated. When the blood of the Christian martyrs was poured on the sands of Rome, their persecutors imagined that they had made an end of their doctrine. But that blood washed into the Tiber, was carried by its waters into the sea, and by the sea into the ocean, and by its waves to every kingdom of the earth: and thus became a type, not more of the spreading doctrines of Christianity, than of the augmented and widely diffused influences of those holy men.

BREVITIES.

A few, from various authors, will close the chapter:

Bad Arguments.—The best way of answering a bad argument is, not to stop it, but let it go on its course until it overleaps the boundaries of common sense.—*Sydney Smith.*

Charitable Bequests.—What are called post-mortuary charities cannot be classed among *the things done in the body*, to which the apostle refers. If there is any merit in the deed it belongs not to us, who in reality do it not; nor to our executors or our children, who are *obliged* to do it.

Satirical.—Coleridge says the French are a nation the very phrases of whose language are so composed, that they can scarcely speak without lying.

Jesus of Nazareth.—If the tale of Calvary be a fiction, the inventor is more wondrous than the hero of the narrative.—*Rousseau.*

Affectation of Feeling.—Better be cold than affect to feel. In truth, nothing is so cold as an assumed, noisy enthusiasm. Its best emblem is the northern blast of winter, which freezes as it roars.—*Channing.*

Zeal.—An old English divine says that religious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace, is exceedingly apt to sour.

Reason and Revelation.—He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and is as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—*Locke.*

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves, and fight desperately for food to be laid on our tombs after death.—*M'Kenzie.*

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1858.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—It has been intimated that our brief note relative to sectarian predominance in the management of this institution was unkind and unnecessary. As to its necessity we claim to be the best judge, and we are unable to see how any law of kindness is violated by a plain statement of facts. He is not an enemy who tells us the truth, and the truthfulness of our statement has not been questioned. Excuses indeed have been offered, in the guise of reasons for the Presbyterian ascendency in the Board of Managers. We are told that vacancies seldom occur, and that it is an ungracious task to displace men who have served faithfully, and that in due time the various religious denominations who sustain the society will have an equitable share in its management. All this has a very plausible sound. But a gentleman who has been for many years in the service of the society, and who has carefully looked into the subject, informs us that during the last twenty years, that is since 1838, there have occurred *sixteen* vacancies in the board, fourteen by death and two by resignation. These have all been filled at the annual meetings succeeding the occurrence of the vacancies. The result now is, and we give it a little more definitely than in our former notice:

Managers of the American Bible Society.

Presbyterians, (Old and New School,)	21
Episcopalians	7
Methodists	4
Dutch Reformed	2
Friend	1
Baptist	1
Total	36

Thus it will be seen that although there have been sixteen vacancies within the last twenty years, the relative predominance of one sect is greater now than it was then. Whether we are right or not in the inference that such a result has been reached by maneuvering and management, the reader, we think, will agree with us in the opinion that it ought not so to be in a *national* society, from whose banner the very word *sectarianism* is professedly blotted out. The Philadelphia Conference, the largest body of ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, men who have been, and still are, among the most devoted friends of the society, adopted, at their last session in Easton, Pa., the following significant resolution:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the American Bible Society is a great national institution, and is sustained by contributions from the various evangelical denominations, it is the judgment of this conference that *each particular denomination is entitled to, and by right ought to have a fair and equitable share in the management of its affairs.*

We commend this resolution to the notice of those who at present control matters at the Bible House, and assure them that the sentiment therein expressed is very general among the Churches.

HYMNOLOGY.—A writer in the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review* for April, in an article entitled "Hymn Makers and Hymn Menders," is very severe upon those whom he is pleased to include in the latter class. He criticises with severity, and denounces those who have ventured to alter stanzas as they came from the pen of the poet. Like many other keen critics, he falls into some rather amusing blunders Toplady's well-known hymn,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,

is one of those that has been "mended." In the first stanza we have, in the Methodist collection,

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

The sagacious critic supposes this to be the original, and chastises the unlucky wight who spoiled the rhyme by reading,

Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

He says: "Those who have changed the line thus apprehend to some extent Toplady's meaning, but *supply a poor substitute.*" The "poor substitute" is Toplady's own! The alteration has been mistaken for the original; and thus, unwittingly, the critic pays a compliment to the "mender" at the expense of the "maker."

Another amusing instance of blundering criticism, similar but different, may here be noticed. Soon after the revised edition of the Methodist Hymn Book made its appearance, fault was found with the compilers for altering one of Charles Wesley's hyms:

O come and dwell in me, etc.

In the new book the second stanza begins

The seed of sin's disease, etc.

In all former collections made in this country the line reads,

This inward, dire disease, etc.

and the lynx-eyed critic, having never seen, or if he had seen, not having noticed, the Wesleyan true reading, accused the compilers of "mangling" the poetry of the great hymn writer. They had made him speak nonsense, and their mending was—marring. Unfortunately for the critic, but happily for the "menders," in this instance they had only restored the true reading as it came from the poet's pen; and if it speaks nonsense, the "maker," and not the "mender," is responsible. The moral of all this is, Never attempt to criticise without adequate acquaintance with the subject in hand.

AN ALTERNATIVE.—*The Rev. Morgan Dix*, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is reported to have said, in a sermon "before the provisional bishop and a large congregation," at Trinity Church in this city, that "it must be evident on the face of the matter, that if the revivalists are right the Church must be in the wrong." Of course he took the ground that the Church, meaning his own denomination, is *not* in the wrong. Others will prefer the other horn of the dilemma; and it will not be an easy task to persuade the tens of thousands who have

recently been led to Christ, and have found peace in believing, that the revival so long, and still in progress, is a delusion, or without the sanction of the great Head of the Church. It cannot be reasoned away into a mere outburst of fanaticism; nor, by those who have felt its power, can it be attributed to mere human skill and contrivance. "The whole movement," Mr. Dix tells us, "occurred among those *who are without episcopal order and government*, and who discard the idea of sacraments *in the sense in which the Church formularies use the word*." In this he speaks truly, and the inference is that the revival is a delusion and a sham, OR that what Mr. Dix calls "episcopal order and government," is not essential to the salvation of souls, and that the "sense" in which his "Church formularies" use the "idea of sacraments" is not indispensable to the building up of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

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PLAGIARISM.—It is bad enough for men of the world to steal, and a political writer who should be proved guilty of appropriating to himself the thoughts and the language of another, would assuredly lose caste in the republic of letters. Of course it is no palliation of the offense that the guilty party is a Christian, or even a minister of the Gospel. Indeed some people have an idea that the preacher who utters as his own what he has committed to memory from the writings of others, and the learned divine who prints in a book page after page of another's thoughts without giving him credit, is no better than the ordinary pilferer, worse, indeed, because of his position and the more extended influence of his example. The most glaring case of this kind which has recently been exposed, is that of the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, whose work entitled, "Theology Objectively Considered" was highly eulogized at the time of its publication. Some of the papers of the doctor's own Church hailed him as the Calvin of the age; but one of them, the North Carolina *Presbyterian*, charges him with gross and extensive plagiarism, and—proves the charge. It is true the author's friends make a defense for him by referring to some general acknowledgments in his introduction; but, in that introduction, the doctor does *not* say that he has mainly made his book by copying from others, nor give any credit to STAPFER, a Swiss divine, whose Institutes of Polemical Theology were published at Zurich about a century ago. The following passages are taken from the doctor's "Preliminary Remarks." They are certainly sufficiently egotistical:

"I have not aimed to produce a compend of theology. I aim to teach theology itself." "It is this knowledge of God unto salvation, which I accept and develop, as a science of absolute truth; and these which I attempt to demonstrate, to classify, and to expound." "That for which I alone must be responsible, is that which makes the work individual, the conception, the method, the digestion, the presentation, the order, the spirit, the impression of the whole." P. x. "I am not aware that either the conception I have of this immense subject, or the method I adopt in developing it, or the order I pursue in treating it, have been distinctly recognized hitherto as a basis either of inquiry or instruction in theology." P. xii.

After perusing the above, and counting the great I's, the reader will admire the marvelous coincidence in the thoughts and language of two men writing a century apart, as here presented, merely by way of a sample, in parallel columns:

Dr. B., ch. xviii, p. 267.	Stapfer, ch. iii, sec. i, vol. i, p. 67.
I—1. The simplest idea we can form of God is, that he is a self-existent Being, distinct from us and from the universe, who contains in himself a sufficient ground and reason for the existence of ourselves and the universe. Stated in other words: that God is a being absolutely necessary and independent, in whom and upon whom all things are contingent and dependent.	§ 271. By God we understand a self-existent Being, distinct from our mind and the universe, in whom there is contained a sufficient reason for the existence of this world and of our spirits; or, (a Being) that is absolutely necessary and independent, but upon whom all things depend.
2. As it is impossible for anything to be, and not to be, it follows that a sufficient reason exists, and can be given why any particular thing is rather than is not; and why it is in a particular mode, rather than in some other. This sufficient reason being discovered and stated, nothing more can be required concerning the fact or mode of the existence of that thing.	273. It is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be. This is a first Truth, and therefore incapable of demonstration. 274. There exists a sufficient reason for all things; whence it is known why any particular thing is, rather than is not; why it exists in this particular mode rather than in another; and which being stated, nothing more is required to explain the existence of that thing.

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BRADY'S GALLERY.—One of the most attractive places in relation to the fine arts in the city, is the gallery of Mr. Brady, 359 Broadway. Under the enterprising skill of this gentleman the photographic art has reached perfection. The most perfect representations, from the miniature to the life size, are taken in all styles. Those which have been painted, present the most perfect specimens of art we have seen. Mr. Brady has recently enriched his gallery with imperial photographs of the most distinguished divines in the different denominations in the city; and this gallery of itself would well repay a visit. The most distinguished officials in state as well as Church, from this and other countries, with a full representation of the literary men of the times, can be found in his collection. Among the photographs may be seen most exact likenesses of our bishops, with quite a number of our pulpit celebrities in New York. The whole corps editorial of the Book Concern is represented with admirable exactness. Mr. Brady is a native of New York, and among the first to introduce this beautiful art among us, and to him, perhaps, more than any other artist, is the country indebted for the perfection to which it has attained. His gallery in Washington city, as well as the one on Broadway, is one of the largest and most attractive of the kind in the country; and as they are open to access to all visitors, our friends would doubtless be gratified in looking upon his finely-executed pictures.

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SLAVERY.—The New York East Conference, at their late session, adopted the following resolutions, and ordered their publication:

Resolved, That we affirm the language of our Church in 1784, namely, that the practice of holding our fellow-creatures in slavery is contrary to the golden rule of God and the inalienable rights of mankind, as well as the principles of the American Revolution; and we therefore deem it our most bounden duty to take some

effectual method to extirpate this abomination from among us.

Resolved, That it is the duty of our Church as a unit to educate her membership to the high standard of these her primitive doctrines, and to this end it is her duty to inculcate them prudently but firmly through her organs, whether press or pulpit.

Resolved, That, while we oppose slavery as citizens, and give our sympathy to those who, in the state, are maintaining the cause of freedom against the slave power, we are especially the opponents of oppression as *a sin*, and the supporters of emancipation as the *requirement of righteousness*; and we would therefore remember that our anti-slaveryism should be deeply imbued with the spirit of the Holy Gospel—that it should wisely consult the honor and unity of our Church, in the full faith that the highest good will be obtained through the legitimate instrumentality of her established institutions.

Resolved, That we offer our unfeigned thanks to Almighty God, and tender our cordial congratulations to the friends of humanity, for the rapid extension of the principles of justice and freedom during the past year, as well as for the cheering prospects of the extension of free institutions in our country; and we cherish the anticipation that, with proper effort in maintaining and diffusing light and truth on the subject, all misunderstanding will disappear, and the Church will unite, as with the heart of one man, upon the ancient Wesleyan platform, and, as in the great English emancipation struggle, Methodism will be unanimous and energetic in the cause of freedom.

An official Methodist paper, one of the "Advocates," says: "Why any Methodist preacher should oppose such resolutions, we can't tell. To us they sound very fourth-of-Julyish."

Our brother is not alone in this respect. Many of those who listened to the warm discussion occasioned by their introduction, were unable to see *why* the resolutions were opposed with such zeal. It is gratifying to be enabled to add that the opposition was a very small minority of the Conference, and that with equal, if not greater unanimity, the New York conference, sitting in the same city, a few weeks later, adopted the following:

Whereas, There are few, if any questions agitating more deeply the public mind, or involving moral and religious principles of higher moment, than slavery, we consider it fitting and proper that we as a conference should give utterance to our convictions on the subject; therefore,

Resolved, That the system of slavery is at war with the Gospel of Christ, the rights of man, and the best interests of society.

Resolved, That we point with just pride to the position which the Methodist Episcopal Church has, from her first organization, occupied upon the subject, ever regarding it as an evil, for the extirpation of which all wise and prudent measures are to be employed.

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A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The Methodists are awakening to the importance of a more systematic and thorough preparation for the ministerial office and work. The Wesleyans of England have two large, well-endowed, and ably-conducted Theological Schools. The Methodists of our own land have two: one at Concord, New Hampshire; the other near Chicago, Ill. The establishment of a third is under consideration. The New York East Conference adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Conference the time has arrived when it is the duty of the Church to consider the necessity and propriety of establishing an institution for ministerial and missionary education, to be located in the city of New York or its vicinity, or in the city of Middletown.

Resolved, That a committee of five members of this Conference and five laymen be appointed to consider this matter and report to the Conference during its present session.

This may be regarded as initiating the movement: for its due consideration will very naturally result in the determination to establish a school of the kind in one of the localities named. Indeed, the adoption of the first resolution settles the question of necessity in the opinion of the Conference; and all that remains to be done is to project a plan, and carry it out.

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AN EDITORIAL CALAMITY.—The *Christian Inquirer*, in noticing the fact that the editor of the *Churchman* has retired from his post, thus gives vent to his regret:

We are afraid we shall never find another editor so interesting as this highest of all Churchmen was to us. What shall we do now for an authority in Ecclesiology? His weekly incubrations were always looked forward to with the assurance of finding, in addition to unquestionable ability, such strange Ishmaelite arrogance, presumption, and contempt for all outside of the "covenanted mercies," as were almost sublime and quite amusing. It was as healthy a laugh provoker to most of the editorial fraternity as if intended for a weekly ecclesiastical *Punch*, and will be much missed.

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A TERRIBLE FOE.—Banker, in his work on Ceylon, states that on one occasion he came across an enormous serpent which lay in his path. His head was about the size of a very small cocoa-nut, divided lengthways, and this was raised to about eighteen inches above the coil. His eyes were fixed upon us, and the forked tongue played in and out of his mouth with a continued hiss. Aiming at his head, I fired at him with a double-barreled gun, within four paces, and blew his head to pieces. He appeared stone-dead; but, upon pulling him by the tail, to stretch him out, he wreathed himself into convulsive coils, and lashing himself out at full length, mowed down the grass in all directions. This obliged me to stand clear, for his blows were terrific, and the thickest part of his body was as thick as a man's thigh. Cutting some sharp-pointed stakes, I pinned his tail to the ground with my hunting-knife; and thrusting the pointed stake into the hole, I drove it deeply into the ground with the butt-end of my rifle. The boa made some objection to this, and again commenced his former muscular contortions. I waited till they were over; and having provided myself with some tough jungle-rope, (a species of creepers,) I once more approached him, and, pinning his throat to the ground, I tied the rope through the incisions, and the united exertions of myself and three men hauled him out perfectly straight. I then drove a stake through his throat, and pinned him out. He was fifteen feet in length, and it required our united strength to tear off his skin, which shone with a variety of passing colors. On loosing his hide he tore away from the stakes; and although his head was shivered to atoms, and he had lost three feet of his neck by the ball having cut through this part, which separated in tearing off the skin, still he lashed and writhed in a frightful convulsion, continuing till I left him, bearing his hide as my trophy.

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SLANDER.—Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe the one-sided whisper against the character of another, but will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current.

Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief at a single nod! How many graves have been dug by false report! Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for tale-telling, we pray. Lisp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the great injury of another, and, as far as you are concerned, the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

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Atlantic Telegraph.—The London *Times* announces that the general programme of the second, and, it is to be hoped, final attempt to submerge the Atlantic telegraph wire, has already been decided on. The four hundred miles of cable ordered to replace the three hundred and eighty-four which were lost last autumn off Valentia have been completed, and it is intended, in order to make better provision for casualties, that an additional three hundred miles shall be at once proceeded with. The Agamemnon and the Niagara are the vessels again to be employed in the attempt to lay the wire, and the operation will this year be commenced in the middle of June, in which month, it is said, there are some five or six consecutive days during which a gale in the Atlantic was seldom or never known to occur. The line will be joined and laid from the center of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end of the cable to Ireland, and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America. The Niagara will take on board, at the Keyham Dockyard, one thousand five hundred miles of the wire. On this occasion the cable will not be piled away in one huge mass, but will be distributed equally in the fore, midship, and after part of the vessel, in three coils of five hundred miles each. As soon as the wire has been stowed away, the two steamers will proceed into deep water, when a number of experiments will be made with the paying out machinery, to ascertain practically if any difficulties exist in the proposed plan for submerging the wire from the center of the Atlantic.

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Origin of Slavery.—Mr. Bancroft, in the first volume of his History of the United States, gives an account of the early traffic of the Europeans in slaves. In the middle ages the Venetians purchased white men, Christians, and others, and sold them to the Saracens in Sicily and Spain. In England the Anglo-Saxon nobility sold their servants as slaves to foreigners. The Portuguese first imported negro slaves from Western Africa, into Europe, in 1442. Spain soon engaged in the traffic, and negro slaves abounded in some places of that kingdom. After America was discovered, the Indians of Hispaniola were imported into Spain, and made slaves. The Spaniards visited the coast of North America and kidnapped thousands of the Indians, whom they transported into slavery in Europe and the West Indies. Columbus himself kidnapped five hundred native Americans, and sent them into Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville. The practice of selling North American Indians into foreign bondage continued for two centuries. Negro slavery was first introduced into America by Spanish slaveholders, who emigrated with their negroes. A royal edict of Spain authorized negro slavery in America in 1508. King Ferdinand himself sent from Seville fifty slaves to labor in the mines. In 1511 the direct tariff in slaves between Africa and Hispaniola was enjoined by a royal ordinance. Las Casas, who saw the Indians vanish away before the cruelties of the Spaniards, suggested that the negroes, who alone could endure severe toils, might be further employed. This was in 1518. Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave-trade. In 1652 he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniola. In 1657 another expedition was prepared, and Queen Elizabeth protected and shared in the traffic. Hawkins, in one of his expeditions, set fire to an African city, and out of three thousand inhabitants succeeded in seizing two hundred and sixty. Thomas Keyser and James Smith, of Boston, first brought the colonies to participate in slavery. In 1654 they imported a cargo of negroes. Throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; the guilty men were committed for the offense, and the representatives of the people ordered the negroes to be restored to their native country at the public expense. At a later period there were both Indian and negro slaves in Massachusetts. In 1620 a Dutch ship entered James River, and landed twenty negroes for sale. This was the epoch of the introduction of slavery in Virginia. For many years the Dutch were principally concerned in the slave-trade in the market of Virginia.

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Pointless Sermons.—In one of his discourses John Newton has this pithy remark:

Many sermons, ingenious in their kind, may be compared to a letter put in a post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, it is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents.

Such a sermon, whatever excellences it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jeweled hilt, and a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and therefore, to all real use, is no sword. The truth properly presented has an edge; it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

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The Christian Observer thus speaks of a new organization which professes to collect money from Sabbath-school children. It is called the plan of *Systematic Beneficence*. It says:

A communication containing a "*Plan for the Sabbath School Charity Fund*," will be found in another column. The plan proposes the "raising of six cents a week" for this fund "by every Sabbath-school scholar in America." The Society proposes to issue certificates of stock to the amount of ten million dollars. Those who pay six cents a week for three years are to be life members; those who do it for six years, honorary managers; those who do it for ten years, honorary vice presidents; and "those who do this (from love to Christ) while they live, will have a *free admission*

through the gates into the heavenly city, a crown of gold, and a seat at the right hand of the final Judge." To many this plan appears monstrous! nothing better than buying indulgences, by which papists strive to obtain the pardon of sin, or a licence to indulge their unhallowed passions. It appears to be in harmony with popery, and every other false religion; but our Bible teaches us that the crown of life is a gift, not to be gained as a *reward* of works; a gift of *unmerited, infinite* GRACE.

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NO JEW FARMERS.—*The Friend*, published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, contains the following curious statement:

Passing along the very busiest street of Honolulu, in the very busiest part of the day, a shopkeeper called our attention to the statement, which he asserted as a fact upon the authority of the last census of the United States, that out of seven hundred thousand (700,000) Jews residing in the United States, only *one* was registered as a farmer. He desired us to account for the fact. Upon the ordinary principles governing the migration and settlement of different nations resorting to the United States, this fact is unaccountable. It has no parallel. It stands forth marked and isolated. Other nations emigrating to America gradually become absorbed, and mingled with the general population, but not so the Jews. Singular fact. Rare exception. How shall it be accounted for? Let us open the Bible and read the ninth verse of the ninth chapter of the prophet Amos:

"For, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."

Here is a pledge or promise of God that the Jewish people shall not be lost. They are scattered abroad, but not lost or forgotten. They have wandered among all nations, but do not find a home among the nations.

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DIVINITY STUDENTS.—The divinity students of the Catholic Institute, at Cleveland, are forbidden the reading of any newspapers. They must be an enlightened and intelligent set of fellows, and will make exceedingly useful members of society. A Mr. E. O. Callaghan, one of the students, writes to the Cleveland *Herald* something about its report of St. Patrick's dinner, and says:

Owing to the regulations of the seminary in which I am *forbidding all newspaper reading*, it was not possible for me to see these papers, so that these criticisms would have easily escaped my notice, had not the kindness of a friend apprised me of them, and not being able to procure the papers *without permission*, nor at an earlier date, I now reply, and hope my vindication will find a place in your paper.

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RELIGIOUS NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY.—A California paper contains the following take-off: "The Rev. Dr. Gaines will preach in the 'Tabernacle,' corner of Bush and Pine streets, tomorrow evening, at eight o'clock, a sermon appropriate to the recent election. Subject—'Zaccheus up a tree: his mode of climbing.' This will be instructive to little men seeking high positions. The defeated candidates for local offices and legislative honors, are particularly and cordially invited to attend."

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THE DIVINITY OF RANK.—The *Univers* boasts that during the last few years there have been converted to popery in England, three duchesses, one marquis, two countesses, four viscountesses, eight ladies, ten baronets, two archdeacons, eighty-five clergymen, and two hundred and seventy-two persons moving in the upper ranks of life; and further glories in the fact that English titles imply genuine aristocracy, and not sham. Apparently the *Univers* thinks that genuine titles involve theological intuitions, and that true aristocracy enjoys an instinct for the discernment of true faith. If the list had run on thus, three mathematicians, one physiologist, two chemists, four geologists, eight natural historians, ten physicians, two surgeons, eighty-five solicitors, and two hundred and seventy-two other persons engaged in intellectual professions, it would have been somewhat more to the purpose.

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CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS.—Lyell, the geologist, says that alligators' nests resemble hay-cocks. They are four feet high and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a layer of mortar, and having secured this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemberg, of New-Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburgh, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred in all, which he fed in his own house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.

SMALL CHANGE.

STICKING TO THE TEXT.—Selden, in his amusing Table Talk, has the following story in illustration of his remark that preachers will sometimes bring anything into the text:

The young masters of arts preached against non-residency in the university; whereupon the heads made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words: "Abraham begat Isaac." When he had gone a good way, at last he observed, that Abraham was resident; for, if he had been non-resident, he could never have begot Isaac; and so he fell foul upon the non-residents.

This is something like the anecdote of the minister who was almost possessed on the subject of the prelatical controversy, and could never refrain from introducing his opinion on it, no matter what the subject in hand. Once he was set to discourse upon the first verse in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." His first remark was, "Yes, my brethren; but it does not say that God created bishops."

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NOT QUALIFIED.—When John Brown, D.D., had settled in Haddington, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means

in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington."

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and I setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true and forcible God's word: "A soft answer turns away wrath."

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WHEN the learned pig was in the zenith of his popularity, a wag who attended the performance maliciously set before him some peas; a temptation which immediately caused the animal to lose his cue. The pig exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief upon the unfairness of the proceeding, when the latter replied that he "merely wished to see *whether the pig knew his P's from his Q's.*"

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MANY years since a trader in Vermont lost some money. He kept his own counsel, and told no one of the event. Soon after a young man of the place went to the West. In a few years he returned. His first words on entering the store were: "Well, have you found who stole your money?" "Yes," was the answer; "I have just now found the man." That young man was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for the theft.

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A FRIEND across the ocean, than whom none can better enjoy or crack a side-shaking joke, sends us the following copy of a hand-bill, which he assures us was lately distributed extensively in a town at which he was sojourning in the west of England:

Roger Giles, surgonn, parish clark, and scoolmaster, reforms ladys and gentelmen that he draws teeth without waiting a moment—blisters on the lowest terms, and fysicks at a penny a peace. Sells Godfather's Cordel, cut corns, and undertakes to keep any bodies nails by the year, or so on. Yong ladees and gentelmen tort their grammer langwage in the neatest manner—also grate care taken of their morals and spellin. Also sarme singing and teeching the Ho! Boy. Cow Tillons and other dances tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashonary wares, blacking balls, red herrings and coles, scrubben brushes, treecle, mouse traps, and all other sorts of sweetmeats—likewise taters, sassages, and other garden stuffs—also frute, hats, ballits, hoyl, tinware, and other eatables. Tumber sarve, corn sarves, and all hard wares. He also performs flcebottomy in a curious manner. Fathermore in particular, he has laid in a large sortment of tripe, china, dog's meet, lollipops, and other pickles, such as hoysters, &c. Old rags bought and sold here, and not any ware helse—and new laid eggs every day, by me Roger Giles. P. S. I teeches joggrefy, and all them outlandish things. N. B. A bawl on Wednesdays.

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PARTICULARLY SHARP PRACTICE.—The amusing manner in which an Eastern man was sold, "away down in Cairo," develops a new wrinkle in the way of trade, which may be valuable to enterprising men who purpose investing in Cairo city lots. It is the sharpest practice we wot of!

Outsiders find Cairo a very unhealthy place, financially speaking. Yankees are nowhere. One of 'em started a shaving mill to negotiate business paper, loan money, buy and sell exchange on all parts of the globe, etc. Mr. Tucker applied for a loan of six hundred dollars for ninety days, offering as security a cut-throat mortgage on a very fine frame house which he had erected on one of the several lots leased from Mat. L., who owns two thirds of the city. Yank agreed to the loan, charging five per cent. commission and six per cent. a month interest. Tucker allowed that was a big figure to ax, but the money must be had, and accordingly a trust deed was made out and duly recorded, of "one frame house situate on lot 9, block——, L. and G.'s addition to town of Cairo." Pay day came and the note laid over. Yank, in high glee, thinking to get possession of the house without further cost, caused the trustee to publish the usual ten days' notice of sale, at the expiration of which time he bid in the property, and on going to take possession, found that the darned Tucker had moved the house to the next lot, No. 8, and thus knocked the mortgage calling for "a house on lot 9, etc.," higher 'n a kite. One of the Yankee's eye-teeth first saw the light through his tobacco-stained gums at that precise moment.

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A GOOD story is told of a "country gentleman," who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the Church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he, "why, the minister actually preached in his shirt-sleeves."

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Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolsack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

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MAGNIFICENT NAMES.—What a people we Americans are for magnificent names! Just think of it. A little four-by-six apartment in a steamboat is called a "state-room"—a name borrowed from the most ample and gorgeous room in a royal palace! And the word "saloon," (from the French *salon,*) which indicates, properly, nothing less than the most spacious and splendid of drawing-rooms, we have seen painted over the door of a dirty shanty in a New England city, and often embellishing the front of a low grog shop in the western states.

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"DID you mean to settle the bill at all, sir, when you made it?" said a creditor, in a passionate manner. "Well, my dear sir, I assure you I meant to settle, and when I *meant* to settle, that was clearly a *settle* meant! Good morning, my friend; I will see you in the fall."

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MR. FUM.—"Sigma" furnishes the Boston *Transcript* with the following, as his opinion of Mr. Fum's (Ralph Waldo Emerson's) literary and "transcendental" performances:

On leaving the lecture-room, leaning on the arm of an old friend, one of the pleasantest fellows by the way—"All this," said he, as we walked along, "is very delightful." "All what?" said I. "Fum's lectures," he replied; "very pleasant, indeed—very." Could you understand him?" I inquired. "God bless you," said

he, not a bit of it. Could you?" "Not at all," said I. "Well," said he, "that's the beauty of it; to sit and be mystified, for an hour or more, in the immediate neighborhood of so many pretty women, is really delightful. The more unintelligible Mr. Fum became, the more delighted they evidently were. Upon two or three occasions, when Mr. Fum really surpassed himself, and poured forth a transcendental stream of highly polished nonsense, it was very interesting to listen to the cracking sound of crinoline, as the young ladies, and those of no particular age, turned round to look at one another. The sound was a fraction less than that of an opossum escaping from a cane brake in the West."

"The feeling," said my friend, "greatly resembles that which one realizes in the midst of a London fog, or when dieting upon inexplicable conundrums." My old friend insisted upon my going home with him, and told me that he had long thought of going into the lecturing line himself; and after we had gotten into his library, he proceeded to read a portion of a lecture which he had already prepared, as follows:

"This evening, my friends, I shall treat on the subject of being—in the subjective. I shall not treat of being generally nor of being specially, nor of being to be, but, in a strictly pariphrastical sense, whether it is better for to be, or for not to be, or for not. Being is an emanation, peristaltically speaking, consisting of contaminations and contusions, whose prophylactic energies have their seat in the conarion, or pineal gland. Hence arises the organ of parturient combustiveness and sinuosity, whose attenuated and delicate fibers transcendentalize and lubricate the soul, producing that inexplicable sensation in the apex of the os corcygis, known to the ancients as the unequivocal evidence of genius. These simple truths are eminently transcendental, incidental, and fundamental to the whole. Therefore—in the subjective you will remember—to comprehend the binocular and infinitesimal concatenation of isolated effusiveness, you must first fix these simple elements in your minds."

After having read thus far in the exordium of his lecture, my friend paused and inquired if I understood what I had heard. I told him I did not. "You see a strong resemblance, then," said he, "between this and Mr. Fum's." I told him I did. "Well, then," said he, "would you not advise me to try it upon a Boston audience?" I told him there would, probably, be no harm in the experiment. The old-fashioned relish, for common sense and plain English, seemed to be giving place to a taste for odd, conceity, far-fetched, and fantastical conceptions, and the highly wrought fancies of an imagination, teeming with a mixture of madness and metaphysics, as though the mind, not less than the body, were under the influence of the *sancti viti chorea* of the doctors.

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BAPTISM IN HOOPS.—At Chicago, last month, a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptizing the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket handkerchiefs.

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ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.—Horace Walpole tells of a skeptical epicure, who, upon being urged to turn Roman Catholic, objected that it was a religion enjoining so many fasts and requiring such implicit faith, "You give us," he observed, "too little to eat, and too much to swallow."

Recent Publications.

History of the Origin, Foundation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Two volumes 8vo. (*Harper Brothers.*) The first volume of this standard American Classic, as it has been justly called, was published in 1854. The second, which completes the work, has just come from the press. The "history" is the result of the patient research and study of many years, and is thoroughly exhaustive of the subject, leaving nothing to be desired and no room for emendation. In his "notices" of the principal men who were engaged in framing the Constitution Mr. Curtis is brief and impartial. His aim has evidently been to do justice to all parties. His volumes will, of course, find a place in every collection of books upon American history and political literature.

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We noticed briefly at the time of its publication, the first volume of the *History of the Republic of the United States, as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton*, and took occasion to question the author's truthfulness in attributing a large portion of Washington's epistolary correspondence to the pen of Hamilton. It seemed to us that the author had been led, by filial regard and reverence, to elevate the latter at the expense of the father of his country. Mr. Hamilton's second volume has just appeared, and in his preface he adverts to the charges brought against him in this matter. We quote the material part of what he says in his own defense; and, at the same time, express our thanks for the additional light which he is enabled by his painstaking researches to throw upon the earlier history of the Revolution. He says:

> The first volume of this work has been criticised with some severity, as making claims for Hamilton which are derogatory to the character of Washington. My course has been stigmatized as sacrilegious and vindictive—sacrilegious toward Washington, vindictive toward others. When it can be shown that the exhibition of the truth as to others is irrelevant to the history of this country, or not demanded by justice, good government, and the interests of the American people, then the latter charge may be deemed to have some color.
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> Sacrilege, detraction, defamation, are the terms that have been used to criminate my claim of authorship to Hamilton, of letters subscribed by Washington, in the course of his military command. I confine this notice to so much as regards Washington.

As there may be more of this sort of sacrilege in the present volume—and, it may be, in the succeeding volumes—I think it not amiss to say, that as it was not within the physical power of Washington, time and his public employments alone considered, to compose or dictate the innumerable letters signed by him, it conforms with what is natural and common in such cases, to suppose that other persons must have been frequently deputed to relieve him from a portion of the labor of his correspondence. There is no sacrilege in the supposition. And since existing records show, irrefragably, that a vast number of letters in the handwriting of Hamilton, and with the signature of Washington, bear those characters of style which identify authorship, as much as the features and expression of the face, and the play and movement of the body identify the individual man, and that in this manner these letters identify the authorship of Hamilton beyond reasonable doubt, there can be no sacrilege, nor the least shade of defamation or disrespect in ascribing them to Hamilton as their real author in point of composition. The letters so ascribed may have just so much merit, in this respect, as the reader may think fit to allow them; but the authorship has in this way become incontestable; and this fact, in a biography of Hamilton, connecting him with the progress of the Revolution and the foundation of this Republic, I have deemed it a duty, both personal and historical, to state, whenever I have referred to them.

This mends the matter a little. Hamilton may have put the thoughts of his great chief into more graceful English than he himself would have used, but still we incline to the opinion that everything to which Washington signed his name was, in substance and in thought, essentially his own.

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A series of sermons was delivered in Boston during the last winter, by ministers of various denominations, each presenting and advocating the peculiarities in doctrine and Church government of his own sect. These discourses have been published, and the reader may gather from the volume what the different champions claim to be the peculiar excellences of their several church organizations. The Rev. W. R. Clark answers the question, Why am I a Methodist? T. B. Thayer follows, and gives reasons for preferring Universalism. The Baptist superiority is advocated by James N. Sykes. The Trinitarian Congregationalists are represented by Dr. N. Adams. Why I am a Churchman? is answered by G. M. Randall, and Dr. Dewey advocates the claims of Unitarianism. The lectures are, in the main, eloquently written, and in neither of them do we note any tinge of Sectarian bitterness. Dr. Adams is specially catholic in his views, at least so far as may be gathered from his lecture. He says:

Some in all denominations, the Congregational not excepted, hold and urge extreme views, both as to doctrine and to order. We may be as bigoted in insisting upon "no forms" as others are who insist upon their forms and order as essential to a standing in the Christian Church and in the Christian ministry. . . . If there be in us one thing more than another which is offensive to our common Lord and Master, it must be a pretentious and lofty carriage toward other denominations of Christians whom, notwithstanding the signal manner in which God has owned and blessed them, we disfranchise, and then, with a due amount of admonition and warning, notify that our doors stand open to receive them.

In addition to these six denominational expositions, the volume contains a lecture, one of the course, by T. Starr King, on what he calls "Spiritual Christianity." He finds something good and something bad in all the prevailing sects. Augustine and Swedenborg, Jonathan Edwards, Miss Martineau, and Theodore Parker have, according to Mr. King, their own peculiar merits; and even Dickens, the novelist, is aided by the Holy Spirit, who "discharges immeasurably more of its (His) essence through such a novel as Little Dorrit, than through such volumes as Dr. Breckenridge's Knowledge of God, objectively considered." On this point, not having read the whole of Little Dorrit, we are not competent to form an opinion. It strikes us, however, as an "immeasurably" mean compliment to the Presbyterian divine.

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Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by one of his Congregation. (*Boston, Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*) Taken from the speaker's lips as uttered in sermons, lectures, and occasional addresses, we have here glowing thoughts, striking figures, and aphoristic sentences that burn as well as blaze. They are not, indeed, all original, nor yet all in strict accordance with the canons of sober rhetoric or straight-laced orthodoxy. But having passed through the alembic of the author's own mind, the result of extensive reading as well as of patient thought, they are well calculated to make the reader think, and will do something more and better than contribute to his amusement.

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The New American Cyclopædia. The second volume of this great national work has just reached us. It fully equals the expectations held out by the first volume, noticed in our April number. One decided peculiarity is the prominence given to articles strictly American, (biographical, historical, and geographical,) in which similar works originating in Europe have been meagre and defective. The editors, Messrs. RIPLEY & DANA, have been fortunate in availing themselves of the services of competent writers in the preparation of articles, for which each has his own peculiar adaptation; and the publishers, *Appleton & Co.*, have performed their part of the work in a manner alike creditable to themselves, and to the great enterprise in which they are engaged.

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Wyoming, its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By GEORGE PECK, D.D. Wyoming is classic ground. Poets and painters, novelists and historians, have united in giving celebrity to its beautiful landscapes, and the memorable incidents connected with its history. Campbell, with poetic daring, described what he never saw, and Halleck and Whittier have sung the beauties of the world-renowned valley in graceful strains. With an evident love for his subject, and intimately familiar with the localities he describes, Dr. Peck, in the volume before us, corrects errors into which preceding writers have fallen, and relates many incidents hitherto unchronicled. His truthfulness and accuracy may be relied upon, and nowhere else can be found so complete an account of Wyoming, or so many of the stirring incidents connected with its history. (*Harpers.*)

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An exceedingly gratifying result of the present extensive revival is the increasing demand for religious publications. Men now find time for the perusal of awakening and heart-stirring

books, and there is an increasing demand for tracts, religious periodicals, and small volumes on practical religious duties. It is gratifying, too, that to meet this demand some of the best heads and hearts are engaged in the preparation of volumes of entreaty, instruction, and encouragement for the careless, the thoughtful, and the penitent. A little volume from the pen of J. T. Peck, D.D., entitled, *What must I do to be saved?* has just been issued from the press of Carlton & Porter. The title indicates its object, which is admirably carried out, and the book may be placed in the hands of all who sincerely ask that most momentous question that ever agitated the human soul, in the full assurance that, with God's blessing, it will lead them to the Saviour.

Kirwan is the well-known *nom de plume* of an author who has written and published on a great variety of subjects. His caustic and truthful "Letters to Bishop Hughes" have had a wide circulation, and his "Romanism at Home" presented an array of startling facts relative to the designs and doings of the papacy. A little volume entitled *The Happy Home* is in an entirely different vein, didactic, and practical, treating of the family relation in its varied aspects of the physical, moral, and religious training of the young, and the relative duties of the several members of the family circle. It is written in a lively style, full of facts and incidents, and worthy of a wide circulation. (*Harpers.*)

Scripture Lessons, designed for Sunday schools and Families. By Caroline R. Deuel. The estimable author of this little volume is well known as one of the devoted band who have been so long laboring for God at the Five Points, a locality of world-wide notoriety, and at one time the most unpromising field for usefulness that could by any possibility be selected. Yet has it already produced buds, and blossoms, and ripe fruit. Little children have been there gathered into the Sunday school, the depraved and the dissolute of both sexes, and of all ages, have been led to the Saviour, and a moral revolution has been effected through the entire region. A good service has been done for the Church and the world by the publication of these Scripture Lessons. Answers are furnished to the several questions, and we know not where is to be found so much Scriptural knowledge compressed in so small a compass. Adults as well as children may study them profitably, and they will prove a valuable aid in the family circle as well as in the Sunday school. (*Carlton & Porter.*)

In The National for last November we gave an exceedingly well-written sketch of the early struggles and successful career of *George Stephenson*, the great railroad engineer. Lately his biography by Samuel Smiles has been published in London, and reprinted in this country. It is a volume of great interest, not only as the delineation of a life of untiring industry crowned with triumphant and complete success, but as carrying us back to the days when learned men, philosophers, and mathematicians declared and *proved* the absolute impossibility of what is now one of the most ordinary of every-day occurrences. It is only about thirty years since, in the language of the biographer, pamphlets were written and newspapers were hired to revile the railway. It was declared that its formation would prevent cows grazing and hens laying. The poisoned air from the locomotives would kill birds as they flew over them, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Householders adjoining the projected line were told that their houses would be burned up by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses, and if railways extended, the species would become extinguished, and oats and hay unsalable commodities. Traveling by road would be rendered highly dangerous, and country inns would be ruined. Boilers would burst and blow passengers to atoms. But there was always this consolation to wind up with; that the weight of the locomotive would completely prevent its moving, and that railways, even if made, could *never* be worked by steam-power. *The London Quarterly Review* for March, 1825, has this oracular declaration; the man who wrote it is probably still living:

> What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured on with safety.

In opposing the project before a Parliamentary committee ridicule was used, and the language of vituperation was freely indulged in; one of the learned gentleman remarked:

> When we set out with the original prospectus, we were to gallop, I know not at what rate; I believe it was at the rate of twelve miles an hour. My learned friend, Mr. Adam, contemplated, possibly alluding to Ireland, that some of the Irish members would arrive in the wagons to a division. My learned friend says that they would go at the rate of twelve miles an hour with the aid of the devil in the form of a locomotive, sitting as a postilion on the fore horse, and an honorable member sitting behind him to stir up the fire, and keep it at full speed. But the speed at which these locomotive engines are to go has slackened; Mr. Adam does not go faster now than five miles an hour. The learned serjeant (Spankie) says he should like to have seven, but he would be content to go six. I will show he cannot go six, and probably, for any practical purposes, I may be able to show that I can keep up with him *by the canal*. . . . Locomotive engines are liable to be operated upon by the weather. You are told they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them, but the wind will affect them; and any gale of wind which would affect the traffic on the Mersey would render it *impossible* to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking of the fire, or keeping up the pressure of steam till the boiler is ready to burst.

But, in the language of the biographer, Stephenson's "pluck never failed him," and in 1830 that which was declared to be absolutely impossible was done; his engine, the Rocket, attained a velocity of twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the maximum of speed deemed by one of the friends of the project the limit of possibility. It was a proud day for Stephenson, a great day for the world, the beginning of a new era. Incalculable are the

benefits resulting from the practical elucidation of Stephenson's great idea, and the world's indebtedness to his perseverance no less than to his genius, can scarcely be overestimated.

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Andromeda and other Poems. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Some of the minor lyrics in this volume are destined to live, and two or three of them have found their way already into several periodicals. Mr. Kingsley is happier in his short pieces than in his longer and more ambitious flights; and, though undoubtedly a poet, his prose is better than his verse. Andromeda is written in English hexameters, and the story is founded upon the old Greek legend. The versification is better than Longfellow's, whose Evangeline is written in the same measure, and Mr. Kingsley's are perhaps equal to any similar attempts that have been made with our rugged English language. But that is not saying much. Spondees and dactyls do not flow naturally in the Anglo-Saxon channel, and the meter will never be naturalized. We copy a few of the concluding verses:

As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the anger of Nereus
Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly in doubt at the weight of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch like a plummet,
Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the hindhead:
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows,
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions.
Over him closes the foam for a moment, then from the sand-bed
Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side gleams white in the sunshine.
Thus fell the boy on the beast, unvailing the face of the Gorgon;
Thus fell the boy on the beast, thus rolled up the beast in his horror,
Once as the dead eyes glared into his, then his sides, death-sharpened,
Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash of the wandering water.

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Passing Clouds; or, Love Conquering Evil, is an English story, reprinted by Carter & Brothers, and issued as one of their fireside library. It is illustrated with several well-executed wood engravings.

In previous pages of the present number we have given a somewhat extended sketch of the career of a Christian soldier. We have before us the memoir of another, Captain *M. M. Hammond*, of the rifle brigade, who fell at the storming of the Redan at Sebastopol. It is a duodecimo volume of three hundred and seventy pages, and by those who like this kind of reading will be perused with interest. Captain Hammond was a zealous disciple of the Saviour, and a man of dauntless courage. (*Carter.*)

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New-York is deemed a dreadfully wicked place, scarcely surpassed in every variety of crime by any city in the world. Such is our reputation everywhere. But there is another side to the picture, less frequently noticed but far more attractive. New-York abounds in philanthropic associations, in benevolent institutions, in charitable establishments. In these respects, also, it may claim pre-eminence. Asylums, alms-houses, hospitals, houses of refuge, homes for the friendless, for the sick, for the sailors, for the aged, for the stranger, for the orphan, for almost every variety of human suffering, abound among us. For the most part they move on noiselessly, and are scarcely known beyond the circle of those who are engaged in their management. Every now and then an "Annual Report" falls in our way, and brings to our notice some new association for doing good, like that now on our table, *The Fifth Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society.* We had heard of it, indeed, but scarcely knew anything about it, yet has it been for five years doing a great work.

During the past year upward of four hundred and fifty boys and about four hundred girls have been snatched from the paths of temptation, taken from the cellars and garrets, the wharves and dens, where they drank in pollution, and carried to a new country, where they can breathe a purer natural and moral atmosphere, besides the goodly influence which has been exerted on a larger number, as we trust, who necessarily remain in the city.

The report states also that:

The Newsboys' Lodging-House never afforded shelter to so many as it does at the present time. Not only newsboys, but many other homeless boys, who are engaged in various ways during the day, find a comfortable rest there at night.

Our "boys' meetings" are among the best reformatory and instructive agencies now existing in the city.

Our industrial schools, especially for girls, are disseminating a healthful moral influence in the right direction.

From the appendix, which contains a number of similar incidents, we make room for one extract, and cordially invoke God's continued blessing upon the Children's Aid Society, and all its patrons and beneficiaries:

Within a few months a poor American workman, a stone-cutter, who lived in Water-street, died, leaving two orphan children, a little girl of seven years, and a boy of perhaps five. No one knew the family, and the children were left to care for themselves. They wandered around, begging cold victuals, and picking up in any way they were able, their poor living. At length the boy was roving or playing about the wharf, and fell in, and was drowned, and the world was rid of him. Perhaps no one, except the little lonely sister, and one or two of the wharfmen, knew that a poor street-boy had gone. The little girl now had to get her bread alone; she went to hotel-kitchens, and for the sake of the wee bright face the cooks threw her the bones, which gave her a dinner; the kind servants in the basements of rich houses would occasionally drop something into her basket, and so from one and another strange hand the little orphan was fed. At night she slept in the entries of the tenement houses, crouching up in the corners and behind doors. Every day her clothes became more filthy and ragged; her face was covered with stains, and her hair matted with dirt. So she lived for four months, no person in all the great city caring for her, or knowing anything about her. Day after day she wandered around amid this vast multitude alone; even now, when only seven years old, supporting herself among strangers. Perhaps she looked up at the grand houses, and wondered how little girls felt who had a brother and sisters, and who had enough to eat, and slept in beds. Perhaps, sometimes, over her childish mind, in the lonely hours, there crossed a dim instinct of a great powerful Friend, who could take care of her if all others deserted her. It would be strange, if we were not so accustomed to such instances, to find any little creature, in so large a city, so completely alone and unbefriended. It is not that the poor are not kind to such unfortunate children—they often give more, in proportion to their means, than the rich, and for this child a hundred poor men's rooms would

have opened at once; but one misfortune of poverty in a city is the isolation it brings. No one knows his neighbor. A family lives, perhaps, for years without forming a single acquaintance, even with the other families in the same house. If a man dies, he dies alone, and the little ones are left alone.

This little girl was discovered one night, by a policeman, sleeping in an entry, and was taken to the Station-house, where Mr. Gerry found her, and brought her to the Fourth Ward Industrial School. She was washed, and scrubbed, and dressed, and came forth a pretty, bright-looking little girl, who interests all who talk with her. When asked if she got much money in begging, she answered, "Once—a sixpence!" The little creature has now gone to a good place in the West, where she will at length find a home and friends, and where, perhaps, some day, in happiness and comfort, she will look back on this dreary time of desertion and orphanage.

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Beauty of Holiness, Devoted to the Sanctity of the Heart, the Life, and the Sabbath. (*Columbus, Ohio.*) This is a periodical which is rapidly gaining with the religious public, having, as we are informed, more than doubled its subscription list during the past year. Here are no mysticisms, or revelations of cloistered piety. Pure and undefiled religion in its practical bearings, and every-day claims on the heart, life, and lip, are everywhere manifest, and in such a way as to suit the comprehension of the babe in Christ, and not offend the taste of the mature theologian. It is edited by the Rev. M. French and Lady.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

The Revolutionists of all the Nationalities celebrated the death of the French regicides, Orsini and Pierri, on the night of the 22d of April, in this city, by a torchlight procession and public meeting in the Park. . . . "*The English Lecompton*," or "Conference Report bill," passed both Houses of Congress on the 30th of April—the Senate by yeas, 30, nays, 22; the House by 112 yeas, to 103 nays. . . . . *At St. Louis*, on the 22d of April, the steamer *Ocean Spray* was totally destroyed by fire, about four miles from that city; twenty lives were lost. . . . *The Postmaster-General* has determined to continue the Pacific Ocean mail contract for one year on the old terms. . . . *The papers and correspondence* between Lord Napier and the Secretary of State, relative to the slave-trade, have been presented to the Senate, and ordered to be printed. . . . *The House Committee of Patents* have reported against an extension of Colt's patent. . . . *The Rev. Dudley A. Tyng*, of Philadelphia, son of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of this city, died on the 20th of April, from injuries he received on the 13th, while examining a thrashing machine. . . . *On the 26th of April* General Walker's trial for violation of the neutrality laws, was postponed till the fourth Monday in May. A few of his officers had been surrendered by their sureties, and sent to prison. . . . *The United States Senate*, on Wednesday, May 6, adopted a joint resolution authorizing the President to obtain by force, if necessary, satisfaction from Paraguay for outrages to the American flag. It also adopted a joint resolution giving to the widow of Captain Herndon, who was lost in the Central America, three years' pay, ($7,500.) In the House the further consideration of the French Spoliation bill was postponed till January next. . . . *The annual meeting* of the shareholders of the New York Society Library was held last month. The receipts of the Society have fallen off considerably, but there has been some retrenchment in expenses. Only one librarian is now employed. The Ladies' Reading Room continues to increase in popularity. The usual number of trustees were elected for the ensuing year. . . . *The twelfth annual meeting* of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, convened at Baltimore on the 28th ult., and adjourned on the 5th inst. . . . *The four* newly erected quarantine buildings at Seguine's Point were entirely destroyed by fire, on Sunday, April 24. The incendiaries are unknown. . . . *A dinner* was given to Charles Mackay, in Toronto, on the 26th ult., at which there was a large attendance of members of Parliament. He left the next day for England, *via* Quebec. . . . *A fire* destroying the greater portion of the business district, and upward of fifty houses, occurred at Harbor Grace, N. F., on the 12th ult. . . . *Mrs. Phœbe Westlake*, a widow residing in Chester, Orange County, N. Y., having been arrested, charged with administering poison to several persons in the village, committed suicide on the 5th of May. Previous to her death she confessed having given poison to a Mrs. Fielder, who died very suddenly about two weeks previously, and several others. . . . *The steamer* James Adger, during her trip to Charleston, on the 30th ult., burst her steam chimney, severely scalding the engineer, Mr. Joseph Pollock, and four of the firemen. Three of the latter have since died. . . . *One* of the inmates of the New York Lunatic Asylum was struck on the head with a crutch in the hands of John Hyland, another inmate of the same institution, on the 1st of May, and killed. . . . *The Comptroller's* statement of the condition of the financial affairs of the city, makes the total amount of receipts into the city treasury for the past year, from all sources except the sinking fund, $16,256,858 70, and the total amount of expenditures during the same year, $16,280,538 69; an excess of expenditures over receipts of $23,679 99. . . . *The* National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention adjourned at Baltimore to meet in this city in April, 1859. . . . *The* Kansas Free State Convention, to nominate State Officers, met at Topeka on the 28th ult., and nominated H. J. Adams for Governor, Colonel Holiday for Lieut. Governor, and M. E. Conway for Congress. . . . *The* Converse Rope Factory at Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the first of May. The foreman and three girls perished in the flames.

The anniversaries of the various societies held in New York during the past month were well attended; and notwithstanding the hard times through which we have passed, the great majority of them appeared, financially, to be in a most flourishing condition. The *Cooper Institute* was dedicated to science, art, and the general interests of humanity, by Mr. Cooper, on the occasion of the fourteenth anniversary of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, in the hall of the Institute, on the night of the 10th of May. . . . *Rev. George Coles*, for several years assistant editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, and also editor of the Sunday School books, died at his residence in this city on the 1st of May. . . . *The Commissioners* of the New York Central Park have selected four plans in the following order of award: The first prize, of $2,000, to Messrs. Calvert Vaux and Frederic Law Olmsted; the second, of $1,000, to Mr. Gustin; the third, of $750, to Messrs. M'Intosh and Miller, and the fourth, of $500, to Mr. Daniels. At the meeting referred to, the Commissioners adopted a resolution to the effect that they considered themselves at liberty to make such alterations in the plans as they might hereafter

think expedient. The plan of Messrs. Vaux & Olmsted falls within the amount of expenditure estimated by the commissioners, $1,500,000. The main entrance is to be from the Fifth Avenue at Fifty-ninth-street. . . . *An Armory*, at a cost $14,000, is to be erected in Brooklyn, at the corner of Orange and Henry streets. Petitions for a new Post-office building have been numerously signed. . . . *The Brooklyn Common Council* have adopted an ordinance in favor of a paid Fire Department, as reported by the Committee, by a vote of 18 to 9. . . . *An Act of the Legislature* directs the construction of a free bridge across the Harlem River, from the termination of Seventh and Eighth Avenues to the road leading to M'Comb's Dam; the expense $15,000; to be divided between the Supervisors of this and Westchester counties. . . . *The steamship Empire City*, which arrived at this port last week from New Orleans and Havana, reports having been struck on the 26th ult., at half-past ten, P.M., while in latitude 33° 50′, by a typhoon blowing from the northwest, which keeled the vessel over, blew the sails from their gaskets, parted the boat lashings, and tossed the boats up like egg-shells. The sea, during the continuance of the blast—the fiercest part of which lasted fifteen minutes—is described as appearing like a black plain flecked with snowy drifts. . . . *From Havana* we learn that an investigation of the particulars of the seizure of the American schooner, Cortes, by a British gunboat, on the pretext that she was a slaver, had satisfied Consul Blythe that it was a high-handed outrage. The property taken is valued at sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars. Seven hundred and twenty-seven more coolies had arrived. Two hundred and sixty were lost by death on the passage.

Our dates from California are to the 20th of April. A law for the better observance of the Sabbath had passed the Legislature. The Assembly had passed a bill to pay fifty thousand dollars to the "law and order" troops enlisted to resist the Vigilance Committee. In the case of the slave Archy Lee, which has created quite an excitement in San Francisco, the United States Commissioner had rendered a decision setting the man at liberty. The agricultural reports from California are very encouraging. . . . *The papers* from Washington Territory and Oregon contain interesting news regarding the gold discoveries on Frazer and Thompson Rivers, in the British possessions. People were flocking there from all directions, and diggers were said to be making from eight to fifty dollars per day. The accounts appear to be well authenticated. . . . *From Panama* we learn that the Special Committee of the New Granadian Senate, to whom was referred the Cass-Herran treaty, had reported it with amendments: and, in finally pressing it, the Senate had further amended it to such a degree, that it no longer resembles the original treaty drawn up by General Cass. . . . *By way of California* we learn that it is the determination of the Mormons to resist the government. Brigham had made a speech, inculcating the obligation of self-denial incumbent upon the Saints, even to the length of destroying their goods and chattels, rather than submit. Meetings had been held in the Territory to sustain him in his course. Orson Pratt had announced the purpose of the Mormons to descend upon Missouri, and retake the lands of which they have been deprived in that State. . . . *On the 23d of April* Port au Platte was blockaded by a Dominican fleet. According to latest accounts, which extend to 3d ult., a few shots had been exchanged between the fleet and the fort on shore. No great damage was done.

The news from Europe is interesting. Parliament has been occupied with discussions on the passport system, Lords Clarendon and Grey condemning the whole system, contending that instead of affording protection to foreign governments, it was simply a trap for the innocent and ignorant traveler. *In the House of Commons* the annual financial statement had been made, showing that though the revenue of the past year had been in excess of the ordinary expenses, yet the extraordinary expenditures incurred for the ensuing year would exceed the estimated receipts some £4,000,000. To make up the deficit it was proposed to impose a tax on Irish whisky, and a penny stamp on banker's checks. Lord Derby had stated in Parliament that he should oppose the oaths bill so far as it removed Jewish disabilities. The new India Government bill was debated in the Commons, and the first clause, declaring it expedient to vest the rule of that country in the Crown, was adopted. Mr. Disraeli had announced that a demand had been made upon the government of Naples for compensation for the imprisonment of Parke and Watt, the two English engineers of the steamer Cagliari. There had been no decision in regard to the international question involved in the affair. . . . *The Duke of Malakoff*, the new embassador from France to England, arrived at Dover on the 15th of April, and met with a military reception. . . . *It was rumored* that Queen Victoria intended paying a visit to Prussia during the ensuing summer or autumn. . . . *The trial at London* of Simon Bernard for complicity with Orsini and others in the attempt upon the life of Louis Napoleon, terminated in a verdict of "Not guilty." The speech of the counsel for the defense, Mr. Edwin James, was very bitter against the French Emperor, and elicited tremendous cheering in the court-room. . . . *A competing line of telegraph* across the Atlantic, to run from the most western group of the Azore Islands direct to Boston, had been proposed. . . *On board* the Niagara and Agamemnon the work of coiling the Atlantic telegraph went on rapidly.

From France we learn that forty-two thousand young soldiers were ordered to join the French army between the 10th and 20th of June. Ministerial changes were again spoken of in Paris. Trade was dull and the Bourse heavy. The Paris elections terminated decidedly in favor of the government. . . . *A Conference* of diplomatic representatives had been held at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at which it was resolved to urge on the various governments the propriety of rewarding Professor Morse for his telegraphic inventions. . . . *Three fourths* of the city of Christiana, Norway, had been destroyed by fire. . . . *A conspiracy* against Russia is said to have been discovered. A Hungarian colonel, named Bangya, had confessed his complicity, and been condemned to death. . . . *From India* we learn that the British forces had met with various successes at different points. Nena Sahib's stronghold had been stormed and taken, but he had escaped. A large sum had been offered for his head. Still later accounts state that the British forces had stormed Iahnsi, driving out the rebels with great loss. A portion of the 37th English regiment was shut up in Azunghi, and in great danger from the Sepoys. The insurgents had made a furious attack on the palace of the Rajah of Kotah, but the place was taken by the Europeans. The general aspect of affairs was again of a threatening description. . . . *In China* the Anglo-French envoys to Pekin had reached a city in daily communication with the capital, and were well received. The American and Russian dispatches forwarded by these officials were handed to the governor of the place.

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